

# **The Atlantic Monthly, Volume 02, No. 13, November, 1858 eBook**

## **The Atlantic Monthly, Volume 02, No. 13, November, 1858**

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# Page 1

## RAILWAY-ENGINEERING IN THE UNITED STATES.[1]

Though our country can boast of no Watt, Brindley, Smeaton, Rennie, Telford, Brunel, Stephenson, or Fairbairn, and lacks such experimenters as Tredgold, Barlow, Hodgkinson, and Clark, yet we have our Evans and Fulton, our Whistler, Latrobe, Roebling, Haupt, Ellet, Adams, and Morris,—engineers who yield to none in professional skill, and whose work will bear comparison with the best of that of Great Britain or the Continent; and if America does not show a Thames Tunnel, a Conway or Menai Tubular Bridge, or a monster steamer, yet she has a railroad-bridge of eight hundred feet clear span, hung two hundred and fifty feet above one of the wildest rivers in the world,—locomotive engines climbing the Alleghanies at an ascent of five hundred feet per mile,—and twenty-five thousand miles of railroad, employing upwards of five thousand locomotives and eighty thousand cars, costing over a thousand millions of dollars, and transporting annually one hundred and thirty millions of passengers and thirty million tons of freight,—and all this in a manner peculiarly adapted to our country, both financially and mechanically.

In England the amount of money bears a high proportion to the amount of territory; in America the reverse is the case; and the engineers of the two countries quickly recognized the fact: for we find our railroads costing from thirty thousand to forty thousand dollars per mile,—while in England, to surmount much easier natural obstacles, the cost varies from seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars per mile.

The cost of railroad transport will probably never be so low as carriage by water,—that is, natural water-communication; because the river or ocean is given to man complete and ready for use, needing no repairs, and with no interest to pay upon construction capital. Indeed, it is just beginning to be seen all over the country that the public have both expected and received too much accommodation from the companies. Men are perfectly willing to pay five dollars for riding a hundred miles in a stage-coach; but give them a nicely warmed, ventilated, cushioned, and furnished car, and carry them four or five times faster, with double the comfort, and they expect to pay only half-price,—as a friend of the writer once remarked, “Why, of course we ought not to pay so much when we a’n’t half so long going,”—as if, when they paid their fare, they not only bargained for transport from one place to another, but for the luxury of sitting in a crowded coach a certain number of hours. It would be hard to show a satisfactory basis for such an establishment of tolls. We need not wonder at the unprofitableness of many of our roads when we consider that the relative cost of transport is,—

By Stage, one cent,  
By Railroad, two and seven-twelfths;

and the relative charge,—



By Stage, five cents,  
By Railroad, three cents;

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and the comparative profit, as five less one to three less two and seven-twelfths, or as *four to five-twelfths*, or as *nine and six-tenths to one*.

America has, it is true, a grander system of natural water-communication than any other land except Brazil; but, for all that, there is really but a small part of the area, either of the Alleghany coal and iron fields, or of the granaries of the Mississippi valley, reached even by our matchless rivers. A certain strip or band of country, bordering the water-courses, is served by them both as regards export and import; just as much is served wherever we build a railroad. In fact, whenever we lay a road across a State, whether it connects the West directly with the East, or only with some central commercial point in the West, just so often do we open to market a band of country as long as the road, and thirty, forty, or fifty miles wide,—the width depending very much upon the cost of transport over such road; and as the charge is much less upon a railroad than upon a common road, the distance from the road from which produce may be brought is much greater with the former than with the latter. The actual determination of the width of the band is a simple problem, when the commercial nature of the country is known.

The people of the great valley have not been slow, where Nature has denied them the natural, to make for themselves artificial rivers of iron. These railroads are more completely adapted to the physical character of the Western States than would be any other mode of communication. The work of construction is oftentimes very light, little more being necessary for a railway across the prairies of the West (generally) than a couple of ditches twenty or thirty feet apart, the material taken therefrom being thrown into the intermediate space, thus forming the surface which supports the crossties, the sills or sleepers, and the rails. Indeed, the double operation of ditching and embanking is in some cases performed by a single machine, (a nondescript affair, in appearance half-way between a threshing-machine and a hundred-and-twenty-pound field-piece,) drawn by six, eight, or ten pairs of oxen.

It is even probable that in a great many cases the common road would cost more than the railway in the great central basin of America; as the rich alluvial soil, when wet in spring or fall, is almost impassable, and lack of stone and timber prevents the construction of artificial roads.

The influence of the railroad upon the Western farm-lands is quickly seen by the following figures, extracted from a lately published work on railroad construction.

*Table showing the Effect of Railroad Transport upon the Value of Grain in the Market of Chicago, Illinois.*



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	<i>Wheat</i>		<i>corn</i>	
	Carried by railroad	Carried by wagon	Carried by railroad	Carried by wagon
At market	\$49.50	49.50	25.60	25.60
Carried 10 m.	49.25	48.00	24.25	23.26
do. 50 m.	48.75	42.00	24.00	17.25
do. 100 m.	48.00	34.50	23.25	9.75
do. 150 m.	47.25	27.00	22.50	2.25
do. 200 m.	46.50	19.50	21.75	0.00
do. 300 m.	45.00	4.50	20.25	0.00
do. 330 m.	44.55	0.00	19.80	0.00

Thus a ton of corn carried two hundred miles costs by wagon transport more than it brings at market,—while, moved by railroad, it is worth \$21.75. Also wheat will not bear wagon transport of 330 miles,—while, moved that distance by railroad it is worth \$44.55 per ton.

The social effect of railroads is seen and felt by those who live in the neighborhood of large cities. The unhealthy density of population is prevented, by enabling men to live five, ten, or fifteen miles away from the city and yet do business therein. The extent of this diffusion is as the square of the speed of transport. To illustrate. If a person walks four miles an hour, and is allowed one hour for passing from his home to his place of business, he can live four miles from his work; the area, therefore, which may be lived in is the circle of which the radius is four miles, the diameter eight miles, and the area  $50\frac{1}{4}$  square miles. If by horse he can go eight miles an hour, the diameter of the circle becomes sixteen miles, and the area  $201$  square miles. Finally, if by railroad he goes thirty miles an hour, the diameter becomes sixty miles, and the area  $2,827$  square miles.

In the case of railroads, as of other labor-saving (and labor-producing) contrivances, the innovation has been loudly decried; but though it does render some classes of labor useless, and throw out of employment some persons, it creates new labor for more than the old, and gives much more than it takes away.

Twenty years of experience show that the diminished cost of transport by railroad invariably augments the amount of commerce transacted, and in a much larger ratio than the reduction of cost. It is estimated by Dr. Lardner that three hundred thousand horses, working daily in stages, would be required to perform the passenger-traffic alone which took place in England during the year 1848.

Regarding the safety of railroad-travelling, though the papers teem with awful calamities from collisions and other causes, yet so great is the number of persons who use the new mode of transport, that travelling by railroad is really about one hundred times safer

than by stage. The mortality upon English roads was for one year observed: —one person killed for each sixty-five million transported; in America, for the same time, one in forty-one million.



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If we should try to reason from the rate of past railway-growth as to what the future is to be, we should soon be lost in figures. Thus, in the United States,—

In 1829	there were	3	miles.
In 1830		41	miles.
In 1840		2167	miles.
In 1850		7355	miles.
In 1856		23,242	miles.

Thus from 1830 to 1840, the rate is as 2167/41 or 53 nearly; from 1840 to 1850, 7355/2167, or 3 nearly; and from 1850 to 1856, 23242/ 7355 or 3 nearly; and from 1850 to 1860 we may suppose the rate will be about 4. The rate is probably now at its permanent maximum, taking the whole country together,—the increase in New England having nearly ceased, while west of the Mississippi it has not reached its average.

Among the larger and more important roads and connected systems in our country may be named the New York and Erie Railroad,—connecting the city of New York with Lake Erie at Dunkirk, (and, by the road’s diverging from its western terminus, with “all places West and South,” as the bills say.)—crossing the Shawangunk Mountains through the valley of the Neversink, up the Delaware, down the Susquehanna, and through the rich West of the Empire State.

The Pennsylvania Central Road: from Philadelphia through Lancaster to Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna, up the Juniata and down the western slope of the Alleghanies, through rock-cut galleries and over numberless bridges, reaching at last the bluffs where smoky Pittsburg sees the Ohio start on its noble course.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad: from Baltimore, in Maryland, to Wheeling and Parkersburg, on the Ohio;—crossing the lowlands to the Washington Junction, thence up the Patapsco, down the Monocacy, to the Potomac; up to Harper’s Ferry, where the Potomac and the Shenandoah chafe the rocky base of the romantic little town perched high above; winding up the North Branch to Cumberland,—the terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and of the great national turnpike to the West, for which Wills’ Creek opened so grand a gate at the narrows,—to Piedmont the foot and Altamont the summit, through Savage Valley and Crabtree Gorge, across the glades, from which the water flows east to the Chesapeake Bay and west to the Gulf of Mexico; down Saltlick Creek, and up the slopes of Cheat River and Laurel Hill, till rivers dwindle to creeks, creeks to rills, and rills lose themselves on the flanks of mountains which bar the passage of everything except the railroad; thence, through tunnels of rock and tunnels of iron, descending Tygart’s Valley to the Monongahela, and thence through a varied but less rugged country to Moundsville, twelve miles below Wheeling, on the Ohio River.



These are our three great roads where engineering skill has triumphed over natural obstacles. We have another class of great lines to which the obstacles were not so much mechanical as financial, —the physical difficulties being quite secondary. Such are the trunk lines from the East to the West,—through Buffalo, Erie, and Cleveland, to Toledo and Detroit, and from Detroit to Chicago, Rock Island, Burlington, Quincy, and St. Louis; from Pittsburg, Wheeling, and Parkersburg, on the Ohio, to Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, and St. Louis; and from Cleveland, through Columbus, to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to the Northwest.



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In progress also may be noticed roads running west from St. Louis, Hannibal, and Burlington, on the Mississippi, all tending towards some point in Kansas, from which the great Pacific Road, the crowning effort of American railway-engineering, may be supposed to take its departure for California and Oregon.

The chief point of difference between the English and the American engineer is, that the former defies all opposition from river and mountain, maintains his line straight and level, fights Nature at every point, cares neither for height nor depth, rock nor torrent, builds his matchless roads through the snowy woods of Canada or over the sandy plains of Egypt with as much unconcern as among the pleasant fields of Hertford or Surrey, and spans with equal ease the Thames, the Severn, the St. Lawrence, and the Nile. The words "fail," "impossible," "can't be done," he knows not; and when all other means of finding a firm base whereon to build his bridges and viaducts fail, he puts in a foundation of golden guineas and silver dollars, which always gives success.

On the other hand, the American engineer, always respectful (though none the less determined) in the presence of natural obstacles to his progress, bows politely to the opposing mountain-range, and, bowing, passes around the base, saying, as he looks back, "You see, friend, we need have no hard feelings,—the world is large enough for thee and me." To the broad-sweeping river he gently hints, "Nearer your source you are not so big, and, as I turned out for the mountain, why should I not for the river?" till mountain and river, alike aghast at the bold pigmy, look in silent wonder at the thundering train which shoulders aside granite hills and tramples rivers beneath its feet. But if Nature corners him between rocks heavenward piled on the one hand and roaring torrents on the other, whether to pass is required a bridge or a tunnel, we find either or both designed and built in a manner which cannot be bettered. He is well aware that the directors like rather to see short columns of figures on their treasurer's books than to read records of great mechanical triumphs in their engineer's reports.

Of the whole expense of building a railroad, where the country is to any considerable degree broken, the reduction of the natural surface to the required form for the road, that is, the earthwork, or, otherwise, the excavation and embankment, amounts to from thirty to seventy per cent. of the whole cost. Here, then, is certainly an important element on which the engineer is to show his ability; let us look a little at it, even at the risk of being dry.

It is by no means necessary to reduce the natural surface of the country to a level or horizontal line; if it were so, there would be an end to all railroads, except on some of the Western prairies. This was not, however, at first known; indeed, those who were second to understand the matter denied the possibility of moving a locomotive even on a level by applying power to the wheels, because, it was said, the wheels would slip round on the smooth iron rail and the engine remain at rest. But lo! when the experiment was tried, it was found that the wheel not only had sufficient bite or adhesion

upon the rail to prevent slipping and give a forward motion to the engine, but that a number of cars might be attached and also moved.

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This point gained, the objectors advanced a step, but again came to a stand, and said, "If you can move a train on a level, that is all, —you can't go up hill." But trial proved that easy inclines (called grades) could be surmounted,—say, rising ten feet for each mile in length.

The objectors take another step, but again put down their heavy square-toed foot, and say, "There! aren't you satisfied? you can go over grades of twenty feet per mile, but no more,—so don't try." And here English engineers stop,—twenty feet being considered a pretty stiff grade. Meanwhile, the American engineers Whistler and Latrobe, the one dealing with the Berkshire mountains in Massachusetts, the other with the Alleghanies in Virginia, find that not only are grades of ten and of twenty feet admissible, but, where Nature requires it, inclines of forty, sixty, eighty, and even one hundred feet per mile,—it being only remembered, the while, that just as the steepness of the grade is augmented, the power must be increased. This discovery, when properly used, is of immense advantage; but in the hands of those who do not understand the nice relation which exists between the mechanical and the financial elements of the question, as governed by the speed and weight of trains, and by the funds at the company's disposal, is very liable to be a great injury to the prospects of a road, or even its ruin.

It was urged at one time, that the best road would have the grades undulating from one end to the other,—so that the momentum acquired in one descent would carry the train almost over the succeeding ascent; and that very little steam-power would be needed. This idea would have place, at least to a certain extent, if the whole momentum was allowed to accumulate during the descent; but even supposing there would be no danger from acquiring so great a speed, a mechanical difficulty was brought to light at once, namely, that the resistance of the atmosphere to the motion of the train increased nearly, if not quite, as the square of the speed; so that after the train on the descent acquired a certain speed, a regular motion was obtained by the balance of momentum and resistance, —whence a fall great enough to produce this regular speed would be advantageous, but no more. On the other hand, the extra power required to draw the train up the grades much overbalances the gain by gravity in going down.

Here, then, we have the two extremes: first, spending more money than the expected traffic will warrant, to cut down hills and fill up valleys; and second, introducing grades so steep that the amount of traffic does not authorize the use of engines heavy enough to work them.

The direction of the traffic, to a certain extent, determines the rate and direction of the inclines. Thus, the Reading Railroad, from Philadelphia up the Schuylkill to Reading, and thence to Pottsville, is employed entirely in the transport of coal from the Lehigh coal-fields to tide-water in Philadelphia; and it is a very economically operated road, considering the large amount of ascent encountered, because the load goes down hill, and the weight of the train is limited only by the number of empty cars that the engine can take back.



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This adoption of steep inclines may be considered as an American idea entirely, and to it many of our large roads owe their success. The Western Railroad of Massachusetts ascends from Springfield to Pittsfield, for a part of the way, at 83 feet per mile. The New York and Erie Railroad has grades of 60 feet per mile. The Baltimore and Ohio climbs the Alleghanies on inclines of 116 feet per mile. The Virginia Central Road crosses the Blue Ridge by grades of 250 and 295 feet per mile; and the ridge through which the Kingwood Tunnel is bored, upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was surmounted temporarily by grades of 500 feet per mile, up which each single car was drawn by a powerful locomotive.

Another element, of which American engineers have freely availed themselves, is curvature. More power is required to draw a train of cars around a curved track than upon a straight line. In England the radius of curvature is limited to half a mile, or thereabouts. The English railway-carriage is placed on three axles, all of which are fixed to the body of the vehicle; the passage of curves, of even a large diameter, is thus attended by considerable wear and strain; but in America, the cars, which are much longer than those upon English roads, are placed upon a pintle or pin at each end, which pin is borne upon the centre of a four-wheeled truck,—by which arrangement the wheels may conform to the line of the rails, while the body of the car is unaffected. This simple contrivance permits the use of curves which would otherwise be entirely impracticable. Thus we find curves of one thousand feet radius upon our roads, over which the trains are run at very considerable speed; while in one remarkable instance (on the Virginia Central Railroad, before named) we find the extreme minimum of 234 feet. Such a track does not admit of high speeds, and its very use implies the existence of natural obstacles which prevent the acquirement of great velocities.

In fine, the use which the engineer makes of grades and curves, when the physical nature of the country and the nature and amount of the traffic expected are known, may be taken as a pretty sure index of his real professional standing, and sometimes as an index of the moral man; as when, for example, he steepens his grades to suit the contractor's ideas of mechanics,—in other words, to save work.

Not less in the construction of bridges and viaducts, than in the preparation of the road-bed proper, does the American engineering faculty display itself. Timber, of the best quality, may be found in almost every part of the country, and nowhere in the world has the design and building of wooden bridges been carried to such perfection and such extent as in the United States. We speak here of structures built by such engineers as Haupt, Adams, and Latrobe, —and not of those works, wretched alike in design and execution, which so often become the cause of what are called terrible catastrophes and lamentable accidents, but which are, in reality, the just criticisms of natural mechanical laws upon the ignorance of pretended engineers.



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Among the finest specimens of timberwork in America are the Cascade Bridge upon the New York and Erie Railroad, designed and built by Mr. Adams, consisting of one immense timber-arch, having natural abutments in the rocky shores of the creek;—the second edition of the bridges generally upon the same road, by Mr. McCallum, which replaced those originally built during the construction of the road, —these hardly needing to be taken down by other exertion than their own;—the bridges from one end to the other of the Pennsylvania Central Road, by Mr. Haupt;—the Baltimore and Ohio “arch-brace” bridges, by Mr. Latrobe;—and the Genessee “high bridge,” (not a bridge, by the way, but a trestle,) near Portageville, by Mr. Seymour, which is eight hundred feet long, and carries the road two hundred and thirty feet above the river, having wooden trestles (post and brickwork) one hundred and ninety feet high, seventy-five feet wide at base, and twenty-five feet at top, and carrying above all a bridge fourteen feet high; containing the timber of two hundred and fifty acres of land, and sixty tons of iron bolts, costing only \$140,000, and built in the short time of eighteen months. This structure, if replaced by an earth embankment, would cost half a million of dollars, and could not be built in less than five years by the ordinary mode of proceeding.[2]

Further, the interest, for so long a time, on the large amount of money required to build the embankment, at the high rate of railroad interest, would nearly, if not quite, suffice to build the wooden structure.

Again, our wooden bridges of the average span cost about thirty-five dollars per lineal foot. Let us compare this with the cost of iron bridges, on the English tubular plan, the spans being the same, and the piers, therefore, left out of the comparison.

Suppose that a road has in all one mile in length of bridges. Making due allowance for the difference in value of labor in England and America, the cost per lineal foot of the iron tubular bridges could not be less (for the average span of 150 feet) than three hundred dollars.

5280 feet by \$35 is \$184,800.00 5280 feet by 300 is \$1,584,000.00 The six per cent. interest on the first is \$11,088.00 The six per cent. interest on the second is \$95,040.00 And the difference is \$83,952.00

or nearly enough to rebuild the wooden bridges once in two years; and ten years is the shortest time that a good wooden bridge should last.

The reader may wonder why such structures as the bridge over the Susquehanna at Columbia, which consists of twenty-nine arches, each two hundred feet span, the whole water-way being a mile long, and many other bridges spanning large rivers, and having an imposing appearance, are not referred to in this place. The reason is this: *large* bridges are by no means always *great* bridges; nor do they require, as some seem to think, skill proportioned

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to their length. There are many structures of this kind in America, of twenty, twenty-five, or thirty spans, where the same mechanical blunders are repeated over and over again in each span; so that the longer they are and the more they cost, the worse they are. It does not follow, because newspapers say, “magnificent bridge,” “two million feet of timber,” “eighty or one hundred tons of iron,” “cost half a million,” that there is any merit about either the bridge or its builder; as one span is, so is the whole; and a bridge fifty feet long, and costing only a few hundreds, may show more engineering skill than the largest and most costly viaducts in America. Few bridges require more knowledge of mechanics and of materials than Mr. Haupt’s little “trussed girders” on the Pennsylvania Central Road,—consisting of a single piece of timber, trussed with a single rod, under each rail of the track.

Again, as regards American iron bridges, the same result is found to a great extent. Thus, Mr. Roebling’s Niagara Railroad Suspension-Bridge cost four hundred thousand dollars, while a boiler-plate iron bridge upon the tubular system would cost for the same span about four million dollars, even if it were practicable to raise a tubular bridge in one piece over Niagara River at the site of the Suspension Bridge. Strength and durability, *with the utmost economy*, seem to have been attained by Mr. Wendel Bollman, superintendent of the road-department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad,—the minute details of construction being so skilfully arranged, that changes of temperature, oftentimes so fatal to bridges of metal, have no hurtful effect whatever. And here, again, is seen the distinctive American feature of adaptation or accommodation, even in the smallest detail. Mr. Bollman does not get savage and say, “Messieurs Heat and Cold, I can get iron enough out of the Alleghanies to resist all the power you can bring against me!”—but only observes, “Go on, Heat and Cold! I am not going to deal directly with you, but indirectly, by means of an agent which will render harmless your most violent efforts!”—or, in other words, he interposes a short link of iron between the principal members of his bridge, which absorbs entirely all undue strains.

It is not to be supposed from what has preceded, that the American engineer does not know how to spend money, because he gets along with so little, and accomplishes so much; when occasion requires, he is lavish of his dollars, and sees no longer expense, but only the object to be accomplished. Witness, for example, the Kingwood Tunnel, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where for a great distance the lining or protecting arching inside is of heavy ribs of cast iron, —making the cost of that mile of road embracing the tunnel about a million of dollars. Nor will the traveller who observes the construction of the New York and Erie Railroad up the Delaware Valley, of the Pennsylvania Central down the west slopes of the Alleghanies, or of the Baltimore and Ohio down the slopes of Cheat River, think for a moment that the American engineer grudges money where it is really needed.



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Stone bridges so rarely occur upon the roads of America, that they hardly need remark. The Starucca Viaduct, by Mr. Adams, upon the New York and Erie Railroad, and the viaduct over the Patapsco, near the junction of the Washington branch with the main stem of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, show that our engineers are not at all behind those of Europe in this branch of engineering. From the civil let us pass to the mechanical department of railroad engineering. This latter embraces all the machinery, both fixed and rolling; locomotives and cars coming under the latter,—and the shop-machines, lathes, planers, and boring-machines, forging, cutting, punching, rolling, and shearing engines, pumps and pumping-engines for the water-stations, turn-tables, and the like, under the former. Of this branch, little, except the design and working of the locomotive power, needs to be mentioned as affecting the prosperity of the road. Machine-shops, engine-houses, and such apparatus, differ but slightly upon different roads; but the form and dimensions of the locomotive engines should depend upon the nature of the traffic, and upon the physical character of the road, and that most intimately, —so much, indeed, that the adjustment of the grades and curvatures must determine the power, form, and whole construction of the engine. This is a fact but little appreciated by the managers of our roads; when the engineer has completed the road-bed proper, including the bridging and masonry, he is considered as done with; and as the succeeding superintendent of machinery is not at that time generally appointed, the duty of obtaining the necessary locomotive power devolves upon the president or contractor, or some other person who knows nothing whatever of the requirements of the road; and as he generally goes to some particular friend, perhaps even an associate, he of course takes such a pattern of engine as the latter builds, —and the consequence is that not one out of fifty of our roads has steam-power in any way adapted to the duty it is called upon to perform.

There is no nicer problem connected with the establishment of a railroad, than, having given the grades, the nature of the traffic, and the fuel to be used, to obtain therefrom by pure mechanical and chemical laws the dimensions complete for the locomotives which shall effect the transport of trains in the most economical manner; and there is no problem that, until quite lately, has been more totally neglected.[3]

Of the whole cost of working a railroad about one third is chargeable to the locomotive department; from which it is plain that the most proper adaptation is well worth the careful attention of the engineer. Though it is generally considered that the proper person to select the locomotive power can be none other than a practical machinist, and though he would doubtless select the best workmanship, yet, if not acquainted with the general principles of locomotion, and aware



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of the character of the road and of the expected traffic, and able to judge, (not by so-called experience, but by real knowledge,) he may get machinery totally unfit for the work required of it. Indeed, American civil engineers ought to qualify themselves to equip the roads they build; for none others are so well acquainted with the road as those who from a thorough knowledge of the matter have established the grades and the curvatures.

The difference between adaptation and non-adaptation will plainly be seen by the comparison below. The railway from Boston to Albany may be divided into four sections, of which the several lengths and corresponding maximum grades are as tabulated.

Length in miles.	Steepest grade	
Boston to Worcester,	44	30
Worcester to Springfield,	54 1/2	50
Springfield to Pittsfield,	52	83
Pittsfield to Albany,	43 1/2	45

A load of five hundred tons upon a grade of thirty feet per mile requires of the locomotive a drawing-power of 11,500 lbs.

- Upon a 50 feet grade 15,500 lbs.
- Upon an 83 feet grade 22,500 lbs.
- Upon a 45 feet grade 14,500 lbs.

Now, if the engines are all alike, (as they are very nearly,) and each is able to exert a drawing-power of five thousand pounds to move a load of five hundred tons from Boston to Albany, we need as follows:

- B. to W.—11500/5000 or 2 engines.
- W. to S.—15500/5000 or 3 engines.
- S. to P.—22500/5000 or 5 engines.
- P. to A.—14500/5000 or 3 engines.

From which the whole number of miles run by engines for one whole trip would be,—

- B. to W. 44 miles by 2 engines, or 88
- W. to S. 54 1/2 miles by 3 engines, or 163 1/2
- S. to P. 52 miles by 5 engines, or 260
- P. to A. 49 1/2 miles by 3 engines, or 148 1/2



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And the sum, 660

Now suppose, that, by making the engines for the several divisions strong in proportion to the resistance encountered upon these divisions, one engine only is employed upon each; our mileage becomes,

B. to W. 44 by 1 or 44

W. to S.  $54\frac{1}{2}$  by 1 or  $54\frac{1}{2}$

S. to P. 52 by 1 or 52

P. to A. 49 by 1 or  $49\frac{1}{2}$

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And the sum, 200 miles.

And the saving of miles run is therefore 660 less 200, or 460; and if 500 tons pass over the road daily, the annual saving of mileage becomes 460 by 313, or 143,980, or 70 per cent. of the whole. The actual cost for freight-locomotives per ton, per mile run, during the year ending Sept. 30, 1855, was  $\frac{384}{1000}$  of a cent; and the above 143,980 miles saved, multiplied by this fraction, amounts to \$55,288 per annum. The actual expense of working the power will not of course show the whole 70 per cent. of saving, as heavy and strong engines cost more at first, and cost more to operate, than lighter ones; but the figures show the effect of correct adaptation. If we call the saving 50 per cent. only of the mileage, we have then (as the locomotive power consumes  $\frac{30}{100}$  of the whole cost of operating)  $\frac{50}{100}$  of  $\frac{30}{100}$ , or  $\frac{15}{100}$ , of the whole cost of working the road, and this by simply knowing how to adapt the machinery to the requirement.

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So very slight are the points of difference between a good and a bad engine, that they often escape the eye of those whose business it is to deal with such works. It is not the brass and steel and bright metal and elaborate painting that make the really good and serviceable engine,—but the length, breadth, and depth of its furnace, the knowledge of proportion shown in its design, and the mechanical skill exhibited in the fitting of its parts. The apparently complex portions are really very simple in action, while the apparently simple parts are those where the greatest knowledge is required. Any man of ordinary mechanical acquirements can design and arrange the general form,—the whole mass of cranks, pistons, connecting-rods, pumps, and the various levers for working the engine; but to find the correct dimensions of the inner parts of the boiler, and of the valve-gearing, by which the movements of the steam are governed, requires a very considerable knowledge of the chemistry of combustion, of practical geometry, and of the physical properties of steam. So nice, indeed, is the valve-adjustment of the locomotive, as depending upon the work it has to do, whether fast or slow, light or heavy, that a single eighth of an inch too much or too little will so affect its power as to entirely unfit it for doing its duty with any degree of economy.

When a single man takes the general charge of five hundred miles of railroad, upon which the annual pay-roll is a million of dollars, and which employs over two hundred locomotives and three thousand cars, earning five million dollars a year,—a road which cost thirty-three million, has five miles in length of bridges, and over four hundred buildings,—it is plain that the system of operation must be somewhat elaborate. And so it is. Indeed, so complete is the organization and management of *employees* upon the New York and Erie Railroad, that the General Superintendent at his office can at any moment tell within a mile where each car or engine is, what it is doing, the contents of the car, the consignor and consignee, the time at which it arrives and leaves each station, (the *actual* time, not the time when it *should* arrive,) and is thus able to correct all errors almost at the moment of commission, and in reality to completely control the road.

The great regulator upon long lines of railroad is the electric telegraph, which connects all parts of the road, and enables one person to keep, as it were, his eye on the whole road at once.

A single-track railroad, says Mr. McCallum, may be rendered more safe and efficient by a proper use of the telegraph than a double-track railroad without,—as the double-tracks commonly obviate collisions which occur between trains moving in *opposite* directions, whilst the telegraph may be used effectually in preventing them between trains moving either in *opposite* directions or in the *same* direction; and it is a well-established fact, deduced from the history of railroads both in Europe and in this country, that collisions from trains moving in the *same* direction have proved by far the most fatal and disastrous, and should be the most carefully guarded against.

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From the admirable report of Mr. McCallum, above referred to, we take the following:— Collisions between fast and slow trains moving in the same direction are prevented by the following rule: 'The conductor of a slow train will report himself to the Superintendent of Division immediately on arrival at a station where, by the time-table, he should be overtaken by a faster train; and he shall not leave that station until the fast train passes, without special orders from the Superintendent of Division.' A slow train, under such circumstances, may, at the discretion of the Division Superintendent, be directed to proceed; he, being fully apprised of the position of the delayed train, can readily form an opinion as to the propriety of doing so; and thus, while the delayed train is permitted to run without regard to the slow one, the latter can be kept entirely out of its way.

"The passing-place for trains is fixed and determined, with orders positive and defined that neither shall proceed beyond that point until after the arrival of the other; whereas, in the absence of the telegraph, conductors are governed by general rules, and their individual understanding of the same,—which rules are generally to the effect, that, in case of detention, the train arriving first at the regular passing-place shall, after waiting a few moments, *proceed cautiously* (expecting to meet the other train, which is generally running as much faster, to make up lost time, as the cautious train is slower) until they have met and passed; the one failing to reach the half-way point between stations being required to back,—a dangerous expedient always,—an example of which operation was furnished at the disaster on the Camden and Amboy Railroad near Burlington; the delayed train further being subjected to the same rule in regard to all other trains of the same class it may meet, thus pursuing its hazardous and uncertain progress during the entire trip."

The following table shows the rate and direction of subordination for a first-class railroad:—

General Superintendent.

Superintendent of road.	Roadmaster.	Section men.
Roadmaster.	Section men.	

Foreman of machine-shop.	Machinists.	
Foreman of blacksmith's shop.	Blacksmiths.	
Superintendent of Machinery.	Foreman of carpenter's shop.	Carpenters.
Foreman of paint-shop.	Painters.	
Engineers (not on trains).	Firemen.	
Car-masters.	Oilers and cleaners.	
Brakemen.		



Conductors. Engineers (on trains).  
Ticket-collectors.  
General passenger-agent. Mail agents.  
Station agents. Hackmen.  
Switchmen.  
Express agents.  
Police.  
Conductors. Brakemen.  
Engineers (on trains).

General freight-agent. Station agents.  
Weighers and gaugers.  
Yard masters.

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Supply agent. Clerks and teamsters furnishing supplies.

Fuel agent. All men employed about wood-sheds.

All subordinates should be accountable to and directed by *their immediate superiors only*. Each officer must have authority, with the approval of the general superintendent, to appoint all *employees* for whose acts he is responsible, and to dismiss any one, when, in his judgment, the interests of the company demand it.

Fast travelling is one of the most dangerous as well as one of the most expensive luxuries connected with the railroad system. Few companies in America have any idea what their express-trains cost them. Indeed, the proper means of obtaining quick transport are not at all understood. It is not by forcing the train at an excessively high speed, but by reducing the number of stops. A train running four hundred miles, and stopping once in fifty minutes,—each stop, including coming to rest and starting, being five minutes,—to pass over the whole distance in eight hours, must run fifty-five miles per hour; stopping once in twenty minutes, sixty-three miles per hour; and stopping once in ten minutes, eighty-six miles per hour.

The proportions in which the working expenses are distributed under the several heads are nearly as follows:—

Management 7  
 Road-repairs 16  
 Locomotives 35  
 Cars 38  
 Sundries 4

---

In all 100

And the percentage of increase due to fast travelling, to be applied to the several items of expense, with the resulting increase in total expense, this:—

Management	7	increased by	0	per cent. is	0.0
Road-repairs	16	do.	27	do.	4.3
Locomotives	35	do.	30	do.	10.5
Cars	38	do.	10	do.	3.8
Sundries	4	do.	0	do.	0.0
<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: 0;"/>					
100	And the whole increase		18.6		



The causes of accident beyond the control of passengers are,—

- Collision by opposition,
- Collision by overtaking,
- Derailment by switches misplaced,
- Derailment by obstacles on the track,
- Breakage of machinery,
- Failure of bridges,
- Fire,
- Explosion.

Those causes which are aggravated by fast travelling are the first, second, fifth, and sixth. The effects of all are worse at high than at low velocities.

The proportion of accidents due to each of these causes, taken at random from one hundred cases on English roads, (American reports do not detail such information with accuracy,) were,—

Collision	56	56	
Breakage of machinery	18	18	
Failure of road	14	14	
Misplaced switches		5	
Obstacles on rails		6	
Boiler explosions		1	
	88	100	

Eighty-eight per cent. being from those causes which are aggravated by increase of speed; and if we suppose the amount of aggravation to augment as the speed, the danger of travelling is eighty-eight per cent. greater by a fast than by a slow train.



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These are the direct evils of high speeds; there are also indirect evils, which are full as bad.

All trains in motion at the same time, within a certain distance of the express, must be kept waiting, with steam up, or driven at extra velocities to keep out of the way.

Where the time-table is so arranged as to call for speed nearly equal to the full capacity of the engine, it is very obvious that the risks of failure in "making time" must be much greater than at reduced rates; and when they do occur, the efforts made to gain the time must be correspondingly greater and uncertain. A single example will be sufficient to show this.

A train, whose prescribed rate of speed is thirty miles per hour, having lost five minutes of time, and being required to gain it in order to meet and pass an opposing train at a station ten miles distant, must necessarily increase its speed to forty miles per hour; and a train, whose prescribed rate of speed is forty miles per hour, under similar circumstances, must increase its speed to sixty miles per hour. In the former case it would probably be accomplished, whilst in the latter it would more probably result in failure,—or, if successful, it would be so at fearful risk of accident.

However true it may be that many of our large roads are well, some of them admirably, managed, it is none the less a fact that the greater portion are directed in a manner far from satisfactory,—many, indeed, being subjected to the combined influence of ignorance and recklessness.

Many people wonder at the bad financial state of the American railroads; the wonder is, to those who understand the way in which they are managed, that they should be worth anything at all. It is useless to disguise the fact, says a writer in one of our railroad-papers, that the great body of our railroad-directors are entirely unfit for their position. They are, personally, a very respectable class of men, (Schuylerisms and Tuckermanisms excepted,) —men who, after having passed through their active business-lives successfully, and after retirement, are, in the minds of some, eminently fitted to adorn a director's chair. Never was there a greater mistake. What is wanted for a railway-director is an active, clear-headed man, who has not outlived his term of activity. We want railway-directors who know how to reduce the operating-expenses per mile, and not men who oppose their bigoted ignorance to everything like change or improvement, who can see no difference between science and abstract ideas. It would seem that the only question to be asked with regard to the fitness of a man for being a director is—Is he rich and respectable? If he has these qualities, and is pretty stupid withal, he is in a fair line for election. We tell our railway-readers, that, if they desire to make their property valuable, and rescue it from becoming a byword and a reproach, they have got to elect men of an entirely different stamp,—men



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of practical experience, in the best sense of the term, who have intelligence enough to know and apply all those vital reforms upon which depends the future success of their undertakings,—the men of the workshop, the track, and the locomotive. And we shall yet see the more intelligent of them taking the place, at the directors' board, of the retired merchants, physicians, and other respectable gentlemen, who now lend only the names of their respectability to perpetuate a system of folly that has reduced our railroad-management below contempt. As at present constituted, our boards are a very showy, but very useless piece of mechanism. The members attend at meetings when they feel just like it, and sign their names to documents and statements which have been prepared for them by others, without much knowledge of what the contents are; their other duties consisting chiefly in riding over their own and connecting roads, free of charge.

Why should railway-directors work for nothing for the stockholders? Ah, Messrs. Stockholders, you little know in reality how fat a salary your directors make to themselves, by nice little commissions, by patronizing their favorite builders of locomotives and cars, and by buying the thousand and one patents that are so urgently recommended! Do you carry your broken watch to a blacksmith or to a stone-mason to be mended? Neither, we think. Why, then, do you leave the management of a work which engineers, machinists, carpenters, masons, and men of almost every trade, have spent time and care upon to build, to the respectable merchant, lawyer, or banker, who thinks the best road that which has the softest cushions and the most comfortable seats on which to ride?

Railroad-building, remarks a late writer, (Mr. Whiton,) may be divided into three periods,—the first, the *introductory*, in which roads were a sort of experimental enterprise, where the men who labored expected to be paid for their time or money, and were willing to wait a reasonable time for the expected profit. Second, the *speculative* period, when men were possessed with an unhealthy desire for fortune-making, and, not content to wait the natural harvest of the seed sown, departed from the sound and honest principles of construction and management; trying, at first, by all sorts of pretence and misrepresentation, to conceal, and last by legislation to counterbalance, the results of their ignorance and of their insane desires. Railroads were compared, as an investment, to banks; and it was even supposed that the more they cost the more they would divide; and tunnels, rock-cuts, and viaducts were then as much sought after as they are now avoided. Shrewd and intelligent business-men, who had made for themselves fortunes, embraced these ridiculous opinions, and seemed at once, upon taking hold of railroad-enterprises, to lose whatever of common sense they before might have possessed; and even at the present day these same

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men have not the manly honesty to acknowledge their errors, but endeavor to cover them up with greater.—The third period is that of *reaction*, which embraces the present time. To a person unacquainted with the management of railroads, to see a body of men, no one of whom has ever before had anything to do with mechanical operations, assembled to decide upon the relative merits of the different plans of bridges or of locomotives or cars, upon the best means of reducing the working-expenses of a machine of whose component parts they have not the slightest idea, of the most complicated and elaborate piece of mechanism that men have ever designed, might at first seem absurd; but custom has made it right. It is generally supposed that the moment a man, be he lawyer, doctor, or merchant, is chosen director in a railroad enterprise, immediately he becomes possessed of all knowledge of mechanics, finance, and commerce; but, judging from past experience, it appears in reality that he leaves behind at such time whatever common sense he perchance possessed before; otherwise why does he not follow the same correct business-rules, when managing the property of others, as when he accumulated his own? A man who should show as much carelessness and ignorance, when operating for himself, as railway-directors do when operating for others, would be considered as a fit subject for an insane asylum.

When railroads are built where they are needed, at the time they are wanted, in a country able to support them, by permanent investors, and not by speculators, and are well made by good engineers, and well managed by competent men, whose interest is really connected with the success of the enterprise, then they will pay, and be railroads indeed. But so long as money is obtained on false pretences, to be played for by State and Wall Street gamblers on the one hand, and ravenous contractors on the other hand, they will be what they are,—worthless monuments of extravagance and folly.

“Experience keeps a dear school,” says poor Richard, “but fools will learn in no other.”

Let not the reader think for a single moment that we have no appreciation of the labors of a De Witt Clinton, or of a Livingston, —that we at all underrate the services of the Eastern capitalists who render available the public-land grants of the West, whether to build ship-canals or railroads. We have the highest respect for that talent without which our Western lands would still be left to the buffalo and the deer, and the gold and silver of Europe would remain on the other side of the Atlantic. These capitalists are the mainsprings of the system; but we should no more apply their energy and skill to the detailed operation of so mechanical a structure as a railroad, than we should attach the mainspring of a watch to the hands directly, without the intermediate connecting chains and wheels.



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Not less incompetent for the construction of railways, than are the directors for the management of the completed roads, are at least one half of the so-called engineers in America. Obligated to complete no course of education, to pass no examination, they are at once let loose upon the country whenever they feel like it, to build what go by the names of railroads and bridges, but are in reality traps in which to lose both life and money. Indeed, any man (in the United States) who has carried a rod or chain is called an engineer; while the correct definition is, a man who has, first, a thorough knowledge of mechanics, mathematics, and chemistry,—second, the knowledge necessary for applying these sciences to the arts,—and last, the knowledge requisite to the correct adaptation of such arts to the wants of man, but more than all, that experience which is got only from continual practice. We have such a class of engineers, and to them we owe what of fame we have in the engineering world. Second, comes another grade, men who, commencing as subordinates, without any preparatory knowledge, but with natural genius, and an intuitive knowledge of mechanics, need only to have their ideas generalized to see the bearing of their special knowledge upon the whole, in order to rank high in the profession. Third, a class who lack both natural and acquired knowledge, and whose only recommendation is that they are always for sale to the highest bidder, whether he be president, director, or contractor; sometimes working nominally for the company, but really for the contractor,—or in some cases, so debased is this class of persons, for both contractor and company openly. Of late years this prostitution of mongrel engineers has had place to an alarming extent. Let us hope that the old professional pride, and, better still, a love of truth and honesty for their own sake, may yet triumph, and place real engineers high above the dead level to which ignorance and pretence and venality have degraded the profession.

[Footnote 1: *Handbook of Railroad Construction*, for the Use of American Engineers. By GEORGE L. VOSE, Civil Engineer. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Company. 1857.

*Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Reports*, from 1830 to 1850. BENJAMIN H. LATROBE, Chief Engineer.

*Railways and their Management*, being a Pamphlet written by JAMES M. WHITON, ESQ., late of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad. 1856.

*Report of the President, Treasurer, and General Superintendent of the New York and Erie Railroad Company to the Stockholders*. March, 1856.

*Final Report of JOHN A. ROEBLING, Civil Engineer on the Niagara Railway Suspension-Bridge*, May, 1855.]



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[Footnote 2: Lest these statements should sound extravagant, the reader will please reckon up the amounts for himself. A bank twenty-five feet wide on top, eight hundred feet long, and two hundred and thirty feet high, would contain two million cubic yards of earth; which, at twenty-five cents per yard, would cost half a million of dollars, exclusive of a culvert to pass the river, of sixty, eighty, or one hundred feet span and seven hundred feet long. Twenty trains per day, of thirty cars each, one car holding two yards, would be twelve hundred yards per day; two million, divided by twelve hundred, gives 1,666 days.]

[Footnote 3: The most careless observer has doubtless noticed that the front part of a locomotive rests upon the centre of a track, having four small wheels; the back and middle part, he will also remember, is borne upon large spoke wheels,—which are connected with the machinery; upon the size of these last depend the power and speed of the engine. The larger the wheels, the less the power, and the higher the velocity which may be got; again, the wheel remaining of the same size, by enlarging the dimensions of the cylinders the power is increased; and the wheels and cylinders remaining the same, by enlarging the boiler we can make stronger steam and thus increase the power. There may be seen upon the road from Boston to Springfield engines with wheels nearly seven feet in diameter, used for drawing light express-trains; while upon the roads ascending the Alleghanies may be seen wheels of only three and a half feet diameter, which are employed in drawing trains up the steep grades. Increase of steepness of grades acts upon the locomotive in the same manner as increase of actual load; as upon a level the natural tendency of the engine is to stand still, while on an incline the tendency is to roll backwards down-hill.]

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## HER GRACE, THE DRUMMER'S DAUGHTER.

[Concluded.]

The girl whose suggestion had brought about this change in her father's household, introducing anxiety and tears and pain where these were almost strangers, was not exceeding joyous in view of what she had done. But she was resolved and calm. It was everything to her, that night when she lay down to rest, to know that the same roof that covered her was also spread above the prisoner, and all the joys of youth passed into forgetfulness as she thought and vowed to herself concerning the future.

It seemed, perhaps, a state of things involving no consequences, this sympathy that Elizabeth had shared with the gardener Sandy, when the prisoner's eyes gazed on them from his window, or turned towards them while he walked in the garden; but Sandy said to himself, when she told him that they were to have Laval's place in the prison, "*It took her!*"—neither did it seem incredible to him when she assured him that the new house

was like home. He honestly believed that with the child—child he considered her—all things were possible.



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What he had lacked and missed so long that the restoration had a charm of novelty about it, added to its own excellency, was now the prisoner's portion. Good manners, kind and courteous voices, greeted eyes and ears once more. As in the days of Joan Laval, a woman was now sometimes in attendance on the prisoner. But in not one particular did Pauline Montier resemble Joan Laval. She called herself a soldier's wife, and was exact and brave accordingly. She was thoughtful of her husband's charge, and when she paused in her efforts for his comfort and content, it was because she had exhausted the means within her reach, but not her wit in devising.

The effect was soon manifest. The prisoner received this care and sympathy as he might have received the ministrations of angels. The attendance was almost entirely confined to Montier and his wife, but now and then Elizabeth also could serve him. She served him with her heart, with unobtrusive zeal that was exhaustless as the zeal of love. Unobserved, she watched, as well as waited on him; and oh, how jealous and impatient of time and authority did she become! Her pity knew no limit; it beamed from her eyes, spoke through her voice, was unceasing in activity. He was to her a romance terrible and sweet, a romance that had more abundant fascination than the world could show beside.

She went up to his room one morning, carrying his breakfast. Her father had been ordered to the barracks, and her mother was not well; the service therefore fell upon her.

The prisoner did not seem to heed her when she entered; at least, he gave no sign, until she approached him, and even then was not the first to speak. Going to the window, her eyes followed his to the garden below.

"It looks well this morning," she said, pleasantly.

"Yes,—but I have seen prettier," he answered.

"Where?" she asked, so quickly that Manuel almost smiled as he looked at her before he answered. He knew why she spoke thus, and was not offended by the compassion of her sympathy.

"In my own home, Elizabeth," he answered.

"Aren't you *ever* going back to it, Sir?" she asked, hurriedly.

He did not reply.

"Won't you ever see it again?" she persisted.

"Banishment,—a prisoner for life," said he, for the first time explaining to any person his dread sentence.



Elizabeth Montier quietly pondered the words thus spoken.

“If you had your freedom,” said she, “would you go back to your own country?—Your breakfast is cooling, Sir.”

Manuel looked at her,—she bore his scrutiny with composure,—then he came to the table, sat down, and broke his bread, before he answered this bold speaking.

“Yes,” said he, at length. “An honorable man is bound to keep his honor clean. Mine has been blackened by some false accusation. I owe it to all who ever believed in me to clear it, if I can.”



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“And besides, your home is there.”

“Yes.”

“Oh, if you would only tell me about it! I don’t want to know for anybody else,—only for you. Did you leave many behind, that—that loved you, Mr. Manuel?”

“Yes,” said the prisoner,—but he said no more.

This answer was sufficient; with it Elizabeth walked away from the table where he sat, and took her stand by the window. By-and-by she said, speaking low, but with firm accent,—

“I am sorry I asked you anything about it; but I will never speak of it again. I heard it was for religion; but I know you could not hurt the Truth. They said you fought against the Church. Then I believe the Church was wrong. I am not afraid to say it. I want you to understand. Of course I cannot do anything for you; only I was so in hopes that I could! You must not be angry with me, Sir, for hoping that.”

The integrity of nature that spoke in these words came to the hearer’s heart with wondrous power and freshness. He looked at Elizabeth; she was gazing full on him, and lofty was the bearing of the girl; she had set her own fears and all danger and suspicion at defiance in these words. Partly he saw and understood, and he answered, —

“I am not angry. You surprised me. I know you are not curious on your own account. But you can do nothing for me. I did fight against the Church, but not any Church that you know. I fought against an intolerant organization, boundless superstition, shameful idolatry, because it was making a slave and a criminal of the world.—You can do nothing for me.”

“Nothing?”

“No, dear child, nothing.”

“Is it because you think I am a child that you say so?” asked Elizabeth. “I am not a child. I knew you must be innocent. I will do anything for you that any one can do. Try me.”

The prisoner looked again at the pleader. Truly, she was not a child. It is not in childhood to be nerved by such courage and such longing as were in her speech, as that speech was endorsed by her bearing. His thought toward her seemed to change in this look.

“Can you write, Elizabeth?” asked he.



“I can write,” she answered, proudly, standing forward like a young brave eager for orders. “I can write. My father taught me.”

“You might write”—

“A letter?” she asked, breathless.

“Yes.” He paused and considered, then continued,—“You might write to—you might write to my friend, and tell her about the garden, and how I am now allowed to walk in it, —and about your father and your mother,—about yourself, too; anything that will make this place seem pleasant to her. You know the pleasant side of Foray, —give her that.”

“Yes. Is she your mother?”

“No.”

“Your sister, Sir?”

“No, Elizabeth. She and I were to have been married.”

“Oh, Sir,—and you in Foray,—in a prison,—so far away!”



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“Wide apart as death could put us. And shall I let you write to her? Yes! we will triumph over this death and this grave!”

“By me!—yes,—I will tell her,—it shall surely be by me,” said Elizabeth, in a low voice.

“Then tell her;—you will be able, I know, to think of a great deal that is comforting. I should not remember it, I’m afraid, if I could write the letter. Tell her what fine music I have. You can say something, too, about the garden, as I said. You can speak of the view from this window. See! it is very fine. You can tell her—yes, you can tell her now, that I am well, Elizabeth.”

“Oh, Sir, can I tell her you are well?”

“Yes,—yes,—say so. Besides, it is true. But you must add that I have no hope now of our meeting in this world. She can bear it, for she is strong, like you. She, too, is a soldier’s daughter. If you will say those things, I will tell you her name. That shall be our secret.” In this speech his tone was altogether that of one who takes the place of a comforter.

“Yes,” said Elizabeth, calm and attentive. It was quite impossible that she should so mistake as to allow the knowledge that was quickening her perception into pain to appear.

“You must tell her about yourself,” said he, again.

“What shall I say? There is nothing about myself to tell, Mr. Manuel.”

“Is there not? That would be strange. Tell her what music you like best to hear your father play. She will understand you by that. Tell her anything,—she will not call it a trifle. What if she answers you in the same mood? Should we call it foolish, if she told us her thoughts, and the events that take place daily in her quiet life? You can tell her what songs you love to sing. And if she does not know them, she will learn them, Elizabeth. Tell her how much it comforts me to hear you sing. Tell her, that, if she has prayed some light might shine on me from Heaven, her prayer is answered. For it is true. You serve me like an angel, and I see it all. Tell her she must love you for my sake,—though there is no need to tell her.—Do you see?”

“I see.”

“Tell her I remember”—There he faltered; he could say no more.

“Yes,” said Elizabeth, “I will,—I will tell her everything, Mr. Manuel,—everything that it would comfort her to hear.”



She had written letters now and then. Great pride Montier and Pauline took in their daughter's skilful use of pen and ink, and pencil,—for Elizabeth could sketch as well as write. There was nothing new or strange, therefore, in her addressing this conversation to a spirit. But, also, there was nothing easy in this task, though she had the mighty theme of faithful love to dwell upon, and love's wondrous inspiration to enlighten her labor.

The description to be given of island scenery was such as she had given more than once, in writing to her distant, unknown relatives. She need vary only slightly from what she had written before, when she gave report of her own daily life. She was always eloquent when talking about the flowers or her father's music.



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But this she had undertaken was not a repetition of what she had done before. With painful anxiety she scrutinized her words, her thoughts, her feelings. The work was a labor of love; the loving best know what anguish their labor sometimes costs them. The pain of this letter was not fairly understood by her who endured it,—it could not be shared.

Why was she so cautious? why in her caution lurked so much of fear? Perhaps she might have answered, if questioned by one she trusted, that further intrusion of herself than should serve as a veil for the really important information she had to convey would be cruel intrusion. But there was a very different reason; it had to do with the sudden revelation made to herself when her father wept at the prisoner's hard fate,—a revelation that terrified her, and influenced every succeeding movement; it had to do with the illumination that came when Manuel told her the sad secret of his heart,—with that moment when she stood up stronger in love than in fear, stronger in devotion than in pride, strong for self-sacrifice, like one who bears a charmed life pierced to the heart, and never so capable as then.

More than once did Elizabeth rewrite that letter. More than once in the progress to its completion did she break away from the strange task, that had evidence of strangeness or of labor, to seek in the garden, or with her needle, or in the society of father or mother, deliverance from the trouble that disturbed her. In the toils of many an argument with her heart and conscience was she caught; but even through her doubting of the work she had engaged to perform, she persevered in its continuance, till the letter was ready for address.

It was surely right to aid, and comfort by such aid, one so unfortunate as this prisoner; yet her parents must not be implicated by such transaction. Therefore they must be kept in ignorance, that, if blame fell anywhere, it might not fall on them. So she satisfied her conscience;—love will not calculate coldly. But it was less easy to satisfy her heart.

She had lived but sixteen years; she looked to her youth as to a protector, while it rebuked her. She leaned upon it, while daily she took to herself the part of womanhood, its duties and its dignity. He had called her a child; she called herself a child. She was careful to let this estimate of herself appear in that letter; and in what she undertook she was entirely successful; Madeline Desperiers would be sure to read it as the letter of a child.

When all was done Elizabeth repeated to Manuel the substance of this letter. He praised it. Jealous scrutiny would find it difficult to lay its finger on a passage, and condemn the writer for evading the law concerning the prisoner. When she signed and sealed the letter, addressed it, and carried it away with her to mail, he was satisfied; his praise was sweet to the girl who had earned it.



No sooner was this work off her hands than another engaged her. With a purpose prompted may-be by her angel, certainly by no human word, and unshared by any human intelligence, Elizabeth began to make a sketch of the island as seen from Manuel's prison-window. She made the sketch from memory, correcting it by observation when occasion called her to the prisoner's room.



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At length she brought the sheet of paper, on which this sketch was drawn, to Manuel, and laid it before him. She did this without any accompanying word of explanation. In the foreground was the garden, stretching up the slope of the hill towards the top, where the fort-wall began; beyond, fort, barracks, settlement,—and still beyond, the sea. The island of Foray, as thus represented, appeared like many other views on paper, very pleasing and attractive. Nature is not responsible for sin and suffering, that she should veil her glory wherever these may choose to pitch their tent.

The prisoner took the drawing from the table where she had laid it, and scanned it closely.

“You have left out my house,” said he.

“There was no room for it,” she answered.

“True!” He understood her. “Do you know whom this is for, Mr. Manuel?”

“Whom is it for, Elizabeth?”

“For Madeline; is it a pretty view?”

“Really for her, Elizabeth?”

“Surely. Her eyes shall look on the same view as yours.”

“The fort, flag, sea-wall, burial-ground, ocean, barracks, garden; —it is well done.—Now I will tell you of the place where it will find her.”

He paused a moment ere he began that description. He looked at the quiet figure of the child for whom he dared recall the past. She stood with folded hands, so fair, so young, the sight was a refreshment, and a strange assurance always, to his weary eyes and weary heart. Never did she look so lovely to him as now when he was about to speak again to her of his life’s love for another.

“It was once a magnificent estate,” he began.

“Oh, is she a grand lady?” broke from Elizabeth.

“Yes, a grand lady. You speak well,” replied Manuel, with a smile. “The estate was once ten times as large as this island. Towns and villages are built over the land now, but the old house stands as it has stood through ten generations. There she lives. If she stands by the library-window today, she can see the church built by her great-grandfather, and the little town of Desperiers, which had in his day a population of tenantry. She can see the ponds and the park, and a garden where there are hothouses, and graperies, and conservatories, and winding walks where you might walk



all day and find something new to surprise and delight you at every turn. There is a tower that commands a view of fifty miles in one direction. The old house is full of treasure. She is mistress of all,—the only representative of a long line of noble men and beautiful women who have dispensed magnificent hospitality there. The last time I saw her, Elizabeth, she was standing in the library, a woman so beautiful and so strong you would not have thought that trouble could approach her. It came through me. I opened those ancient gates for the black train, —I, who loved no mortal as I loved her! But I lost her in my fight for Truth. Shall I complain? Her heart was with mine in that struggle. Cannot Truth comfort her?”



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"She is not lost to you. Sir,—you are not lost to her," cried Elizabeth, in a voice as strong as breaks sometimes through dying agony.

"I know," said he, more gently. His thought was not the same as hers; he was taking refuge in that future which remains to the loving when this life wholly fails in hope.

"You shall go back to that old place, Sir! You shall—you two—shall forget all this!"

The prisoner smiled to hear her,—a sad smile, yet a sweet smile too. He did not despise the comfort she would give him, nor resent her presumptuous speech.

"As when I dream sometimes," said he, gently,—“or in some pleasant vision. Yes, that is true, Elizabeth. I have been back, and I shall go again.”

Vehemently now she broke forth. It was love defying the whole universe, if the whole universe opposed itself to the sovereign rights of love, the divine strength and the divine courage of love. —“You shall go on board some vessel, a passenger; you shall see with your own eyes; your hands shall be free to gather the sweetest rose that—ever blossomed in the world for you. Mr. Manuel, do not look so doubting,—do not smile so! Am I not in earnest? Do you not hear me? As God lives, and as I live, I will do what I promise. Why, what do you think I am here for?”

Wondering, doubting if he heard aright, Manuel looked at Elizabeth. The painful, kindly smile, the incredulity, had disappeared from his face; the power and confidence of her words seemed to persuade him that at least she purposed seriously and was not uttering mere wishes. It might be the enthusiasm and generosity of a child that inspired her speech, but its determination and gravity of utterance demanded at least a respectful hearing.

"What do you mean, Elizabeth?" he asked.

"I mean that I will go home and explain, and you shall be set free."

He shook his head. "There is nothing to be explained," said he. "I am not here by mistake. I am very clearly guilty, if there is guilt in doing what I am accused of. The hearts of those who condemned me must be changed, and their eyes opened, or I shall never be set free."

"God chooses humble agents," she said, humbly. "David slew Goliath, and he was but a lad. He will open the way for me, and by me change the hearts of those who condemned, and by me open their eyes. Therefore I shall go,—I shall surely go. Ah, Mr. Manuel, give me the picture! It is all that you shall have of the island of Foray, please Almighty God, when these doors are all open for you, and your hands are free, Sir, and we tell you to come, for the vessel is waiting!"



She went out from the room while these words took solemn possession of the place. She locked the door behind her;—no requirement of law was to be neglected or withstood; she made him a prisoner whom she would set free;—and from this interview she went away, not to solitude, and the formation of secret plans, but, as became the daughter of Adolphus and Pauline Montier, she went quietly, with that repose of manner which distinguished her through almost every event, back to her mother's chamber.



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There stood Adolphus Montier, drummer to the regiment, jailer to the prisoner, father of Elizabeth,—loving man, whichever way you looked at him. He had his French horn in his hands, and was about to raise it to his lips; in a moment more a blast would have rung through the house, for Adolphus was in one of his tempestuously happy moods.

But his daughter's entrance arrested his purpose. Say, rather, the expression of her face performed that feat. He saw, likewise, the paper which she carried, the pencilled sketch,—and he followed her with his eyes when she crossed the room and placed it on the mantel under the engraving of the city of Fatherland. This act took the parents to the fireplace, for discussion and criticism of their daughter's work, and of the two homes now brought into contrasted connection.

"But you have left out the prison," was the comment of Adolphus.

"I am glad of that," said Pauline.

"But it is part of the island."

"It ought to be left out, though," maintained his wife.

"Where would you keep *him*, then?" asked Adolphus, a broad smile spreading over his face. He knew well enough what the answer would be.

"I'd set him adrift," was Pauline's reply, spoken without the least pretence of caution.

"Hush!" said her husband; but that was because he was the jailer. He laughed outright close on this admonition, and asked Elizabeth if she expected him to make a frame for this picture to hang opposite Chalons.

"No," she answered, "I am going to take it with me."

"Where now?" asked the parents in one breath.

"Oh, home,—Chalons."

This reply seemed to merit some consideration, by the way the eyes of Adolphus and Pauline regarded their child. They did not understand her;—her meaning was deeper than her utterance.

"To Chalons?" repeated Adolphus, quietly.

"Home?" said Pauline;—it was almost the sweetest word she knew, almost the easiest of utterance.



“You have promised me a hundred times that I should go. Did you mean it? May I go? You wish me to see the old place and the old people. But the old place is changing, and the old people are dying. Soon, if I go to Chalons, it will not be your Chalons I shall see.”

Dumb with wonder, Adolphus and Pauline looked at one another. To be sure, they had done their best in order to excite in the breast of Elizabeth such love of country as was worthy of their child, and such curiosity about locality as would constrain her to cherish some reverent regard for the place of their birth, the home of their youthful love; but *never* had they imagined the possibility of her projecting a pilgrimage in that direction, except under their guidance. They could hardly imagine it now. Often they had talked over every step of that journey they would one day make together; the progress was as familiar to Elizabeth as it could be made by the description of another; but that they had succeeded in so awaking the feeling of their child, that she should seriously propose making the pilgrimage alone, passed their comprehension.



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“You know,” said Adolphus, with a shrug, “your father is an officer, and he cannot now leave his post. Are you going to take your mother along with you?”

He said these words at a venture, not certain of his ground. He was not kept in suspense long.

“My mother must not leave you,” answered Elizabeth, greatly agitated, and yet speaking strongly, as one whose will exceeded her emotion.

“Then you go alone?” asked Adolphus, shortly. He could not understand her, and was thoroughly vexed that he could not; mysteries were not for him. “What is the matter? is it the prison? Wife!” he turned to Pauline, but, as he looked at her, his perplexity seemed to increase, as did his impatience also.

Wife and daughter evidently were not in league against him; she, the mother of his child, shared his anxiety and doubt. Tears were in her eyes, and he had only been impatient!—she had passed so quickly to an apprehension that was grievous, Adolphus stood the image of dismay. Those three, so entirely one, seemed to have been thrust apart by a resistless evil Fate who had some malignant purpose to serve.

Not now for the first time did Pauline see that the young face before her was pale, and grave with a gravity once unknown to it. It might be, that, for the first time, she was asking herself outright if this prison-life was to serve Elizabeth as it had served the wife of Laval,—but not for the first time was she now visited by a foreboding that pointed to this fear.

“It is the prison,” said she.

“Elizabeth, is it so? Is this house going to be the death of you?” asked Montier, abruptly, —referring the point with stern authority, to the last person who would be likely to acknowledge the danger of which he spoke.

“If you think so, papa and mamma, I must give up the voyage, just to prove that you are mistaken,” answered she.

“Look at her, Adolphus!” said Pauline; “remember what she was a year ago! She’s not the same now. I can see it. Strange if I could not! Young people are different from old. I thought this place would never seem like home to me, but I found out my mistake.”

“I knew you would,” said Adolphus, quickly.

“Of course it is the place for me, on the prisoner’s account. I hate the prison just the same, though. But if I was mistaken, so was Elizabeth. She thought it would seem like home to her;—it never has; it never will. But I do not think there is a chance of our being kept here long by poor Mr. Manuel. Adolphus, I am for Elizabeth’s going home.”



“Colonel Farel and his lady are getting ready to go in the next vessel,” said Adolphus, as if in a sleep, or as though his power of speech opposed and defied him in its activity,—so bewildered did he look at his wife and daughter.

“Oh, then, may I go? It is only out and back. I will not be long away. Then we shall all go some day together, and never, never return.”



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“That is my wish,” said Pauline; “isn’t it yours, Adolphus?”

“Yes!” And this answer was given by a man who was neither asleep nor bewildered, but by one who had put himself out of sight, and was thinking only of others.

Adolphus had not been as blind as Pauline must have supposed him when she bade him remember what their daughter was a year ago. He, too, had seen that the bloom was fading from her face, and by many a device he had striven to divert the gravity, descending upon her, from taking possession of her. Pauline’s words revived every fear, every anxiety he had felt for their child. Generous as impetuous, he saw now only one thing to be done, one result to be accomplished. Elizabeth must sail in the next vessel, and he was not the man to know another quiet moment till that vessel hove in sight. That was his way; why hesitate a twelvemonth, when a moment sufficed for a decision, and the good and happiness of others were concerned in the deciding? And it was not merely his way, as has been made sufficiently apparent,—it was his wife’s way, and his daughter’s.

Yet fain would Pauline have entered now upon a discussion of what remained to be done; she could have gone on from this point at which they suddenly found themselves standing so wistfully; she would have made, in advance, every needful preparation and arrangement for Elizabeth, up to the time of her return. But Adolphus was in no mood for this. He must go and see Colonel Farel, he said, by way of excuse, —and he must see the doctor. It would have been a dangerous experiment, had Pauline persisted in the endeavor to discover how much he could endure. Montier felt that he was not fit for family deliberation now, and wisely made his escape from it.

“I know,” said Pauline, when she and her child were left together, “I know why it is the best thing in the world for you to go on this voyage,—but—I do not know how you came by the sudden wish to go, —or if it is sudden, Elizabeth.”

No demand,—no confidence required,—not a request, even, to enter into any secret counsel with her child. But that child saw the relation in which she stood to the loving woman by her side, whose eyes were gazing into her eyes, whose love was seeking to fathom her heart, and she answered humbly, and with confidence,—

“I am going to your old home, my mother,—and to see if it is true that Manuel is to die here in this abhorred prison. It is my secret, —it is my errand. I trust you, for you love me; oh, love me, my mother, and trust me! I dare not live, I cannot endure my freedom, while he is wearing out his life in a prison. Am I ill? Has it worn me to see him, this year past, dying by inches? I am glad of it,—I am proud of it! Now I will see if there is any pity or justice among rulers.”



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Pauline Montier was confounded by this outbreak. She had expected no such word as this she heard. It terrified her, for she was a loving woman, and she thought she heard in the voice of her daughter the voice of a woman who loved,—the impassioned, daring voice of one whom love incited to action such as sober reason never would attempt. She repented already the words she had spoken to her husband. She had no power then, could not prevail then, or the misgivings which sent Adolphus weeping into the wood, and not in search of doctor or colonel, would have drawn him back to her side, and against their love and their authority this girl had not prevailed. A question trembled on her lips. But how should she ask it of her child? She could not ask it of her child,—but as woman of woman. The simplest and the shortest speech was best; and far away were curiosity and authority.

“Elizabeth, do you love this prisoner?”

The answer did not linger.

“He is dying,—a noble man perishing unrighteously! Oh, my mother, in that land there is a lady waiting to know why the arm of the Lord so long delays! He shall not die a prisoner! She loves him,—*he loves her*. I will give them to each other. Only keep him alive till I come.”

“My child!”

“Why do you weep?”—but Elizabeth, so speaking, bowed to the floor by her mother’s side, and wept with her, and the tender arms maternal clasped her close; and the girl did not see when her mother’s eyes looked upward, nor did she hear when her mother’s voice said, with a saint’s entreaty, and a lover’s faith, “O Saviour!”

That night Elizabeth went for the tray which her father had left in the prisoner’s room when he carried him his supper. No danger that Adolphus would stand to gossip now with any man, for a moment. His heart was sore at the prospect of his daughter’s departure, at the prospect of actual separation, every feature of which state of being he distinctly anticipated; and yet he would have scorned himself, had he thrown in the way anything like the shadow of an impediment to her departure from Foray. So far from that, he was already doing everything, in act and thought, by which that going might be made more certain and immediate.

Elizabeth found the prisoner sitting before his untasted supper. She went up the room at a rapid pace.

“Strength does not come of fasting,” said she, as she glanced at the table.



“Appetite does not come of torpor,” was the reply, spoken almost as quickly; he seemed to be echoing her tone. She looked at him surprised; so much energy of speech she had not expected of him, and never before had heard.

“I must wait for the tray,” said she; and she took her usual stand by the window. “Eat something to please my mother,—she will be so troubled.”

At this he took his spoon and tasted the porridge, which had grown cold in the dish before him.



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Now, as she stood there waiting, a curious state of mind was that through which Elizabeth passed. When he answered her greeting, it was with less apparent weariness, less exhibition of sad indifference to all things, than usual,—with some animation, indeed; not at all as one speaks who is dead to every hope. And with this utterance, which on any other day would have lightened the burden Elizabeth bore, a new darkening of the spirit of heaviness seemed to fall upon her. She knew that by her he must have come to—whatever hopefulness he had; and she would give him freedom that she might see his face no more!

“There is no crucifixion without pain.” It is never with a light heart that man or woman attends his or her own immolation. There is awful terror in the triumphs of the divine human nature. If, indeed, *Suttee* is noiseless, superstition and force have stifled the voice of the widow.

And therefore the words which Elizabeth only by an effort restrained, as she crossed the prison-threshold, could come from her now by effort only. If she had found him drooping, despairing, utterly cast down,—no hinderance then to a full utterance of the heroic purpose which death alone could dampen or defeat! But now some strength seemed in himself—and liberty would give him to others, of whom he could not think as quietly as he could think of her. Could she, then, better afford to weep than to rejoice with him?

Before he had pushed away the table and its contents, before time constrained her to speak, she said,—

“I promised you something, Mr. Manuel. You remember what. I may go tomorrow. So tell me,—how shall I serve you best? Tell me now; something may happen; and I wish my work to be clear.”

The prisoner started from the table at these words. He hastily approached the quiet speaker, his face brightened not more by hope than by wondering admiration.

“What do you mean?—tomorrow? I am waiting, Elizabeth.”

“Colonel Farel and his lady are going home. He has leave of absence. I have spoken to my father and mother. I have told my mother everything. She knows that I am going to visit your relations as well as hers. Tell me how I shall find them. Tell me what I must do. You shall have freedom, if woman can ask or man can give it.”

She had advanced a single step towards him, in thus speaking. She stood now with hands folded, quiet, waiting his answer.

“Noble girl!” he began; then he paused. Full of reverence was his gaze.



“Do not praise,—direct me,” she said, hurriedly. “I know what I shall say. But to whom shall I say it?—Yes, I will find her whom you love. I will carry balm across the sea to heal her breaking heart. I will join together whom,”—here for an instant she hesitated, then began again,—“whom God has joined, whom man dared separate. Direct me, Sir.”



## Page 31

And there she stood, waiting. Who sighing beholds her? No pusillanimity there; but on the very heights of danger, which none other than the bravest could have gained, dauntless and safe, let her stand and fight her battle. So strong, yet so defenceless, so conspicuous for purpose and position there, the arrows rain upon her, —yet not one is poisoned to the power of hurting her sacred life. Listen, Elizabeth, while he speaks of *her*! Deeply can his voice grave every word of direction; not one wilt thou lose! Chosen of the few from among the many called, go, woman to love, and hero to endure, —yea, if thou must, as gentle and dauntless martyr, to die before the stronghold thou wouldst summon to surrender!

Later in the day the prisoner heard Elizabeth singing, as not rarely he heard her,—for, knowing that the sound of her voice was pleasant to him, and that its cheerfulness cheered him, she had the habit of frequenting with her songs that part of the house in which his room was. The prisoner heard her singing later in the day, and thanked her for the grace, but did not catch the words whose sound swept past him. It was an ancient hymn she sang,—one that she often sang; and that she sang it this day of all days, I copy here the first verse:—

“Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,  
With completed victory rife,  
And above the Cross’s trophy  
Tell the triumph of the strife,  
How the world’s Redeemer conquered  
By *surrendering of his life.*”

\* \* \* \* \*

The Drummer’s Daughter has crossed the sea,—has landed on the shores of Fatherland. She has even parted from her fellow-voyagers at the station whence the coach shall take her on to Chalons, that venerable town and well-beloved, where she lives whence her own sprung were born and blended. She is in the land of wonders, of meadows, vineyards, gardens, lakes, and rivers, and of cattle feeding on a thousand hills,—among the graves of millions of men, among the works of heroes and of martyrs, in the land of mighty towns, of palaces, of masters, and of slaves, where a great king is building the great palace which shall witness, centuries hence, the dire humiliation of his race.

Of all the crowds and companies that hurry to and fro from one end of the land to the other, Elizabeth seeks only two persons. It is not to her father’s native town that she is drawn by the superior attraction. She passes Chalons in the moonlight. When the coach stops at the inn-door for a change of horses, she keeps her place, —she acts not with the quicker beating of her heart. She looks about her as they drive through the silent streets,—out on the moonlit landscape when they have passed the borders of the town; she sees the church-towers, and the old buildings, and the river whose windings



she has heard described so often by the voices that once talked of love all along its borders. Chalons is dear to her; she looks back with tearful longing when the driver hurries on his horses as they pass into the open country. But she has no right to wait on her own pleasure,—to verify her parents' calculations when they talk together, by the fireside in Foray, of her journeying through Fatherland.



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No,—each sunrise appoints him one more day of imprisonment and exile! Every sunset leaves him to one more night of cruel dreams which morning shall deride! And while this can be said, what has Chalons, or any other spot on earth, that it should lure her into rest?

The higher powers sometimes convey their messages and do their work after a prosaic fashion. It was no uncommon thing for a young girl in neat raiment to stand waiting admittance before the door of the Chateau Desperiers. Hospitality was called upon in those days not so often, perhaps, as benevolence; and for its charity the chateau had a reputation far and wide; the expectation of the poor perished only in fruition there.

Into the library of this ancient mansion Elizabeth Montier was ushered by the old gray servant. There she might wait the return of his mistress; at what hour the return should be anticipated he could not undertake to say. His counsel to the stranger was, that she had better return at a later hour; but when Elizabeth said it was impossible, that she had come from a great distance to see the lady of the place, and must await her return *there*, he led her without further parley to the library, and left her.

And from its lofty windows, at her leisure, she might now look down upon the prospect Prisoner Manuel had described. When she crossed the threshold of that room, she knew where she was; left alone, she looked around her. There he once had stood; there he had parted from Madeline Desperiers; from that last interview he had gone forth to long captivity! She stood by the lofty, narrow windows, to see what he had seen when standing before them,—that town the ancient Desperiers laid out for his tenants in the ancient days,—the church, the pond, the park,—the garden, so vast, and so astonishing for beauty, the gazer scarce believed her eyes. And she remembered beds of flowers under a prison-wall, and who that day looked on them.

He had said that the mistress of this grand domain was a soldier's daughter. He had said that she was a grand lady. A soldier's daughter had come here to hold an interview with her! A drummer's daughter, a girl from out the barracks and the prison of Foray, was here!—A strange light, so strange that it seemed not natural, broke from these reflections of Elizabeth, and illuminated the library. It fell on the great bookcases that were filled from floor to ceiling with books which cost a fortune, on the great easy-chairs black with age, on picture and on bust, on the old writing-stand, the more modern centre-table piled with newspapers and pamphlets, on the curious clock that told the hours with a "silver voice." It fell, too, on a portrait that did not often greet the gaze even of such as found access into that room,—a portrait of him for whose sake she was here, having compassed land and sea.



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When she first saw the picture, she was sitting in one of the chairs beside the table,—her eyes had taken cognizance of everything but that,—and of that became aware so strangely that she could not at first persuade herself of the nature of the mystery that took such hold of her and possessed her so wholly. A proud and glorious vision, it rose up before her, emerging from the shadows of the alcove where it stood. This was not Manuel, not the wan prisoner of Foray,—but her heart needed none to tell her it was the hero who had loved the lady of this chateau in the splendor of his manhood. She saw it, and saw nothing more,—the prescience of her soul was satisfied. As he was, she beheld him now;—was it safe for her to sit there gazing at that likeness?

The old servant, who now and then walked up and down the hall, perceiving that the stranger was sitting quiet, with her eyes generally in one direction, was satisfied that she should prove so patient with this long delay in his mistress's return. He knew not what occupied her eyes or thoughts,—fancied, may-be, that she was numbering the books of the library, or engaged in some equally diverting occupation.

At last came Madeline.

Learning from the servant in the hall that a young person waited her return, and had waited half the day, with a patience that was evidently proof against time, the lady proceeded at once to the library.

Elizabeth, who heard the arrival, and the approach, arose and stood, waiting the meeting. In her hand she held a paper scroll, the drawing of Foray, which she had brought to aid her in this interview.

It was, indeed, a royal person upon whom the eyes of the Drummer's Daughter fell,—a person whose dignity and grace held at a distance even those whom they attracted. Nothing short of reverence could have dictated the movement of any noble mind that had to do with her. She was the Sister of Mercy, whom the whole country round about knew for the most righteous Desperiers of them all. The noble line was ending nobly in her pure and lofty and most gracious womanhood. She was the star of society, if the "sweet influences" might only be bound,—no comet, no fiery splendor of intellect or passion, but a pure light that would still shine through all paling, and enter with its own distinct ray into the last absorption.

She approached to meet her guest with a kind and frank expression of regret that she should have been kept waiting so long.

Beholding her, remembering him, strong even through her sense of impotence, Elizabeth unrolled the pencilling of Foray. The moment during which she was thus occupied passed in silence; then she looked up and spoke, with the coldness in which her embarrassment and emotion sought disguise.



“I came here with a message,—on an errand,” said she; “and I have come so far, that, finding myself really in this house, I did not like to leave it again till I had seen the lady I sought. I knew that it would give you pain, if you could know the whole.”



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“Tell me the whole,” was the reply, spoken with evident and encouraging approval of the stranger’s mode of address; and the lady sat down in the great chair on one side of the table. “Be seated; tell me your wish.”

“It is to serve you,” said Elizabeth, a little proudly. “I have not come to ask favor for myself or mine. I came across the sea for you and him.”

She spoke now with vehemence, and as she spoke glanced at the portrait in the alcove. Quickly the eyes of Madeline Desperiers followed hers. How had this stranger managed to discover what was so securely hidden from the observation of ordinary eyes? She did not even suspect the light which had illumined that dim recess, and made it brighter to the gazer than the bright garden even.

“This is Foray,” said Elizabeth, exposing now the token that would instantly make all plain and equal between them. “I should have sent it to you, Madam, when I wrote; but there was more to be done,—and so I came. I am Elizabeth Montier. I am a soldier’s daughter; so, he said, are you.”

The lady’s answer was not at first by speech. She arose, swiftly as light moves she moved, and brought her guest up to the window of the shadowy room. Well she scanned the face of Elizabeth.

“Truth,” she murmured. “It was you that wrote. You are Truth. You speak it. Blessings on you! Blessings descend upon you from all the saints and heroes who have moved and suffered here! Do you come from him,—Stephen Cordier?”

How proudly and how tenderly she spoke that name! To hear her soothed the heart of Elizabeth Montier,—soothed her, and made her strong.

“Is that his name?” she asked, pointing to the portrait. “We call him Manuel.” She paused a moment, but not for an answer. Before Madeline could speak, she went on,

—  
“If you can hear me, I will tell you of him, and why I am here.”

“Tell me all. I can bear to hear anything that you can endure to tell. You are his friend. I claim you for mine, too. You came to find me. Speak.”

This was the utterance of a calm self-knowledge. By what she had endured, the woman knew what she could yet endure.

Without pause Elizabeth now spoke. Without interruption the lady listened,—listened while this young stranger told the life of the past months, in which he was concerned,—of the garden where she worked and he walked,—of her father, the musician,—of their old home near the barracks, and the new home in the prison,—of the day when he first



told her of his country and his love,—how for him she had written the letter, repeating oftentimes in the narration the very words he had used,—of his gestures, his looks;—she was thoughtful of all.

How strangely intelligent in all her communication! Ah, if it was eager love that hearkened, it was thoughtful love that spoke!

The story, as she told it, was brief; but the voice never faltered in telling the tale, and the eyes of Elizabeth, with constant scrutiny, were upon her listener. She was satisfied, when, having said all, she paused, and had now no further fear for her own heart's integrity or of the listener's constancy.



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A long silence followed her speech. At length said *Mlle. Desperiers*,—

“I see it all. You are God’s messenger from that other world. I have believed too little. You are truer and wiser than I. Lead me, dear child! Shall we go to Foray? I will sail with you tomorrow, if you say so. Better a prison, with him, than all this freedom, so alone.”

“He must be set free, first,” said Elizabeth. The manner of her speaking, her look as well as her tone, might almost have been taken for a rebuke. Madeline might pardon that.

“I have said so,” she answered, mildly. “I have tried to move heaven and earth. I was but a feeble woman. Still it is a consolation to know that I have done everything my wit or my love could devise, and not stopped at what looked like extravagance or indelicacy. What further, Elizabeth? The man who is now in power, and through whom alone the king can be reached, will grant him liberty”—

“*He will?*”

“At a price that would take away its value from him.”

“What is that price?”

“My life. He wants me for his wife,—a purchase, you perceive.”

Elizabeth Montier did not heed the scorn and bitterness of these words, as *Mlle. Desperiers* spoke them. The blood in her veins seemed turning to fire,—it swept through her body and brain like the flood of a volcano,—and she thought, she who knew the prisoner’s life, and all that captivity was to him,—

“Coward and selfish, that will not instantly give up her life for his!”

A very dismal satisfaction, that the woman he loved best should so prove unworthy of him! The horror of that satisfaction, its humiliation and its pain, sufficiently attested to the poor girl who endured it that her soul’s integrity remained secure. As if for a personal conflict with an enemy, she started to her feet.

“It must not be!” she exclaimed.

And, far from suspecting to whom the words were addressed, to what the speaker closed her eyes, rebuking her pure heart, the lady answered,—

“Then, unless he outlives this tyranny of power, he will die a prisoner, Elizabeth. I will go with you to him. I can die with him. God, certainly, does not require me to stay here longer, for He has sent you to me.”



“He has sent me for *him!*” exclaimed Elizabeth. “I am here to make him free.” She did not add, “If I were you, my life for his!” but again, in spite of her, she thought it, and a terrible strength of pride possessed her at that moment.

“Speak on,” was the eager, tremulous response. “You are here to set him free, God knows; but at least I believe wholly in you. What will you do, Elizabeth?”

“Go to the officer tomorrow. Tell him everything that is to be told. If he is human”—

“That is what I doubt. He knows what petitions I presented and caused to be presented to his predecessor.”



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“You?”

“I?—who but I? Do you think I have been idle, or that I have left anything undone that I could think to do? Child, the sun has never risen on me since I saw him last! They say I am dead to the world. But they who say it know not how terribly true their words are. Shall I tell *you* how many times, when the weary days have come to an end, I have said, in the morning I would make that loathsome bargain with General Saterges, and in the morning God’s grace, as I believe, has alone prevented me? Do you think that it is because I love myself better than him, that I have not bought his freedom at this price? It is because I know him,—because I am sure that liberty at such price would be worthless to him. I cannot torture him with the belief that I am unfaithful, nor suffer him to look on me as a sacrifice. We can endure what God allows. Trust me. You have done so bravely, you are yourself so true, believe in me. I am really no coward. I am not a selfish woman.”

“Forgive me,” said Elizabeth, most humbly. Her pride had left her defenceless in its flight. If there was not now the true, brave, generous woman to lift and proclaim herself from the humiliation of her mistake, alas for her!

The woman was there,—ready and true,—was there. Humbled, yet resolute, she spoke,—and in her speaking was the triumph of a spirit that should never again surrender its stronghold of peace.

“You must direct me, Madam. Show me how I shall find this minister. I will speak then as God’s servants spoke of old,—trusting in Him. If the man will not hear me, then I will conduct you to Foray. You shall see Mr. Manuel. You can live—with us. My mother’s heart is kind, and my father is a soldier; we shall all love to serve you. Let us take courage! They cannot prevent us here. You could endure exile for him?”

“Exile? Ah, how do you shame me! All these years I might have”—

“No,” said Elizabeth, hurriedly. “Never till now. You could not. The way was not open till this day. Love, too must have its servants. I am yours and his. I trust in God. In His time he has opened His own way.”

By *Mlle.* Desperiers’s management, Elizabeth without difficulty obtained audience, the next day, of the chief ministerial power of the realm.

I shall attempt no pictorial description of that interview. The men of authority know best how often women come into their presence, burdened with prayers for the pardon of those who have justly, or unjustly, fallen under the displeasure of the powers that be. From high station and low Love draws its noblest and most courageous witnesses, and the ears of the officials are not always deaf.



The case of Stephen Cordier was of sufficient importance to come under discussion before the governing power as often as that power underwent a change in person or policy. Twice petitions in his behalf had been presented,—once by the lady of Chateau Desperiers in person,—petitions that were in themselves the proudest praise of him, the greatest honor that could be conferred upon him. They had fallen powerless to the ground.



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The old man, statesman and soldier, now holding office, had, before he came to this position, knowing the interest and the kind of interest taken by Madeline Desperiers in the petitions presented, volunteered his name to the last document, mentioning, though with due deference to the fashion of the world, the price at which it was to be procured,—her hand. His name had just the weight that would have made the other more honorable names successful in their pleading. What sort of success was to be expected, now that he occupied the passage to royalty? Elizabeth Montier crossed the threshold of the apartment where the old warrior and statesman sat amongst books and papers, without dismay ruling by pen and voice, as confident in himself, when he took up these weapons, as in the former time of sword and powder.

His practice was to receive all petitioners,—all should have audience. But he made short work of business. Never were affairs dispatched with more celerity, seldom with less conscience. At a glance his keen eye read, to his own satisfaction, the state of every case,—and he came to his own conclusions. His requirement was, that the petitioner should be self-possessed and brief,—which requisition, hinted by the doorkeeper, and reiterated by the General himself, had not always precisely the effect intended.

The fault was not in *Mlle.* Desperiers that she had proved so unsuccessful in her petitions, as has been made sufficiently clear. General Saterges had found in Stephen Cordier a powerful antagonist in action. He had moved to power through the very paths which Stephen Cordier had attempted to lay waste. He upheld the faith against which Cordier had preached a crusade. The old warrior regarded the young thinker as a personal enemy. It was hardly probable that he would very energetically strive to procure the reversal of a hard sentence in behalf of such a man.

As Adolphus Montier's daughter came into his presence, she had not the bearing common to such as appeared there with intent to plead for the life or liberty of those they loved. A sense of the sacredness of her mission was upon her. She had cried to God, and she believed that He had heard her. Where do the possibilities of such faith end? "Time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah, of David also, and of Samuel, and of the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. *And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise."*

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She had considered well what she would do and say, and did not forget and was not confounded when she stood before the old man, knowing her time had come. Calm and strong, because so bent on accomplishing her purpose, and so conscious of her past secret weakness, of her suspicion and cruel judgment, as if she would here atone for it, she took stern vengeance of herself.

General Saterges recognized at one glance the evidences of a strong and determined spirit. When she had crossed the room and stood before him, he requested her to be seated,—and it was the first time that he had made such request of such visitor.

Declining the civility, Elizabeth stood, and told her errand. She had come across the ocean, she said, to plead the cause of a poor prisoner who was dying under sentence of the law. She paused a moment, having made this statement, and was answered by a nod. Prisoners often died without reprieve, he seemed to be aware. This cold civility warmed the petitioner's speech. Her mother would have been satisfied, Madeline Desperiers would have been overwhelmed with grief and horror, to have heard this young girl's testimony in regard to prison-life. The old man, as he listened, sighed unconsciously, —for not every nerve in him was strung to cruelty. To one of his restless career what image of life more dreadful could have been presented than was in this testimony? To be shut away from human society so many years, patient, resigned, receiving the few comforts yet allowed him!—to live on, pure in spirit, lofty in thought, hoping still in God and man! The old warrior in self-defence, because she brought the case too vividly, the life too forcibly before him, broke through the words she was speaking, interrupting her.

“Who is this person?” he asked.

“Stephen Cordier,” was the answer. Without hesitation, even proudly, she spoke it. She had compelled him to ask the name!

“And who are you?” he asked; and if he felt displeasure, as if his sympathy, of which he was so chary, had been stolen from him, he did not allow it to appear.

“Elizabeth Montier,” she replied.

“That is no answer. What is a name, if it conveys no meaning to my mind?”

“I am the daughter of Adolphus and Pauline Montier. My father is a drummer in the military band of Foray. He is also present keeper of the prison where Stephen Cordier is confined.”

“Very well. Does he know your errand here?”

“He does not. He let me come to this country,—it is his native land, and my mother's,—he let me come because in his heart he has always loved his country, and he has



never been able to return. We were to have come back together. But there was an opportunity for me. I dared not wait. So I am here,—and for nothing, Sir, but this man's liberty.”

Those last words she spoke seemed to quicken the thought of General Saterges. He drew himself up still more erect in his chair. His eyes were on Elizabeth with the will to scan her heart of hearts. He spoke, —



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“What is this man to you?”

She paused a moment. And she, too, had a thought. She could play a game for life. She looked at the old man, hesitated, answered,—

“He is everything.”

“Just let me understand you,” and he looked upon her as if *he* might touch her secret. “Do you love Cordier?”

“I love him,” she answered, with exceeding dignity, evident truthfulness.

“Do I understand you?” he said again,—“what are you to him?”

“Everything,” she again replied, with perfect confidence and faith. Was she not liberty and the joy of life to him? If liberty and joy were ever to be his portion, they must come through her. So she believed, and thus answered.

“Does he love you?”

“Yes.”

“You speak with great assurance. I know the man better, I’m afraid.” Then his voice and manner changed. “He is sentenced. Justice passed that sentence;—to reverse it were the work of imbecility. Speak no more. It is not in man to grant what you ask.”

He was trying her in her last stronghold,—proving her in her last depth.

“Is this your answer?” she asked. And indeed, after what had just passed between them, it did seem incredible.

The old man bowed. He seemed now impassible. He was stern, and hard as rock. He believed that he had wellnigh been deceived,—and deception practised successfully on him would have disgraced him in his own eyes forever. He believed, what he would not trust his lips to utter, that this applicant was Madeline Desperiers’s agent. When he bowed and did not answer, a fear came down upon Elizabeth that almost took away her power of speech; that it did not quite deprive her of that power rendered it so much the more terrible for the anguish of its emphasis.

“Do women kneel to you when they ask the pardon of those they love?” said she, with a paling face. “What shall I do to move you? What have I not done? I trusted, that, having come so far, on such an errand, it must be that God was my leader. Am I mistaken? Or dare you withstand God? Tell me,—you are an old man,—have you no pity? Have you never had a sorrow? Can you not see that I never could have come here to plead for a bad man’s life? Must I go back to see him die?”



“Madam, you are standing where I cannot come to argue with you. Pity and justice have their respective duties to perform. Oftentimes pity may be exercised, and the claims of justice waived; in the case of the man you plead for, it is simply impossible.”

He had risen in displeasure to pronounce these final words. When that word “impossible” smote her as a sword, he touched a spring in the table, a bell sounded, Elizabeth went forth,—the audience was over.

She went not with tears, but self-possessed, imperious in mien, strong in despair. Coming into the presence of Madeline Desperiers, it was not needful that she should speak to make known the result of her audience.



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“Have you learned when the vessel sails?” was her first question. It was her reply to the lady’s glance,—a glance for which there were no attendant words in all the language.

“Tomorrow, Elizabeth.”

“Are you ready?”

“I will be.”

“Then I will give you to him. I promised that, too. I can fulfill that, at least. You must not think the prison-walls too dreary. My mother”—

“I understand, Elizabeth.”

And they sailed on the morrow. No delay for wandering among the meadows of the pleasant town, for gossip with the men and women who were in childhood playmates of her father and her mother; no strolling along lovely river-banks. Chalons had nothing for Elizabeth; only one green nook of all the world had anything for her,—an island in the sea,—a prison on that island,—and there work to do worthy of Gabriel.

But—wonder of wonders!

Paul and Silas sang songs in their prison, and the jailer heard them; then there came an earthquake.

Who was he that found his cell-doors opened suddenly, and a messenger from out the courts of heaven there to guide his steps?

History is full of marvellous records; I add this to those. The eleventh hour goes always freighted with the weightiest events.

On board the vessel that carried Elizabeth and her charge back to Foray went a messenger commissioned of the king. He took from court to prison the partial pardon of Cordier. Liberty, but banishment henceforth. Stephen Cordier should be constrained to faithfulness towards his new love. Doomed to perpetual exile, he should be tempted by no late loyalty to Madeline Desperiers. The new acts of his drama should have nought to do with her. Justice forever!

Rascal that he was, according to the word of General Saterges, it was rascality which the General could pardon. He had gained many a victory in desperate strife,—now one other, the last and most complete: the kingdom’s fairest star to shine among his honors! The proclamation of Stephen Cordier’s pardon would instantly make broad the way to Chateau Desperiers. She came of a proud race, and he reckoned on her pride.



Let us not glory in that old man's defeat,—for he died ere his enemy received, through Elizabeth Montier, life, and the joy of life. Let us not call him by an evil name to whom the nation gave so fine a funeral,—but rather pause to listen to the music that comes forth in royal glory from the harmonious world of Adolphus,—and turn to look with loving reverence, not with doubt or wonder, and surely not with pity, on the serene face of Her Grace, the Drummer's Daughter.

WORK AND REST.

What have I yet to do?

Day weareth on,—  
Flowers, that, opening new,  
Smiled through the morning's dew,  
Droop in the sun.

'Neath the noon's scorching glare  
Fainting I stand;  
Still is the sultry air,  
Silentness everywhere  
Through the hot land.



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Yet must I labor still,  
All the day through,—  
Striving with earnest will  
Patient my place to fill,  
My work to do.

Long though my task may be,  
Cometh the end.  
God 'tis that helpeth me,  
His is the work, and He  
New strength will lend.

He will direct my feet,  
Strengthen my hand,  
Give me my portion meet;—  
Firm in his promise sweet  
Trusting I'll stand.

Up, then, to work again!  
God's word is given  
That none shall sow in vain,  
But find his ripened grain  
Garnered in heaven.

Longer the shadows fall,—  
Night cometh on;  
Low voices softly call,  
"Come, here is rest for all!  
Labor is done!"

## COLIN CLOUT AND THE FAERY QUEEN.

EDMUND SPENSER IN A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.  
HIS MISTRESS AND HIS WIFE.

### PART I.—HIS MISTRESS.

The "Faery Queen" of Edmund Spenser is before us,—a vast and glittering mausoleum, in which the purpose of the constructor has long been entombed, we fear without hope of a happy resurrection. Nevertheless, into this splendid ruin, hieroglyphed with the most brilliant images the modern mind has yet conceived, we are about to dig,—not with the impious desire of dragging forth the intellectual tenant, now in the fourth century of



its everlasting repose, but, haply, to discover in the outer chambers and passages of the pyramid some relics of the individual architect, his family and mode of life. In fact, we are anxious to make the acquaintance of Mistress Spenser and introduce her to the American public. A slight sketch of the poet's life, up to the period of his marriage, may afford us some clue to the quarter from which he selected his bride; we shall therefore give what is known of him in the fewest possible words.

Edmund Spenser, by family, was English, and by birth a cockney. In his "Prothalamion" he thus pleads guilty to the chime of Bow-bells in his infant ear:—

"At length they all to merrie London came,  
To merrie London, my most kindly nurse,  
That to me gave this life's first native source;  
Though from another place I take my name  
And house of ancient fame."

At what time of his life he became connected with Ireland is very uncertain; it was probably early. At or about the time of Sir Henry Sidney's vice-royalty, or in the interval between that and the lieutenancy of Lord Grey De Wilton, there was a "Mr. Spenser" actively and confidentially employed by the Irish government; and that this may have been the poet is, from collateral circumstances, far from improbable. Spenser was the friend and *protege* of Sir Philip Sidney, (son of the before-named Sir Henry,) and of his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. Lord Grey De Wilton was



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by marriage connected with both, and lived with them on terms of the closest intimacy, social, literary, and political. In choosing an officer, then, for so important a post as that of secretary, whom would the one select or the others more confidently recommend than a young man of genius, known to all the parties, and who already had some knowledge and experience of Irish affairs? Be this as it may, we know that in 1580, Spenser, then in his twenty-seventh year, accompanied Lord Grey De Wilton into Ireland as secretary; and that he had been there before, in some official capacity not undistinguished, is evidenced by the fact, that the Lord Justice, previously to his arrival, speaks of him as “having many ways deserved some consideration from her Majesty.”

We do not care to inquire into the peculiar services for which he was so speedily favored with a large grant of lands forfeited by the Desmonds. Such official transactions, we fear, would reflect little credit on the poet; no doubt he was a good man—according to the morality of his age; and if he did suggest the poisoning of a few thousand human beings of all ages and both sexes, (some go so far as to allege that his fervid imagination contemplated the utter extermination of the race,) he merely acted up to the opinions prevalent in the time and polished court of “Good Queen Bess.” The beings were “mere Irishry,”—a stumbling-block in the path of British civilization, and therefore to be removed, *per fas et nefas*.

Spenser took up his residence on the forfeit lands in Cork; there married, and reared a family which inherited his estate; that he subsequently died in England was as mere a casualty as that by which Swift was born in Ireland. Certain it is that the greater and the better portion of his works in prose and verse was composed during his residence in the land of his adoption. Thus, in the sonnets appended to the “Faery Queen,” the poem on which his celebrity rests, he addresses this Earl of Ormond:—

“Receive, most noble lord, a single taste  
Of the wilde fruit which savage soyle hath bred;  
Which, beeing through long wars left almost waste,  
With brutish barbarisme is overspred.”

Again, addressing himself to his patron, Lord Grey, he says,—

“Rude rimes, the which a rustick nurse did weave  
In savage soyle, far from Parnasso Mount.”

Several other of the finest productions of his brain owe their birth to the “savage soyle” of Ireland; his descriptions of the country, his dialogue on Irish affairs, his “Amoretti” and “Colin Clout’s come home again,” belong confessedly to this category.



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Having discovered thus much about the poet, we now strike out in a new direction in search of his better half. Upon this point, unfortunately, there hangs a mist,—not impenetrable, as we conceive, but yet impenetrated,—a secret to which the given clue has been neglected, and which remains to the present day the opprobrium of a careless biography. The fact and the date of his marriage in Ireland are obtained from his own writings; but, further than that her name was Elizabeth,—a fact recorded by himself,—the lady of his choice remains unknown, her maiden name and family. Mere trifles these, to be sure,—but interesting in an antiquarian point of view,—and valuable, perhaps, should the inquiry hereafter lead some more than usually acute bookworm into the real mystery and meaning, the main drift of that inexplicable “Faery Queen.”

One difficulty in the matter is, that Edmund appears to have been a “susceptible subject.” He was twice attacked with the tender malady, and records, in glowing numbers, his passion for two mistresses. One he calls *Rosalinde*, and celebrates in the “Shepherd’s Calendar”; the other, *Elizabeth*, to whom he was undoubtedly married, is the theme of admiration in his “Amoretti.” Rosalinde was his early love; Elizabeth, the passion of his maturer years. When six-and-twenty, hopeless of Rosalinde, he wound up his philomel complainings of her cruelty by a formal commission to his friend Gabriel Harvey (*Hobbinoll*) to declare his suit at an end:—

“Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true;  
Tell Rosalinde her Colin bids adieu.”

It took him fourteen years—surely a sufficient time!—to recover from this disappointment; for he is in his forty-first year, when, in his Sixtieth Sonnet, he represents himself as having been then one year enamored of Elizabeth:—

“So since the winged god his planet cleare  
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent;  
The which doth longer unto me appears  
Than all those fourty which my life outwent.”

That Rosalinde was not, as has been somewhat rashly conjectured, the poetic name of Elizabeth, is conclusively established by a poem written between 1591 and 1595, in which he speaks of some insurmountable barrier between them, why “her he might not love.” [1] The wife he loved, and the mistress between whose love and him there existed such a barrier, could not have been the same person, it is evident. But who this fair and false Rosalinde was, though known to many of his contemporaries, has become a mystery. That she was a real personage is placed beyond cavil by “E.K.,” the ostensible editor of the “Shepherd’s Calendar”; and he has given us a clue to her name, if we have but the wit to follow it. Now “E.K.” we more than shrewdly suspect to have been either Spenser himself, or his friend Gabriel Harvey, or both together. Two more egregious self-laudators are not to be found in the range of English literature: Spenser loses



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no opportunity of puffing “Colin Clout”; and Harvey was openly charged by Thomas Nash with having forged commendatory epistles and sonnets in his own praise, under the name of *Thorius etc.* “E.K.,” therefore, must be considered as pretty high authority; and what says “E.K.”? Why, this: “Rosalinde is also a feigned name, which, being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his love and mistresse.” By “well ordering” the “feigned name” E.K. undoubtedly means disposing or arranging the letters of which it is composed in some form of anagram or metagram,—a species of wit much cultivated by the most celebrated poets of the time, Spenser included, and not deemed beneath the dignity of the learned Camden to expound.

A few examples of this “alchemy of wit,” as Camden calls it, will reconcile our modern notions of the [Greek: to trepon] with the puerile ingenuity thought graceful, at that unripe period of our literature, by some of the most accomplished writers and readers of the day. Let us take an extravagant instance. Sir Philip Sidney, having abridged his own name into *Phil. Sid.*, anagrammatized it into *Philisides*. Refining still further, he translated *Sid.*, the abridgment of *sidus*, into [Greek: astron], and, retaining the *Phil.*, as derived from [Greek: philos], he constructed for himself another pseudonym and adopted the poetical name of *Astrophil*. Feeling, moreover, that the Lady Rich, celebrated in his sonnets, was the loadstar of his affections, he designates her, in conformity with his own assumed name, *Stella*. Christopher Marlow’s name is transmuted into *Wormal*, and the royal Elizabetha is frequently addressed as *Ah-te-basile!* Doctor Thomas Lodge, author of “*Rosalinde; or Euphues, his Golden Legacy*,” (which Shakspeare dramatized into “*As you like it*,”) has anagrammatized his own name into *Golde*,—and that of Dering into *Ringde*. The author of “*Dolarney’s Primrose*” was a Doctor *Raynolde*. John Hind, in his “*Eliosto Libidinoso*,” transmutes his own name into *Dinchin* Matthew Roydon becomes *Donroy*. And Shakspeare, even, does not scruple to alchemize the Resolute John, or John Florio, into the pedantic *Holofernes* of “*Love’s Labor’s Lost*.” A thousand such fantastic instances of “trifling with the letter” might be quoted; and even so late as the reign of Queen Anne we find this foolish wit indulged. The cynical Swift<sup>[2]</sup> stoops to change Miss Waring into *Varina*; Esther (*quasi Aster*, a star) Johnson is known as *Stella*; Essy Van-homrigh figures as *Vanessa*; while Cadenus, by an easy change of syllables, is resolved into *Decanus*, or the Dean himself *in propria persona* and canonicals.

In the “*Shepherd’s Calendar*,” the very poem in which Spenser’s unknown mistress figures as Rosalinde, the poet has alchemized Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, into *Algrind*, and made Ellmor, Bishop of London, *Morell*, (it is to be hoped he was so before,) by merely transposing the letters. What wonder, then, if, complying with an art so general and convenient, he should be found contriving, in the case of both his mistresses at once, to reveal his passion and conceal the name of his enslaver from the public gaze?



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The prolific hint of “E.K.” set the commentators at work,—but hitherto without success. The author of the life prefixed to Church’s edition conjectures Rose Linde,—forsooth, because it appears from Fuller’s “Worthies,” that in the reign of Henry the Sixth—only eight reigns too early for the birth of our rural beauty—there was one John Linde, a resident in the County of Kent! Not satisfied with this conjecture, Malone suggests that she may have been an Eliza Horden—the z changed, according to Camden’s rules, into s, and the aspirate sunk. Malone’s foundation for this theory is, that one Thomas Horden was a contemporary of John Linde, aforesaid, and resided in the same county! Both these conjectures are absurd and unsupported by any collateral evidence. To have given them the remotest air of probability, the critics should have proved some acquaintance or connection between the parties respectively, —some courtship, or contiguity of residence, which might have brought the young people within the ordinary sphere of attraction. Wrong as they were in their conclusions, the search of these commentators was in the right direction. The anagram, “well-ordered,” will undoubtedly bewray the secret. Let us try if we may not follow it with better success.

*Rosalinde* reads, anagrammatically, into Rose Daniel; for, according to Camden, “a letter may be doubled, or rejected, or contrariwise, if the sense fall aptly”; we thus get rid of the redundant e, and have a perfect anagram. Now Spenser had an intimate and beloved friend and brother-poet, named Samuel Daniel, author of many tragedies and comedies, an eight-canto poem called “The Civil Wars of England,” “A Vision of Twelve Goddesses,” a prose history of England, and “Musa,” a defence of rhyme. Spenser alludes to his poetic genius with high praise in his “Colin Clout.” This Daniel had a sister named Rose, who was married in due time to a friend of her brother’s,—not, indeed, to Spenser, but to a scholar, whose eccentricities have left such durable tracks behind them, that we can trace his mark through many passages of Spenser’s love complaints, otherwise unintelligible. The supposition that Rose Daniel was *Rosalinde* satisfies every requisite, and presents a solution of the mystery; the anagram is perfect; the poet’s acquaintance with the brother naturally threw him into contact with the sister; while the circumstance of her marriage with another justifies the complaint of infidelity, and accounts for the “insurmountable barrier,” that is, a living husband. Daniel was the early *protege* of the Pembroke family, as was Spenser of the house of Leicester. The youthful poets must often have met in the company of their mutual friend, Sir Philip Sidney,—for the Countess of Pembroke was the “Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother,” celebrated by Ben Jonson, and consequently niece, as Sir Philip was nephew, of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Rose and Edmund were thus thrown together under circumstances every way favorable to the development of love in a breast so susceptible as that of the “passionate shepherd.”

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Other circumstances in the life of Rose Daniel correspond so strikingly with those attributed to Rosalinde, as strongly to corroborate the foregone conclusion.

Rosalinde, after having given encouragement to her enamored shepherd, faithlessly and finally deserted him in favor of a rival. This is evident throughout the “Shepherd’s Calendar.” The First Eclogue reveals his passion:—

“I love thilk lass, (alas! why do I love?)  
And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorn?)  
She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,  
And of my rural music holdeth scorn.”

Her scorn, however, may have meant no more than the natural coyness of a maiden whom the learned Upton somewhat drolly designates as “a skittish female.” [3] Indeed, Spenser must have thought so himself, and with reason, for she continues to receive his presents, “the kids, the cracknels, and the early fruit,” sent through his friend Hobbinoll (Gabriel Harvey).

We hear of no alteration of his circumstances until we reach the Sixth Eclogue, in which the progress and utter disappointment of his suit are distinctly and bitterly complained of. “This eclogue,” says the editorial “E.K.,” “is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colin’s ill-success in love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lass, Rosalinde, and having (as it seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his dear friend Hobbinoll that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his stead *Menalcas*, another shepherd, received disloyally: and this is the whole argument of the eclogue.” In fact, she broke her plighted vow to Colin Clout, transferred her heart to Menalcas, and let her hand accompany it.

Now, from this and the preceding circumstances, the inference appears inevitable that, at or about the time of the composition of this Sixth Eclogue, the Rosalinde therein celebrated was married, or engaged to be married, to the person denounced as Menalcas.

Whether the ante-nuptial course of Rose Daniel corresponded with the faithlessness ascribed to Rosalinda we confess we have no documentary evidence to show: but this much is certain, that Rose was married to an intimate friend of her brother’s; and, from the characteristics recorded of him by Spenser, we shall presently prove that that friend, the husband of Rosalinde, is no other than the treacherous rival denounced as Menalcas in the “Shepherd’s Calendar.” Who, then, is Menalcas?

Amongst the distinguished friends of Samuel Daniel was a man of much celebrity in his day,—the redoubted, or, as he chose to call himself, the “Resolute” John Florio (Shakspeare’s *Holofernes*). This gentleman, an Italian by descent, was born in London in the same year with Spenser, and was a class-fellow with Daniel at Oxford. He was



the author of many works, well received by the public,—as his “First Fruits,” “Second Fruits,” “Garden of Recreation,” and so forth; also, of an excellent Italian and English dictionary,



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styled “A World of Words,”—the basis of all Anglo-Italian dictionaries since published. He was a good French scholar, as is proved by his translation of Montaigne; and wrote some verses, highly prized by Elizabeth and her successor, James I. Indeed, his general learning and accomplishments recommended him to both courts; and, on the accession of James, he was appointed classical tutor to Prince Henry, and reader of French and Italian to the Royal Consort, Anne of Denmark; he was also a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Clerk of the Closet to his Majesty; and, finally, it was chiefly through his influence that Samuel Daniel was appointed Gentleman Extraordinary and Groom of the Privy Chamber to Queen Anne.

Long prior to this prosperous estate, however, his skill as a linguist had recommended him to the patronage and intimacy of many of the chief nobility of Elizabeth’s court; and at an early period of his life, we find him engaged, as was his friend Daniel, as tutor to some of the most illustrious families,—such as Pembroke, Dudley, Essex, Southampton, *etc.*; [4] all which, together with his friendship for Daniel, must needs have brought him into the acquaintance of Edmund Spenser, the friend of Sidney and his relatives. He was also on the most friendly terms with Gabriel Harvey, and a warm admirer (as his works attest) of the genius of Daniel. We have thus gathered our *dramatis personae*, the parties most essentially interested in Spenser’s unlucky passion, into one familiar group.

Of Rose Daniel’s marriage with the “Resolute John Florio” there is no manner of question. It is recorded by Anthony a Wood in his “Athenae Oxonienses,” acknowledged by Samuel Daniel in the commendatory verses prefixed to Florio’s “World of Words,” and she is affectionately remembered in Florio’s will as his “beloved wife, Rose.” [5] Thus, if not Spenser’s Rosalinde, she was undoubtedly a Rosalinde to John Florio.

We shall now proceed to gather some further particles of evidence, to add their cumulative weight to the mass of slender probabilities with which we are endeavoring to sustain our conjectures.

Spenser’s Rosalinde had at least a smattering of the Italian. Samuel Daniel was an Italian scholar; for his whole system of versification is founded on that model. Spenser, too, was well acquainted with the language; for, long before any English version of Tasso’s “Gerusalemme” had appeared, he had translated many passages which occur in the “Faery Queen” from that poem, and—without any public acknowledgment that we can find trace of—appropriated them to himself.[6] What more natural than that Rose should have shared her brother’s pleasant study, and, in company with him and Spenser, accepted the tuition of John Florio?



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The identity of Florio's wife and Rosalinde may be fairly inferred from some circumstances consequent upon the lady's marriage, and otherwise connected with her fortunes, which appear to be shadowed forth with great acrimony in the "Faery Queen," where the Rosalinde of the "Shepherd's Calendar" appears before us again under the assumed name of *Mirabella*. Lest the ascription of these circumstances to particular parties may be imputed to prejudice or prepossession for a favorite theory, we shall state them on the authority of commentators and biographers who never even dreamed of the view of the case we are now endeavoring to establish.

The learned Upton, in his preface to the "Faery Queen," was led to observe the striking coincidence, the absolute similarity of character, between Spenser's Rosalinde and his *Mirabella*. "If the 'Faery Queen,'" quoth he, "is a moral allegory with historical allusions to our poet's times, one might be apt to think, that, in a poem written on so extensive a plan, the cruel Rosalinde would be in some way or other typically introduced; and methinks I see her plainly characterized in *Mirabella*. Perhaps, too, her expressions were the same that are given to *Mirabella*,—'the *free lady*,' 'she was born free,'" etc.[7]

"We are now come," says Mr. G.L. Craik, by far the most acute and sagacious of all the commentators on Spenser, "to a very remarkable passage. Having thus disposed of Turpin, the poet suddenly addresses his readers, saying,—

'But turn we back now to that *lady free*  
Whom late we left riding upon an ass  
Led by a *carle and fool* which by her side did pass.'

"This is the 'fair maiden clad in mourning weed,' who, it may be remembered, was met, as related at the beginning of the preceding canto, by Timias and Serena. There, however, she was represented as attended only by a *fool*. What makes this episode especially interesting is the conjecture that has been thrown out, and which seems intrinsically probable, that the 'lady' is Spenser's own Rosalinde, by whom he had been, jilted, or at least rejected, more than a quarter of a century before. His unforgetting resentment is supposed to have taken this revenge."

So far with Mr. Upton and Mr. Craik we heartily concur as to the identity of Rosalinde and *Mirabella*; and feel confident that a perusal and comparison of the episode of *Mirabella* with the whole story of Rosalinde will leave every candid and intelligent reader no choice but to come to the same conclusion: We shall now collate the attributes assigned in common to those two impersonations in their maiden state, and note the correspondence.

Both are of humble birth,—Rosalinde being described in the "Shepherd's Calendar" as "the widow's daughter of the glen"; her low origin and present exalted position are frequently alluded to,—her beauty, her haughtiness, and love of liberty. *Mirabella* is thus described in Book VI. "Faery Queen," Canto vii:—



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“She was a lady of great dignity,  
And lifted up to honorable place;  
Famous through all the land of Faerie:  
Though of mean parentage and kindred base,  
Yet decked with wondrous gifts of Nature’s grace.”

“But she thereof grew proud and insolent,  
And scorned them all that lore unto her meant.”

“She was born free, not bound to any wight.”

Of Rosalinde we hear in “Colin Clout” that her ambition is

“So high in thought as she herself in place.”

And that she

“Loatheth each lowly thing with lofty eye.”

Her beauty, too, is dwelt upon as a “thing celestial,”—her humble family alluded to,—the boasted freedom of her heart; and upon Rosalinde and Mirabella an affectation of the demigoddessship, which turned their heads, is equally charged. In all essential characteristics they are “twin cherries growing on one stalk.”

Of Rose Daniel’s life so little is known, particularly during her unmarried years, that we are unable to fasten upon her the unamiable qualities of the allegorical beauties we assume to be her representatives; but if we can identify her married fortune with theirs, —then, in addition to the congruities already mentioned, we can have no hesitation in imputing to *her* the disposition which brought down upon *them*, so bitterly and relentlessly, the poetic justice of the disappointed shepherd. We may thus dispose of them in brief.

Mirabella’s lot was severe. She was married (if we rightly interpret the language of the allegory) to a “fool,”—that is to say, to a very absurd and ridiculous person, under whose conduct she was exposed to the “whips and scorns,” the disdain and bitter retaliation, natural to the union of a beautiful and accomplished, though vain and haughty woman, with a very eccentric, irritable, and bombastic humorist.

Rosalinde was married—with no better fate, we fear—to the vain and treacherous Menalcas.

And Rose Daniel became the wife of the “Resolute John Florio.”

We shall commence with the substantial characters, and see how their histories fall in with the fortunes attributed to the allegorical. Rose Daniel’s husband, maugre his



celebrity and places of dignity and profit, was beset with tempers and oddities which exposed him, more perhaps than any man of his time, to the ridicule of contemporary wits and poets. He was, at least in his literary career, jealous, envious, irritable, vain, pedantic and bombastical, petulant and quarrelsome,—ever on the watch for an affront, and always in the attitude of a fretful porcupine with a quill pointed in every direction against real or supposititious enemies. In such a state of mental alarm and physical vapping did he live, that he seems to have proclaimed a promiscuous war against all gainsayers,— that is, the literary world; and for the better assurance to them of his indomitable valor, and to himself of indemnity from disturbance, he adopted a formidable prefix to his name; and to “any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,” to every address, prelude, preface, [8] introduction, or farewell, accompanying any of his numerous works, he subscribed himself the Resolute,—“Resolute John Florio.”



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Conduct so absurd, coupled with some personal defects, and a character so petulantly vainglorious, exposed the “Resolute” to the bitter sarcasm of contemporary writers. Accordingly we find him through life encompassed by a host of tormentors, and presenting his *chevaux-de-frise* of quills against them at all and every point. In the Epistle Dedicatory to the second edition of his Dictionary, we find him engaged *morsu et unguibus* with a swarm of literary hornets, against whom he inveighs as “sea-dogs,—land-critics, —monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men,—whose teeth are cannibals’,—their tongues adders’ forks,—their lips asps’ poison, —their eyes basilisks’, —their breath the breath of a grave,—their words like swords of Turks, which strive which shall dive deepest into the Christian lying before them.” Of a verity we may say that John Florio was sadly exercised when he penned this pungent paragraph. He then falls foul of the players, who—to use the technical phrase of the day—“staged” him with no small success. “With this common cry of curs” in general, and with *one poet* and *one piece* of said poet’s handiwork in particular, he enters into mortal combat with such vehement individuality as enables us at a glance to detect the offence and the offender. He says, “Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plays and scour their mouths on Socrates, these very mouths they make to vilify shall be the means to amplify his virtues,” etc. “And here,” says Doctor Warburton, “Shakspeare is so clearly marked out as not to be mistaken.” This opinion is fortified by the concurrence of Farmer, Steevens, Reid, Malone, Knight, Collier, and Hunter; and, from the additional lights thrown upon this subject by their combined intelligence, no doubt seems to exist that Holofernes, the pedantic schoolmaster in “Love’s Labor’s Lost,” had his prototype in John Florio, the Resolute.

“Florio,” according to Farmer, “gave the first affront by asserting that ‘the plays they play in England are neither right comedies nor tragedies, but representations of histories without any decorum.’” We know that Shakspeare must, of his own personal knowledge of the man, have been qualified to paint his character; for while the great dramatist was the early and intimate friend of the Earl of Southampton, the petulant lexicographer boasts of having for years been domesticated in the pay and patronage of that munificent patron of letters. Warburton thinks “it was from the ferocity of his temper, that Shakspeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne.” Were the matter worth arguing, we should say, it was rather from the proclivity with which (according to Camden’s rules) the abbreviated Latin name *Johnes Florio* or *Floreo* falls into Holofernes. Rabelais and anagrammatism may divide the slender glory of the product between them.



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But neither Shakspeare's satire nor Florio's absurdities are comprehended within this single character. Subsequent examination of the text of "Love's Labor's Lost" has enabled the critics to satisfy themselves that the part of *Don Adnano de Armado*, the "phantastical courtier," was devised to exhibit another phase in the character of the Resolute Italian. In Holofernes we have the pedantic tutor; in Don Adriano a lively picture of a ridiculous lover and pompous retainer of the court.

By a fine dramatic touch, Shakspeare has made each describe the other, in such a way that the portrait might stand for the speaker himself, and thus establishes a dual-identity. Thus, Armado, describing Holofernes, says, "That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical,—too, too vain, —too, too vain; but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*";—whilst Holofernes, not behind his counterpart in self-esteem, sees in the other the defects which he cannot detect in himself. "*Novi hominem tanquam te*" quoth he;—"his humor is lofty; his discourse peremptory; his tongue filed; his eye ambitious; his gait majestic; and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it; he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms," etc.

Should further proof be needed that Florio, Holofernes, and Armado form a dramatic trinity in unity, we can find it in the personal appearance of the Italian. There was something amiss with the *face* of the Resolute, which could not escape the observation of his friends, much less his enemies. A friend and former pupil of his own,—Sir Wm. Cornwallis, speaking in high praise of Florio's translation of Montaigne, observes,—"It is done by a fellow less beholding to Nature for his fortune than to wit; yet lesser for his *face* than his fortune. The truth is, he looks more like a good fellow than a wise man; and yet he is wise beyond either his fortune or education." [9] It is certain, then, that, behaving like a fool in some things, he looked very like a fool in others.

Is it not a remarkable coincidence, that both his supposed dramatic counterparts have the same peculiarity? When Armado tells the 'country lass' he is wooing, that he will 'tell her wonders,' she exclaims,—'skittish female' that she is,—'What, with that *face*?' And when Holofernes, nettled with the ridicule showered on his abortive impersonation of Judas Maccabaeus, says, 'I will not be put out of countenance,'—Byron replies, 'Because thou hast no face.' The indignant pedant justifies, and, pointing to his physiognomy, inquires, 'What is this?' Whereupon the waggish courtiers proceed to define it: it is 'a cittern-head,' 'the head of a bodkin,' 'a death's-face in a ring,' 'the face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen,' and so forth.

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The satire here embodied is of a nature too personal to be considered the mere work of a riotous fancy. It is a trait individualizing and particularising the person at whom the more general satire is aimed; and, coupled with the infirmities of the victim's moral nature, it fastens upon poor Florio identity with "the brace of coxcombs." Such satire may be censured as ungenerous; we cannot help that,—*litera scripta manet*,—and we cannot rail the seal from the bond. Such attacks were the general, if not universal, practice of the age in which Shakspeare flourished; and we have no right to blame him for not being as far in advance of his age, morally, as he was intellectually. A notorious instance of a personal attack under various characters in one play is to be found in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," wherein he boasts of having, under the characters of Lanthorn, Leatherhead, the Puppet-showman, and Adam Overdo, satirized the celebrated Inigo Jones,—

"By all his titles and whole style at once  
Of tireman, montebank, and Justice Jones."

It was probably to confront and outface "Aristophanes and his comedians," and to "abrogate the scurrility" of the "sea-dogs" and "land-critics," that our Resolute lexicographer prefixed to the Enlarged Edition of his Dictionary and to his translation of Montaigne, his portrait or effigies, engraved by Hole. This portrait would, to a person unapprised of any peculiarity in the original, present apparently little or nothing to justify the remark of Cornwallis. But making due allowance for the address, if not the flattery, of a skilful painter, it were hardly possible for the observer, aware of the blemish, not to detect in the short and close-curved fell of hair, the wild, staring eyes, the contour of the visage,—which, expanding from the narrow and wrinkled forehead into cheek-bones of more than Scottish amplitude, suddenly contracts to a pointed chin, rendered still more acute by a short, peaked beard, —not to detect in this lozenge-shaped visnomy and its air, at once haggard and grotesque, traits that not only bear out the remark of his pupil, but the raillery also of the court wits in Shakspeare's dramatic satire.

Whatever happiness Rose Daniel may have had in the domestic virtues of her lord, his relations with the world, his temper, eccentricities, and personal appearance could have given her little. That he was an attached and affectionate husband his last will and testament gives touching *post-mortem* evidence.

Let us return to the fortunes of the faithless Rosalinde. It appears she married Menalcas,—the treacherous friend and rival of the "passionate shepherd." Who, then, was Menalcas? or why was this name specially selected by our poet to designate the man he disliked?



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The pastoral name Menalcas is obviously and pointedly enough adopted from the Eclogues of Virgil; in which, by comparing the fifteenth line of the second with the sixty-sixth of the third, we shall find he was the rival who (to use the expression of Spenser) “by treachery did underfong” the affections of the beautiful Alexis from his enamored master. In this respect the name would well fit Florio, who, from his intimacy with the Daniels and their friends, could not but have known the passion of the poet, and the encouragement at one time given him by his fickle mistress.

Again, there was at this time prevalent a French conceit,—“imported,” as Camden tells us, “from Calais, and so well liked by the English, although most ridiculous, that, learned or unlearned, he was nobody that could not hammer out of his name an invention by this wit-craft, and *picture* it accordingly. Whereupon,” he adds, “who did not busy his braine to hammer his devise out of this forge?” [10] This wit-craft was the *rebus*.

Florio’s rebus or device, then, was a Flower. We have specimens of his fondness for this nomenclative punning subscribed to his portrait: —

“Floret adhuc, et adhuc florebit: floreat ultra  
Florius hae specie floridus,—optat amans.”

And it was with evident allusion to this conceit that he named his several works his “First Fruits,” “Second Fruits,” “Garden of Recreation,” and so forth. Spenser did not miss the occasion of reducing this figurative flower to a worthless weed:—

“Go tell the lass her flower hath wox a weed.”

In the preceding stanza we find this weed distinctly identified as Menalcas:—

“And thou, Menalcas! that by treachery  
Didst underfong my lass to wax so light.”

Another reason for dubbing Florio *Menalcas* may be found in the character and qualities ascribed to the treacherous shepherd by Virgil. He was not without talent, for in one of the Eclogues he bears his part in the poetical contention with credit; but he was unfaithful and fraudulent in his amours, envious, quarrelsome, scurrilous, and a braggart; and his *face* was remarkable for its dark, Italian hue,—“*quamvis ille fuscus*,” etc. Compared with the undoubted character of John Florio, as already exhibited, that of Menalcas so corresponds as to justify its appropriation to the rival of Spenser.

There is a further peculiarity in the name itself, which renders its application to John Florio at once pointed and pregnant with the happiest ridicule. Florio rejoiced in the absurd prefix of Resolute. Now Menalcas is a compound of two Greek words ([Greek: menos] and [Greek: ulkm]) fully expressive of this idea, and frequently used together in the sense of RESOLUTION by the best classical authorities, —thus, “[Greek: menos



d'ulkmd te lathpsmat].” [11] Again, in Liddell and Scott’s Greek-English Lexicon [Greek: menos] in composition is said to “bear always a collateral notion of *resolve* and firmness.” And here we have the very *notion* expressed by the very word we want. Menalcas is the appropriate and expressive *nom de guerre* of the “Resolute.”

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Every unprejudiced reader will admit, that in emblem, name, character; and appearance, John Florio and Menalcas are allegorically identical; and it follows, as a consequence, that Rosalinde, married to the same person as Rose Daniel, is one and the same with her anagrammatic synonyme,—and that her sorrows and joys, arising out of the conduct of her husband, must have had the same conditions.

Having identified Rosalinde with Rose Daniel, it may be thought that nothing further of interest with respect to either party remains, which could lead us into further detail;—but Spenser himself having chosen, under another personification, to follow the married life of this lady, and revenge himself upon the treachery of her husband, we should lose an opportunity both of interpreting his works and of forming a correct estimate of his character, if we neglected to pursue with him the fortunes of Mirabella. Like her type and prototype, we find that she has to suffer those mortifications which a good wife cannot but experience on witnessing the scorn, disdain, and enmity which follow the perversity of a wayward husband. Such, at least, we understand to be the meaning of those allegorical passages in which, as a punishment for her cruelty and pride, she is committed by the legal decree of Cupid to the custody and conduct of Scorn and Disdain. We meet with her for the first time as:

“a fair maiden clad in mourning WEED,  
Upon a mangy JADE unmeetly set,  
And a leud fool her leading thorough dry and wet.”

Again she is:

“riding upon an ass  
Led by a carle and fool which by her side did pass.”

These companions treat her with great contempt and cruelty; the Carle abuses her:

“With all the evil terms and cruel mean  
That he could make; and eke that angry fool,  
Which followed her with cursed hands unclean  
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting-tool  
Oft whip her dainty self, and much augment her dool.”

All this, of course, is to be understood allegorically. The *Carle* and *Fool*—the former named Disdain, the latter Scorn—are doubtless (as in the case of Holofernes and Armado) the double representatives of the same person. By the ass on which she rides is signified, we suppose, the ridiculous position to which marriage has reduced her haughty beauty; the taunts and scourges are, metaphorically, the wounds of injured self-respect.



The Carle himself is extravagantly and most “Resolutely” painted as a monster in nature,—stern, terrible, fearing no living wight,—his looks dreadful,—his eyes fiery, and rolling from left to right in search of “foeman worthy of his steel”; he strides with the stateliness of a crane, and, at every step, rises on tiptoe; his dress and aspect resemble those of the Moors of Malabar, and remind us forcibly of the swarthy Menalcas. Indeed, if we compare this serio-comic exaggeration of the Carle with the purely comic picture of Don Armado given by Holofernes, we shall see at a glance that both depict the same object of ridicule.



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That Mirabella is linked in wedlock to this angry Fool is nowhere more clearly depicted than in the passage where Prince Arthur, having come to her rescue, is preparing to put her tormentor to death, until his sword is arrested by the shrieks and entreaties of the unhappy lady that his life may be spared for her sake:—

“Stay, stay, Sir Knight! for love of God abstain  
From that unwares you weetlesse do intend!  
Slay not that carle, though worthy to be slain;  
For more on him doth than himself depend:  
My life will by his death have lamentable end.”

This is the language of a virtuous wife, whom neither the absurdities of a vainglorious husband, nor “the whips and scorns of the time,” to which his conduct necessarily exposes her, can detach from her duties and affections.

Assuming, then, that the circumstances of this allegory identify Mirabella with Rosalinde, and Rosalinde with Rose Daniel, and, in like manner, the Fool and Carle with Menalcas and John Florio, have we not here a thrice-told tale, agreeing so completely in all essential particulars as to leave no room for doubt of its original application to the early love-adventures in which the poet was disappointed? And these points settled, though intrinsically of trivial value, become of the highest interest, as strong corroboration of the personal import of all the allegorical characters introduced into the works of Spenser. Thus, in the “Shepherd’s Calendar,” the confidant of the lover is Hobbinoll, or Gabriel Harvey; and in the “Faery Queen,” the adventurers who come to Mirabella’s relief are Prince Arthur, Sir Timias, and Serena, the well-known allegorical impersonations of Spenser’s special friends, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Elizabeth Throckmorton, to whom Sir Walter was married. Are not these considerations, added to the several circumstances and coincidences already detailed, conclusive of the personal and domestic nature of the history conveyed in both the poetical vehicles? And do they not amount to a moral demonstration, that, in assigning the character and adventures of Mirabella and Rosalinde to the sister of Samuel Daniel, the wife of John Florio, we have given no unfaithful account of the first fickle mistress of Edmund Spenser?—We shall next ascertain the name and history of his wife from the internal evidence left behind him in his works.

### **PART II.—SPENSER’S WIFE.**

The second passion of our poet, having had birth

“In savage soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,”

is more barren of literary gossip and adventure, and may, therefore, we trust, be compressed into narrow limits.



The chief evidence on which we shall have to rely in this case must be of a similar nature with the former;—not that we shall have to interpret allegories, but the true reading of an anagram; for we may set out on our pursuit, assured, that, according to the poetical alchemy of his age, Spenser did not fail to screen his second *innamorata* under the same “quintessential cloud of wit” as his first; and that we shall find in his homage some *sobriquet*, “the right ordering of which” (as in the former case) “will bewray the verie name of his love and mistresse.”



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On this point, however, his biographies and biographers have hitherto preserved absolute silence. They tell us he was married, and had several children by his wife; but, of the name, the rank, or the country of the lady they confess their ignorance. Todd informs us, that he “married a person of very inferior rank to himself,”— “a country lass”;—and he quotes the “Faery Queen” to prove his assertion:—

“For, certes, she was but a country lass.”

It is true, those words occur in the passage cited by the commentator from the “Faery Queen”; most probably they refer to the person in dispute. But she was no more “a country lass,” in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, than was Spenser himself (Clerk of the Council of Munster) “a shepherd’s boy.” Had Mr. Todd consulted that portion of our poet’s works especially devoted to record this passion, its progress and issue, he would have found she was a “lady,” whose rank was rather “disparaged” than otherwise by “sorting” with Edmund Spenser, albeit his blood was noble:—

“To all those happy blessings which you have  
With plenteous hand by Heaven upon you thrown,  
This one disparagement they to you gave,  
That you your love lent to so mean a one.”

*Amoretti. Sonnet lxvi.*

Spenser devoted two entire poems expressly to this passion,—to wit, the “Amoretti,” describing its vicissitudes, and the “Epithalamion, or Marriage Song,” in which he celebrates its consummation. There are many allusions to it also in the “Faery Queen” and “Colin Clout’s come home again”; and from these sources we propose to supply the name, the lineage, and residence of the happy fair.

She was, undoubtedly, a person of rank and blood, residing in the poet’s vicinage, and is so described in many of the Sonnets. She is constantly addressed as “a lady,” enjoying the respect and the elegancies, if not the luxuries, of her condition,—well-educated, accomplished in the arts of design and embroidery,—at whose father’s house the poet was no infrequent visitor. Her residence, or that of her family, could not have been far from Kilcolman Castle; and was seated, most probably, on the banks of the Mulla, (Spenser’s favorite stream,) a tributary of the Blackwater, which empties into the sea at Youghal. For she is seen for the first time in the “Faery Queen” as the love of Colin Clout, (Spenser,) dancing among the Nymphs and Graces,—herself a fourth Grace,—on a mountain-top, the description of which exactly corresponds with all his other descriptions of his beloved Mole,—a mountain which nearly overhangs his castle; [12] and, undoubtedly, the bridesmaids and companions who attended her at the hymeneal altar were the “Nymphs of Mulla,” and,

“of the rivers, of the forest green,  
And of the sea that neighbours to her near,”—

a localization which would fix her family mansion somewhere between Kilcolman Castle and the prosperous seaport town of Youghal,—but somewhat nearer to the former. This limits our inquiries within the narrow range of the lands bordering the Mulla waters.



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But our poet, we believe, did not stop with these ambiguous indications of her birthplace and family; he had promised her to immortalize the triumph of his passion, and to leave to all posterity a monument of the “rare wonderment” of the lady’s beauty. [13] He had gone farther; and, in three several sonnets,[14] vowed to eternize her name—“your glorious name in golden monument”—after his own fashion, and to the best of his abilities. We have no right, then, to doubt that he fulfilled his promise; and if we can fix upon any distinctive appellation or epithet addressed to her, common to the several poems which professedly reveal his passion, and solvable into the name of a person whose residence and circumstances correspond with those ascribed to the lady by her worshipper, may we not most reasonably conclude that we have at length discovered the long-lost secret?

To begin with the beginning,—the “Amoretti.” Here she is an *Angel*, in all moods and tenses, the “leaves,” “lines,” and “rhymes” are taught, that, “when they beheld that *Angel’s* blessed look,” they shall “seek her to please alone.” [15] In a subsequent sonnet, she is an:

“*Angel* come to lead frail minds to rest  
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.” [16]

Again, the poet denies that

“The glorious portrait of that *Angel’s* face”  
can be expressed by any art, by pen or pencil. [17]

Again, she is

“Of the brood of *Angels* heavenly born.” [18]

And yet again, she is

“Divine and born of heavenly seed.” [19]

Once more we are bid

“Go visit her in her chaste bower of rest,  
Accompanied with *Angel-like* delights.” [20]

Turn we next to the “Epithalamion.” And here the same cuckoo-note is repeated *usque ad nauseam*. We are told, that, to look upon her,

“we should ween  
Some *Angel* she had been.” [21]



Even her bridesmaids (her sisters, probably) are thought to be *Angels*, and, addressing them, the bridegroom says,

“Sing, ye sweet *Angels*, Alleluya sing!” [22]

Finally, in “Colin Clout’s come home again,” the poet very dexterously evades the royal anger of Elizabeth, sure to be aroused by the preference of any beauty to her own. To deceive the Queen,—to whom, in gratitude for past favors, and, mayhap, with a lively appreciation of others yet to come, he is offering up homage,—he describes her Majesty by the very same imagery he had elsewhere employed to depict his lady-love; and ostensibly applies to the royal Elizabeth the amatory terms which are covertly meant for an Elizabeth of his own,—between whom and her royal type he either saw or affected to see a personal resemblance. Here we find her placed by the poet:

“Amongst the seats of *Angels* heavenly wrought,  
Much like an *Angel* in all form and fashion.”



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The metaphoric 'Angel' of enamored swains is at once so trite and obvious, that both the invention and vocabulary of the lover who abides by it so perpetually must have been poor and narrow beyond anything we can conceive of Spenser's fecundity of language and imagery, if we sit down content to imagine that no more is meant by its recurrence than meets the eye. We are satisfied that this title or simile—call it what you will—is the key-word of the mystery; and we must now look around the neighborhood of the Mulla for a family-surname out of which this "Angel" can be extracted by the "alchemy of wit."

On consulting the "Great Records of Munster," Vol. VI., we find a family residing in the neighborhood of Kilcolman Castle whose name and circumstances correspond exactly with all the requirements of our Angel-ic theory. The Nagles were a very ancient and respectable family, whose principal seats were in the northern parts of the County of Cork and the adjoining borders of the County of Waterford. There seem to have been two races of them, distinguished by the color of their hair into the Red Nagles and the Black Nagles; and of the former, the lord or chieftain of the tribe resided at Moneanyummy, an ancient preceptory of the Knights of St. John, beautifully seated on the banks of the Mulla, where it disembogues its tribute into the Blackwater, on its passage to Cappoquin and Youghal, and at a convenient distance from Spenser's Kilcolman. Elizabeth Nagle belonging to the *Red* branch of the family, we shall find no difficulty in accounting for her alleged resemblance to Queen Elizabeth.

The proprietor of Moneanyummy, strictly contemporaneous with Spenser, was John Nagle, whose son, David, died in the city of Dublin in 1637. It is therefore but fair to suppose that in 1593 (the year of Spenser's marriage) this David might have had a sister of marriageable age; for he himself, by his marriage with Ellen Roche of Ballyhowly, had a daughter, Ellen, who in due time was married to Sylvanus, the eldest son of Edmund Spenser. If our supposition be correct, therefore, Ellen and Sylvanus were linked by the double bond of cousinhood and matrimony.

Unfortunately for our Spenserian inquiry, however, the full and regular pedigree of these Nagles commences only with David, whose marriage and the issue thereof are recorded at large in Irish books of heraldry; whereas the preceding generations, to a remote antiquity, are merely notified by the bare names of the son and heir as they succeeded to the inheritance.

John Nagle may have had a daughter marriageable at the time of Spenser's marriage; and she may have married the poet,—and did, we are convinced,—even though her family belonged to the Romish persuasion, and the bridegroom to the Protestant Church.

To this untoward circumstance—the difference in religion—there is curious reference made in a remarkable passage of the "Amoretti," which seems not only to indicate the name of her family, but to screen the poet himself from the penalties denounced against

Protestants who intermarried with Roman Catholics. In the Sixty-first Sonnet, the lady is said to be:



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“divinely wrought,  
And of the *brood of Angels* heavenly born;  
And with the *crew of blessed Saints* upbrought,  
Each of which did her with their gifts adorn.”

Here we have distinctly her *birth* and *education*, each assigned to a different source. She is of the “brood” or family of anagrammatic “Angels,”—otherwise, Nagles; but has been “upbrought,” or instructed, by persons whom Spenser denominates “Saints,” or Orthodox Protestants; for Spenser was by party and profession a Puritan; and the Puritans were “Saints,”—to such as chose to accept their own account of the matter.

But there may be a yet deeper meaning, an anagrammatic appropriateness, in this phrase, “crew of blessed Saints.” The Nagles of Moneanymmy had intermarried frequently with the St. Legers of Doneraile; and thus such a close intimacy was established between the families as to warrant the supposition that a child of the one house might have been reared amongst the members of the other. Elizabeth Spenser (born Nagle) may not unlikely have been educated by the Puritan St. Legers. The name St. Leger, as Camden remarks, is a compound name, derived from the German *Leodigar* or *Leger*, signifying “the Gatherer of the People.” Verstigan also gives it the same translation, as originating from *Leod*, *Lud*, or *Luyd*, which, he says, means “folk or people.” [23] Therefore St. Leger seems to signify a folk, a gathering, a legion or “crew” of saints, a holy crowd or crew,—which may have been the quibble extorted by Spenser’s “alchemy of wit” from the “upbringing” of Elizabeth Nagle, his wife. He calls her with marked emphasis his “sweet *Saint*,” his “sovereign *Saint*”; and in the “Epithalamion” the temple-gates are called on to:

“Receive this *Saint* with honors due.”

In praying to the gods for a large posterity, he places his request on the ground,

“That from the earth (which may they long possess  
With lasting happiness!)  
Up to your haughty palaces may mount  
Of blessed *Saints* for to increase the count.”

There is yet another solution, beside the anagrammatic one, for the name of “Angel” so sedulously applied by the poet to his beloved. The Nagle family, according to heraldry, were divided into three branches, distinguished by peculiarities of surname. The Southern branch signed themselves “Nagle,”—the Meath or Midland branch, “Nangle,”—while the Connaught or Western shoot rejoiced in the more euphonious cognomen of *Costello*! Let the heralds account for these variations; we take them as we find them. The letter N, as we are informed, according to the genius of the Irish tongue, is nothing more than a prefix, set, *euphoniae gratia*, before the radical name

itself, when commencing with a vowel. Thus, the N'Angles of Ireland were the Angles whose heroic deeds are duly recorded in the lists of

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the battle of Hastings. They went over to Ireland with Strongbow; one branch assumed (can the heralds tell us why?) the name of Costello;—another became N'Angles, and the Southern shoot dwarfed down their heavenly origin into prosaic Nagle. The well-known punning exclamation of Pope Gregory, on observing the fairness and beauty of some English children,—“Non Angli, sed Angeli forent, si essent Christiani,”—may have set the fervid brain of Spenser on fire, and suggested the divine origin of her he loved. Between Elizabeth de Angelis—the pun of Gregory—and Elizabeth de Angulo—the latter being the derivation of heralds and lawyers—what poet could hesitate a moment?

Our task is done. We think we have established our case. By anagram, Elizabeth Nagle makes a perfect *Angel*; by heraldry and a pontifical pun, the N'Angles of the County of Meath are *Angels* in indefeasible succession; Elizabeth belonged to the Red branch of her family, and therefore must have resembled the royal Elizabeth; she was brought up among the “crew of Saints” in the St. Leger family; and, finally, her place of residence corresponds with that depicted by the “passionate shepherd” as the home of his second mistress. We think we have satisfied all the requirements of reasonable conviction, and confidently await the verdict of that select few who may feel interest in this purely literary investigation.

Guided by the rules of anagram here laid down and illustrated, some future commentator, more deeply versed in the history and scandal of the Elizabethan era, may be able to identify real personages with all the fantastic characters introduced in the “Faery Queen.”

[Footnote 1: See *Colin Clout's come home again*.] [Footnote 2: *Vide Scott's Life*.]

[Footnote 3: Upton's *Faery Queen*, Vol. I. xiv.] [Footnote 4: See Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*.] [Footnote 5: See Hunter's *New illustrations of Shakspeare*, Vol. II. p. 280.]

[Footnote 6: Book II. Canto vi. *etc.*—See Black's *Life of Tasso*, Vol. II. p. 150.]

[Footnote 7: Upton, Vol. I. p. 14.—*Faery Queen*, Book VI. Canto vi. st. 10, 17.]

[Footnote 8: *Vide* that to Queen Anne.] [Footnote 9: Cornwallis's *Essays*, p. 99.]

[Footnote 10: Camden's *Remains*, folio, 1614, p.164.] [Footnote 11: *Iliad*, Z. 265.]

[Footnote 12: *Faery Queen*, Book VI. Canto x.] [Footnote 13: Sonnet lxix.] [Footnote

14: Sonnets lxxiii, lxxv, and lxxxii.] [Footnote 15: Sonnet i.] [Footnote 16: Sonnet viii.]

[Footnote 17: Sonnet xvii.] [Footnote 18: Sonnet lxi.] [Footnote 19: Sonnet lxxix.]

[Footnote 20: Sonnet lxxxiii.] [Footnote 21: Stanza 9.] [Footnote 22: Stanza 13.]

[Footnote 23: Verstigan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, p. 226.]



BOOKRAGS

MISS WIMPLE'S HOOP.  
[Concluded.]

## CHAPTER III.



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A year had passed since Maddy's flitting. The skimped delaine was sadly rusty,—Miss Wimple very poor. The profits of the Hendrik Athenaeum and Circulating Library accrued in slow and slender pittances. A package of envelopes now and then, a few lead pencils, a box of steel pens, a slate pencil to a school-boy, were all its sales. Almost the last regular customer had seceded to the "Hendrik Book Bazaar and Periodical Emporium,"—a pert rival, that, with multifarious new-fangled tricks of attractiveness, flashed its plate-glass eyes and turned up its gilded nose at Miss Wimple from the other side of the way.

But Miss Wimple's proud and honorable fund for the relief of the shop, by no means fell off. As she had anticipated, her expert and nimble needle was in steady demand by all the folks of Hendrik who had fine sewing to give out. Her earnings from this source were considerable; and, severely stinting herself in the very necessaries of life by a strained ingenuity of economy, to which the skimped delaine—turned and altered to the utter exhaustion of the cleverest dressmaker's invention, and magically rejuvenated, as though again and again dipped in the fountain of perpetual youth—bore conclusive testimony, she bravely reinforced her fund from time to time.

Miss Wimple's repasts were neither frequent nor sumptuous; "all the delicacies of the season" hardly found their way to her table; and in her bleak little nest, for it was now winter, a thin and scanty shawl but coldly did the office of a blanket.

But Miss Wimple partook of her tea and dry toast with a cheerful heart, and shivered in her nest with illustrious patience,—regaled by satisfied honor, and warmed by the smiles of courage and of hope.

Between Simon and herself negotiations rested where we left them last; only there was now a heartier welcome for him when he came, and often a sparkling smile, that seemed to say, he had waited well, and not in vain, she hoped,—a smile that, to the eye of his healthy spirit, was an earnest of the rose-star's reappearance; it was only behind the rusty skimped delaine, as behind a cloud. His visits were not so rare as before, nor always "upon business"; he lingered sometimes, and sometimes had *his* way.

One night, Simon was outrageously rebellious; he had cheated Sally of half an hour, and spent it in rank mutiny; he compared the rose-star to the remotest of the asteroids, as seen through Lord Rosse's telescope, and instituted facetious comparisons between Miss Wimple's honorable fund and the national debt of England. It was near closing-time; Miss Wimple said, "Now, Simon, *will* you go?"—she had said that three times already. Some one entered. O, ho! Miss Wimple snatched away her hand:—"Now go, or never come again!" Simon glanced at the visitor,—a woman,—a stranger evidently, and poor,—a beggar, most likely, or one of those Wandering Jews of womankind, who, homeless, goalless, hopeless, tramp, tramp, tramp, unresting, till they die. She had almost burst in, quite startling Miss Wimple; but now she stood by the glass case, with

averted face, and shabby shawl drawn suspiciously about her, and waited to be noticed, peering, meanwhile, through the little window into the dark street.



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“Good-night, little Sally!” said Simon; “put up your bars, and so put up my bars. Now there’s a fine speech for you!—if my name were Philip Withers, you’d call it poetry.”

The strange woman actually stamped with her foot twice, and moved a step nearer to the window. Miss Wimple took it for a gesture of impatience, and at once arose to accost her. Simon eyed her curiously, and somewhat suspiciously, as he passed; but, taking her attire for his clue, he thought he recognized one of a class with whom Miss Wimple was accustomed to cope successfully; so he took his leave unconcerned.

Miss Wimple approached the stranger. “What will you have?” she asked. But the woman only followed Simon with her eyes, not heeding the question.

“Do you hear me?” repeated she; “I say, what will you have, Madam?”

By that time, Simon had disappeared among the distant shadows of the street. The woman turned suddenly and confronted Miss Wimple.

“Look at me,” she said.

Miss Wimple looked, and saw a pale and haggard, almost fierce, face, that had once been fair,—one that she might, she fancied, have met somewhere before.

“You seem to have suffered,—to suffer now. What can I do for you?”

“Look at me!”

“I see; you are very wretched, and you were not always as you are now. You are cold; are you hungry also? I, too, am very poor; but I will do all I can. I will warm you and give you food.”

The woman walked to where the bright camphene lamp hung, and stood under it.

“Now look at me, Miss Wimple.”

“I have looked enough; desperation on a young woman’s face is not a pleasant sight to see. If you have a secret, best keep it. I have to deal only with your weariness, your hunger, and your half-frozen limbs. If I can do nothing for those, you must go.—Merciful Heaven! Miss Madeline Splurge!”

“Yes!—Now hide me, quick, or some one will be coming; and warm me, and feed me, or I shall surely die on your hands.”

Not another word said Miss Wimple,—asked no question, uttered no exclamation of surprise; but straightway ran and closed the windows, put up the bars, adjusted the shutters in the glass door, and screwed them down. Next she took Madeline’s hand and



led her up the narrow staircase to the nest, seated her in the little Yankee rocking-chair, and wrapped her in the scanty, faded shawl that served for a coverlet. Then she ran quickly down into the cellar, and, with a hammer, broke in pieces an old packing-box;—it was a brave achievement for her tender hands. Back to the nest again with the sticks;—Madeline slept in the chair, poor heart!

Miss Wimple made a fire in her little stove, and when some water was hot, she roused her guest with a kiss. Silently, languidly, and with closed eyes, Madeline yielded herself to the kind offices of her gentle nurse, who bathed her face and neck, her hands and feet, and dressed her hair; and when that was done, she placed a pillow under the wanderer's head, and, with another kiss, dismissed her to sleep again.



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Then she prepared tea and toast, and, running down to the street, returned quickly with some fresh eggs and a morsel of golden butter, wherefrom she prepared a toothsome supper, the fragrance of which presently aroused the famished sufferer, so that she opened her eyes feebly, and smiled, and kissed Miss Wimple's hand when she came to draw her nearer to the table. Then Madeline ate,—not heartily, but enough to comfort her; and very soon her head fell back upon the pillow, and she would have slept in the chair again, holding Miss Wimple's hand. But Miss Wimple arose and took the sheets from the cot, and, having warmed them by the fire, made up the bed afresh,—a most smooth, sweet, and comfortable nest; and, raising Madeline in her arms, supporting her still sleeping head upon her shoulder, she very tenderly and skilfully removed her garments, all coarse and torn, soiled and damp, and clad her afresh in pure night-clothes of her own. But first—for Madeline began to shiver, and her teeth had chattered slightly—Miss Wimple untied her own warm petticoat of quilted silk, that for comfort and for decency had been her best friend through the hard winter,—wherefore it was most dearly prized and ingeniously saved,—and put it upon Madeline, whom then she led, almost carrying her, as one may lead a worn-out and already slumbering child, to the nest, and laid her gently there, drawing the covering snugly about her, and spreading the faithful shawl over all. And all the while, not a word had been spoken by either;—with one, it was the silence of pious carefulness, —with the other, of newly-found safety and perfect rest. Then Miss Wimple placed the lamp on the floor behind the door, fed the stove with fresh sticks, and with her feet on the little iron hearth, and her head resting on her knees, thought there all night.

All night poor Madeline's slumber was broken by incoherent mutterings, convulsive starts, and, more than once, a fearful cry; and when the day dawned, she suddenly sat erect, stared wildly about her, and raved. A fierce, though brief, fever had seized her; she was delirious, and knew not where she was. When Miss Wimple would have soothed her, tenderly caressing, and promising her a sister's kindness and protection, —a home safely guarded from intrusion,— Madeline assailed her savagely, bidding her be off, with her smooth treachery, her pretty lies.

“‘Sister!’—devil! Do I not know what a hell your ‘home’ is?—and as for ‘safety,’ shall I seek that among snakes? Oh, I am sick of all of you!—have I not told you so a hundred times?—sick with the contempt I feel for you, and weary of your stupid tricks.”



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“Madeline,” said Miss Wimple, “look at me! Here,—touch my face, my dress! Do you not know me now? Do you not see that I am not your mother, nor Josephine, nor Adelaide, but only Sally Wimple, little Miss Wimple, of the bookstore? What harm could I do you?—how could I offend or hurt you? Look me in the eyes, I say, and know me, and be calm. See! this is my chamber,—this is my bed; below is the little shop,—the Athenaeum, you remember. We are alone in the house; there is no one to hear or see. You came to me,—did you not?—over the long, weary road, through the darkness and the bitter cold, for warmth and food, for rest and safety; and I have hidden you away, and watched by you. Look around you,—look through that window; do you not know those trees, the mulberries by the Athenaeum?—they are bare now; but you have seen them so before, a dozen winters. Look at this face,—look at this dress,—look at this dress!—Ah! now you know all about it,—‘little Miss Wimple,’ of course; and this shall be your home, and you are safe here.”

When Miss Wimple began to speak, she stood somewhat off from the bed; for Madeline, with a gesture full of hate, and close-set lips that looked dangerous, had thrust her back. But as she proceeded with her calm and clear appeal, Madeline was arrested, in the very movement of springing from the bed, in an attitude “worth a painter’s eye,” half-sitting, half-reclining, supported by her right arm, which, rigidly extended, was planted pillar-like in the bed,—with her left hand tossing aside the bed-clothes,—her knees drawn up, as for the instant of stepping out upon the floor,—her right shoulder, bare, round, and white, thrust from the night-dress, which in the restlessness of her distraction had burst its chaste fastenings, bestowing a chance glimpse of a most proud and beautiful bosom,—a glimpse but dimly caught through the thick brown meshes of her dishevelled hair. So, now, with impatient eyes and eager lips, she rested and listened. And when Miss Wimple said,—“I have hidden you away and watched by you,” the fierce look was softened to one of pitiful reflection and recollection; and at the words, “Look at this dress! Ah! now you know all about it,—‘little Miss Wimple,’ of course!” she sat up and stretched forth her arms beseechingly, and in a moment was sobbing helplessly on Sally’s neck.

A little while Miss Wimple, still and thoughtful, held her so, that her soul’s bitterness might pour itself out in wholesome tears; then she gently stroked the tangled brown hair, and said,—“Sit close beside me now, and lean upon my bosom, and tell me all,—where you have been, and how you have fared, and what you would have me do.”

With a brave effort, Madeline controlled herself, and replied, firmly, though with averted face,

“You remember, dear Miss Wimple, our last interview. I insulted you then.”

Miss Wimple made no sign. Madeline blushed,—brow, neck, and bosom, —crimson.



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“And then I told you that I believed in you as I believed in little else, in this world or the next; and I said, that, if in my hour of shame and outcasting, I could implore the help of any human being, I would come to you before all others. I have come. You thought me raving then, and pitied me, because you did not understand. Presently you will understand, and you will still pity me,—but with a difference.

“I fled away that very night, you recollect,—fled from my self-contempt, from the sickening scorn I felt for them,—for *him*.”

There was agony in the effort with which she uttered that last word. She named no names, but, with a sort of desperation, raised her head and looked Miss Wimple in the face; in the quick, sensitive glances they interchanged at that moment the omission was supplied.

“Though my flight was premeditated, I took with me no clothes save those I wore; but I had concealed on my person every jewel and trinket I possessed. With these,—for I readily converted them into money,—I purchased a safe asylum in an obscure but decent family, whose poverty did not afford them the indulgence of a scrupulous fastidiousness or impertinent curiosity; it was enough for their straitened conscience that I had the manners and the purse of a lady, —they asked no questions which might cost them a profitable boarder, the only one they could accommodate in their poor way. I had no fear that any hue-and-cry would be raised for me; I had left behind me two who would prevent that,—in that, my worst foes were my best friends. If I had any relatives who cared for me enough to pursue me, I rejoiced in at least one sister on whose cunning, if not good sense, I could rely, to convince them of the futility of such efforts,—one *friend* whose fears would be ingenious and busy to put the best-laid chase at fault.

“So I lay concealed and safe till the time came when I had to purchase pity, help, and precious secrecy. My discreet hosts could furnish those extras; but they were poor, and such luxuries are expensive in New York;—it was not long before my last dollar was gone. I had been ill,—*ill*, Miss Wimple,—and every way crippled; I could not, if the work had offered itself to me, have earned more then. My last trinket was gone; I had pawned whatever I could spare from the hard exigencies of living; for I am no coward, —I did not wish to die,—I had challenged my fate, and would meet it. I had even changed with the women of the house the silk dress I wore, and my fine linen, for the mean rags you cleansed me of last night, —that they might pay themselves so; and when all was expended, and the last trick tried that pride, honor, and modesty could wink at, I came away in the night, leaving no unsettled scores behind me. But I saw my own resources sinking fast; I knew I must presently be debtor to some one for protection, aid, and counsel. I remembered you,—and that I had said I could beg of none but you; therefore I am here.



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“And now, Miss Wimple,”—and as she spoke, Madeline arose, and, standing before her companion, said her say slowly, proudly, with head erect and unflinching eyes,—“I told you I believed in you, as I believed in nothing then, on earth or in heaven,—as I believe only in God’s mercy now. I will prove that that was no merely pretty phrase, meant cunningly to cheat you of your forgiveness for a coarse insult. Since I saw you last, I have been—a mother; I have brought forth a child in shame and sin and blasphemous defiance, —and God has been merciful to it and to me, and has taken it unto Himself. I think you also will be merciful; you will help me to save myself from the pit that yawns just now at my feet; you will help me to prove it false, that a woman who has strayed off so far in her wilful way may not, if she be strong and truly proud, retrace her steps, to fall in at last—though last of all the stragglers—with the happy procession of honored women,—of women who have done the best they could, and borne their burden bravely.”

Miss Wimple sat on the side of the bed, her chin resting on her clasped hands, her gaze fixed vacantly on the floor,—“Poor baby! Dead,—thank God!” was all she said.

“Miss Wimple,” said Madeline, “I have addressed myself to your heart, rather than to your understanding, your education. I had no right to do so. If my presence is, in your opinion, an outrage to your house, I am ready to go now. I can face the street, the town; no one will dare to stop me, if any were inclined.”

“Be seated, Miss Splurge,—you are very welcome here. My appreciation of the difference between your education and mine is as kind as you could wish. This is a question of hearts,—and our hearts have been always right, I hope; we are as woman to woman, and the womanly part of either of us may still be trusted. Be seated,—I have a word to say for myself”; and, as she spoke, Miss Wimple went to her little bureau, and, unlocking a drawer, drew from it a miniature rosewood cabinet; unlocking that, again, she took something out, which, as she returned to resume her seat beside Madeline, was hidden in her hand.

“Miss Splurge,” said Miss Wimple, “the night on which you disappeared so strangely from this place, I had been visiting a sick friend on the other side of the river, and returned home at a late hour,—that is, about nine o’clock, perhaps. As I entered the covered bridge, I heard the voices of a lady and a gentleman in excited conversation.”

Madeline became deadly pale; but she did not speak, uttered no exclamation,—only a slight movement of her eyebrows expressed eagerness, as she turned more attentively to Miss Wimple, who proceeded as though unconscious of any trace of emotion in her companion.



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“The voice of the gentleman was familiar to me; the lady’s I did not, at first, recognize, —something had changed its quality. Supposing themselves alone,—for it was plain they had not heard me approach and enter the bridge,—they were incautious; their words reached me distinctly. I might have retraced my steps and waited till they had gone; but the moon was shining brightly, and the night was very still, —in a pause of their conversation they might have heard or seen me; I chose to *spare* them that. So I fell back into a corner, where the shadows were deepest, and remained quite quiet until they went away. I have told you that I heard their words; but I did not understand them then;—now, I do.”

Madeline bowed her head. Miss Wimple seemed not to observe that, but continued in the same quiet, even tone:—

“When they had gone, I found, lying in the moonlight near the bridge—this.”

Miss Wimple held out the little pocket-book. Madeline started, made a quick movement, as though to snatch the book, but checked herself with an effort, and said, with stern composure,—

“Well?”

“Well,” said Miss Wimple, “there it is, and it is yours. It contains a card, for the safety of which you were once concerned. It has remained as safe, from that hour to this,—not only from my curiosity, but that of all others, be they friends or foes of yours,—as though you had kept it hidden in your bosom, and defended it with your teeth and nails; *on my honor!*”

In these last words, and only then, Miss Wimple showed that she could remember an insult, and avenge it—in her own way. She dropped the pocket-book into the lap of Madeline, who, without a word, placed it in her bosom.

“And now, my poor Madeline,” said Miss Wimple, “we will speak no more of these things. I beg you to understand me clearly,”—and Miss Wimple suddenly altered her tone,—“we must not recur to this subject. You will remain with me until we shall have decided what is best for us to do. You are quite safe in this house; that you were ever here need not be known hereafter, unless your honor or your happiness should require that we divulge it. I must go now and open the shop; and when I return to you, we will speak, if you please, of other things.”

*“But Miss Wimple’s Hoop,—will you never come to that? Or is it your intention to ‘omit the part of Hamlet by particular request?’”*

Slowly and fairly,—we come to it now.



## CHAPTER IV.

When the neat and modest little mistress of the Hendrik Athenaeum and Circulating Library descended to open the shop and take down the bars, all her sense of delicacy was shocked, and she was brought to shame; for her meek skirts, missing the generous support of the quilted silk petticoat, clung about her mortified extremities in thin and limp dejection. It was plain to Miss Wimple that she looked poverty-stricken,—an



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aspect most dreadful to the poor, and upon which the brothers and sisters of penury who by hook or by crook contrive to keep up appearances for the nonce have no mercy. "Today," she thought, "callers will delight me not, nor customers neither." But Miss Wimple was in a peculiarly provoking predicament, and for such there is ever a malignant star;—callers and customers dropped in, one after another, all day, as they had rarely come before,—as though, indeed, her most spiteful enemy had got wind of the petticoat affair, and sent them to plague her.

That day, Miss Wimple had recourse to as much painfully ingenious dodging behind the low counters as though she had a cloven foot to hide. When evening came, she could have sat down—if she had been any other plagued woman in the world but Sally Wimple—and had a good cry. It was bitter weather, and she had shivered much;—she did not mind that; but to look poverty-stricken! No, she did not cry *outside*, but it was a narrow escape. In her trouble, her eyes wandered around the shop beseechingly; and lo! she beheld in the window a timely hooped skirt,—a daring speculation wherein she had lately invested, in consideration of the growing importance of her millinery department; and straightway Miss Wimple went and took the hoop, and offered it up for a pride-offering in the stead of her delicacy, that was so dear to her. It was a thing of touching artlessness to do; only so cunning-simple a soul as Sally Wimple could ever have thought of it. She sat up late that night, engaged in compromising with her prejudices, by drawing out the whalebones, one by one, from the "Alboni," shaving them down with a piece of glass, very thin, and tucking them,—until all their loud defiance was subdued, and for Miss Wimple's Hoop it might be tenderly deprecated that it was nothing to speak of, "such a *leetle* one."

The sacrifice was made, and, let us hope, not merely figuratively accepted by Him to whom *prejudices* may arise today an offering not less honored than was the blood of rams in the hour when Abraham laid his first-born on an altar in the thicket of Jehovah-jireh.

If any challenge the probabilities of this incident, and cavil at the chance that Miss Wimple's necessity could, under any circumstances, bring forth such an invention, I hope I have only to remind them that that brave angel had become straitened to a point whereat she had neither material from which to erect another quilted petticoat, nor the means of procuring it, even if she could spare the time necessary to the making of one,—which she could not, being now closely occupied between the engagements of her hired needle and the newly-found cares that Charity had imposed upon her.

But, however the probabilities may appear, Miss Wimple's Hoop was a shaved-whalebone fact; and the quilted petticoat would never have been missed, but for the officious scrutiny of the eyes, and the provoking prating of the tongues, of a

sophisticated few who marvelled greatly at the pliancy and the “perfect set” of Miss Wimple’s Alboni,—“and that demure little prig, too! who’d have thought it?”



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As for Simon Blount, he was quick to perceive the new experience to which the skimped delaine had been introduced, and at first it disturbed and embarrassed him; but his light, elastic temper soon recovered its careless buoyancy, with a sly smile at what he considered an oddity, newly discovered, in the character of his prim sweetheart. "Oh! it's all right, of course," he thought; "Sally knows what she's about; but it's very funny!"

And so, if this strange disturbing of the established order of "things" in the kingdom of Wimple had rested with the exaltation of the Hoop, that body politic would presently have been reduced to tranquillity, no doubt, and the all-agogness of Hendrik would have come quietly to nought, like any other popular flutter following upon a new thing under the sun. But in a romantic cause the conscientiousness of Miss Wimple, for all her seeming matter-of-fact, took on a quality of chivalry; and she displayed a Quixotism most tiltfully disposed toward any windmill of conventional proprieties that might plant itself in the way by which her beauteous and distressed damsel was to escape. So, before all the decencies of Hendrik had recovered from the shock of the Hoop, she threw them into a new and worse "conniption" by an even more daring innovation upon their good, easy notions of her; for the next thing she did was—a basque and flounces. Thus it happened:—

Madeline had become quite another Madeline,—say a Magdalen, rather,—under the gentle discipline of her admirable angel. Her wonted distraction had subsided into a pensive sadness, which manifested itself in many a grateful, graceful tenderness toward that glorifier of the skimped delaine. She had observed the Hoop at once, and greeted it with a solitary smile, accepting it for a happy sign and a token; for she had recognized Simon Blount when she turned into the shop, that night, out of the darkness and the cold, and, with the alert intelligence of a woman, even so self-absorbed as she was then, had construed his gallant "good-night." She thought she understood Miss Wimple's Hoop, because she had not discovered the poetry in Miss Wimple's quilted petticoat. They had not spoken of those things again. Delicacy was the law for those two; and to do their best, and thankfully, bravely, accept the first deliverance Heaven might send them, was their religion. Like two Micawbers of Faith, Hope, and Charity, they waited for something to "turn up."

Miss Wimple invested a daily three-cent piece in a New York paper, and diligently conned the "Wants" before the Marriages and Deaths, —extraordinary woman! An "opening" had but to show itself, and Miss Wimple was ready to fling her character into the breach for the benefit of her Magdalen. Strong-minded woman!

At last it came. A gentleman who had recently lost his wife wanted a house-keeper and governess for his two little girls,—the offices to be united in the person of "a lady by birth, education, and associations"; to such a liberal salary would be given; and in case she should be in straitened circumstances, a reasonable advance would be made, "to enable the lady to assume at once the position of a respected member of his family." The very place!



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Now what did that dashing Miss Wimple-Quixote—of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!—but sit down and pour her enormous little heart out in a letter to a person she had never seen or heard of,—telling him everything but names and localities, and appealing, with an inspiration, to his divine spark. There is no doubt that, “for that occasion only,” Providence sent an advertiser to the “Tribune” to justify the large faith of Pity in skimped delaine; for the word of Hope and Love that Miss Wimple let fall, unstudied, from the heart, fell upon a genial mind, and lo!—

“It raised a sister from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death!”

The gentleman—the nobleman!—thanked his unknown correspondent, whose hand he would esteem it an honor to touch, for the opportunity she had afforded him to do good in a graceful way. Mrs. Morris (Miss Wimple had written: “Let us know this poor lady as ‘Mrs. Morris,’ a childless widow”) should be most welcome to his house; she need never be aware that the sad passages of her history had come to his knowledge, and by all over whom he exercised authority or influence her *sorrows* should be revered. He took the liberty to inclose a check, which Mrs. Morris would have the goodness to regard as a small advance on her salary; she would make whatever preparation she might deem necessary, at her perfect leisure; he would be happy to see her as soon as it should be quite agreeable to her to come. Once more, with all his heart, he thanked the admirable lady who had in so remarkable a manner distinguished him by her noble impulse of confidence. It would be his dearest duty hereafter to deserve it. And he gave his address: “Lawrence Osgood, Fourteenth St., New York.”

It was evident that the “necessary preparations” for Madeline’s appearance in this new *role* could not be made in Hendrik. Miss Wimple was distressingly sensitive for the safety of her *protegee* from scandalous discovery. Even she herself could not expend any considerable portion of Mr. Osgood’s advance without arousing surmise and provoking dangerous prying. Besides, how should she get the money for the check?—to whom dare she confess herself in possession of it? Of course, *there* was a conclusive impossibility. Nevertheless, something must be done at once to put Madeline at least in travelling trim; for the things of which—to use her own sensitive expression—Miss Wimple had “cleansed” her when she came were out of the question. It was as true of this poor young lady in her trunkless plight, as of any dishevelled Marius in crinoline, who sits down and weeps among the brand-new ruins of a Carthage of satin, lawns, and laces, that she had Nothing to Wear. So Miss Wimple, encouraged by the happy success of the Hoop stratagem, forthwith began to cast about her; and for the present Mr. Osgood’s letter and the check were hushed up in her bosom.



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Now Miss Wimple and Madeline Splurge were examples of how much our views of a person's character have to do with our notions of his or her stature or carriage. All Hendrik spoke of the demure heroine of the skimped delaine as "*Little Miss Wimple*"; and Madeline, though the youngest of the sisters, was universally known as "Miss Splurge,"—as it were, awfully. Yet Miss Wimple and Madeline were almost exactly "of a size," by any measurement, and Miss Wimple's clothes were a sweet fit for Madeline; the petticoat experiment had discovered that. So the skimped delaine, Miss Wimple thought, must be promoted to the proud person of the handsome Madeline, and something must be found to take its place.

Now, among store of respectable family-rubbish, scrupulously saved by half a graveyard-full of female relations,—for the women-folk of the Wimples had been ever noted for their thrift,—a certain quaint garment had come down to Sally from her great-grandmother. It was a black "silken wonder," wherewith, no doubt, that traditionally dear, delightful creature was wont to astonish the streets, in the days of her vanity and frivolous vexation of spirit.

A generous expanse of cape pertained to it, and it was cut much shorter behind than before, in order to display to advantage the pert red heels whereon that antique Wimple aforetime exalted herself. "With some trifling alterations," said Miss Wimple to herself, "this will do nicely for me; and my delaine—which is not so very bad, after all—a little cleaning will do wonders for it—will look sweetly appropriate on the Widow Morris, while her outfit is making in New York."

So Miss Wimple let down the dress behind, by piecing it in the back just below the waist; and from the generous cape she made a basque to hide the alteration; and some stains, like iron-mould, on the skirt, she covered with three flounces, made of some fine crape that was left from her mother's funeral.

*"But, by your leave, where was this 'silken wonder' when your unhandy heroine was casting about her for a substitute for the quilted petticoat?"*

Anywhere but in her mind. Of the *round-aboutness* of her directness you have had examples enough already; nothing could be more romantic than her simplest realities, and that which would seem most out-of-the-way to another woman was often "handiest" to her. So, when you ask me, Why did not Sally Wimple sooner think of her great-grandmother's dress? my easiest answer is, Because she *was* Sally Wimple.

When Miss Wimple first put on the new dress, in Madeline's presence, Madeline smiled again, for she thought she understood; and Miss Wimple smiled also, for she knew no one could understand.



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Then Miss Wimple broke the news to Madeline, by telling her that “an old friend of her father’s,” a wealthy Mr. Osgood, of New York, was in want of a governess for his two daughters, and had written to her on the subject;—(a not very improbable story; for Madeline could not but be aware that in the conscientious and proud little bookseller was the making of a very respectable “Jane Eyre,” under favorable circumstances;)—whereupon she had taken the liberty to recommend a clever and accomplished friend of her own, one Mrs. Morris, a widow,—“of course, that’s you, Madeline,”—and Mr. Osgood had accordingly done her the honor to offer the place to Mrs. Morris, and, “with characteristic consideration and delicacy,” had inclosed a check, by way of an advance on her salary, which would be liberal, to defray the expense of an outfit,—“and there it was.” His writing to her, Miss Wimple said, was a circumstance as strange as it was fortunate; for, in fact, she had, personally, but a very slight acquaintance with him, and was “quite sure she should not recognize him, if she were to see him now”;—as for his little girls, she had never seen them, nor even heard their names. But Mr. Osgood’s character was of the very highest, and she rejoiced that Madeline would have so honorable, influential, and generous a protector, who had given his word that she should be received and entertained with the consideration due to a superior and esteemed friend.

[Never mind Miss Wimple’s white lies, my dear; there is no danger that they will be found filling the blank place in the Recording Angel’s book, left where his tear blotted out My Uncle Toby’s oath. And in a purely worldly point of view, too, those touching offerings to Mercy were safe enough; for when Miss Wimple promised Madeline that she would find Mr. Osgood “a singularly discreet person, who would be sure not to annoy her with impertinent curiosity,” it was not said by way of a hint;—she well knew, that, from the moment the proud and jealous Madeline departed across the threshold of the Hendrik Athenaeum and Circulating Library, she would set a close and solemn seal upon her heart and upon her lips, and the “old familiar faces” and places would be to her as the things that Memory is a silent widow for. Nevertheless, in writing to Mr. Osgood, to acknowledge the receipt of the check, and to thank him, that cunning Miss Wimple took the precaution to put him in possession of as much of *her* personality as would serve his purpose in case of accident, and provide for the chance of a shock to his suspicious and vigilant governess.]

Madeline received Miss Wimple’s extraordinary good news with the silence of one bewildered. Nor even when she had come fully to appreciate all the beauty and the joy of it, did she give audible expression to her gratitude; she was too proud—or rather say, too religious—to subject the divine emotion to the vulgar ordeal of words; she only kissed Miss Wimple’s hands, and mutely laid them on her bosom.



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Then Miss Wimple arrayed her *protegee* in the skimped delaine, for which the “trifling alterations” and the “little cleaning” *had* done wonders,—and Madeline was, as it were, “clothed on with chastity.” And Miss Wimple was jubilant over the charming effect, and “went on” in a manner surprising to behold. First she kissed Madeline, and then she kissed the dress; and she told Madeline, in a small torrent of triumph, what a tremendous fellow of a skimped delaine it was,—how cheap, and how *dear* it was,—what remarkable powers of endurance it had displayed, and with what force and versatility of character it had adapted itself to every new alteration or trimming,—and how she was so used to its ways, and it to hers, that she was almost ready to believe it could “get on her by itself,”—and how she felt sure it was expressly manufactured to do good in the world,—until she had so glorified the lowly skimped delaine, that Madeline began to feel in it like a queen, whose benignant star has forever exalted her above the vulgar sensation of having Nothing to Wear.

Now Madeline was quite ready to depart on her pilgrimage of penitence. But almost at the parting hour a circumstance occurred which grievously alarmed Miss Wimple, and so roused the devil whereof Madeline had been but just now possessed, that it stirred within her.

### CHAPTER V.

The “nest” looked out upon the street by two front windows, that were immediately over the sign of the Hendrik Athenaeum and Circulating Library. There was also a small side-window, affording a view of a bit of yard, quite private, and pleasant in its season, with an oval patch of grass, some hollyhocks, a grape-vine trained over a pretty structure of lattice to form a sort of summer-house, and a martin-box, in a decidedly original church-pattern, mounted on a tall, white pole. Of course the scene was cheerless and unsightly now; lumpy brown patches of earth showed through the unequally melting snow, where the grass-plot should have been; a few naked and ugly sticks were all the promise of the hollyhocks’ yellow glory; the bare grape-vine showed on the dingy lattice like a tangled mesh of weather-stained ropes; and “there were no birds in last year’s nest” to make the martin-box look social.

This little window was Madeline’s chosen seat; and hither she brought, sometimes a book, but more frequently a portion of Miss Wimple’s work from the millinery department, and wholesomely employed her mind, skilfully her fingers. Here she could look out upon the earth and sky, and enjoy, unspied, the sympathy of their desolation, —never daring to think of all the maddening memories that lay under the front windows: those she had never once approached, never even turned her eyes towards; Miss Wimple had observed that.



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But on the day of the installation of the basque and the flounces, and the promotion of the skimped delaine, late in the afternoon, the twilight (falling, as Madeline sat at the side-window, gazing vacantly down upon the forlornness of the little yard, and Miss Wimple stood at the front window, gazing as abstractedly down upon the hard, pitiless coldness of the street),—the thoughts of both intent on the *must* of their parting on the morrow, and the *how* of Madeline's going,—suddenly Madeline left her safe seat, and came and leaned upon Miss Wimple's shoulder, looking over it into the street. Only a minute, half a minute, but—surely the Enemy tempted her!—too long; for ere Miss Wimple, quick as she was to take the alarm, could turn and lead her away, Madeline's vigilant, fierce glance had caught sight of him, (alack! Philip Withers!) and, ashen-pale, with parted lips and suspended breath, and wide, blazing eyes, she stood, rooted there, and stared at him. But Miss Wimple dragged her away just in time,—no, he had not seen her,—and for a brief space the two women stood together, near the bed, in the corner farthest from the window; and Miss Wimple held Madeline's face close down upon her own shoulder, and pressed her hand commandingly, and whispered, "Hush!"

So they stood in silence,—no cry, no word, escaped. And when, presently, Madeline, with a long heart-heaved sigh, raised her head and looked Miss Wimple in the face, there was blood on her lips. And blood was on Miss Wimple's dress. Yea! the basqued and flounced disguise was raggedly rent at the shoulder.

Then Madeline went and lay down upon the bed, and turned her face to the wall,—and there was no noise. And Miss Wimple covered the blood and the rents on her shoulder with her mother's lace cape,—the familiar companion of the skimped delaine,—and went down into the shop.

When Miss Wimple, having put up the bars, ascended to the nest to join Madeline in the little cot,—Madeline slept quietly enough; but a trace of blood, with all its sad story, was on her lips, and a lingering frown of pain on her brow. Very carefully, not to disturb her, Miss Wimple lay down by her side, but not to sleep;—her thoughts were anxiously busy with the morrow.

In the morning, when Miss Wimple awoke, her eyes met the eyes of Madeline, no longer fierce and wild, but full of patience and tender gratitude. The brave Magdalen, leaning on her elbow in the bed, had been watching Miss Wimple as she slept, her poor heart fairly oppressed with its thankfulness to God, and to his saving minister. When, Miss Wimple opened her eyes, Madeline bent over her and kissed her on the forehead, and Miss Wimple smiled. Then both arose and put on their garments,—Madeline the skimped delaine, and Miss Wimple the flounces. Oh! the grotesque pathos of that exchange!—and Madeline did not remark with what haste, and a certain awkward bashfulness, Miss Wimple retired to a far corner and covered her shoulders with the lace cape.



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All that day the two women were very still;—the approaching hour of parting was not adverted to between them, but the low tone in which they spake of other and lesser things showed that it was first of all in their thoughts and on their hearts. To the latest moment they merely *understood each other*. The cars went from the branch station at ten o'clock. It was nine when Miss Wimple released from its old-fashioned bandbox— as naturally as if it had been all along agreed upon between them, and not, as was truly the case, utterly forgotten until then—her well-saved and but little used bonnet of black straw, and put it on Madeline's head, kissing her, as a mother does her child, as she tied the bow under her chin; and she took from the bed the faithful shawl, and drew it snugly, tenderly, around Madeline's shoulders,—Madeline only blushing; to resist, to remonstrate, she well knew, had been in vain. There had been some exchanging of characters, you perceive, no less than of costumes.

"And now where shall we put those?" asked Miss Wimple, holding in her hand Mr. Osgood's check, and a trifle of ready money for the immediate needs of the journey.

Madeline replied by silently drawing from her bosom the little pocket-book, and handing it to her friend, who opened it in a matter-of-course way that was full of delicacy; and—no doubt accidentally, and innocently, as to any trick of pretty sentiment— deposited the check and the bank-note beside that card.

And now it was time to part. Miss Wimple took up the dim chamber-lamp, and led Madeline down the stairs,—both silent, calm: those were not crying women. As they entered the shop, Miss Wimple immediately set down the lamp on the nearest end of the counter, and went with Madeline straight to the door, whither its slender ray hardly reached, and where the blood-spots and the rents on her shoulder might not be noticed, —or, at least, not clearly defined. Then, with a business-like "Ah! I had forgotten,"— admirably feigned,—she hastily removed the shawl from Madeline's shoulders, and the lace cape from her own; and she put the lace cape on Madeline, and covered it with the shawl. This time Madeline shrank, and would have forbidden the charitable surprise; but Miss Wimple moved as though to open the door, and said,—

"Madeline, in mind, and heart, and soul, do you feel ready?"

"Yes!"

"Then go!—Believe in God and yourself, and do the best you can."

And Madeline said,—

"And you, also, must believe in me, and pray for me; be patient with me, and wait. If the time should ever come when I can comfort you, with God's help I will hasten to you, wherever you may be."



And they kissed each other, and both said, "God bless you!"

So Madeline departed quickly, and presently was lost in the shadows beyond the shop-lamps.

[Next morning, when Sally Wimple went to take down the bars, her neighbors were astonished; for it was already reported and believed that she had been seen going from the Athenaeum to the ten o'clock train the night before.]



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Then Miss Wimple closed the door and went back to her room, where she sat down on the bed and had a good cry, which was a great comfort. When, after that, she arose, and, standing before the glass to undress herself, perceived the blood-stains and the rents, she straightway went and brought her work-basket, and, seating herself under the dim lamp, without fear or hesitation cut down the dress, *low-neck*—There!—Then she lay down in the bed and slept sweetly, with a smile on her face.

Ah! cunning, artless Sally Wimple! No wonder the dashing directness of your character had ever by your neighbors been mistaken for simplicity. The thing which was easiest for you to do was ever the hardest thing for you to bear. In the morning, this new Godiva of Hendrik—not less to be honored than she of Coventry, in all she underwent and overcame—descended to her shop, “clothed on with chastity”; and then her dreadful trial began. I claim for her even more merit than the pure heart of the world has accorded to her namesake who:

“took the tax away,  
And built herself an everlasting name,”

by as much as her task was harder, herself more helpless, and her reward less. Like her of Coventry,

“left alone, the passions of her mind,

As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
Made war upon each other for an hour,  
Till Pity won.”

She said to the World,—“If this woman pay your tax, she dies.”

And the World mocked,—“You would not let your little finger ache for such as this!”

“But I would die,” said she,—“and more,—I will bear your mocking and your hisses!”

“Oh! ay, ay, ay! you talk!” said the World.

But we have seen already. She had no herald to send forth and “bid him cry, with sound of trumpet, all the hard condition.” No palfrey awaited her, “wrapt in purple, blazoned with armorial gold.” For her, indeed,

“The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout,  
Had cunning eyes to see...”

“...the blind walls  
Were full of chinks and holes; and, overhead,  
Fantastic gables stared.”



She had her low churls, her Peeping Toms,—“compact of thankless earth,” who bored moral auger-holes in fear, and spied. Her nudeness was more complete than hers of Coventry, by as much as ridicule is more ruthless than coarse curiosity.

Not merely the delicacy of her “inmost bower,” but all the protection of her forlornness, she exposed naked to the town, to take that tax away; and when it was removed, she could not hope to build herself “an everlasting name.” Ah, no! Godiva of Hendrik may not live in any “city’s ancient legend.” This poor story must be all her monument; let us lay the cap-stone, then.

\* \* \* \* \*



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All the angers of scorn in Hendrik were pointed at Miss Wimple; all the sharp tongues of Hendrik hissed at her; and her good name fell at once into the portion of the vilest weeds. Simon Blount saw and heard, and his soul was sorely troubled. Like all *true* love, loyal and vigilant, his love for Sally was clear-sighted and sagacious. Infatuation is either gross passion or pretence,—the flash and bogus jewelry of the heart; but true love, though its eyes may ache with the seeing, sees ever sharply. All beautiful examples teach that the blindness of Love is not a parable, but an imposture; and Simon saw that Sally was in a false position,—false to herself and to him; for she denied him that confidence which he had a right to share, sharing, as he did, all the scandal and the scorn; and in that, she was unconsciously unjust. She denied herself the aid and comfort of his tender counsel and his approbation, the protection of his understanding and believing, when for him to understand and believe was for her to be safe and bold. For even the pride of Sally Wimple, overdone, could become arrogance; even her disinterestedness, intemperately indulged in, could take on the form of selfishness.

Simon went to Sally, and said: “Tell me what all this means.” But Sally, weak now in her very strength, said: “Nothing! Let my ways be my own ways still; I alone am answerable for them. Is ‘believing and waiting’ so hard to do? I did not send for you.”

Then Simon conceived a tremendous *coup de coeur*, a daring one enough, as women go,—women of such stuff as the Sally Wimples of this world are made of. He said, “I will try the old trick, the foolish old trick that I always despised, but which must have something sound in it, after all, since it has served the turn, through all time, of people in my predicament.” So Simon went over (not with his heart,—trust him!—but with his legs) to Adelaide Splurge. Miss Wimple, never guessing, saw him go, and made no sign, though her heart fairly cracked: “He will return one day,” she thought; “if it be too late then, so much the better for him, perhaps.”

Of Adelaide, the town had begun, some time since, to say, that she had tired of Philip Withers,—that she did not appreciate him, could not understand him,—he was too deep for her. Foolish town! She had only found him out, and learned to hate him as fiercely as she despised him unutterably. She had truly loved the man, and her shrewd heart had played the detective for his Madeline secret.

For such a Fouche a slighter clue would have sufficed to lead to the conviction of so besotted a traitor, than many an incautious hint of his, and many a tale-telling vaunt of his irresistible egotism, afforded her; for, like all the weak wretches of his sort, there was not a more bungling lout, to try the patience of a clever man, than Philip Withers, when his game lay between his safety and his vanity.

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To Adelaide's hand Simon Blount came timely and well-trained. At once she set him on Withers, as one would hie on a good dog at a thief; and it was not long before she had the pleasure of seeing the chase brought to the ground.

Withers had heard of a graceful neck, and white, dimpled shoulders, at the Athenaeum; so accomplished a connoisseur as he must not let them pass unappreciated. So he hastened to discharge his duty to aesthetic society by honoring them with his admiration and exalting patronage. On any transparent pretext,—the more transparent the better, he thought, for the proprietress of the white shoulders and the bewitching shape, who “no doubt understood,”—he dropped in often at the little bookstore, to begin with a “how-do?” and conclude with an “*au revoir*,”—the ineffable puppy! upon whose vicious vanity the cold, still, statuesque scorn of Miss Wimple was grandly lost. At last, at the Splurge house one evening, in the presence of Adelaide and Simon, he was betrayed by his egotism into boasting, by insinuation, of certain successes at the Circulating Library most damaging to Miss Wimple's reputation for understanding and good taste; he was “in her books,” he said.

An accordant glance passed between Adelaide and Simon. When Withers retired, Simon followed him, and under Adelaide's window, and under her eyes, he boxed the ears of Philip, the Debonair. After that, Mr. Withers was discreeter.

But Miss Wimple's trial was not yet at its worst. The low-necked dress had been as unseasonable as the substitution of the hooped skirt for the quilted petticoat was imprudent. Before Madeline had been gone a week, she contracted, as was to be feared, a heavy cold, which within a month assumed a chronic bronchial form, attended with alarming symptoms. The extreme dejection of spirits, consequent upon her persecuted loneliness, had predisposed her to disease in the first place, and aggravated its character when it came.

At last she fell dangerously ill, and with the closing of the shop—for she could hire no one to attend in it—came poverty in its most dreadful form. But for the charity of her kind physician, who sent a servant-girl, a mere child, to nurse her, and daily kept her supplied with proper nourishment from his own house, she would, so it seemed to her, have died of neglect and starvation. Yet better, she thought, to depart even so, than linger on, when such lingering taxed the patience and the faith beyond the loftiest examples of religion. Miss Wimple was too stout-hearted to cry for death, though she felt, that, having lived with heroism, she could at least die with presence of mind. She waited, with a composure that had a strange quality of pride.

In her New York home, Mrs. Morris, the governess, was as happy as she dared to feel. In Mr. Osgood's family she had found all things as Miss Wimple had promised. Treated with studious deference and consideration, not unmixed with affection, she enjoyed for her secret thoughts the most privileged privacy. Her brave gratitude was superior to the distress a weaker woman might have suffered from the necessity of making Mr. Osgood

unreservedly acquainted with her story, in order to enlist his aid to procure tidings of Miss Wimple, whose safety, health, and happiness were now far dearer to her than her own.



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She did tell him all, and had reason to thank God for the courage that made it a possible, even an easy, thing for her to do. Her truly noble benefactor and protector, receiving her communication as if he then heard it for the first time, assured her that in thus confiding in the freedom of his mind, and in his honor, she had set up a new and stronger claim to his interest and friendly care. She had but enlarged his obligation to his until then unknown correspondent for having given his children, to whom their governess had already truly endeared herself, so admirable a teacher, so precious a friend.

[“But why,” you will ask, “did not Madeline write to Miss Wimple?” Because that provident angel had, without explanation, exacted from her a promise that she would in no case write *first*. In truth, Miss Wimple foresaw her own various suffering, and sought to spare Madeline some cruel pangs, and herself the hard trial of disingenuous correspondence.]

And Mr. Osgood would have started at once for Hendrik, where he was not personally known to any one, to procure tidings of Miss Wimple and allay the anxiety of Mrs. Morris, had Madeline not found, that very day, her name in the *Herald's* list of letters waiting to be called for in the New York Post-Office. That letter was, indeed, for Madeline, and its contents were as follows:—

“To Miss MADELINE SPLURGE,—Miss Wimple, of Hendrik, is very ill, and poor, and friendless. It has been suggested to the writer of this that you can help her. If you can, and will, there is no time to lose. A FRIEND.”

The “friend” was Simon Blount. Ever since the Athenaeum was closed, he had hung anxiously about the place, frequently dropping in upon the neighbors to ask—quite by-the-byishly, and by chance, it seemed to them—after the health of Miss Wimple; and sometimes he waylaid the little servant, as she passed to and fro between the bookstore and the doctor’s residence, and plied her with questions. On such occasions he was sure to make the little maid the depository of certain silver secrets, which forthwith she revealed to Miss Wimple in the shape of whole basketfuls of comfortable stuff, “from the Doctor.” Adelaide had given the hint for this letter. Calling at the Athenaeum one day, about a fortnight after Madeline’s departure, her quick eye caught sight of a bit of paper lying on the counter, whereon was freshly written, “Madeline Splurge.” Miss Wimple had been entering some trifling charge in the course of her small book-keeping, and, still dallying with the pen, a passing thought, less idle than anxious, had traced the name. On that slight foundation Adelaide had built a happy guess, though Simon knew it not,—and though he accepted her suggestion, it amazed him.

Let us lift the curtain now, on the last, an extraordinary, *tableau*. In the Wimple nest a strange company are met at the bidding of Madeline Splurge, who couches a flashing lance for the life and the honor of her benefactress.



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Proudly, condescendingly, haughtily superior to the least sparing of herself,—as one who stooped at the bidding of Duty,—she had told her story, from first to last, omitting nothing; with head erect, pale lips, and flashing eyes,—with a passing flush, perhaps, at the more shameful passages, but with no faltering, no dodging, no self-excusing, no beseeching,—scornfully when she spoke of home, and the beginning of the end,—redly, hatefully, wickedly dangerous, when Philip Withers came on the scene,—with tremulous lips and the low tones of Gratitude's most moving eloquence for the story of Miss Wimple and her sublimely simple sacrifice,—modestly and with grateful deference, at the mention of Mr. Osgood and his rare chivalry.

Then, taking from her bosom a small morocco pocket-book, and from the pocket-book a card, she said,—

“And now to toss that *thing* to the geese of Hendrik! Read that, slowly, distinctly, that all may hear!”—and she placed the card in Simon's hand, who ran his eye over it for a moment, then stood up, and read:—

“MADELINE,—For God's sake be merciful, be reasonable! I will comply with your hardest terms,—I will share all I possess with you, [Adelaide smiled,]—I will even marry you after a time; but do not, I implore you, in your recklessness, involve me in your unnecessary ruin; do not fling me under the playful feet of that ingenious shrew Adelaide. Meet me at the bridge tonight, in memory of our dear old love.”

“P.W.”

When Simon had read the card, he let it fall on the floor, with a gesture of disgust, and, without looking at Withers, who slunk, pitifully wilted, into a corner, returned to his place on a low stool, where he resumed his former attitude, holding the hand of Sally Wimple, who now, with closed eyes, reclined on Madeline's bosom, —that bosom that was, for her weariness, the type of the complete rest that crowns and blesses a brave struggle, —of that all-for-the-best-ness that comes of the heart's clearings-up. Only Adelaide broke the silence; with her gaze fixed full on Withers, and a triumphant sneer crowning her happy lips, she uttered one word by way of chorus,—“Joseph!”

At that word a faint flush flitted athwart the cheeks of Madeline, and she moved as if uneasy; but she did not speak again, nor turn her eyes to any face but Miss Wimple's.

Josephine Splurge was there; but, perceiving no opening that she could fill to advantage with a delightful quotation, and having no pickle at hand whereto she might give all her mind, she supported a graceful silence with back hair and an attitude.

Mrs. Splurge was there,—and that was all. Not clearly understanding what she was called upon to say or do under the circumstances, nor prepared to take the responsibility of saying or doing anything without being called upon, she said and did

nothing at all. Mrs. Splurge, who had had some experience in that wise, had never been of so little consequence before.



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Near the head of the bed, his looks directed toward Miss Wimple with an expression of benevolent solicitude, sat a gentleman of middle age, rather handsome, his hair inclined to gray, his attire fine, but studiously simple.

“Mrs. Morris,” he said, “may I be permitted to speak a word here?”

“Surely, Mr. Osgood.”

“Then, ladies and gentlemen, since doubtless we understand each other by this time, I think it advisable that we retire, and leave Miss Wimple to much-needed repose.”

All arose and passed out, Mrs. Splurge leading the way, Mr. Osgood holding the door. Last of all, and with a pitiful shyness, as if dodging some fresh discomfiture and exposure, came Philip Withers.

“The door is at your service, Sir,” said Mr. Osgood, as he passed; “to be sure, the window were more appropriate for your passage; but to attach importance to your existence by suddenly endangering it is an honor I am not prepared to pay you.”

Madeline remained with Miss Wimple.

Now Miss Wimple is Simon Blount’s wife, and they live with his mother. The debt of the Athenaeum is paid.

Adelaide abides at the Splurge house,—a reserved, bitter, forbidding woman.

Mrs. Splurge still lives; but that is of as little consequence as ever.

I assert it for an astonishing fact,—Philip Withers married Josephine! Truly, the ways of Providence are as just as they are inscrutable. The meanness of Withers, mated to the selfish, helpless, peevish stupidity of Josephine, made an ingenious retribution.

When I was at the opera, a few nights since, I saw in a private box a benevolent-looking gentleman of middle age, evidently well-born and accustomed to wealth. He was accompanied by a lady in elegant mourning,—a lady of decided beauty and distinguished appearance.

Miss Flora McFlimsey was there:—“That,” said she, “is Mrs. Morris, of Fourteenth Street,—a mysterious governess in the family of Mr. Osgood; and the gentleman is Mr. Osgood.”



## NATURE AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

What dost thou here, pale chemist, with thy brow  
Knotted with pains of thought, nigh hump-backed o'er  
Thy alembics and thy stills? These garden-flowers,  
Whose perfumes spice the balmy summer-air,  
Teach us as well as thee. Thou dost condense  
Healthy aromas into poison-drops,  
Narcotic drugs of dangerous strength and power,—  
And wines of paradise to thee become  
Intoxicating essences of hell.  
Cold crystallizer of the warm heaven's gold!  
Thou rigorous analyst! thou subtile brain!  
Gathering thought's sunshine to a focus heat  
That blinds and burns and maddens! What, my friend!  
Are we, then, salamanders? Do we live  
A charmed life? Do gases feed like air?  
Pray you, pack up your crucibles and go!  
Your statements are too awfully abstract;

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Your logic strikes too near our warm tap-roots:  
We shall breathe freer in our natural air  
Of common sense. What are your gallipots  
And Latin labels to this fresh bouquet?—  
Friend, 'tis a pure June morning. Ask the bees,  
The butterflies, the birds, the little girls.  
We are after flowers. You are after—what?  
Aconite, hellebore, pulsatilla, rheum.  
Take them and go! and take your burning lens!  
We dare not bask in the sun's genial beams  
Drawn to that spear-like point. Truth comes and goes,  
Life-giving in diffusion. Nature flows, extends,  
And veils us with herself,—herself God's veil.  
But you persist in opening your bladders,  
And the three gases that compose the air  
You bid us take a breath of, one by one.  
For Mother Nature you should have respect:  
She does not like these teasings and these jokes.  
Philosopher you seem; you'd state all fair;  
You would go deep and broad. You're right; but then  
Forget not there's an outer to your inner,—  
A whole that binds your parts,—a truth for man  
As well as chemist,—and your lecture-room,  
With magic vials and quaint essences  
And odors strange, may teach your students less  
Than this June morning, with the sun and flowers.

### THOMAS JEFFERSON.[1]

The biography before us is so voluminous that it can hardly maintain the popularity to which its subject entitles it. He must be a bold man, and to some degree forgetful of the brevity of life, who, for any ordinary purpose of information or amusement, undertakes to read these huge octavos. True, the theme is somewhat extended; Jefferson's life was a protracted and busy one; he took a leading part in complicated transactions, and promulgated doctrines which cannot be summarily discussed. But the author's prolixity has not grown out of the extent of his theme alone. He is both diffuse and digressive. He introduces much irrelevant matter, and tells everything in a round-about-way. By a judicious exercise of the arts of elimination and compression, we think that all which illustrates the subject might have been comprised in one volume much smaller than the smallest of these.



But Mr. Randall's most serious fault arises from his desire to be thought a fine writer. Without making long extracts, it is impossible to give any conception of the absurdities into which this childish ambition has led him. The tropes and metaphors, the tawdry tinsel, the common tricks of feeble rhetoricians are reproduced here as if they were the highest results of rhetorical art. The display is often amusing. Thus, in describing Mrs. John Adams, Mr. Randall says: "Her lofty lineaments carried a trace of the Puritan severity. They were those of the helmed Minerva, and not of the cestus-girdled Venus." We do not mention this in order to justify a strain of captious criticism, but to ask Mr. Randall, in all seriousness, how it

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was possible for him to associate a staid and sensible New England matron with Venus and Minerva? What would he say of a writer who should gravely tell us that Washington's features were those of the cloud-compelling Jupiter, not of Mars, slayer of men,—and that Franklin's countenance resembled that of the wily Ulysses, not that of the far-ruling Agamemnon? We might fill this paper with passages like the one we have quoted. What is the use of this kind of writing? It does not convey any meaning; there is no beauty in it; it increases the size and price of books; it corrupts the taste of the young, is offensive to persons of good sense, and mortifying to those who take pride in the literary reputation of their country. It is the bane of our literature. Many of our prose-writers constantly put language upon paper the use of which in ordinary life would be received by a court as evidence of insanity. If they do so for display, they take the readiest course to defeat their purpose. There is nothing so fascinating as simplicity and earnestness. A writer who has an object, and goes right on to accomplish it, will compel the attention of his readers. But it seems, that in art, as well as in morals and politics, the plainest truths are the last to be understood.

We make these strictures with reluctance. This biography, in many respects, is valuable, and Mr. Randall might easily have made it interesting. He had a subject worthy of any pen, and an abundance of new material. He does not lack skill. His unstudied passages, though never elegant, are well enough. He is industrious. Though we must dissent from some of his conclusions, he is entitled to the praise of being accurate, and is free from prejudice,—except that amiable prejudice which has been well called the *lues Boswelliana*.<sup>[1]</sup> His delineations of famous personages, though marked by the faults of which we have spoken, show quite unusual perception of character. He has a thorough appreciation of Jefferson's noblest characteristics, and an honorable sympathy with the philosophy of which Jefferson was a teacher.

[Footnote 1: *The Life of Thomas Jefferson*. By HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D. In three volumes. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1858.]

With resources and qualifications like these, he might have produced a biography which the country would have received with gratitude, and which would have conferred an enviable reputation upon him; as it is, through his neglect of a few wholesome rules which he must have learned when a school-boy, the years of labor he has spent over this book will go for nothing, and the hopes he has built upon it will be disappointed.

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There is much conflict of opinion as to the character of Jefferson, and the value of his services. We doubt whether there is another person in our history, as to whom there still exists so strong a feeling of dislike on the one hand, and of admiration on the other. By some he is regarded as a theorist and a demagogue, who, for selfish purposes, opposed the purest patriots, and disseminated doctrines which will pervert our institutions and destroy our social fabric; by others he is revered as the philosopher who first asserted the rights of man, and the statesman who first defined the functions of our government and demonstrated the principles upon which it should be administered. His detractors and admirers both bear witness to the extent and permanency of his influence. He saw all the phases of our national life. He assisted in the struggle for liberty, and in the contest which gave form to that liberty,—while it was his happy fortune to inaugurate the system by which, with occasional deviations, the republic, for more than fifty years, has been governed. He heard the discussion of the Stamp Act, and the debate on the admission of Missouri. He shared in the dispute which the establishment of the Constitution produced, and lived to witness the outbreak of the quarrel which now threatens the existence of the Constitution. His influence was felt through the whole of this long period. Nor was it confined to affairs alone. He took part in all the intellectual action of his countrymen. He was an adept in science, an ingenious mechanic, and a contributor to literature. He stimulated adventure, and was the judicious patron of architecture and the fine arts. More than any man of his day, to the labors of a practical statesman he brought a mind disciplined by a liberal philosophy; and he adorned the most exalted stations with the graceful fame of learning and polite accomplishments. It is impossible for us to touch every point of his great career. It is difficult to dwell upon a single point without being seduced into a discussion too extended for these pages. We may, however, be permitted, in a rapid manner, to present Mr. Jefferson in some of those relations which seem to us to throw the strongest light upon his character and teachings.

Peter Jefferson, the father of Thomas, was a notable man. His parents were poor, and in early life he went into the backwoods of Virginia as a surveyor. He is described as a person of great stature and strength. His mind was equally robust. He was a natural mathematician, and was remarkable for hardihood and perseverance. His temper was equable, but his passions were strong and his anger terrible. In youth his education had been neglected; but, by the wise employment of his leisure, he obtained considerable reputation for learning throughout the rude region where he lived. This huge man, with gigantic strength and fierce passions, is said to have been endowed with tender sympathies, and to have had a scholar's love for Shakspeare and Addison.

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Social distinctions were strictly observed at that day, but Peter Jefferson broke through them and married a daughter of the Randolph family.

Thomas, the third child and oldest son of this marriage, was born at Shadwell, his father's estate, on the 2d of April, 1743. The characteristics of the sire descended to the son, the physical attributes in milder, and the intellectual in more active forms. Like many men of his class, Peter Jefferson had perhaps an undue sense of the obstacles he had encountered through lack of education, and was careful to provide for that of his children. As soon as possible, Thomas was sent to school, and when nine years old, under the tuition of a Scottish clergyman, he was introduced to the study of Latin, Greek, and French. His father died when he was fourteen years old, leaving a considerable estate, and particular directions that Thomas should receive a thorough classical training. The executor had some doubt as to whether it would be prudent to send the lad to college in obedience to the paternal request; whereupon Thomas addressed him in a little argument, which is a curious exhibition of the proclivities of his mind. In the mathematical manner which afterwards became common with him, he urged that at home he would lose one fourth of his time on account of the company which was attracted by his presence, and that entertaining so many guests would be a heavier charge upon the estate than the expense of his residence at Williamsburg.

The young disputant prevailed, and, in 1760, he was sent to William and Mary College. He remained there two years. His acquirements, during this time, though probably not so great as Mr. Randall would have us believe, must have been large. He had equal aptitude for the classics and mathematics. In the latter his proficiency was remarkable, and he always retained his taste for it. Though never a critical classical scholar, he could read Latin with ease. He was conversant with French, and had some familiarity with Greek. In later life he studied Anglo-Saxon and Italian. But Jefferson terminated his collegiate course with a possession far more valuable than all the learning he could gather in the narrow curriculum of a colonial college; study had excited in him that eager thirst for knowledge which is an appetite of the mind almost as unconquerable as the appetites of the body.

After leaving college, he remained at Williamsburg, and entered the office of Mr. Wyeth, a leader at the Virginia bar. Williamsburg was the capital and the centre of the most refined society of the province. Francis Fauquier was governor. He was an Englishman, of distinguished family, who had lost a large property in a single night's play, and had taken the appointment to Virginia to repair his fortunes. To some of the vices and most of the accomplishments of a man of the world he added fine talents and many solid attainments. He was, withal, a skilful musician and a fascinating conversationist. Mr.



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Wyeth, and Dr. Small, professor of mathematics at the college, were in the habit of dining with the governor at stated times, for the purpose of conversation. Jefferson, though not yet twenty years old, was admitted to these parties. Fauquier organized a musical society, and Jefferson, who played upon the violin, belonged to this likewise. In these associations, the young student acquired the easy courtesy and conversational art which afterwards greatly contributed to his success, and distinguished him even among the gentlemen of Paris.

His life, between twenty and thirty, was judiciously employed. A closer student could hardly have been found at Edinburgh or Heidelberg. He pursued his profession persistently, and, in addition, made incursions into the fields of *belles-lettres* and political and physical science. He early conceived a prejudice against metaphysical speculation, which was never removed. We cannot believe that his partiality for romance was much greater. He undoubtedly had that appreciation of the value of this department of letters which every man of sense has, and included it within the circle of his reading because it contains much desirable knowledge. The severest criticism which can be made upon his taste for poetry is conveyed by the statement, that, when young, he admired Ossian, and, when old, admired Moore.

His summers were spent at Shadwell. The responsible charge of a large estate rested upon him, and he introduced into his affairs and studies the extraordinary system which, through life, he carried into all matters, great or small. He commenced keeping a garden-book, which, with interruptions caused by absence, was continued until he was eighty-one years old. It contains memoranda of vegetable phenomena, and statements of all kinds of information, in any way affecting the economy of horticulture. He likewise kept a farm-book. His accounts were noted, without the loss of a day, through his entire life, and every item of personal expense was separately stated. We often find entries like these: "11 d. paid to the barber,"—"4 d. for whetting penknife,"—and "1s. put in the church-box." On the 4th of July, 1776, we find:—"pd. Sparhawk, for a thermometer, L3 15s.—pd. for 7 prs. women's gloves, 27s.—gave, in charity, 1s. 6d." His meteorological register informs us, that, at 6 o'clock, A.M., of the same memorable day, the mercury stood 68 deg. above; at noon, at 76 deg.; and at 9, P.M., at 73-1/2 deg.. Entries were regularly made in this register, three times a day. Separate books were kept for special accounts, like the expenses of the Presidential mansion. In addition, he made minute records of observation in natural history, and a curious "Statement of the Vegetable Market of Washington, during a Period of Eight Years, wherein the Earliest and Latest Appearance of each Article, within the whole Eight Years, is noted." This table mentions *thirty-seven* different articles, and was compiled during his Presidency. He made a collection of the vocabularies of fifty Indian languages, and two collocations of those passages in the New Testament which contain the doctrines of Jesus. One of these, entitled, "The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth," is an octavo volume, with a

complete index. The texts are written out in Greek, Latin, French, and English, and placed in parallel columns.

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Mr. Randall makes a long argument to defend Jefferson from the common imputation, that a man who was so fond of detail could not have had much capacity for higher effort. It was hardly worth while to expose a delusion which is so apparent, especially in the case of Jefferson. Men are often seen with great aptitude for the accumulation of facts, and none for the comprehension of principles. Such men, though never great, are always useful. But the most useless and unfortunate organization is that quite common one, where a speculative mind is found which has not sufficient energy to lay hold of details. These philosophers, as the foolish call them, are the ingenious contrivers of the impracticable reforms, the crazy enterprises, and the numberless panaceas for all human ills, which are constantly urged upon the public, and which, under the name of progress, are the most serious obstacles to progress. Both faculties are necessary to one who undertakes high and useful action. Mr. Jefferson was a philosopher because he was a constant and accurate observer; he was correct in his generalizations because he was so in matters of detail.

His career at the bar was short. The acquisition of a science like the law was an easy task for a mind so ingenious and active as his. He had no talent as an advocate, but was at once successful in the more retired and not less difficult departments of the profession. During seven years' practice, his income averaged three thousand dollars a year;—a large sum then, and no mean reward at the present day.

When twenty-nine years old, he married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a young and childless widow, of great beauty. In relation to this affair a pleasant anecdote is told. Mr. Jefferson had a number of rivals. Two of these gentlemen met, one evening, in the drawing-room of Mrs. Skelton's house. While waiting for her to enter, they heard her singing in an adjoining room, and Jefferson playing an accompaniment upon the violin. There was something in the burden of the air, and in the expression with which the performers rendered it, which conveyed unpleasant suggestions; and the two suitors, after listening awhile, departed without seeing the lady. The inevitable account-book mentions the sums paid to the clergyman, fiddlers, and servants, on the occasion of the marriage.

His wife's fortune, as he informs us, doubled his own, and placed him in a position of pecuniary independence. He soon abandoned his profession, and thenceforward his career was a public one. He entered political life at the time when it first became evident that a war with England must occur, and threw himself into the extreme party. He was admirably fitted for success in a legislative body. His talents were deliberative, rather than executive. He had no power in debate, but he possessed qualities which we believe are more uniformly influential in a public assemblage,—tact, industry, a conciliatory disposition, and systematic habits of

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thought. He was always familiar with the details of legislation. The majority of the members of a legislature can seldom know much about its business. Those questions which excite popular attention and become party tests are inquired into; but most matters attract no attention and are not party tests. Only a few men of great industry and rare powers are familiar with these. In the British House of Commons, it is said, there are not more than thirty or forty such members. In either branch of our Congress the proportion is no larger. It is a great power to know that which others find it necessary to know; and if to this information one adds good judgment and a persuasive intellect, his influence will be almost unbounded. Young as he was, no one could approach Jefferson without seeing that he had read and thought much. While most of his comrades in Virginia had been wasting their youth in horse-racing and cock-fighting, he had been an enthusiastic student of books and Nature. Upon all subjects likely to excite inquiry his knowledge was full and precise, and his opinions those of a sagacious and philosophic mind. His manners were attractive; he never engaged in dispute; he expressed himself freely to those who sought his society for information or an intelligent comparison of opinion; but his lips were closed in the presence of a disputant. The patience with which he listened to others, and the modest candor with which he expressed himself, usually disarmed the contentions; when they did not, he went no farther. If his views were false, he did not wish them to prevail; if they were true, he felt certain that sooner or later they would prevail. A temperament like this might have placed a less firm man under the imputation of disingenuousness; but such an imputation could not rest upon him. No one was in doubt as to his opinions. He generally anticipated inquiry, and selected his ground before others saw that action would be necessary. There were capable lawyers and men of wide experience in our Revolutionary legislatures, but there was no one whose influence was more powerful and felt upon a greater variety of subjects than that of Jefferson.

He might, however, have possessed all of these characteristics, and enjoyed the consideration among his fellow-legislators which they confer, without being well known to the public, if he had not united to them the ability to write elegant and forcible English. The circumstances of the time made literary talents unusually valuable. The daily press has driven the essayist out of the political field. But for several generations elaborate disquisitions upon politics had been usual in England; in this regard pamphlets then occupied the place of our newspapers. Bolingbroke, Swift, Johnson, and Burke, all the serious and some of the gay writers, acquired repute by this kind of effort. Neither were the speeches of leading men circulated then as at present. At the time of the Revolution,



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an oration never reached those who did not hear it. This gave a great advantage to the writer. The pamphlets of Otis and Thomas Paine were read by multitudes who never heard a word of the eloquence of Henry and Adams. A high standard of taste had been created, and success in political dissertation was difficult, but, when obtained, it was of proportionate value, and the source of wide and permanent influence. Jefferson found a function requiring much the same talents with that of the pamphleteer, but possessing some advantages over it. The only means which the Continental Congress and the colonial legislatures had of communicating with their constituents and the mother country was by formal addresses. These documents were arguments upon public questions, possessing the force which an argument always has when it is the expression of great numbers of minds. An audience was certain. At home they were sure to be read, and in England they attracted the attention of every one connected with affairs. Jefferson's literary talents were soon discovered. One successful performance in the Virginia House of Delegates established a reputation which the Declaration of Independence has made immortal.

In every point of view, Jefferson is entitled to a high place in American literature. As a mere rhetorician, he has few equals; as a political writer, not more than two or three. An adherence to logical forms and the use of mathematical illustrations are his most noticeable faults. But they are not found in his more elaborate performances. He has the supreme merit of perfect clearness, naturalness, and grace of expression. Though never eloquent, he sometimes rises to an earnest and dignified declamation. Not infrequently he has achieved the highest success, and clothed valuable thought in language so appropriate, that the phrases have passed into the national vocabulary and become popular catchwords. His first inaugural address contains more of those expressions which are daily heard in our political discussions than any other American composition. There has been some speculation as to how it was possible for a gentleman, with no other discipline than that afforded by a colonial establishment, to obtain a mastery over so difficult an art. There is little reason for surprise. Jefferson's training had been good; he was familiar with the best models; above all, Nature had given him the qualities which, with the requisite knowledge, insure literary success,—good sense, good taste, and an ear sensitive to the melody of prose.

We do not propose to follow Jefferson throughout his political career. As to his Revolutionary services there is little difference of opinion. His course during the administrations of Washington and Adams has given occasion to most of the criticism which he has encountered. We will direct our attention chiefly to that period of his life. He appeared then as the leader of a party which was intent upon carrying certain principles into operation, and for a comprehension of his conduct an examination of those principles is necessary.

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Mr. Randall would have done a good service, if he had made a brief analysis of Jefferson's political system. It affords a fine theme and is much needed, because Jefferson himself left no systematic exposition of his doctrines. They must be sought for through a large number of state papers and a voluminous correspondence. Like all public men, he has been misrepresented both by opponents and adherents. There is a vague impression abroad that he enunciated certain liberal theories, that he was an ardent philanthropist, and that his opinions were those which have prevailed among the modern French philosophers; but the boundaries of his system do not seem to be well defined in the public mind. His theory of politics may, with sufficient accuracy, be said to be embraced in the following propositions:—First. All men are politically equal. Second. A representative government upon the basis of universal suffrage is the direct result of that equality, and the surest means of preserving it. Third. The sphere of government is limited, and its action must be confined to that sphere.

The first proposition is contained in the statement which occurs in the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal." This remark has been severely criticized, and we think there has been much confusion as to its meaning. Jefferson could not have intended to say that all men are equal in the sense of being alike. Such an assertion would be absurd. Undoubtedly he recognized, as every one must, the infinite diversity and disparity of intellectual and physical qualities. He was speaking of man in his social relations, and in the same sentence he qualified the general assertion by particularizing the respects as to which the quality exists,—saying, that men "are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The equality of which he spoke does not consist in equal endowments, but in equal rights,—in the right of each man to the enjoyment of his individual gifts, whatever they may be.

The proposition, that a representative government upon the basis of universal suffrage is the direct result of man's equality and the surest means of preserving it, opens a wide field for discussion, into which we will not enter. It is not peculiar to Jefferson. We must, however, remark, that he did not hold the extreme opinions upon this subject which have been attributed to him. He thought that popular institutions could be established, and the elective franchise safely made universal, only in an intelligent and virtuous community. In France he advised La Fayette and Barnave to be contented with a constitutional monarchy. When the South American States rebelled, and Clay and many other statesmen were enraptured with the prospect of a Continent of Republics, Jefferson declared that they were not prepared for republican governments, and could not maintain them. At the same time, he was very far from thinking, as some of our modern writers do, that men can become fit for freedom by remaining slaves.

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The third proposition, that the sphere of government is limited and its action should be confined to that sphere, is the one to the illustration of which Mr. Jefferson specially devoted himself. Upon his services in this respect rest his claims to consideration as a political philosopher.

It has been the custom to think that the government was the only source of honor; it is still looked upon as the source of the highest honor. By barbarians the monarch is deified. In many civilized countries of our own time kings are said to rule by special favor of the Deity; no one stands erect, no loud word is spoken in their presence; and, indeed, everywhere they are approached with a reverence so great that more could hardly be shown to God himself. This homage is not given on account of eminent personal attributes. These persons are well understood to be often mean in mind and meaner in morals. The same feeling is shown towards other high officials. To be in the public service is eagerly coveted; such employment attracts the finest minds, and is most munificently rewarded. It is so in this country. We are accustomed to confer upon official characters honors which we would refuse to a Shakspeare or a Newton. Yet it is well known, that, while the comprehension and elucidation of the great laws which govern society are a labor which will task the strength of the strongest, in ordinary times affairs may be, and generally are, quite acceptably administered by men of no marked intellectual superiority. It is not necessary to say that the sentiment must be wrong which leads us to such strange errors, —which obliterates the broadest distinctions, and persuades us to give to feebleness and vice rewards which should be given to genius and virtue alone.

For the wisest purposes, the Creator has planted within us an instinctive disposition to revere the illustrious of our kind. To win that admiration is the most powerful incentive to action,—it is the ardent desire of passionate natures. The sweet incense of popular applause is more delicious than wine to the senses of man. Deservedly obtained, it heals every wound, and soothes all pain; nay, the mere hope of it will steel him against every danger, and sustain him amidst disease, penury, neglect, and oppression. To bestow this reverence is a pleasure hardly less exquisite. While we commune with the intellects and contemplate the virtues of the great, some portion of their exceeding light descends upon us, their aspiring spirits enter our breasts and raise us to higher levels. But to yield our homage to those who do not deserve it is to pervert a pure and noble instinct. We cannot worship the degraded, except by sinking to lower depths of degradation.

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When one considers that the admitted functions of government have been almost without limit, this mistaken sentiment is not to be wondered at. Why should not they who are able to provide for every want of the body or soul be revered as Superior beings? Governments have established creeds, and set bounds to science; they have been the censors of literature, and held men in slavery; they have told the citizen how many meals to eat, how many prayers to say, how to wear his beard, and in what manner to educate his children; there is no action so trivial, no concern so important, nor any sentiment so secret, that the governing power has not interfered with and sought to control it. This system has invariably failed; constantly coming in contact with each man's sense of individuality, it has been the prolific source of revolutions, despotisms, the ruin of states, the extirpation of races,—and in its mildest forms, where life has been preserved, everything which makes life desirable has been destroyed. In most countries this system still exists to a great degree, nor is there any country whence it is entirely eradicated.

Seeing the constant and uniform occurrence of these evils, Mr. Jefferson was led to believe that they were not caused by a remediable imperfection in the existing system, but by radical defects. He concluded that they were produced by an attempt on the part of government to do what it could not,—that the power of government was limited by absolute and inherent laws, like those which limit the strength of man,—and that there were certain functions belonging to government, in going beyond which it not only failed of its purpose, but did positive harm. In this view, the definition of these functions becomes a task of great difficulty and involves the whole science of politics. We cannot follow his entire line of argument, and without detail there is danger that our statement will not be sufficiently qualified. His general theory, however, is simple, and is drawn from his first proposition as to the equal rights of man. He held that the object of society is the preservation of these great rights. Since experience teaches us, that, however incompetent we may be to decide upon the interests of others, we are able to regulate our own, this social purpose will be best accomplished by leaving to each one all the liberty consistent with the general safety. Security, being the only common object, should be the sole duty of the common agent. The government being confined to the performance of this negative duty, it must not exercise its power except when necessary. The inquiry, Is it necessary? not, Is it advantageous? is the test to be applied to every measure. The rigid application of this rule excludes the state from any interference with commerce and industry,—from all matters of religion and opinion,—and limits its financial operations to providing in the most direct manner for its own support. But it is to be noticed, that it is consistent with this scheme, and indeed the fruit of it, that, in the sphere which it does occupy, the government should be absolute.

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Mr. Jefferson formed the governmental machinery in strict accordance with this principle. As many measures are necessary for one portion of a community and not for another, he insisted that local affairs should be placed in the hands of local authorities. The integrity of his system depends not only upon the limitation of the governing power, in a general sense, but as well upon the division and dispersion of it.

The principal exception which Jefferson made was in respect of education. But, according to his view, this can hardly be regarded as an exception. The general safety depends so directly upon that recognition of mutual rights which is not to be found except among intelligent men, that he advised the establishment, not only of common schools, but likewise of colleges and schools of Art.

To those who objected, that this system would limit the action and decrease the splendor of a nation, Jefferson replied, that its effects were quite the reverse. In proportion as a government assumes the duties which ought to be performed by the citizen, it acts as a check upon individual and national development. Under a despotism, culture must be confined to a few, nor can there be much variety of effort and production. Under a government which is confined to its proper field, the talents of each man may be freely used, and he will not be forced into relations for which he is unsuited. The absurd prejudice, that public employment is the most honorable, will pass away. The man of letters and the man of science, the poet, the artist, and the inventor, the financier, the navigator, the merchant, every one who performs beneficial service and displays great qualities, will be rewarded. Every one who is conscious that he possesses such qualities will be stimulated to strive for that reward. This universal action will give birth to all the things which adorn a state. Social disturbances will excite investigation, and evils which governments have never been able to reach may be removed. Competition will make the accumulation of large estates difficult, property will be equalized, but no motive to effort destroyed. Science will be encouraged. Every day will add to the number of those contrivances which facilitate labor, increase production, lessen distance, and raise man from the degradation of an existence wholly occupied with providing for his physical wants. Under these elastic laws, religion, philanthropy, art, learning, the social amenities, the domestic influences, all humanizing agents, will have opportunity and work harmoniously for the advancement of the race.

It will be seen that Mr. Jefferson's political system was that which, in the language of the modern schools, is called individual theory. It has been said, that it is based upon too favorable an estimate of human character, and that he obtained it from the French philosophers.

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It seems to us that the reproach of Utopian opinions may more justly be thrown upon his opponents. The latter do not escape the evil from which they fly. They proceed upon the belief that man is unfit for self-government; but since every government is one of men, if he cannot control himself, how shall he rule over others? Whatever may be said about the superiority of men of genius, it is certain that there never has existed an intellect capable of providing for all the minute and varying necessities of each individual among many millions. The history of legislation shows that the best-disciplined minds find it difficult to devise a single statute affecting a single interest which will be precise in its terms and equal in its operation. These railers at the majority of their kind seem to expect in the minority a greater than human perfection. Mr. Jefferson proceeded upon a mere moderate estimate of the abilities, and a more just appreciation of the weakness of men. It is *because* we are easily led astray and blinded by passion, that he thought us unfit to govern others, and that we should limit our efforts to self-government. His confidence in man was no greater than that which is the foundation of Christianity. The whole Christian scheme is one of the broadest democracy. The most important truths are there submitted to the general judgment and conscience of mankind, with no other recommendation than their value and the force of the evidence by which they are attested. Can it be said that we are not fit to decide upon a tax, yet are fit to decide our fate for all the mysterious future? If Jefferson was an enthusiast, every clergyman who calls his bearers to repentance must be mad. He did have confidence in his fellows,—he did believe that we are not helpless slaves of sin, that the evils which afflict us are not inevitable,—and that we have power to lead lives of justice and virtue. Who will accuse him because of this confidence?

The charge of French principles originated in a political contest. It was true in the narrow application which it had at first, but false in that which was afterwards given to it. There is a marked distinction between him and the politicians of France. Rousseau, perhaps the ablest, certainly the most popular, of those who preceded the Revolution, is an example. The *Contrat Social* constantly carries the idea, that the government is the seat of all power and the source of all national action. No suggestion is made, that there are individual functions with which the state cannot interfere to advantage. The same opinions prevailed among the Encyclopedists and Economists, they were announced by the Gironde and the Mountain, and practically carried out by Robespierre and Barras. The Girondists made cautious approaches towards federalism, but one looks in vain through the speeches of Vergniaud for an intimation of individualism. The modern *doctrinaires* have retained the same

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principles. Legitimists, Imperialists, Republicans, Socialists, and Communists are all in favor of a centralized and unlimited government. The last two classes wish to exercise the governing power upon the minutest details of life,—to establish public baths, shops, theatres, dwellings, to control the amusements and direct the occupations of the citizen, and to divide his social status by law. Comte himself, whose general system might be expected to lead him to a different conclusion, outdoes them all, and proposes to prescribe creeds, establish fasts, feasts, and forms of worship, and even to name those who shall receive divine honors. There is no trace here of that scrupulous regard for personal independence and that invincible distrust of governmental action which characterized Jefferson. It is true, he and the Gallic writers agreed upon certain fundamental propositions; but they were peculiar neither to him nor them. Some of the same principles were announced by Locke and Beccaria, by Hobbes, who maintained the omnipotence of the state, and by Grotius, who insisted upon the divine right of kings. To agree with another upon certain matters does not make one his disciple. No one mistakes the doctrines of Paul for those of Mohammed, because both taught the immortality of the soul. To confound Jefferson with Rousseau or Condorcet is about as reasonable as to confound Luther with Loyola, or Ricardo with Jeremy Bentham.

Although we deny that Jefferson was indebted to France for his political system, it cannot be claimed that he was the author of it. He himself used to assert, that the scheme of a limited and decentralized government was produced by the events which caused the settlement of the country and the subsequent union of the colonies. The emigration to America was stimulated by the great Protestant and Catholic dispute which occupied Europe nearly two centuries, and during which time the original thirteen colonies were founded. The sentiment of religious freedom was the active principle of all the alliances, wars, intrigues, and adventures of that stormy period. The rights of conscience were maintained, in defiance of the rack and the stake. They were stubbornly asserted in regard to the smallest matters. Lines of separation, so fine as hardly to be perceptible, were defended to the last. The Catholic was not more irreconcilably opposed to the Protestant, than the Lutheran to the Quaker, or the Puritan to the Baptist. Men who differed merely about the meaning of a single passage of Scripture thought each other unfit to sit at the same table. The immigrants were exiles. By the conditions under which they acted, as being from the defeated party, and as being among those whom defeat did not subdue, they must have had the enthusiasm of their time in its most earnest form. Each man came here intent upon his right to worship God in his own way. *That* he could never forget. It had been impressed upon him by everything which can affect the understanding or touch the heart of man,—by the memory of success and defeat,—by his own sufferings and the martyrdom of his brethren,—by Bunyan's fable and by Milton's song.



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But they did not lack bigotry. They were as ready to persecute those who differed with them here as they had been at home. The last and greatest social truth, that the surest way of protecting our own liberties is by respecting those of others, was forced upon the colonists. So general had been the stimulants to emigration, that every European sect and party was represented in America. Hither came Calvinists and Lutherans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Conformists and Non-Conformists, the precise Quaker and the elegant Huguenot, those who fled from the tyranny of Louis and those who fled from the tyranny of Charles, worshippers of the Virgin and men who believed that to kneel before a crucifix was as idolatrous as to kneel before the seven-headed idols of Hindostan. These sects and parties were so equally balanced that toleration became a necessity. Seeing that they could not oppress, men were led to think oppression wrong, and toleration was exalted to a virtue. The theocratic spirit which prevailed at first passed away, and the great principle was established that governments have nothing to do with religion. It does not require much penetration to discover that a government which has unlimited power over the person and property of the citizen will not long respect the scruples of his conscience. Religious liberty gave birth to political freedom. The separation of the settlements from each other, even in the same establishment, made local provisions necessary for defence, and for the transaction of local business, and led to the division of the government.

When united action was necessary, the colonies did not attempt to reconcile their differences; they made a union for those purposes which were common to all. The general principles which were asserted during the Revolution were logical necessities of that event. It was a rebellion against an unjust exercise of power. Why unjust? For no other reason than because the Americans had an equal right with Englishmen to govern themselves. But that right must be one which was common to all men. The rebels knew this. They did not follow Burke through his labored argument to prove that the measures of the British ministry were inexpedient. They could not defend their conduct before the world upon the narrow ground of a violation of the relations between a dependency and its mother country. Those relations were not understood, and such a defence would not have been listened to. They appealed at once to the laws of God, and for their justification addressed those universal human instincts which give us our ideas of national and individual freedom. The declaration that men are created equal excited no surprise *then*. They believed it without a thought that it had entered the mind of a fantastic recluse in the retirement of *l'Hermitage*, and, in obedience to that belief, they severed the ties of tradition and kindred, exposed their homes and the lives of those whose lives were dearer to them than their own to the rage of civil war, and placed all they hoped for and everything they loved upon the perilous hazard of the sword.



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At such a time Jefferson was led to the pursuit of politics. He was not in the situation of one who, in disgust at the misery which surrounds him, retires to his study, and, from the impulses of a kind heart, the dreams of poets, and the speculations of philosophers, fashions a society in which there is neither envy, anger, ambition, nor avarice, but where, amid Arcadian joys, all men live in peace and happiness. He was compelled to think because he had need to act, —to make real laws for real societies. To do this, he did not meditate upon human frailty and perfectibility; he did not attempt to frame institutions carefully graduated to suit the dissimilar dispositions, faculties, and desires of men. In the spirit with which he had observed the phenomena of Nature in order to discover the laws which produced them, he inspected the social phenomena of his country to learn the laws by which it might be governed. He studied the processes by which a few hamlets, hastily built upon a savage shore, had grown into powerful communities,—by which the heirs to centuries of bitter recollections had been made to forget the jealousies of race, the enmities of party, the bad hatred of sect, and united into one brotherhood for the accomplishment of a common and noble purpose. He took man as he found him, and believed he could govern himself because he had done so. He endeavored to give symmetry to the system which was already established. It is not strange that in this way he arrived at rules of policy, and assisted to put in operation a government, more perfectly adapted to our wants, more nicely adjusted to our strength and our weakness, giving freer opportunity to individual effort, and more firmly establishing national prosperity, better able to resist sedition or foreign assault, than any which painful toil has created, or the imaginations of the benevolent conceived, from the days of Plato to those of Fourier.

In our next number we shall allude to certain questions, raised by Mr. Randall's book, connected with the early politics of the country; and we shall likewise undertake the more pleasing task of describing the domestic life and the character of Jefferson.

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### **A PRISONER OF WAR.**

Ruegen is a small island, and its chief town is named Ruegen also. They are both part of Prussia, as they were in 1807, when Prussia and France were at war. At that time Herr Grosshet was burgomaster, and a very important burgomaster, it should be understood,—taking in proof thereof Herr Grosshet's own opinion on the subject. According to the same high authority the burgomaster was also wondrously sharp; and the consequence of the burgomaster's sharpness was, that an amount of smuggling went on in the town which was simply audacious. None knew better than the burgomaster that the smuggling was audacious; scarcely a shopkeeper he knew, but laughed to his nose; but his dignity was so great, and he had made the central authority believe so strongly in him, that he could not lay a complaint; and the consequence of *that* was, that, though the townspeople laughed at their mayor, they would not have

parted with him on any account. Not a soul in the town but knew of the smuggling, — not a soul who, publicly, was in the least aware of that illegality.



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Bertha, as she was commonly called, did not positively belong to the town, but she had lived in it for sixteen years,—at the beginning of which time a very great commotion was created by her discovery, at the age of three, sitting staring on the sea-beach.

She was adopted by the town generally; for there were kind hearts in it,—as most towns have, for that matter; but she was specially adopted by Frau Klass, who took her home and straightway reared her, under the name of Bertha,—for the reason that she had once had a daughter with that name. The new Bertha in time met with a proposal from a flaxen-haired young sailor named Daniel, who left Ruegen the next day with a considerably lightened heart. When the foundling had reached nineteen, three things had happened:—Dan had been away three years, and the town had given him up forever; Bertha's mother was no more; and Bertha rather found it her duty to submit to be married to the most odious of his sex, Jodoque by name,—a man who was detested by no one more heartily than by Bertha herself.

I say Bertha found it her duty to be married, and thus:—Frau Klass called Jodoque her nephew, and tried to justify a testament in Bertha's favor by suggesting to her the compensation to her nephew of marrying him. Thus Frau Klass tried to follow both her inclination and her duty, and died serenely at a great age,—assuring Bertha with her last breath that Daniel must be dead, and that Jodoque was an admirable youth, when known, and not at all poor.

So Bertha came into possession of a little farm and a little house. *She* tried to reconcile duty with inclination by suggesting to Jodoque the propriety of waiting; and he *had* waited, till he began to question the probability of his ever entering upon the tenancy of his late aunt's farm.

But Bertha at last yielded a consent; and the entire town, ever bearing in mind its universal parentage of Bertha, determined to go to great lengths of rejoicing on the wedding-day; and the burgomaster, a fool and a good man, was certainly not indifferent.

I have said France and Prussia were at war at this time; and, indeed, there were a score of young French prisoners at the fort,—or rather, nineteen, for one got away the very day before that mentioned as Bertha's wedding-day. Two hours after his escape he was kissing the hand of Bertha herself, who had promised him her protection, and hidden him in Frau Klass's own dark room.

Bertha had served the young Frenchman—who shall be called Max—with his breakfast, and was sitting in her porch, wondering about a good many things, when Herr Jodoque arrived. She was thinking how she should get the prisoner away,—what would be said of her, if found out,—how decidedly odious Jodoque was,—how handsome the Frenchman was,—and how she thought he was better-looking even than Daniel, the sailor who had been away three years.



So Herr Jodoque came up to the door of the little cottage, bringing with him a basket. Jodoque believed in the burgomaster as a grand man, and though nobody knew better than Jodoque that he was not very clever, he rather tried in manner to imitate the important mayor.



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It is, and was, the custom in Ruegen for the bridegroom to make a present, in a fancy basket, to the bride; and that the town might not talk, Jodoque brought *his* bride a basket, though it was not particularly large, nor was it particularly heavy.

Here is an inventory of its contents, which, with itself, Jodoque laid down with considerable effect:—*Imprimis*,—one piece of cloth, on the use of which Jodoque gave an essay. *Item*,—three cards of knitting-wool, for mittens. *Item* and *finis*,—one white rabbit, the skin of which, Jodoque suggested, would make him a cap.

“Good!” said Bertha;—“Jodoque,” she added.

“My angel!”

“You know Madame Kurrig’s?”

“At the very other end of the town?”

“Go there!”

“Go there, angel?—why?”

“The silver teapot”—

“My sil—my aunt’s silver teapot?”

“Just so,—Madame Kurrig”—

“Has got it?—I go!—My aunt’s silver teapot!”

He ran down the little road towards the silver teapot,—for, indeed, Madame Kurrig did not bear a superior character,—but he had not proceeded far when he came upon the burgomaster, who was in great tribulation. Only nineteen prisoners were at the fort, and the governor had sent down a rather imperative message to the mayor, who, replying that his loyal town could not conceal a fugitive, met with such an answer as he had never received before in all his life. It is a deplorable fact that he and the town were recommended to go to a place, a visit to which the burgomaster at least hoped he should not be compelled to make.

The burgomaster was in the habit of asking people’s opinions and never listening to their answers, and he now asked Jodoque what he was to do. Jodoque suggesting that the mayor could not want advice, the mayor admitted there was something in that,—but still a word was a word. Things, in fact, were in a pretty state, for the burgomaster, now he had to do with the escape of a French prisoner. And this was the case. The French were off the town, and at that time the French had the luck to be generally sure in the matter of victory. Now if the French took the town, and learned that the burgomaster



had taken a Frenchman, (for the burgomaster felt sure he could recover the runaway, if he chose,) the burgomaster would perform that *pas seul* upon the ambient air which is far from a pleasant feat; while if the French did *not* take the town, and it was brought home to him that he had neglected the duties of his office, he would lose the position of burgomaster and be a degraded man.

Jodoque sadly wanted to reach Madame Kurrig's, but the burgomaster sadly wanted help,—though he would not confess it openly;—so he hooked himself on to Jodoque and uttered this sentence,—“And this detested smuggler, too!”—The effect of which was, that Jodoque became utterly pale and trembled violently. This behavior the burgomaster attributed to his own proper presence, and asked himself, —Could he survive degradation? No, better the tight-rope performance! So he made up his mind to recapture the missing Frenchman.



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He, meantime, being a blithe, courageous young midshipman, was gayly chattering with his protectress. There he was laughing at her good-naturedly as she trembled for his sake, and chattering broken German as best he could. Wealth is a good thing, and health a better; but surely high spirited hope is worth more than the philosopher's stone.

"No, Mademoiselle,—I could bear the dark room no longer. Better an hour in the light of your blue eyes than an age in that dark room!"

"Still—nevertheless—it is dangerous to leave the room. The burgomaster"—

"Cannot see all the way here from the town; besides, if he could, your presence would dazzle him, and I should be safe."

"So you can trust your secret with me,—a woman?"

"I would trust it with two women,—three,—for with every disclosure there would be a fear the less that I should be found. You cannot comprehend that,—now consider."

"La! I cannot."

"How good you are! How would they punish you, if they learned the truth?"

"Oh, a good heart—I do think I have a good heart—don't weigh this way and that when there is a good action to be done."

"And done for the sake of a poor stranger."

"Stranger? Nonsense! I meet you,—you are in misfortune; therefore we are old friends. And an old friend may surely lend a room to her old friend."

"And your name?"

"They call me Bertha."

"And you are single?"

"If you ask me that question an hour hence, I shall say, 'No.'"

"No!—the only harsh word you have used."

"Why harsh?"

"Well, shut up in a dark room, you have your thoughts to yourself; and you think, and think, and think again; and you always think of the same thing; and then—then you wake up, and there's an end to your dream."



“And how do you know I have not dreamt?—The clothes I got for you fit you well; you look a German. Ah, you make a grimace!”

“So, you are going to be married.”

“In one hour—less five minutes.”

“Ah! which way am I to go?”

“Straight back into the house.”

“Nonsense!—I should compromise you.”

“The house is mine; surely I may do as I like with it.”

“And when may I reach the coast?”

“When the night reaches us.”

“Good!—and—and good-bye!”

“Well,—yes,—good-bye, I suppose,—and—and promise me one thing?”

“I do promise.”

“Don't look at him.”

“Him! Whom?”

“My husband—who is coming.”

“He is so handsome?”

“Oh, magnificent! Good-bye! good-bye!”

Here he ran back into the dark room, while Bertha, who was a spoiled child, if the truth may be told, pulled moodily at one of the two long, black plaits of hair she wore. And it must be set down, sad as it is, that, seeing Jodoque coming up the road to claim her, accompanied by a sailorly-looking personage, she went in and shut the door with a deal of vigor.



## Page 101

The sailorly-looking personage was young, broad-chested, handsome, and had not been in that part of Prussia for some six years. Jodoque, prompted to sudden hospitality, had offered the sailorly personage a seat at his marriage dinner-table, and he, with a great laugh, accepted the invitation. He strolled leisurely on by the side of the bridegroom, until he heard the bride's name, when behold the effect produced! For he started back, and at first showed signs of choking his informant. However, after an awkward stare, he moved on again.

They soon came up to the door, and Jodoque was wondering why his bride did not open it wide to him, when a bright, stout little woman, dressed out in her best, came tripping through the garden-gate, through which the two had just passed. This little woman's name was Doome;—nobody knew why she was called Doome, but everybody called her Doome, all over the little town.

“Good morning, gentlemen! God preserve you, Jodoque! Good morning, Bertha!”—for here the door opened.

As she opened and appeared at the door, the sailor looked hard at her; but she did not start as she returned his look. *He* thought all women were alike and forgot; but if this broad-chested sailor could have seen his own blue jacket of six years before, perhaps it would have been a good argument to induce him to pardon Bertha's forgetfulness.

“Good day, Miss!” said he, and brushed his cap from his head.

The same explanation touching the sailor's presence was then given to Bertha that I have given to you,—given as the whole party were welcomed into the plain little house by its very far from plain mistress.

“Do you remember faces, Mistress?” said the sailor to Doome.

“Yes, friend sailor.”

“Do you remember them for six years?”

“La! no woman can remember for six years,” said Doome.

“I think *you* could, Mistress,” said the sailor.

And thereupon the stout little Doome blushed and curtsied.

Meanwhile the bride was thinking of the young Frenchman, and how she could keep her secret, with half the town at the house and about it, as there would be in another half-hour. She thought more of the young stranger every moment, and especially when she gazed upon her future,—which seemed to grow more disagreeable each time she looked at it.



The young sailor, keeping his eyes away from Bertha,—who set to work drawing a huge mug of beer, in which piece of hospitality Jodoque hoveringly helped her,—and addressing himself to Doome, said,— “Do you know, I was nearly snapped up by a shark some months ago?”

With a sympathetic shudder the little woman replied, “The shark was doubly cruel—who could—who could take out of the world so—so fine a young man!”

“Ah! I wish he had!”

“Wish he had?”

“Yes,—his teeth wouldn’t have been half so sharp as the teeth biting away at my heart now!”



## Page 102

“Dear!”

“Have you ever had a lover?”

Here the little woman laughed outright. A lover! She could have honestly answered, “Yes,” if the handsome sailor had asked her if she had had several score. A lover, indeed!

“Ah! well, suppose you only had one, when you were a poor girl, and he left you, what then?”

“Oh, I’d kill him first, and cry myself dead afterwards.”

“Well, *my* sweetheart has gone from me.”

“What! what!—given *you* up for *any one*?”

“Yes, and—and—I don’t think he’s my master,—unless it’s in dollars.”

“Ah!—And who saved you from the shark?”

“A young French officer,—bless him! He harpooned my sealy friend, and found a friend for life,—though it a’n’t much a poor sailor-fellow can do for an officer. And, though we’re at war with the French, I’d be hanged sooner than fire at his ship.”

Here Bertha, assisted by Jodoque, set the big jug down upon the table with a bang. And here, too, something fell down in a neighboring room,—precisely as though a person, journeying in a dark chamber, had upset a heavy wooden chair. The noise sent Doome right into the sailor’s arms, and also sent Jodoque right behind Bertha, who turned pale.

“There’s some one in the room,” said Jodoque.

“No, no!” said Bertha—“’tis poor aunt’s room; no one goes there. It’s only the rats,—that’s all,—only the rats.”

For a stranger, the sailor showed a great deal of curiosity; for he turned very red, and said, “Suppose you look and see.”

“Oh, no, no! Never mind. ’Tis only rats. No one ever goes into that room. My dear, dear guardian died in that room.”

“Yes, Mistress,” said the sailor, “but rats don’t throw down chairs and tables.”

“No, surely no!” said Jodoque.



“And if the house were mine,” said the sailor, suiting the action to the word, “why, I’d go up to the door like this,—and I’d put my hand on the latch, and click it should go,—and —”

Bertha ran up to the door too, laid her hand upon the sailor’s arm, and drew him away, as he quite willingly let her. Indeed, he trembled and looked pleadingly at her, as she touched him; and he murmured to himself, “Six years make a good deal of change.”

“You, a guest, have no right to touch that door.”

“If I were your husband, I should have.”

“Surely,—but you are not.”

“Yes, but this honest man here is as good as your husband.”

“No!”

“No?” said the other three; and Jodoque, but for presence of mind, might have overthrown the big jug of beer.

“No,—for, truly, I’m not going to marry Jodoque.”

“Not going to marry me?”

“Not going to marry him?—Why, as sure as you call me Doome, there are the townfolk, and the musicians, and the good father, and the burgomaster, all with their faces already turned this way, I would wager these new ribbons of mine!”



## Page 103

“Let them all come!”

“To send them back again?”

“No, to witness my marriage.”

“And who’s the bridegroom?”

“Somebody all of you have forgotten.”

“No,” said Doome, “I never forget a soul.”

“Do you remember the poor sailor-boy Daniel?”

“I never saw him,” said Doome. “No, friend sailor, you need not squeeze my hand,—I never did see him.”

“Well, he has grown a man, and has come home.”

“Then,” said Jodoque, “I suppose *I* may go home.”

“Come home?—where *is* he?—Still, my sailor friend, I can’t tell why you should tremble.”

“Yes, he has come home; and if he will have me, I will marry him.”

“And he’ll have a good wife, Bertha,” said the sailor, and he made a movement as though about to run to the girl; but little Doome, too impulsive to think about the Fraeulein Grundei, enthusiastically clasped the arms of her friend’s eulogizer.

“Yes,—marry him!—and at this moment he is in that room! And now any one of you may open the door.”

“Open the door?—I’ll smash the door!” said the sailor, roughly pushing the girl away from him. “So, Daniel is there, is he? Well, let him come!”

He ran up to the door, threw it open, and there, standing just within, was the young French prisoner of war.

“Good morning, all!” he said.

“You are Daniel, are you?” said the sailor, drawing the other forward to the light. “You are Daniel, are you?”

He dragged him near the window and looked quickly at him. Then he turned pale himself, and wrung his hand.



“Yes!” said he, “yes!—it *is* Daniel himself,—the very Daniel!”

“Ah! so much the better!” said Doome.

“Daniel? the *very* Daniel?” said Bertha, faintly, and turned paler yet.

“I know you, comrade,” said the sailor, aside,—“I know you. You are the French officer who has escaped, but I’m down in your log for a lump of gratitude; and so, you are Daniel. When a fellow saves you from a shark, perhaps you’ll be as willing to give him your name.”

“And why am I to take your name?”

“To give it to Bertha, there!”

“Give it to Bertha?”

“Yes! Sign the contract, which the burgomaster has in his pocket; sign it as Daniel;—’tis your only chance. And when you are gone, I have paid my debt. And don’t let us cross each other again. You gave me my life, but that is no reason you should rob me of my wife!”

“Rob you of your wife?”

“Yes, of Bertha, who loved me six years ago!”

“Why, she has barely known me six hours!”

“True, but she loves you six times as much as she does the memory of Daniel!”

“But I do not care for her, beyond gratitude for sheltering me from pursuit.”

“Oh, she has enough love for two of you!”

“Well, to me, one wife or another,—and she is a nice girl,—and, friend Daniel, where shall we go?”



## Page 104

“We?—who?”

“My wife and I,” said the other, laughing

“You, comrade? I will manage for you; but your wife will stop here.”

“Stop here?”

“Why, you don’t suppose I can give up the good girl I have loved for the six years I’ve been rolling over the seas! ’Tis true, she doesn’t remember me, and thinks me dead; but when she learns the truth, all the old love will come back; and she will like me none the less for aiding you. The burgomaster, who shall be in the plot, shall marry you to *my wife*,—and when you are gone, God speed you! The burgomaster will set all that right, as he can; and Bertha and I will often talk, in our seaside cot, of the French officer that we saved.”

Here Doome interrupted the dialogue; for she could not conquer her curiosity farther. So she came up, and complimented the French officer (who was to be called Daniel) on his marriage. “To be sure, he had almost forgotten German; for, as Bertha said, he had left home almost before he could speak like a man, and had been in the French service,—and so there it was! No doubt, now he had come back to Germany, he would soon learn German again, and speak it like a native;—eh, friend sailor?” “What, little one? I didn’t hear you.”

The “little one,” not dissatisfied at that term, flounced round, and then gave a little scream,—for all the neighbors, with the burgomaster at their head, were approaching the little house. When they arrived, and the change of husbands was announced, not a neighbor but framed a little mental history,—and, indeed, Jodoque cut rather a ridiculous figure. As for the burgomaster,—who knew the real Daniel, having discoursed with him about the French fleet riding off the island, that very morning,—his dignity prevented him from suddenly spoiling matters. Before he could sufficiently recover himself from the blow which his dignity had received, Daniel came up to him and said these two words,—“Your neck!”

“What do you mean, young man?”

“Suppose the French took Ruegen?”

“Well, suppose they did?”

“And suppose you had caused the recapture of a French officer?”

“I haven’t the least idea that I have caused a recapture; but suppose so?”

“Well, and if he was hung, and if the French took the place, you’d be hung too.”



“What do you mean, young man?”

“That man over there is the French officer who has escaped.”

“Good gracious me!”

“Yes, and you must suppose him to be me. Marry him to Bertha, and help him to escape to the French fleet.”

“No!—on the faith of a burgomaster, no!—on the word of a German, no!”

“But your neck?”

“I don’t care. The French may not take the place.”

“And the French may. Who’ll be the wiser, burgomaster?”

“My conscience, young sailor.”

“And you’ll save a man.”

“Oh, dear! dear! dear!”



## Page 105

“Here! the best table for the burgomaster! The handsomest chair for the burgomaster! Make a good pen for the burgomaster!”

“Oh, dear! dear! dear!”

The burgomaster then, in the homely German fashion, asked the usual questions, filled up the marriage-contract, and then handed the pen to the bride. She trembled rather as she put her name to the paper, but not so much as the young sailor.

As for the Frenchman, he hesitated before he put his name down,—and when he had done so, he flung the pen away, as though he had done wrong. One hour after that, these two young people were married in the village church.

The little village festivities which followed need not be dwelt upon; but imagine the summer-evening come, and Daniel and the French officer stealing down to the rocky beach. The young sailor showed a deal of doubtful feeling as he saw the tearful energy with which little Bertha parted with her make-believe husband; and when little Doome, who had been let into all the secrets, except the one that Daniel kept to himself—namely, that he was Daniel,—when little Doome crept up to condole with him on the hard case of the newly-married pair, it must be said that he pushed her away quite roughly.

Soon the two men reached the shore. Daniel instinctively went to a little cove where he knew of old a boat would be,—and as darkness came on, the plashing of a couple of oars sounded near the little cove where the boat had been.

“Mind, comrade, I have paid my debt! You may be taken, and you run your chance; though if you get to your ship, you know, one gun, *as you promised your wife*, fired eastward.”

“All right, Daniel. You will like me as well as ever, Daniel, in a few days.”

“No, comrade, there’s a woman between us.”

So the French officer went on his venturesome pull of a couple of miles to the French fleet, and the sailor returned to the little cottage, where were sitting Bertha and Doome. The latter, for his cleverness and perhaps good looks, had begun to consider the sailor as worth far more than those sixty youths who had caused her to laugh when he referred to only one of them. But it is a deplorable fact, that, while Doome welcomed Daniel back with a great deal of heartiness, Fraeulein Bertha rather looked upon him as cruel; for what need was there that her husband should have gone? He could have hidden till the French took the place, and then he would have been free. For love conflicts with patriotism woefully, and, though nobody could be more grateful than Bertha for the good service Daniel had done her, yet somehow she could not be over-



pleased with him. She thanked him, however, very warmly; but it was Doome who set the chair for him, and Doome who got the beer for him, and Doome who proposed the sailor's solace of a pipe. As the pipe was lit by that young woman, Bertha got up to leave the room.

“Where are you going, Bertha?”



## Page 106

"Into the garden. My head aches."

And she went out.

"I think, Doome,—they call you Doome, don't they? and a tidy name, too,—I think, Doome, Bertha doesn't like pipes."

"I think the smell of a pipe delicious."

"And what do you think of this pipe?"

"Oh! I think it a beautiful pipe!"

"Hum,—so you've lots of lovers?"

"Well,—I have a few."

"Ah!—do *they* smoke?"

"Yes,—some of them."

"You queer little Doome!—Are any of them rich?"

"Oh, I don't care a bit for money!"

"And what are they?—farmers?"

"I shouldn't like to marry a farmer."

"I suppose Bertha has sat down. I don't hear her step."

"No,—I shouldn't like to marry a farmer,—farmers are such quiet people."

"Don't you marry a sailor!"

"Law, sailor-friend, (*I don't know your name,*) why?"

"Why? Because, if he went away for six years, you would forget him; and that's what Fritz says."

"No, Mr. Fritz, I should *not* forget him,—but I should not let him go away for six years."

"But suppose the king ordered him?"

"Then the king don't deserve to have a wife."



“And yet he has.”

“So much the worse!”

“Bertha must have sat down.”

“You know I don’t think I care for one of my lovers. I think I could give them all up,—yes, every one,—if I met with anybody that I could love.”

“Yes, and then suppose he didn’t care for you?”

As Doome had never considered the probability of any such situation, its suggestion rather startled her. She held her tongue, while Daniel puffed gravely.

Soon Bertha came slowly into the room. “I think he ought to have got there by this time; don’t you, Sir?”

“He’s named Fritz, Bertha,—call him Fritz.”

“Don’t you think he ought to be there by this time, Mr. Fritz?”

“Surely, Mistress! You will soon hear the cannon;—’tis not more than two miles, and he left the shore a good hour ago.”

So she went up to the window.

“I suppose, Mistress, if he did not come back for six years, you would forget him,—wouldn’t you?”

She was so lost in thought, that she didn’t answer; so Doome took the answer upon herself. “You are very hard upon us women, Fritz,—Mr. Fritz. No, of course she would not forget him; no wife ever forgets her husband. Why, do you think I should forget you, Fritz,—Mr. Fritz,—if you were my husband, and if you went away for six years?”

“There are women and women, Doome, Fraeulein Doome,”—

“Ah!—hark!”

At this moment the sound of a cannon-shot swept over the little cottage, and Daniel, running to the window, and putting his hand out to feel the breeze, declared that it was fired east-ward.



## Page 107

Now Bertha was at the window, and, as the sailor spoke, he looked into her face. She quickly put her arm round his neck in the German fashion, kissed him gratefully, and said, "You good, good man!"

He kissed her in turn, and looked eagerly at her,—but she didn't recognize him, though he kissed her in precisely the manner of six years ago.

He sat down again, and again smoked,—and as, in the most heroic poem, people eat and drink, and as Anne Boleyn would have thought it hard to starve while her trial was going on, surely, as this is only the chronicle of people such as you may meet any day, and not at all heroic, it may not be wrong to state, that plain-spoken, every-day, love-making little Doome got supper ready.

Bertha had saved a prisoner, Daniel had assisted, and little Doome rather liked Daniel, yet nobody ate much; and when Daniel (at the suggestion of Doome) was furnished with a mattress and blanket on the floor, he did not make use of it, but sat smoking,—smoking for hours after the two women had gone off to Bertha's room.

But when the tobacco-pouch was empty, and the pipe was cold, the sailor fell asleep in his chair; and though he had done a good act the preceding day, he did not sleep well, but sighed heavily as he slumbered on.

And now it was that Jodoque, the Discomfited, again came upon the stage. Having been laughed at by every soul in the village, that poor bachelor went to his lonely house, took a small mug of consolatory weak beer, felt convinced that all women were deceivers, vowed that from that time forth he would think no more of matrimony, and went to bed in the dark,—prompted thereto by the power of economy in candles. He had fallen asleep, and slept soundly, when thrift prompted him to remember that one piece of cloth, several balls of wool, and one white rabbit,—his property,—were at that moment at the deceiver Bertha's. Why should he, the deceived, make the married pair happy, with one piece of cloth, several balls of wool, and a white rabbit? And Jodoque woke up to the terrible truth in a cold sweat. The articles in question were at the deceiver Bertha's. At the first break of day he would go and demand his property. Being unable to sleep through the remainder of the dark hours, he presented but a disreputable appearance when he clapped to the little door of his house.

It was barely light, and it was not an overpowering distance for Jodoque to walk from his house to Bertha's. He knew the household would not be up, but he determined to sit down before it,—besiege it, in fact,—and carry off the cloth, the wool, and the white rabbit, when the enemy should first be moving.

And this is what he saw, as he came up to the cottage:—A young officer in the French uniform was getting in at Bertha's kitchen-window. Jodoque seized the idea, as though

it were the white rabbit,—this was the French officer who had escaped yesterday, endeavoring to hide himself in Bertha's house.



## Page 108

Jodoque did not instantly rush forward to re-arrest this prisoner; but it struck him there must be a reward for the recapture; so, determining upon taking the prisoner and the basket at one fell swoop, he tore away to the burgomaster's to inform him of the discovery. He reached the official residence, and drew the pompous little burgomaster to his bedroom-window in a moment. The burgomaster was rather scandalized that such a respectable man as Jodoque should be out at such an hour; but when he heard the information, he grew considerably cold, and rather wished the French fleet would successfully challenge the place at once, and relieve him of his admirable chance of the halter.

Was ever burgomaster in such a fix? He wished his ardent longing for that position had been strangled at his birth. No,—he had saved his neck from the French, he thought to himself, by conniving at the escape of a French officer the day previous, and now his neck was in danger for having very properly tried to save it on that previous day.

But action, action! Whatever came of it, he must appear a patriotic burgomaster; so he took his night-cap off, and, in spite of the energetic remonstrances of the burgomaster's lady, was soon down in the street, surrounded by half a dozen men, and making for Bertha's eventful little mansion—

Within which was passing a terrible scene.

The fact is, that, when the false Daniel arrived at the fleet and reported himself, he found that he had escaped with only part of himself, and rather wanted the rest; and as at that time the French navy was allowed a liberty which it has not now, the young officer laid a statement of the whole case before his commander. That daring personage thus recommended:—A French boat to start away for shore with this young officer, and several more in her; that it should touch near Bertha's house; that Bertha should receive the merest hint, and then take passage for the French fleet herself.

The French officer, attended by half-a-dozen more youths, came back to the shore, and, just as day was peeping, came up to the little right-hand window; and as no one answered his tap, he raised the sash and jumped lightly in.

This Jodoque saw and reported to the burgomaster; but he could not tell the remainder.

For Daniel, waked by the tapping on the window-pane, saw who it was, and believing that he had come to steal his wife from him, he clenched his fists, and, as the slim young man jumped down into the room, crushed him almost dead in his strong arms.

“Not a word, or I'll stifle you!”

“Daniel! Daniel!”

“Not a word,—and don't Daniel me, you thief!”



“Thief?”

“Don’t speak loud.”

“How thief?”

“You would steal my wife from me.”

“How your wife?”

“Why, Bertha;—she promised to marry me six long years ago, and she would have married me, if *you* had not come and stolen her heart.”



## Page 109

“Why, you yourself gave her to me!”

“Ah! I owed you a debt I had to pay. 'Tis paid now. I thought you gone, and the marriage knocked on the head; but now, you've come back, and won't go again!”

“But, Daniel”—

“Don't Daniel *me*, I say, and don't speak loud; at least, *she* sha'n't see you taken off. Lie quiet for her sake, and show your love for her that way.”

“And so you'll give me up, old friend, whose life *I* saved?”

“Saved!—you saved it once, and I saved yours. You took away my hope when you robbed me of my wife;—now I give you a like return.”

“And you yourself, Daniel, who harbored me yesterday”—

“That's nothing to you.—Lie still till some one passes.”

For the strong sailor had tipped the officer on to the mattress. There he lay,—not from want of courage, but because he did not know what to do.

The sailor felt for his pipe, but he remembered that all the tobacco was smoked up; so he set the pipe down again and bit his nails.

He had not waited a quarter of an hour when a voice said,—“This way, Herr Burgomaster!—this way!”

The sailor and his prisoner both started to their feet; and the burgomaster, coming to the open window, lost the last faint hopes he had had that this said French officer might not, after all, be the French officer at whose escape he, the respected burgomaster and butcher, had assisted.

“Mr. Burgomaster, here is a French prisoner,—and I hand him to you as the fit personage to place him in the hands of the commander.”

Thus spoke Daniel, and, as he spoke, Bertha appeared at the door of her room, and with her Doome, who hearing this little speech, all her liking for the sailor vanished on the instant. She was ready to utterly exterminate him, and more than ready to cry, which she did, straightway.

As this is only a little comedy, and by no means tragical, we pass over the next scene, and simply state, that Bertha, before all those neighbors, forgot everybody but her husband,—if he may be called so, —and the church had said so; that Daniel felt great remorse at what he had done; that he told Doome again that he wished the shark had



finished him; that Doome didn't or wouldn't hear, for her idol was broken,—and so was Doome's heart, nearly.

The authorities took away the prisoner, and left Bertha and Doome wretched and alone. As for Daniel, he went out wandering by himself, —for he rather felt ashamed to look upon anybody.

At this time, a little boat with a white flag at its prow put off from the French fleet, and bravely approached the bristling fort of Ruegen. Nearer and nearer it comes,—nearer and nearer; and in half an hour there is great cheering over the island of Ruegen, for peace between Prussia and France is declared.

'Tis true, the peace did not last very long; but it lasted long enough to save the French officer. He was set at liberty at once, and an hour afterwards Daniel could look people in the face again, —all except Doome, who would not cease to be incensed.



## Page 110

“But then,” said Daniel, “you know I’d been waiting six years.”

“How?” exclaimed Bertha.

“Yes, Bertha,—I’m the real Daniel. Look here!”—and half a little silver cross came forward.

“And you didn’t say it when you came!—and you actually gave her to him!—and you saved his life!—and oh! you, you CAPTAIN of a man!”

Thus Doome spoke and was comforted.

And Bertha went up to her old sweetheart and kissed him, saying, she thought she knew of a better wife for him than she could ever have made,—for, now that Ernest (the French officer) had suffered so much for her sake, she had no right to leave him. And, indeed, they were re-married that day.

It was after Bertha had said she knew of a better wife for him, that Daniel looked at Doome, who, picking up that pipe of his, handed it to him.

“Will you take care of it, Doome?”

“Save when you want it.”

“Oh! I mean to come with it.”

“’Tis the handsomest pipe in all Germany,—and—and I won’t part with it till I part with you.”

Hence, you see, there were two marriages that morning. Doome parted with the pipe a good deal,—for Daniel loved the sea as heartily as he had loved Bertha and grew to love Doome, who assured him many times that she was a far better wife for him than Bertha would have made. Whereupon Daniel would kiss her,—so you can draw your own conclusion as to his motive. For my part, I say first love is only heart-love,—and you see the heart is not so wise as the head.

By the time the long war was over,—with Waterloo for the last act, —Ernest had made not a little money; so he and Bertha—now a grand lady—came to Ruegen. Ernest learned German, perfectly, from his own children and Doome’s, and turned his sword into a ploughshare.

As for Daniel,—he gave up the sea and took a wine-shop.



Those four people are now still alive; and if Bertha and Daniel did not marry, their children have,—though it was rather lowering to those grand young ladies and gentlemen, Bertha's children.

Those four, when they meet and clapper their friendly old tongues, can hardly believe that once upon a time they were all at sixes and sevens,—and that Ernest himself was once in that very place a Prisoner of War.

## **THE “WASHING OF THE FEET,” ON HOLY THURSDAY, IN ST. PETER'S.**

Once more the temple-gates lie open wide:  
Onward, once more,  
Advance the Faithful, mounting like a tide  
That climbs the shore.

What seek they? Blank the altars stand today,  
As tombstones bare:  
Christ of his raiment was despoiled; and they  
His livery wear.

Today the puissant and the proud have heard  
The “mandate new”:[1]  
That which He did, their Master and their Lord,  
They also do.

Today the mitred foreheads, and the crowned,  
In meekness bend:  
New tasks today the sceptred hands have found;  
The poor they tend.



## Page 111

Today those feet which tread in lowliest ways,  
Yet follow Christ,  
Are by the secular lords of power and praise  
Both washed and kissed.

Hail, ordinance sage of hoar antiquity,  
Which She retains,  
That Church who teaches man how meek should be  
The head that reigns!

[Footnote 1: *Mandatum Novum*:—hence the name of “Maundy Thursday.”]

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## PHYSICAL COURAGE.

The Romans had a military machine, called a *balista*, a sort of vast crossbow, which discharged huge stones. It is said, that, when the first one was exhibited, an athlete exclaimed, “Farewell henceforth to all courage!” Montaigne relates, that the old knights, in his youth, were accustomed to deplore the introduction of fencing-schools, from a similar apprehension. Pacific King James predicted, but with rejoicing, the same result from iron armor. “It was an excellent thing,” he said,—“one could get no harm in it, nor do any.” And, similarly, there exists an opinion now, that the combined powers of gunpowder and peace are banishing physical courage, and the need of it, from the world.

Peace is good, but this result of it would be sad indeed. Life is sweet, but it would not be sweet enough without the occasional relish of peril and the luxury of daring deeds. Amid the changes of time, the monotony of events, and the injustice of mankind, there is always accessible to the poorest this one draught of enjoyment,—danger. “In boyhood,” said the Norwegian enthusiast, Ole Bull, “I loved to be far out on the ocean in my little boat, for it was dangerous, and in danger one draws near to God.” Perhaps every man sometimes feels this longing, has his moment of ardor, when he would fain leave politics and personalities, even endearments and successes, behind, and would exchange the best year of his life for one hour at Balaklava with the “Six Hundred.” It is the bounding of the Berserker blood in us, —the murmuring echo of the old death-song of Ragnar Lodbrog, as he lay amid vipers in his dungeon:—“What is the fate of a brave man, but to fall amid the foremost? He who is never wounded has a weary lot.”

This makes the fascination of war, which is in itself, of course, brutal and disgusting. Dr. Johnson says, truly, that the naval and military professions have the dignity of danger, since mankind reverence those who have overcome fear, which is so general a weakness. The error usually lies in exaggerating the difference, in this respect,



between war and peace. Madame de Sevigne writes to her cousin, Bussy-Rabutin, after a campaign, "I cannot understand how one can expose himself a thousand times, as you have done, and not be killed a thousand times also." To which the Count answers, that she overrates the danger; a soldier may often make several campaigns without drawing a sword, and be in a battle without seeing an enemy, —as, for example, where one is in the second line, or rear guard, and the first line decides the contest. He finally quotes Turenne, and Maurice, Prince of Orange, to the same effect, that a military life is less perilous than civilians suppose.



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It is, therefore, a foolish delusion to suppose, that, as the world grows more pacific, the demand for physical courage passes away. It is only that its applications become nobler. In barbarous ages, men fight against men and animals, and need, like Achilles, to be fed on the marrow of wild beasts. As time elapses, the savage animals are extirpated, the savage men are civilized; but Nature, acting through science, commerce, society, is still creating new exigencies of peril, and evoking new types of courage to meet them. Grace Darling at her oars, Kane in his open boat, Stephenson testing his safety-lamp in the terrible pit,—what were the trophies of Miltiades to these? The ancient Agamemnon faced no danger so memorable as that ocean-storm which beset his modern namesake, bearing across the waters a more priceless treasure than Helen, pride of Greece. And, indeed, setting aside these sublimities of purpose, and looking simply at the quantity and quality of peril, it is doubtful whether any tale of the sea-kings thrills the blood more worthily than the plain newspaper narrative of Captain Thomas Bailey, in the Newburyport schooner, “Atlas,” beating out of the Gut of Canso, in a gale of wind, with his crew of two men and a boy, up to their waists in the water.

It is easy to test the matter. Let any one, who believes that the day of daring is past, beg or buy a ride on the locomotive of the earliest express-train, some cold winter-morning. One wave of the conductor’s hand, and the live engine springs snorting beneath you, as no Arab steed ever rushed over the desert. It is not like being bound to an arrow, for that motion would be smoother; it is not like being hurled upon an ocean crest, for that would be slower. You are rushing onward, and you are powerless; that is all. The frosty air gives such a brittle and slippery look to the two iron lines which lie between you and destruction, that you appreciate the Mohammedan fable of the Bridge Herat, thinner than a hair, sharper than a scimitar, which stretches over hell and leads to paradise. Nothing has passed over that perilous track for many hours; the cliffs may have fallen and buried it, the frail bridges may have sunk beneath it, or diabolical malice put obstructions on it, no matter how trivial, equally fatal to you; each curving embankment may hide unknown horrors, from which, though all others escape, you, on the engine, cannot; and yet, still the surging locomotive bounds onward, beneath your mad career. You draw a long breath, as you dismount at last, a hundred miles away, as if you had been riding with Mazeppa or Brunehilde, and yet escaped alive. And there, by your side, stands the quiet, grimy engineer, turning already to his tobacco and his newspaper, and unconscious, while he reads of the charge at Balaklava, that his life is Balaklava every day.



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Physical courage is not, therefore, a thing to be so easily set aside. Nor is it, as our reformers appear sometimes to assume, a mere corollary from moral courage, and, ultimately, to be merged in that. Moral courage is rare enough, no doubt,—probably the rarer quality of the two, as it is the nobler; but they are things diverse, and not necessarily united. There have been men, and still are such, leaders of their age in moral courage, and yet physically timid. This is not as it should be. God placed man at the head of the visible universe, and if he is to be thrown from his control, daunted by a bullet, or a wild horse, or a flash of lightning, or a lee shore, then man is dishonored, and the order of the universe deranged. No matter what the occasion of the terror is, a mouse or a martyrdom, fear dethrones us. “He that lives in fear of death,” said Caesar, “at every moment feels its tortures. I will die but once.”

Having claimed thus much, we can still readily admit that we cannot yet estimate the precise effect upon physical courage of a state of permanent national peace, since indeed we are not yet within sight of that desirable consummation. Meanwhile, let us attempt some slight sketch and classification of the different types of physical courage, as already existing, among which are to be enumerated the spontaneous courage of the blood,—the courage of habit,—magnetic or transmitted courage,—and the courage inspired by self-devotion.

There is a certain innate fire of the blood, which does not dare perils for the sake of principle, nor grow indifferent to them from familiarity, nor confront them under support of a stronger will,—but loves them for their own sake, without reference to any ulterior object. There is no special merit in it, for it is a matter of temperament. Yet it often conceals itself under the finer names of self-devotion and high purpose,—as George Borrow convinced himself that he was actuated by evangelical zeal to spread the Bible in Spain, though one sees, through every line of his narrative, that it was chiefly the adventure which allured him, and that he would as willingly have distributed the Koran in London, had it been equally contraband. No surplices, no libraries, no counting-house desks can eradicate this natural instinct. Achilles, disguised among the maidens, was detected by the wily Ulysses, because he chose arms, not jewels, from the travelling merchant’s stores. In the most placid life, a man may pant for danger; and we know quiet, unobtrusive men who have confessed to us that they never step into a railroad-car without the secret hope of a collision.



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This is the courage of heroic races, as Highlanders, Circassians, Montenegrins, Afghans, and those Arabs among whom Urquhart finely said that peace could not be purchased by victory. Where destined to appear at all, it is likely to be developed in extreme youth, which explains such instances as the *gamins de Paris*, and that of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who in boyhood conveyed a dispatch during a naval engagement, swimming through double lines of fire. Indeed, among heroic races, young soldiers are preferable for daring; such, at least, is the testimony of the highest authorities, as Ney and Wellington. "I have found," said the Duke, "that raw troops, however inferior to the old ones in manoeuvring, may be superior to them in downright hard fighting with the enemy. At Waterloo, the young ensigns and lieutenants, who had never before seen an enemy, rushed to meet death, as if they were playing at cricket."

But though youth is good for an onset, it needs habit and discipline to give steadiness. A boy will risk his life where a veteran will be too circumspect to follow him; but to perform a difficult manoeuvre in face of an enemy requires Sicinius with forty-five scars on his breast. "The very apprehension of a wound," said Seneca, "startles a man when he first bears arms; but an old soldier bleeds boldly, for he knows that a man may lose blood and yet win the day." Before the battle of Preston Pans, Mr. Ker of Graden, "an experienced officer," mounted on a gray pony, coolly reconnoitred all the difficult ground between the two armies, crossed it in several directions, deliberately alighted more than once to lead his horse through gaps made for that purpose in the stone walls,—under a constant shower of musket-balls. He finally returned unhurt to Charles Edward, and dissuaded him from crossing. Undoubtedly, any raw Highlander in the army would have incurred the same risk, with or without a sufficient object; but not one of them would have brought back so clear a report, —if, indeed, he had brought himself back.

The most common evidence of this dependence of many persons' courage on habit is in the comparative timidity of brave men against novel dangers,—as of sailors on horseback, and mountaineers at sea. Nay, the same effect is sometimes produced merely by different forms of danger within the same sphere. Sea-captains often attach an exaggerated sense of peril to small boats; Conde confessed himself a coward in a street-fight; and William the Conqueror is said to have trembled exceedingly (*reheementer tremens*) during the disturbance which interrupted his coronation. It was probably from the same cause, that Mrs. Inchbald, the most fearless of actresses, was once entirely overcome by timidity on assuming a character in a masquerade.



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On a larger scale, the mere want of habitual exposure to danger will often cause a whole population to be charged with greater cowardice than really belongs to them. Thus, after the coronation of the Chevalier, in the Scottish insurrection of 1745, although the populace of Edinburgh crowded around him, kissing his very garments when he walked abroad, yet scarcely a man could be enlisted, in view of the certainty of an approaching battle with General Cope. And before this, when the Highlanders were marching on the city, out of a volunteer corps of four hundred raised to meet them, all but forty-five deserted before the gate was passed.[1] Yet there is no reason to doubt that these frightened citizens, after having once stood fire, might have been as brave as the average. It was a saying in Kansas, that the New England men needed to be shot at once or twice, after which they became the bravest of the brave.

This habitual courage mingles itself, doubtless, with the third species, the magnetic, or transmitted. No mental philosopher has yet done justice to the wondrous power of leadership, the "art Napoleon." The ancients stated it best in their proverb, that an army of stags led by a lion is more formidable than an army of lions led by a stag. It was for this reason that the Greeks used to send to Sparta, not for soldiers, but for a general. When Crillon, *l'homme sans peur*, defended Quilleboeuf with a handful of men against Marshal Villars, the latter represented to him, that it was madness to resist such superiority of numbers, to which the answer was simply,—"*Crillon est dedans, et Villars est dehors.*" The event proved that the hero inside was stronger than the army outside.

Every one knows that there is a certain magnetic power in courage, apart from all physical strength. In a family of lone women, there is usually some one whose presence is held to confer safety on the house; she may be a delicate invalid, but she is not afraid. The same quality explains the difference in the demeanor of different companies of men and women, in great emergencies of danger. Read one narrative of shipwreck, and human nature seems all sublime; read another, and, under circumstances equally desperate, it appears base, selfish, grovelling. The difference lies simply in the influence of a few leading spirits. Ordinarily, as is the captain, so are the officers, so are the passengers, so are the sailors. Bonaparte said, that at the beginning of almost every battle there was a moment when the bravest troops were liable to sudden panic; let the personal control of the general once lead them past that, and the field was half won.



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The courage of self-devotion, lastly, is the faculty evoked by special exigencies, in persons who have before given no peculiar evidence of courage. It belongs especially to the race of martyrs and enthusiasts, whose personal terrors vanish in the greatness of the object, so that Joan of Arc, listening to the songs of the angels, does not feel the flames. This, indeed, is the accustomed form in which woman's courage proclaims itself at last, unsuspected until the crisis comes. This has given us the deeds of Flora Macdonald, Jane Lane, and the Countess of Derby; the rescue of Lord Nithisdale by his wife, and that planned for Montrose by Lady Margaret Durham; the heroism of Catherine Douglas, thrusting her arm within the stanchions of the doorway to protect James I. of Scotland, till his murderers shattered the frail barrier; and that sublimest narrative of woman's devotion, Gertrude Van der Wart at her husband's execution. It is possible that all these women may have been timid and shrinking, before the hour of trial; and every emergency, in peace or war, brings out some such instances. At the close of the troubles of 1856, in Kansas, a traveller chanced to be visiting a lady in Lawrence, who, in opening her work-basket, accidentally let fall a small pistol. She smiled and blushed, and presently acknowledged, that, when she had first pulled the trigger experimentally, six months before, she had shut her eyes and screamed, although there was only a percussion-cap to explode. Yet it afterwards appeared that she was one of the few women who remained in their houses, to protect them by their presence, when the town was entered by the Missourians,—and also one of the still smaller number who brought their rifles to aid their husbands in the redoubt, when two hundred were all that could be rallied against three thousand, in September of that eventful year. Thus easily is the transition effected!

This is the courage, also, of Africans, as manifested among ourselves, —the courage created by desperate emergencies. Supplied by long slavery, softened by mixture of blood, the black man seems to pass at one bound, as women do, from cowering pusillanimity to the topmost height of daring. The giddy laugh vanishes, the idle chatter is hushed, and the buffoon becomes a hero. Nothing in history surpasses the bravery of the Maroons of Surinam, as described by Stedman, or of those of Jamaica, as delineated by Dallas. Agents of the "Underground Railroad" report that the incidents which daily come to their knowledge are beyond all Greek, all Roman fame. These men and women, who have tested their courage in the lonely swamp against the alligator and the bloodhound, who have starved on prairies, hidden in holds, clung to locomotives, ridden hundreds of miles cramped in boxes, head downward, equally near to death if discovered or deserted, —and who have then, after enduring all this, gone voluntarily back to risk it over again, for the sake of wife or child,—what



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are we pale faces, that we should claim a rival capacity with theirs for heroic deeds? What matter, if none, below the throne of God, can now identify that nameless negro in the Tennessee iron-works, who, during the last insurrection, said "he knew all about the plot, but would die before he would tell? He *received seven hundred and fifty lashes and died.*" Yet where, amid the mausoleums of the world, is there carved an epitaph like that?

The courage of blood, of habit, or of imitation is not necessarily a very exalted thing. But the courage of self-devotion cannot be otherwise than noble, however wasted on fanaticism or delusion. It enters the domain of conscience. Yet, although the sublimest, it is not necessarily the most undaunted form of courage. It is vain to measure merit by martyrdom, without reference to the temperament, the occasion, and the aim. There is no passion in the mind of man so weak, said Lord Bacon, but it mates and masters the fear of death. Sinner, as well as saint, may be guillotined or lynched, and endure it well. A red Indian or a Chinese robber will dare the stake as composedly as an early Christian or an abolitionist. One of the bravest of all death-scenes was the execution of Simon, Lord Lovat, who was unquestionably one of the greatest scoundrels that ever burdened the earth. We must look deeper. The test of a man is not in the amount of his endurance, but in its motive; does he love the right, he may die in glory on a bed of down; is he false and base, these things thrust discord into his hymn of dying anguish, and no crown of thorns can sanctify his drooping head. Physical courage is, after all, but a secondary quality, and needs a sublime motive to make it thoroughly sublime.

Among all these different forms of courage it is almost equally true that it is the hardest of all qualities to predict or identify, in an individual case, before the actual trial. Many a man has been unable to discover, till the critical moment, whether he himself possessed it or not. It is often denied to the healthy and strong, and given to the weak. The pugilist may be a poltroon, and the bookworm a hero. We have seen the most purely ideal philosopher in this country face the black muzzles of a dozen loaded revolvers with his usual serene composure. And on the other hand, we have known a black-bearded backwoodsman, whose mere voice and presence would quell any riot among the lumberers,—yet this man, nicknamed by his *employees* "the black devil," confessed himself to be in secret the most timid of lambs.

One reason of this difficulty of estimate lies in the fact, that courage and cowardice often complicate themselves with other qualities, and so show false colors. For instance, the presence or absence of modesty may disguise the genuine character. The unpretending are not always timid, nor always brave. The boaster is not always, but only commonly, a coward. Were it otherwise, how could we explain the existence of courage in Frenchmen or Indians? Barking dogs sometimes bite, as many a small boy, too trustful of the proverb, has found to his cost. "If that be a friend of yours," says Branteme's brave Spanish Cavalier, "pray for his soul, for he has quarrelled with me."

Indeed, the Gascons, whose name is identified with boasting, (gasconade,) were always among the bravest races in Europe.



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Again, the mere quality of caution is often mistaken for cowardice, while heedlessness passes for daring. A late eminent American sculptor, a man of undoubted courage, is said to have always taken the rear car in a railroad train. Such a spirit of prudence, where well-directed, is to be viewed with respect. We ought not to reverence the blind recklessness which sits on the safety-valve during a steamboat-race, but the cool composure which neither underrates a danger nor shrinks from it. The best encomium is that of Malcolm M'Leod upon Charles Edward:—"He was the most cautious man, not to be a coward, and the bravest man, not to be rash, that I ever saw"; or that of Charles VII. of France upon Pierre d'Aubusson:—"Never did I see united so much fire and so much wisdom."

Still again, men vary as to the form of danger which tests them most severely. The Irish are undoubtedly a brave nation, but their courage is apt to vanish in presence of sickness. They are not, however, alone in this, if we may judge from the newspaper statements, that, after the recent quarantine riots in New York, a small-pox patient lay all day untended in the Park, because no one dared to go near him. It is said of Dr. Johnson, that he was a hero against pain, but a coward against death. Probably the contrary emotion is quite as common. To a believer in immortality, death, even when premature, can scarcely be regarded as an unmitigated evil, but pain enforces its own recognition. We can hardly agree with the frightened recruit in the farce, who thinks "Victory or Death" a forbidding war-cry, but "Victory or Wooden Legs" a more appetizing alternative.

Beside these complications, there are those arising from the share which conscience has in the matter. "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," and the most resolute courage will sometimes quail in a bad cause, and even die in its armor, like Bois-Guilbert. It was generally admitted, on both sides, in Kansas, that the "Border Ruffians" seldom dared face an equal number; yet nobody asserted that these men were intrinsically deficient in daring; it was only conscience which made cowards of them all.

But it is, after all, the faculty of imagination which, more than all else, confuses the phenomena of courage and cowardice. A very imaginative child is almost sure to be reproached with timidity, while mere stolidity takes rank as courage. The bravest boy may sometimes be most afraid of the dark, or of ghosts, or of the great mysteries of storms and the sea. Even the mighty Charlemagne shuddered when the professed enchanter brought before him the vast forms of Dietrich and his Northern companions, on horseback. We once saw a party of boys tested by an alarm which appealed solely to the imagination. The only one among them who stood the test was the most cowardly of the group, who escaped the contagion through sheer lack of this faculty. Any imaginative person can occasionally test this on himself by sleeping in a large lonely house, or by bathing alone in some solitary place by the great ocean; there comes a thrill which is not born of terror, and the mere presence of a child breaks the spell,—though it would only enhance the actual danger, if danger there were.



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This explains the effect of darkness on danger. "Let Ajax perish in the face of day." Who has not shuddered over the description of that Arkansas duel, fought by two naked combatants, with pistol and bowie-knife, in a dark room? One thrills to think of those first few moments of breathless, sightless, hopeless, hushed expectation, —then the confused encounter, the slippery floor, the invisible, ghastly terrors of that horrible chamber. Many a man would shrink from that, who would march coolly up to the cannon's mouth by daylight.

It is probably this mingling of imaginative excitement which makes the approach of peril often more terrible than its actual contact. "A true knight," said Sir Philip Sidney, "is fuller of gay bravery in the midst than at the beginning of danger." The boy Conde was reproached with trembling, in his first campaign. "My body trembles," said the hero, "with the actions my soul meditates." And it is said of Charles V., that he often trembled when arming for battle, but in the conflict was as cool as if it were impossible for an emperor to be killed.

These stray glimpses into the autobiography of heroism are of inestimable value, and they are scanty at best. It is said of Turenne, that he was once asked by M. de Lamoignon, at the dinner-table of the latter, if his courage was never shaken at the commencement of a battle? "Yes," said Turenne, "I sometimes undergo great nervous excitement; but there are in the army a great multitude of subaltern officers and soldiers who experience none whatever." This goes to illustrate the same point.

To give to any form of courage an available or working value, it is essential that it have two qualities, promptness and persistency. What Napoleon called "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" is rare. It requires great enthusiasm or great discipline to be proof against a surprise. It is said that Suwarrow, even in peace, always slept fully armed, boots and all. "When I was lazy," he said, "and wanted to enjoy a comfortable sleep, I usually took off one spur." In regard to persistency, history is full of instances of unexpected reverses and eleventh-hour triumphs. The battle of Marengo was considered hopeless, for the first half of the day, and a retreat was generally expected, on the part of the French; when Desaix, consulted by Bonaparte, looked at his watch and said,—"The battle is completely lost, but it is only two o'clock, and we shall have time to gain another." He then made his famous and fatal cavalry-charge, and won the field. It was from a noble appreciation of this quality of persistency, that, when the battle of Cannae was lost, and Hannibal was measuring by bushels the rings of the fallen Roman knights, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to the defeated general, Consul Terentius Varro, for not having despaired of the republic.



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Thus armed at all points, incapable of being either surprised or exhausted, courage achieves results which seem miraculous. It is an element of inspiration, something superadded and incalculable, when all the other forces are exhausted. When we consider how really formidable becomes the humblest of quadrupeds, cat or rat, when it grows mad and desperate and throws all personal fear behind, it is clear that there must be a reserved power in human daring which defies computation and equalizes the most fearful odds. Take one man, mad with excitement or intoxication, place him with his back to the wall, a knife in his hand, and the fire of utter frenzy in his eyes,—and who, among the thousand bystanders, dares make the first attempt to disarm him? Desperate courage makes one a majority. Baron Trenck nearly escaped from the fortress of Glatz at noonday, snatching a sword from an officer, passing all the sentinels with a sudden rush, and almost effecting his retreat to the mountains; “which incident will prove,” he says, “that adventurous and even rash daring will render the most improbable undertakings successful, and that desperate attempts may often make a general more fortunate and famous than the wisest and best-concerted plans.”

It is this miraculous quality which helps to explain the extraordinary victories of history: as where the army of Lucullus at Tigranocerta slew one hundred thousand barbarians with the loss of only a hundred men,—or where Cortes conquered Mexico with six hundred foot and sixteen horse. The astounding narratives in the chivalry romances, where the historian risks his Palmerin or Amadis as readily against twenty giants as one, secure of bringing him safely through,—or the corresponding modern marvels of Alexandre Dumas,—seem scarcely exaggerations of actual events. A Portuguese, at the siege of Goa, inserted a burning match in a cask of gunpowder, then grasped it in his arms, and, crying to his companions, “Stand aside, I bear my own and many men’s lives,” threw it among the enemy, of whom a hundred were killed by the explosion, the bearer being left unhurt. John Haring, on a Flemish dyke, held a thousand men at bay, saved his army, and finally escaped uninjured. And the motto of Bayard, *Vires agrainis unus habet*, was given him after singly defending a bridge against two hundred Spaniards. Such men appear to bear charmed lives, and to be identical with the laws of Fate. “What a soldier, what a Roman, was thy father, my young bride! How could they who never saw him have discoursed so rightly upon virtue?”

From popular want of faith in these infinite resources of daring, it is a common thing for persons of eminent courage to be stigmatized as rash. This has been strikingly the case, for instance, in modern times, with the Marquis of Wellesley and Sir Charles Napier. When the Duke of Wellington was in the Peninsula in 1810, the City of London addressed the throne, protesting against the bestowal of “honorable distinctions upon a general who had thus far exhibited, with equal rashness and ostentation, nothing but an useless valor.”



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But if bravery is liable to exist in excess, on the one side, it is a comfort to think that it is capable of cultivation, where deficient. There may be a few persons born absolutely without the power of courage, as without the susceptibility to music,—but very few; and, no doubt, the elements of daring, like those of musical perception, can be developed in almost all. Once rouse the enthusiasm of the will, and courage can be systematically disciplined. Emerson's maxim gives the best regimen: "Always do what you are afraid to do." If your lot is laid amid scenes of peace, then carry the maxim into the arts of peace. Are you afraid to swim that river? then swim it. Are you afraid to leap that fence? then leap it. Do you shrink from the dizzy height of yonder magnificent pine? then climb it, and "throw down the top," as they do in the forests of Maine. Goethe cured himself of dizziness by ascending the lofty stagings of the Frankfort carpenters. Nothing is insignificant that is great enough to alarm you. If you cannot think of a grizzly bear without a shudder, then it is almost worth your while to travel to the Rocky Mountains in order to encounter the reality. It is said that Van Amburgh attributed all his power over animals to the similar rule given him by his mother in his boyhood: "If anything frightens you, walk up and face it." Applying this maxim boldly, he soon satisfied himself that man possessed a natural power of control over all animals, if he dared to exercise it. He said that every animal divined by unerring instinct the existence of fear in his ruler, and a moment's indecision might cost one's life. On being asked, what he should do, if he found himself in the desert, face to face with a lion, he answered, "If I wished for certain death, I should turn and run away."

Physical courage may be educated; but it must be trained for its own sake. We say again, it must not be left to moral courage to include it, for the two faculties have different elements,—and what God has joined, human inconsistency may put asunder. The disjunction is easy to explain. Many men, when committed on the right side of any question, get credit for a "moral courage," which is, in their case, only an intense egotism, isolating them from all demand for human sympathy. In the best cause, they prefer to belong to a party conveniently small, and, on the slightest indications of popular approbation, begin to suspect themselves of compromise. The abstract martyrdom of unpopularity is therefore clear gain to them; but when it comes to the rack and the thumbscrew, the revolver and the bowie-knife, the same habitual egotism makes them cowards. These men are annoying in themselves, and still worse because they throw discredit on the noble and unselfish reformers with whom they are identified in position. But even among this higher class there are differences of temperament, and it costs one man an effort to face the brute argument of the slung-shot, while another's fortitude is not seriously tested till it comes to facing the newspaper editors.

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We have given but a few aspects of a rich and endless theme, and have depicted these more by examples than analysis, mindful of the saying of Sidney, that Alexander received more bravery of mind by the example of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude. If we have seemed to draw illustrations too profusely from the records of battles, it is to be remembered, that, even if war be not the best nurse of heroisms, it is their best historian. The chase, for instance, though perhaps as prolific in deeds of daring as the camp, has found few Cummings and Gerards for annalists, and the more trivial aim of the pursuit diminishes the permanence of its records. The sublime fortitude of hospitals, the bravery shown in infected cities, the fearlessness of firemen and of sailors, these belong to those times of peace which have as yet few historians. But we have sought to exhibit the deep foundations and instincts of courage, and it matters little whence the illustrations come. Doubtless, for every great deed ever narrated, there were a hundred greater ones untold; and the noblest valor of the world may sleep unrecorded, like the heroes before Homer.

But there are things which, once written, the world does not willingly let die; embalmed in enthusiasm, borne down on the unconquerable instincts of childhood, they become imperishable and eternal. We need not travel to visit the graves of the heroes: they are become a part of the common air; their line is gone out to all generations. Shakspeares are but their servants; no change of time or degradation of circumstance can debar us from their lesson. The fascination which every one finds in the simplest narrative of daring is the sufficient testimony to its priceless and permanent worth. Human existence finds its range expanded, when Demosthenes describes Philip of Macedon, his enemy: "I saw this Philip, with whom we disputed for empire. I saw him, though covered with wounds, his eye struck out, his collar-bone broken, maimed in his hands, maimed in his feet, still resolutely rush into the midst of dangers, ready to deliver up to Fortune any part of his body she might require, provided he might live honorably and gloriously with the rest." Would it not be shameful, that war should leave us such memories as these, and peace bequeathe us only money and repose? True, "peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." No less! but they should be infinitely greater. *Esto miles pacificus*, "Be the soldier of peace," was the priestly benediction of mediaeval knights; and the aspirations of humaner ages should lead us into heroisms such as Plutarch never portrayed, and even Bayard and Sidney only prophesied, but died without the sight of.

[Footnote 1: It is worth mentioning, that among the deserters was one valorous writing-master, who had previously prepared a breastplate of two quires of his-own foolscap, inscribing thereon, in his best penmanship,—“This is the body of J.M.; pray, give it Christian burial.”]



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\* \* \* \* \*

NOVEMBER.

Much have I spoken of the faded leaf;  
Long have I listened to the wailing wind,  
And watched it ploughing through the heavy clouds;  
For autumn charms my melancholy mind.

When autumn comes, the poets sing a dirge:  
The year must perish; all the flowers are dead;  
The sheaves are gathered; and the mottled quail  
Runs in the stubble, but the lark has fled!

Still, autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,  
The holly-berries and the ivy-tree:  
They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's heir;  
These waiting mourners do not sing for me!

I find sweet peace in depths of autumn woods,  
Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened moss;  
The naked, silent trees have taught me this,—  
The loss of beauty is not always loss!

## A VISIT TO THE AUTOCRAT'S LANDLADY.

*By the Special Reporter of the "Oceanic Miscellany".*

The door was opened by a stout, red-armed lump of a woman, who, in reply to my question, said her name was Bridget, but Bidy they calls her mostly. There was a rickety hat-stand in the entry, upon which, by the side of a schoolboy's cap, there hung a broad-brimmed white hat, somewhat fatigued by use, but looking gentle and kindly, as I have often noticed good old gentlemen's hats do, after they have worn them for a time. The door of the dining-room was standing wide open, and I went in. A long table, covered with an oil-cloth, ran up and down the length of the room, and yellow wooden chairs were ranged about it. She showed me where the Gentleman used to sit, and, at the last part of the time, the Schoolmistress next to him. The chairs were like the rest, but it was odd enough to notice that they stood close together, touching each other, while all the rest were straggling and separate. I observed that peculiar atmospheric flavor which has been described by Mr. Balzac, (the French story-teller who borrows so many things from some of our American leading writers,) under the name of *odeur de pension*. It is, as one may say, an olfactory perspective of an endless vista of departed breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. It is similar, if not identical, in all temperate climates;



a kind of neutral tint, which forms the perpetual background upon which the banquet of today strikes out its keener but more transitory aroma. I don't think it necessary to go into any further particulars, because this atmospheric character has the effect of making the dining-rooms of all boarding-houses seem very much alike; and the accident of a hair-cloth sofa, cold, shiny, slippery, prickly,—or a veneered sideboard, with a scale off here and there, and a knob or two missing,—or a portrait, with one hand half under its coat, the other resting on a pious-looking book, —these accidents, and such as these, make no great difference.



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The landlady soon presented herself, and I followed her into the parlor, which was a decent apartment, with a smart centre-table, on which lay an accordion, a recent number of the "Pactolian," a gilt-edged, illustrated book or two, and a copy of the works of that distinguished native author, to whom I feel very spiteful, on account of his having, some years ago, attacked *a near friend of mine*, and whom, on Christian principles, I do not mention,—though I have noticed, that, where there is an accordion on the table, his books are apt to be lying near it.

The landlady was a "wilted," (not exactly withered,) sad-eyed woman, of the thin-blooded sort, but firm-fibred, and sharpened and made shrewd by her calling, so that the look with which she ran me over, in the light of a possible boarder, was so searching, that I was half put down by it. I informed her of my errand, which was to make some inquiries concerning two former boarders of hers, in whom a portion of the public had expressed some interest, and of whom I should be glad to know certain personal details,—as to their habits, appearance, and so on. Any information she might furnish would be looked upon in the light of a literary contribution to the pages of the "Oceanic Miscellany," and be compensated with the well-known liberality of the publishers of that spirited, enterprising, and very popular periodical.

Up to this point, the landlady's countenance had kept that worried, watchful look, which poor women, who have to fight the world single-handed, sooner or later grow into. But now her features relaxed a little. The blow which had crushed her life had shattered her smile, and, as the web of shivered expression shot off its rays across her features, I fancied that Grief had written her face all over with 'Ws', to mark her as one of his forlorn flock of Widows.

The report here given is partly from the conversation held with the landlady at that time, and partly from written notes which she furnished me; for, finding that she was to be a contributor to the "Oceanic Miscellany," and that in that capacity she would be entitled to the ample compensation offered by the liberal proprietors of that admirably conducted periodical,—which we are pleased to learn has been growing in general favor, and which, the public may be assured, no pains will be spared to render superior in every respect,—I say, finding that she was to be handsomely remunerated, she entered into the subject with great zeal, both verbally and by letter. The reader will see that I sometimes follow her orthography, and sometimes her pronunciation, as I may have taken it from writing or from speech.

### THE LANDLADY'S ACCOUNT.

There is two vacant places at my table, which I should be pleased to fill with two gentlemen, or with a gentleman and his wife, or any respectable people, be they merried or single. It is about the gentleman and the lady that used to set in them places, that inquiries is bein' made. Some has wrote, and some has spoke, and a good



many folks, that was unbeknown to me, has come in and wanted to see the place where they used to set, and some days it's been nothin' but ring, ring, ring, from mornin' till night.



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Folks will be curious about them that has wrote in the papers. There's my daughter couldn't be easy no way till she'd got a profeel of one of them authors, to hang up right over the head of her bed. That's the gentleman that writes stories in the papers, some in the same way this gentleman did, I expect, that inquiries is made about.

I'm a poor woman, that tries to get an honest livin', and works hard enough for it;—lost my husband, and buried five children, and have two livin' ones to support. It's a great loss to me, losin' them two boarders; and if there's anything in them papers he left in that desk that will fetch anything at any of the shops where they buy such things, I'm sure I wish you'd ask the printer to step round here and stop in and see what any of 'em is worth. I'll let you have one or two of 'em, and then you can see whether you don't know anybody that would take the lot. I suppose you'll put what I tell you into shape, for, like as not, I sha'n't write it out nor talk jest as folks that make books do.

This gentleman warn't no great of a gentleman to look at. Being of a very moderate dimension,—five foot five *he* said, but five foot four more likely, and I've heerd him say he didn't weigh much over a hundred and twenty pound. He was light-complected rather than darksome, and was one of them smooth-faced people that keep their baird and wiskers cut close, jest as if they'd be very troublesome if they let 'em grow,—instead of layin' out their face in grass, as my poor husband that's dead and gone used to say. He was a well-behaved gentleman at table, only talked a good deal, and pretty loud sometimes, and had a way of turnin' up his nose when he didn't like what folks said, that one of my boarders, who is a very smart young man, said he couldn't stand, no how, and used to make faces and poke fun at him whenever he see him do it.

He never said a word aginst any vittles that was set before him, but I mistrusted that he was more partickerlar in his eatin' than he wanted folks to know of, for I've know'd him make believe to eat, and leave the vittles on his plate when he didn't seem to fancy 'em; but he was very careful never to hurt my feelin's, and I don't belief he'd have spoke, if he had found a tadpole in a dish of chowder. But nothin' could hurry him when he was about his vittles. Many's the time I've seen that gentleman keepin' two or three of 'em settin' round the breakfast-table after the rest had swallered their meal, and the things was cleared off, and Bridget was a-waitin' to get the cloth away,—and there that little man would set, with a tumbler of sugar and water,—what he used to call O Sukray, —a-talkin' and a-talkin',—and sometimes he would laugh, and sometimes the tears would come into his eyes,—which was a kind of grayish blue eyes,—and there he'd set and set, and my boy Benjamin Franklin hangin' round and gettin' late for school and wantin' an excuse, and an old gentleman that's one of



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my boarders a-listenin' as if he wa'n't no older than my Benj. Franklin, and that schoolmistress settin' jest as if she'd been bewitched, and you might stick pins into her without her hollerin'. He was a master hand to talk when he got a-goin'. But he never would have no disputes nor long argerments at my table, and I liked him all the better for that; for I had a boarder once that never let nothin' go by without disputin' of it, till nobody knowed what he believed and what he didn't believe, only they was pretty sure he didn't believe the side he was a-disputin' for, and some of 'em said, that, if you wanted him to go any partickerlar way, you must do with him just as folks do that drive—well, them obstinate creeturs that squeal so,— for I don't like to name such creeturs in connexion with a gentleman that paid his board regular, and was a very smart man, and knowed a great deal, only his knowledge all laid crosswise, as one of 'em used to say, after t'other one had shet him up till his mouth wa'n't of no more use to him than if it had been a hole in the back of his head. This wa'n't no sech gentleman. One of my boarders used to say that he always said exactly what he was a mind to, and stuck his idees out jest like them that sells pears outside their shop-winders, —some is three cents, some is two cents, and some is only one cent, and if you don't like, you needn't buy, but them's the articles and them's the prices, and if you want 'em, take 'em, and if you don't, go about your business, and don't stand mellerin' of 'em with your thumbs all day till you've sp'ilt 'em for other folks.

He was a man that loved to stick round home as much as any cat you ever see in your life. He used to say he'd as lief have a tooth pulled as go away anywheres. Always got sick, he said, when he went away, and never sick when he didn't. Pretty nigh killed himself goin' about lecterin' two or three winters,—talkin' in cold country lyceums,—as he used to say,—goin' home to cold parlors and bein' treated to cold apples and cold water, and then goin' up into a cold bed in a cold chamber, and comin' home next mornin' with a cold in his head as bad as the horse-distemper. Then he'd look kind of sorry for havin' said it, and tell how kind some of the good women was to him,—how one spread an edder-down comforter for him, and another fixed up somethin' hot for him after the lecturer, and another one said, —“There now, you smoke that cigar of yours after the lecturer, jest as if you was at home,”—and if they'd all been like that, he'd have gone on lectering forever, but, as it was, he had got pooty nigh enough of it, and preferred a nateral death to puttin' himself out of the world by such violent means as lecterin'.



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He used to say that he was always good company enough, if he wasn't froze to death, and if he wasn't pinned in a corner so't he couldn't clear out when he'd got as much as he wanted. But he was a dreadful uneven creetur in his talk, and I've heerd a smart young man that's one of my boarders say, he believed he had a lid to the top of his head, and took his brains out and left 'em up-stairs sometimes when he come down in the mornin'.—About his ways, he was spry and quick and impatient, and, except in a good company,—he used to say,—where he could get away at any minute, he didn't like to set still very long to once, but wanted to be off walkin', or rowin' round in one of them queer boats of his, and he was the solitariest creetur in his goin's about (except when he could get that schoolmistress to trail round with him) that ever you see in your life. He used to say that usin' two eyes and two legs at once, and keepin' one tongue a-goin', too, was too sharp practice for him; so he had a way of dodgin' round all sorts of odd streets, I've heerd say, where he wouldn't meet people that would stick to him.

It didn't take much to please him. Sometimes it would be a big book he'd lug home, and sometimes it would be a mikerscope, and sometimes it would be a dreadful old-lookin' fiddle that he'd picked up somewhere, and kept a-screechin' on, sayin' all the while that it was jest as smooth as a flute. Then ag'in I'd hear him laughin' out all alone, and I'd go up and find him readin' some verses that he'd been makin'. But jest as like as not I'd go in another time, and find him cryin',—but he'd wipe his eyes and try not to show it, —and it was all nothin' but some more verses he'd been a-writin'. I've heerd him say that it was put down in one of them ancient books, that a man must cry, himself, if he wants to make other folks cry; but, says he, you can't make 'em neither laugh nor cry, if you don't try on them feelin's yourself before you send your work to the customers.

He was a temperate man, and always encouraged temperance by drinkin' jest what he was a mind to, and that was generally water. You couldn't scare him with names, though. I remember a young minister that's go'n' to be, that boards at my house, askin' once what was the safest strong drink for them that had to take somethin' for the stomach's sake and thine awful infirmities. *Aqua fortis*, says he, —because you know that'll eat your insides out, if you get it too strong, and so you always mind how much you take. Next to that, says he, rum's the safest for a wise man, and small beer for a fool.

I never mistrusted anything about him and that schoolmistress till I heerd they was keepin' company and was go'n' to be merried. But I might have knowed it well enough by his smartin' himself up the way he did, and partin' the hair on the back of his head, and gettin' a blue coat with brass buttons, and wearin' them dreadful tight little French boots that used to stand outside his



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door to be blacked, and stickin' round schoolma'am, and follerin' of her with his eyes; but then he was always fond of ladies, and used to sing with my daughter, and wrote his name out in a blank book she keeps,—them that has daughters of their own will keep their eyes on 'em,—and I've often heerd him say he was fond of music and picters,—and she worked a beautiful pattern for a chair of his once, that he seemed to set a good deal by; but I ha'n't no fault to find, and there is them that my daughter likes and them that likes her.

As to schoolma'am, I ha'n't a word to say that a'n't favorable, and don't harbor no unkind feelin' to her, and never knowed them that did. When she first come to board at my house, I hadn't any idee she'd live long. She was all dressed in black; and her face looked so delicate, I expected before six months was over to see a plate of glass over it, and a Bible and a bunch of flowers layin' on the lid of the—well, I don't like to talk about it; for when she first come, and said her mother was dead, and she was alone in the world, except one sister out West, and unlocked her trunk and showed me her things, and took out her little purse and showed me her money, and said that was all the property she had in the world but her courage and her education, and would I take her and keep her till she could get some scholars,—I couldn't say not one word, but jest went up to her and kissed her and bu'st out a-cryin' so as I never cried since I buried the last of my five children that lays in the buryin'-ground with their father, and a place for one more grown person betwixt him and the shortest of them five graves, where my baby is waitin' for its mother.

[The landlady stopped here and shed a few still tears, such as poor women who have been wrung out almost dry by fierce griefs lose calmly, without sobs or hysteric convulsions, when they show the scar of a healed sorrow.]

—The schoolma'am had jest been killin' herself for a year and a half with waitin' and tendin' and watchin' with that sick mother that was dead now and she was in mournin' for. *She* didn't say so, but I got the story out of her, and then I knowed why she looked so dreadful pale and poor. By-and-by she begun to get some scholars, and then she would come home sometimes so weak and faint that I was afraid she would drop. One day I handed her a bottle of camphire to smell of, and she took a smell of it, and I thought she'd have fainted right away.—Oh, says she, when she come to, I've breathed that smell for a whole year and more, and it kills me to breathe it again!

The fust thing that ever I see pass between the gentleman inquiries is made about, and her, was on occasion of his makin' some very searchin' remarks about griefs, sech as loss of friends and so on. I see her fix her eye steady on him, and then she kind of trembled and turned white, and the next thing I knew was she was all of a heap on the floor. I remember he looked into her face then and seemed to be seized as if it was with



a start or spasm-like,—but I thought nothin' more of it, supposin' it was because he felt so bad at makin' her faint away.



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Some has asked me what kind of a young woman she was to look at. Well, folks differ as to what is likely and what is homely. I've seen them that was as pretty as picters in my eyes: cheeks jest as rosy as they could be, and hair all shiny and curly, and little mouths with lips as red as sealin'-wax, and yet one of my boarders that had a great name for makin' marble figgers would say such kind of good looks warn't of no account. I knowed a young lady once that a man drownded himself because she wouldn't marry him, and she might have had her pick of a dozen, but I didn't call her anything great in the way of looks.

All I can say is, that, whether she was pretty or not, she looked like a young woman that knowed what was true and that loved what was good, and she had about as clear an eye and about as pleasant a smile as any man ought to want for every-day company. I've seen a good many young ladies that could talk faster than she could; but if you'd seen her or heard her when our boardin'-house caught afire, or when there was anything to be done besides speech-makin', I guess you'd like to have stood still and looked on, jest to see that young woman's way of goin' to work.—Dark, rather than light; and slim, but strong in the arms,—perhaps from liftin' that old mother about; for I've seen her heavin' one end of a big heavy chest round that I shouldn't have thought of touchin',—and yet her hands was little and white.—Dressed very plain, but neat, and wore her hair smooth. I used to wonder sometimes she didn't wear some kind of ornaments, bein' a likely young woman, and havin' her way to make in the world, and seein' my daughter wearin' jewelry, which sets her off so much, every day. She never would,—nothin' but a breastpin with her mother's hair in it, and sometimes one little black cross. That made me think she was a Roman Catholic, especially when she got a picter of the Virgin Mary and hung it up in her room; so I asked her, and she shook her head and said these very words,—that she never saw a church-door so narrow she couldn't go in through it, nor so wide that all the Creator's goodness and glory could enter it; and then she dropped her eyes and went to work on a flannel petticoat she was makin',—which I knowed, but she didn't tell me, was for a poor old woman.

I've said enough about them two boarders, but I believe it's all true. Their places is vacant, and I should be very glad to fill 'em with two gentlemen, or with a gentleman and his wife, or any respectable people, be they merried or single.

I've heerd some talk about a friend of that gentleman's comin' to take his place.

That's the gentleman that he calls "the Professor," and I'm sure I hope there is sech a man; only all I can say is, I never see him, and none of my boarders ever see him, and that smart young man that I was speakin' of says he don't believe there's no sech person as him, nor that other one that he called "the Poet." I don't much care whether folks professes or makes poems, if they makes themselves agreeable and pays their board regular. I'm a poor woman, that tries to get an honest livin', and works hard enough for it; lost my husband, and buried five children.... ....



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Excuse me, dear Madam, I said,—looking at my watch,—but you spoke of certain papers which your boarder left, and which you were ready to dispose of for the pages of the “Oceanic Miscellany.”

The landlady’s face splintered again into the wreck of the broken dimples of better days. —She should be much obleeged, if I would look at them, she said,—and went up stairs and got a small desk containing loose papers. I looked them hastily over, and selected one of the shortest pieces, handed the landlady a check which astonished her, and send the following poem as an appendix to my report. If I should find others adapted to the pages of the spirited periodical which has done so much to develop and satisfy the intellectual appetite of the American public, and to extend the name of its enterprising publishers throughout the reading world, I shall present them in future numbers of the “Oceanic Miscellany.”

### THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

A NIGHTMARE DREAM BY DAYLIGHT.

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea?  
Have you met with that dreadful old man?  
If you haven’t been caught, you will be, you will be;  
For catch you he must and he can.

He doesn’t hold on by your throat, by your throat,  
As of old in the terrible tale;  
But he grapples you tight by the coat, by the coat,  
Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

There’s the charm of a snake in his eye, in his eye,  
And a polypus-grip in his hands;  
You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get by,  
If you look at the spot where he stands.

Oh, you’re grabbed! See his claw on your sleeve, on your sleeve!  
It is Sinbad’s Old Man of the Sea!  
You’re a Christian, no doubt you believe, you believe;—  
You’re a martyr, whatever you be!

—Is the breakfast-hour past? They must wait, they must wait,  
While the coffee boils sullenly down,  
While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate, on the grate,  
And the toast is done frightfully brown.



—Yes, your dinner will keep; let it cool, let it cool.  
And Madam may worry and fret,  
And children half-starved go to school, go to school;—  
He can't think of sparing you yet.

—Hark! the bell for the train! “Come along! Come along!  
For there isn't a second to lose.”  
“ALL ABOARD!” (He holds on.) “Fsht! ding-dong! Fsht! ding-dong!”—  
You can follow on foot, if you choose.

—There's a maid with a cheek like a peach, like a peach,  
That is waiting for you in the church;—  
But he clings to your side like a leech, like a leech,  
And you leave your lost bride in the lurch.

—There's a babe in a fit,—hurry quick! hurry quick!  
To the doctor's as fast as you can!  
The baby is off, while you stick, while you stick,  
In the grip of the dreadful Old Man!



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—I have looked on the face of the Bore, of the Bore;  
The voice of the Simple I know;  
I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at my door;  
I have sat by the side of the Slow;

I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the friend,  
That stuck to my skirts like a burr;  
I have borne the stale talk without end, without end,  
Of the sitter whom nothing could stir:

But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake and I shake,  
At the sight of the dreadful Old Man;  
Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take,  
To my legs with what vigor I can!

Oh, the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea!  
He's come back like the Wandering Jew!  
He has had his cold claw upon me, upon me,—  
And be sure that he'll have it on you!

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE GREAT EVENT OF THE CENTURY.

A LETTER FROM PAUL TOTTER, OF NEW YORK, TO THE DON ROBERTO WAGONERO, COMMORANT OF WASHINGTON, IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

22,728 Five Hundred and Fifty-First St., New York, May 1, 1858.

Dear Don Bobus,—Pardon my abruptness. *In medias res* is the rule, you know, *formose puer*, my excellent old boy! Bring out the Saint Peray, if there be a bottle of that flavorful and flavous tippie in your extensive cellars,—which I doubt, since you never had more than a single flask thereof, presented to you by a returned traveller, who bought it, to my certain knowledge, of a mixer in Congress Street, in Boston. We drank it, O ale-knight, *sub teg. pat. fag.* more than five years ago, of a summer evening, in dear old Cambridge, then undisfigured by the New Chapel. That it did not kill us as dead as Stilpo of Megara (*vide Seneca de Const.* for a notice of that foolish old Stoic) was entirely owing to my abstinence and your naturally strong constitution; for I remember that you bolted nearly the whole of it. You proved yourself to be a Mithridates of white lead; while I—but I say no more. I could quote you an appropriate passage from the tippler of Teos, and in the original Greek, if I had not long ago pawned my copy of Anacreon (Barnes, 12 mo. Cantab. 1721) to a fellow in Cornhill, who sold it on the very next day to a total-abstinence tutor. Episodically I may say, that the purchaser read



it to such purpose, that within a week he rose to the honor of sleeping in the station-house, from which keep he was rescued by a tearful friend, who sent him to the country, solitude, and spruce-beer.

“It is useless,” says the Staggerite, “for a sober man to knock at the door of the Muses.” It may also be useless for a sober man to try to write letters to “The New York Scorpion.” In your perilous and unhappy situation you must be a rule unto yourself. But remember, O Bobus, the saying of Montaigne, that “apoplexy will knock down Socrates as well as a porter.” You are not exactly Socrates; but your best friends have remarked that you are getting to be exceedingly stout. Stick to your cups, but forbear, as Milton says, “to interpose them oft.” *In medio tutissimus*,—Half a noggin is better than no wine. For the sake of the dear old times, spare me the pain of seeing you a reformed inebriate or a Martha Washington!



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Between Drunken Barnaby and Neal Dow there is, I trust, a position which a gentleman may occupy. Because I have a touch of Charles Surface in my constitution, I need not make a Toodles of myself. So bring out the smallest canakin and let it clink softly,—for I have news to tell you.

I remember, Bob, my boy, once upon a certain Fourth of July,—I leave the particular Fourth as indefinite as Mr. Webster's "some Fourth" upon which we were to go to war with England,—while there was a tintinnabulation of the bells, and an ear-splitting tantivy of brass bands, and an explosion of squibs, which, properly engineered, would have prostrated the great Chinese Wall, or the Porcelain Tower itself, —in short, a noise loud enough to make a Revolutionary patriot turn with joy in his coffin,—that I left my Pottery, after dutifully listening to Mrs. Potter's performance of twenty-eight brilliant variations, *pour le piano*, on "Yankee Doodle," by H. Hertz, (*Op.* 22,378.)—and sought the punches and patriotism, the joy and the juleps of the Wagoner Cottage. I found you, Bobus, as cool as if Fahrenheit and Reaumur were not bursting around you. Well do I remember the patriarchal appearance which you presented, seated in your own garden, (I think you took the prize for pompions at the county exhibition soon after,) under your own wide-spreading elm-tree, reading for facts in one of those confounded cigars, with which, being proof against them yourself, you were in the habit of poisoning your friends. Solitary and alone, you would have reminded me of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—three distinguished heads of families rolled into one,—but, surrounded as you were by the fruits of a happy union, the triple comparison was not to be resisted. Notwithstanding your hearty welcome, I was a little dispirited,—for I had come from a childless home. God had taken my sole little lamb,—and many miles away, with none to care for the flowers which in the first winter of our bereavement we had scattered upon her rounded grave, she who was the light of our eyes was sleeping. And while we were thus stricken and lonesome and desolate, your quiver was full and running over. I do not mind saying now, that I envied you, as I distributed the squibs, rockets, and other pyrotechnical fodder which I had brought in my pocket for your flock. I gulped it all down, however, with a pretty good grace, and went to my dinner like a philosopher. Do you not remember that I was particularly brilliant upon that occasion, and that I told my best story only three times in the course of the evening? I flatter myself that I know how to conceal my feelings,—although I punished your claret cruelly, and was sick after it.



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I have a notion, dear Don, that I am not writing very coherently, as you, whether *pransus* or *impransus*, almost always do. Under agitating circumstances you are cool, and I verily think that you would have reported the earthquake at Lisbon without missing one squashed *hidalgo*, one drop of the blue blood spilt, one convent unroofed, or one convent belle damaged. Your report would have been minutely circumstantial enough to have found favor with Samuel Johnson, LL.D., who for so long a time refused to believe in the Portuguese convulsion. But we are not all fit by nature to put about butter-tubs in July. I plead guilty to an excitable temperament. The Bowery youth here speak of a kind of perspiration which, metaphorically, they designate as “a cast-iron sweat.” This for the last twelve hours has been my own agonizing style of exudation. And, moreover, the startling event of which I am to write has (to borrow again from the sage Montaigne) created in me “so many chimeras and fantastic monsters, one upon another, without design or order, that, the better at leisure to contemplate their strangeness and absurdity, I have begun to commit them to writing, hoping in time to make them ashamed of themselves.” The novelty of my position causes me to shamble and shuffle, now to pause painfully, and then to dance like a droll. I go out from the presence of my household, that I may vent myself by private absurdities and exclusive antics, I retire into remote corners, that I may grin fearfully, unseen of Mistress Gamp and my small servant. I am possessed by a shouting devil, who is continually prompting me to give the “hip-hip-hurrah!” under circumstances which might split apex and base of several of my most important arteries,—which might bring on apoplexy, epilepsy, suffusion of the brain, or hernia,—which might cause death,—yes, Sir,—death of the mother, father, and child.

—Really, good friends, I ask your pardon! I do not know what I have done. Did I collar you, Dr. Slop? Send in your bill tomorrow! Did I smash the instruments beyond repair? And should you say now,—just speaking off-hand,—that two hundred and fifty dollars would be money enough to repair them? Of course, I can commit highway robbery, if it be absolutely necessary. My dear Mrs. Gamp, I fully appreciate the propriety of your suggestions. You want one quart of gin;—I comprehend. Shall it be your Hollands, your Aromatic Scheidam, your Nantz, or our own proud Columbian article? You want one quart of rum, *potus e saccharo confectus!* You want one quart of brandy. You want one gallon of wine. You want a dozen of brown-stout. You want the patent vulcanized India-rubber pump. You want anise,—*pimpinella anisum*;—I comprehend. You want castor-oil,—a very fine medicine indeed,—I tasted it myself when a boy. You want magnesia. You want the patent Vesuvian night-lamp. Madam, that volcanic utensil shall be forthcoming.



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Do I rave, Don Bob? Has reason caught the royal trick of the century, and left her throne? Let me be calm, as becometh one suddenly swelled into ancestral proportions! This small lump of red clay shall inherit my name, and my estate, which I now seriously purpose to acquire. For her will I labor. For her I will gorge "The Clarion" with leading articles. For her I will write the long dreamed-of poem in twenty-four parts. For her I will besiege the private dens of my friends the booksellers. Dear, helpless little atomy! infinitesimal object of love! bud, germ, seed, blossom, tidbit, morsel, mannikin, tomtit, abbreviation, concentration, quintessence! tiny *multum in parvo!* charming diamond edition! thou small, red possibility! weeping promise of glad days to come! For thee will I put the world under contribution! For thee will I master 'pathy and 'logy and 'nomy and 'sophy! All was and is for thee! For thee sages have written; for thee science has toiled; for thee looms are clanking, ships are sailing, and strong men laboring! Thou art born to a fortune better than one of gold! I am but thy servant, to bring all treasures and lay them at thy feet! Be remorseless, exacting, greedy of our love and our lore! Come, young queen, into thy queendom! All is thine!

Bobus, my friend, you undoubtedly think that I am beside myself. You are a tough, knotty old tree, and I have only one tender shoot. You may sneer, or you may pity,—I care not one baubee for your praise or your blame. I shall take my own course. I feel my responsibility, Sir! I shall not come to you for advice! I shall pursue the path of duty, Sir!—Come to you, forsooth! What could you give? A lot of rubbish from Confucius, with a farrago of useless knowledge anent the breeching and birching of babies in Japan. I shall seek original sources of information. What do you know, for instance, of lactation and the act of sucking, Sir? I have been, like a good Christian, to my Paley already. Hear the Archdeacon of Carlisle! "The teeth are formed within the gums, and there they stop; the fact being, that their farther advance to maturity would not only be useless to the new-born animal, but extremely in its way; as it is evident that the act of *sucking*, by which it is for some time to be nourished, will be performed with more ease, both to the nurse and to the infant, whilst the inside of the mouth and edges of the gums are smooth and soft, than if set with hard-pointed bones. By the time they are wanted, the teeth are ready." Now, dear Don, is not that an interesting piece of information? You are not a mother, and probably you never will be one; but can you imagine anything more unpleasant to the maternal sensibilities than a child born with teeth? Mentally and prophetically unpleasant, as suggestive of the amiable Duke of Gloster, who came into the world grinning at dentists; physically unpleasant, in respect of bites, and the impossibility



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of emulating the complying conduct of Osric the water-fly, whose early politeness was vouched for by the Lord Hamlet. Bethink you, moreover, Don, of a wailing infant, full furnished with two rows of teeth—and nothing to masticate! whereas he must have been more cruel than the “parient” of the Dinah celebrated in song as the young lady who did not marry Mr. Villikins, that does not have something ready for them to do by the time the molars and bicuspid appear. I know the perils of dentition. But have we not the whole family of carminatives? Did the immortal Godfrey live and die in vain? Did not a kind Providence vouchsafe to us a Daffy? Are there not corals? Are there not India-rubber rings? And is there not the infinite tenderness and pity which we learn for the small, wailing sufferer, as, during the night which is not stilly, while the smouldering wick paints you, an immense, peripatetic *silhouette*, upon the wall, you pace to and fro the haunted chamber, and sing the song your mother sang while you were yet a child? What a noble privilege of martyrdom! What but parental love, deathless and irresistible, could tempt you thus, in drapery more classical than comfortable, to brave all dangers, to aggravate your rheumatism, to defy that celebrated god, Tirednature’s sweetrestorer, and to take your snatches of sleep *a pied*, a kind of fatherly walking Stewart, as if you were doing your thousand miles in a thousand hours for a thousand dollars, and were sure of winning the money? Believe me, my friend, the world has many such martyrs, unknown, obscure, suffering men, whose names Rumor never blows through her miserable conch-shell,—and I am one of them. As Bully Bertram says, in Maturin’s pimento play,—“I am a wretch, and proud of wretchedness.” A child, the offspring of your own loins, is something worth watching for. Such a father is your true Tapley; —there *is* some credit in coming out jolly under such circumstances. The unnatural parent, as those warning cries break the silence, may counterfeit Death’s counterfeit, and may even be guilty of the surpassing iniquity of simulating a snore. *Nunquam dormio*; I am like “The Sun” newspaper,—sleepless, tireless, disturbed, but imperturbable. I meet my fate, and find the pang a pleasant one. And so may I ever be, through all febrile, cutaneous, and flatulent vicissitudes,—careful of chicken-pox, mild with mumps and measles, unwearied during the weaning, growing tenderer with each succeeding rash, kinder with every cold, gentler with every grief, and sweeter-tempered with every sorrow sent to afflict my little woman! ’Tis a rough world. We must acclimate her considerately.



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Of the matter of education I also have what are called "views." I may be peculiar. School-committee-men who spell Jerusalem with a G, drill-sergeants who believe in black-boards and visible numerators, statistical fellows who judge of the future fate of the republic by the average attendance at the "Primaries," may not agree with me in my idea of bending the twig. I do believe, that, if Dame Nature herself should apply for a school, some of these wise Dogberries would report her "unquallyfide." I will not murder my pretty pet. So she be gentle, kindly, and loving, what care I if at sixteen years of age she cannot paint the baptism of John upon velvet, does not know a word of that accursed French language, breaks down in the "forward and back" of a cotillon, and cannot with spider fingers spin upon the piano the swiftest Tarantelle of Chopin.— [Illustration: musical note] = 2558 Metronome? We will find something better and braver than all that, my little Alice! Confound your Italianos!—the birds shall be the music-masters of my tiny dame. Moonrise, and sunset, and the autumnal woods shall teach her tint and tone. The flowers are older than the school-botanies;— she shall give them pet names at her own sweet will. We will not go to big folios to find out the big Latin names of the butterflies; but be sure, pet, they and you shall be better acquainted. And long before you have acquired that most profitless of all arts, the art of reading, we will go very deeply into ancient English literature. There is the story of the enterprising mouse, who, at one o'clock precisely, ran down the clock to the cabalistic tune of "Dickory, dickory, dock." There are the bold bowl-mariners of Gotham. There is "the man of our town," who was unwise enough to destroy the organs of sight by jumping into a bramble-bush, and who came triumphantly out of the experiment, and "scratched them in again," by boldly jumping into another bush,—the oldest discoverer on record of the doctrine that *similia similibus curantur*. There are Jack and Gill, who, not living in the days of the Cochituate, went up the hill for water, and who, in descending, met with cerebral injuries. There are the dietetic difficulties of Mr. and Mrs. Sprat, with the happy solution of a problem at one time threatening the domestic peace of this amiable pair. Be sure, little woman, we will find merry morsels in the silly-wise book! And there will be other silly-wise books. Cinderella shall again lose her slipper, and marry the prince; the wolf shall again eat little Red Ridinghood; and the small eyes grow big at the adventures of Sinbad, the gallant tar. Will not this be better, Don Bob, than pistil and stamen and radicle? —than wearing out BBB lead pencils in drawing tumble-down castles, rickety cottages, and dumpling-shaped trees?—than acquiring a language which has no literature fit for a girl to read?—than mistressing the absurd modern piano music?—than taking diplomas from institutes, which most certainly do not express all that young women learn in those venerable seats of learning? We will not put stays upon our pet until we are obliged to do so. Birdie shall abide in the paternal nest, and sing the old home-songs, and walk in the old home-ways, until she has a nice new nest of her own.



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Do I dote, Don Bob? Is there a smirk, a villanous, unfeeling, disagreeable, cynical sneer, lurking under your confounded moustache? I know you of old, you miserable, mocking Mephistopheles!—you sneerer, you scoffer, you misbeliever! No more of that, or I will travel three hundred miles expressly to break your head. Take a glass of claret, Bob, and be true to your better nature; for I suppose you have a better nature packed away somewhere, if one could but get at it. Those who have no children may laugh, but as a *paterfamilias* you should be ashamed to do so. And after all, this is a pretty serious business. As I sit here and dream and hope and pray, and try to compute the infinite responsibility which has come with this infinite joy, I am very humble, and I murmur, “Who is sufficient? who is sufficient?” And if you will look at the right-hand corner of this page, you will find a great splashy blot. Lachrymal, Bob, upon my word! ’Tis time to write “Yours, &c.” Moreover, I am needed for some duty in the nursery. Pleasant dreams! Health and happiness to Senora Wagonero, and all the little doubleyous. With assurances, &c., I remain, &c., &c.,

PAUL POTTER.

P.S.—Could you tell me the precise age at which Japanese children begin to learn the use of globes?

P.P.S.—Do Spanish nurses use Daffy? Is there any truth in the statement of Don Lopez Cervantes Murillo, that Columbus was “brought up by hand”?

P.P.P.S.—Could you give me the aggregate weight of all the children born in the Island of Formosa, from 1692 to the present time, with the proportion of the sexes, and the average annual mortality, and any other perfectly useless information respecting that island?

P. P.

THE LAST LOOK.

Naushon, September 22d, 1858.

Behold—not him we knew!  
This was the prison which his soul looked through,  
Tender, and brave, and true.

His voice no more is heard;  
And his dead name—that dear familiar word—  
Lies on our lips unstirred.

He spake with poet’s tongue;  
Living, for him the minstrel’s lyre was strung:  
He shall not die unsung!



Grief tried his love, and pain;  
And the long bondage of his martyr-chain  
Vexed his sweet soul,—in vain!

It felt life's surges break,  
As, girt with stormy seas, his island lake,  
Smiling while tempests wake.

How can we sorrow more?  
Grieve not for him whose heart had gone before  
To that untrodden shore!

Lo, through its leafy screen,  
A gleam of sunlight on a ring of green,  
Untrodden, half unseen!

Here let his body rest,  
Where the calm shadows that his soul loved best  
May slide above his breast.

Smooth his uncurtained bed;  
And if some natural tears are softly shed,  
It is not for the dead.



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Fold the green turf aright  
For the long hours before the morning's light,  
And say the last Good Night!

And plant a clear white stone  
Close by those mounds which hold his loved, his own,—  
Lonely, but not alone.

Here let him sleeping lie,  
Till Heaven's bright watchers slumber in the sky,  
And Death himself shall die!

### A SAMPLE OF CONSISTENCY.

Mr. Caleb Cushing,—“the Ajax of the Union,” as he has lately been styled,—for what reason we know not, unless that Ajax is chiefly known to the public as a personage very much in want of light,—Mr. Caleb Cushing has received an invitation to dine in South Carolina. This extraordinary event, while it amply accounts for the appearance of the comet, must also be held to answer for the publication by Mr. Cushing of a letter almost as long, if not quite so transparent, as the comet's tail. Craytonville is the name of the happy village, already famous as “the place of the nativity” of Mr. Speaker Orr, and hereafter to be a shrine of pilgrimage, as the spot where Mr. Cushing might have gone through the beautiful natural processes of mastication and deglutition, had he chosen. We use this elegant Latinism in deference to Mr. Ex-Commissioner Cushing; for, as he evidently deemed “birth-place” too simple a word for such a complex character as Mr. Orr, we could not think of coupling his own name with so common a proceeding as eating his dinner. It may be sectionalism in us,—but, at the risk of dissolving the Union, we will not yield to any Southern man a larger share of the dictionary (unless it be Webster's) than we give to a gentleman who was born at—we beg pardon, the place of whose nativity was—Newburyport.

Mr. Cushing has distinguished himself lately as the preacher-up of a crusade against modern philanthropy; and we do not wonder at it, if the offer of a dinner be so rare as to demand in acknowledgment a letter three columns long. Or perhaps he considered the offer itself as an instance of that insane benevolence which he reprobates, and accordingly punished it with an epistle the reading of which would delay the consummation of the edacious treason till all the meats were cold and the more impatient conspirators driven from the table. Or were those who had invited him *negrophilists*, (to use Mr. Cushing's favorite word,) and therefore deserving of such retribution? Not at all; they were all *leucophilists*, as sincere and warm-hearted as himself. Or perhaps this letter expresses Mr. Cushing's notion of what a proper answer to a dinner-invitation should be. We have no “Complete Letter-Writer” at hand, and consequently cannot compare it with any classic models; but, if we remember rightly,

that useful book is not in as many volumes as the Catalogue of the British Museum is to be, and the examples there given must necessarily be denied so sea-serpentine a voluminousness.



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We suspect that the style is original with the Ex-Brigadier-Attorney-General, but, while we allow it the merit of novelty, we think there are some grave objections to its universal adoption. It would be a great check on hospitality; for, by parity of reason, the invitation should be as tedious as the reply, and a treaty of dinner would take nearly as much time as a treaty of peace. This would be a great damage to the butchers, whose interests (to borrow a bit of political economy from Mr. Cushing's letter) are complementary to those of the dinner-giver and the diner. Again, it would be fatal to all conversation, supposing the dinner at last to take place; for the Amphitryon, on the one hand, has already exploited everything he knows and does not know, from Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Berosus, to Dr. Hickok,—and the guests—but the thought of their united efforts is too appalling. In short, (if we may use that term in connection with such a subject,) we cannot believe, and certainly do not hope, that Mr. Cushing's system will ever become popular. Even if it should, we think that an improvement upon it might be suggested. We subjoin a form of invitation and answer, which any of our readers are at liberty to use, if they should ever need them.

*Punkinopolis*, 28th Sept., 1858.

My dear N. N.,

I send, by the bearer, the Correspondence of Horace Walpole and Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace" which are, probably, as entertaining and eloquent as anything I could write. I send also Cicero "De Amicitia," Brillat-Savarin's "Physiologie du Gout" the Works of Athenaeus, and the "Banquet" of Plato. If, after a perusal of these works, you are not convinced that I entertain the most friendly feelings towards you, and that I wish you to dine with me on this day twelvemonth, I do not know what further arguments to employ.

Yours faithfully,

&c. &c.

Baldeagleville, Feb. 10, 1859.

My dear &c. &c.,

The wagon, which accompanies this, will bring you a copy of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." The reading of this choice morceau of contemporary literature will suggest to you nearly all I have to say in reply to your interesting communication of the 28th September last. By reading, in succession, the articles Confucius, Fortification, Sandwich Islands, and AEsthetics, you will form some notion of the mingled emotions with which I remain:

Yours truly,

N.N.

P. S. The amount of time required for mastering the Greek language, in order thoroughly to enjoy some passages of your charming note, alone prevents me from sending so full an answer as I should wish.



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In these days, when everybody's correspondence is published as soon as he is dead, —or during his life, if he is unfortunate enough to be the Director of an Observatory, and there is a chance of injuring him by the breach of confidence,—we cannot help thinking that the forms we have given above are not only more compendious, but safer, than Mr. Cushing's. If his method should come into vogue, posterity would be deprived of the letters of this generation for nearly a century by the time necessary to print them, and then, allowing for the imperious intervals of sleep, would hardly contrive to get through them in less than a couple of centuries more. We leave to those who have read Mr. Cushing's reply to the Craytonville invitation the painful task of estimating the loss to the world from such a contingency. Meanwhile, the perplexing question arises,—If such be the warrior-statesman's measure of gratitude for a dinner, what would be his scale for a breakfast or a dish of tea? Caesar announced a victory in three words; but in this respect he was very inferior to Mr. Cushing, whose style is much more copious, and who shows as remarkable talents in the command of language as the other general did in the command of troops.

On first reading Mr. Cushing's letter, its obscurity puzzled us not a little. There are passages in it that would have pleased Lycophron himself, who wished he might be hanged if anybody could understand his poem. Dilution was to be expected in a production whose author had to make three columns out of "Thank you, can't come." Even a person overrunning with the milk of human kindness, as Mr. Cushing, on so remarkable an occasion, undoubtedly was, might be pardoned for adopting the shift of dealers in the dearer vaccine article, and reinforcing his stores from a friendly pump. The expansiveness of the heart would naturally communicate itself to the diction. But, on the other hand, repeated experiments failed to detect even the most watery flavor of conviviality in the composition. The epistles of Jacob Behmen himself are not farther removed from any contamination with the delights of sense. Was this, then, a mere Baratarian banquet, a feast of reason, to which Mr. Cushing had been invited? Or did he intend to pay an indirect tribute of respect to his ancestry by sending what would produce all the hilarious effect of one of those interminable Puritan graces before meat? No, the dinner was a real dinner,—the well-known hospitality of South Carolina toward Massachusetts ambassadors forbids any other supposition,—and Mr. Cushing's letter itself, however dark in some particulars, is clear enough in renouncing every principle and practice of the founders of New England. We must find, therefore, some other reason why the Ex-Commander of the Palmetto Regiment, when the Carolinians ask the pleasure of his society, gives them instead the agreeable relaxation of a sermon,—an example which, we trust, will not prove infectious among the clergy.



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It occurred to us suddenly that the next Democratic National Convention is to assemble in Charleston. It is not, therefore, too early to send in sealed proposals for the Presidency; and if this letter is Mr. Cushing's bid, we must do him the justice to say that we think nobody will be found to go lower. We doubt if it will avail him much; but the precedent of Northern politicians going South for wool and coming back shorn is so long established, that a lawyer like himself will hardly venture to take exception to it. Like his great namesake, the son of Jephunneh, he may bring back a gigantic bunch of grapes from this land of large promise and small fulfilment, but we fear they will be of the variety which sets the teeth on edge, and fills the belly with that east wind which might have been had cheaper at home.

If, nevertheless, Mr. Cushing is desirous of being a candidate, it is worth while to consider what would be the principles on which he would administer the government, and what are his claims to the confidence of the public. We are beginning to discover that the personal character of the President has a great deal to do with the conduct of the almost irresponsible executive head of the Republic. What, then, have been Mr. Cushing's political antecedents, and what is his present creed?

There are many points of resemblance between his character and career and those of the present Chancellor of the English Exchequer. Belonging to a part of the country whose opinions are to all intents and purposes politically proscribed, he has gone over to a party whose whole policy has tended to harass the commerce, to cripple the manufactures, and to outrage the moral sense of New England, and has won advancement and prominence in that party by his talents, contriving at the same time to make his origin a service rather than a detriment. Like Mr. Disraeli, he has been consistent only in devotion to success. Like him, accomplished, handsome, plucky, industrious, and dangerous, if unconvincing, in debate, he brings to bear on every question the immediate force of personal courage and readiness, but none of that force drawn from persistent principle, whose defeats are tutorings for victory. With a quick eye for the weak point of an enemy, and a knack of so draping commonplaces with rhetoric that they shall have the momentary air of profound generalizations, he is also, like him, more cunning in expedients than capable of far-seeing policy. Adroit in creating and fostering prejudice, acute in drawing metaphysical distinctions which shall make wrong seem right by showing that it is less wrong than it appeared, he is unable to see that public opinion is never moulded by metaphysics, and that, with the people, instinct is as surely permanent as prejudice is transitory. Like Mr. Disraeli, versatile, he is liable to forget that what men admire as a grace in the intellect they condemn as a defect in the character and conduct. Gifted, like him, with various talents,



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he has one which overshadows all the rest,—the faculty of inspiring a universal want of confidence. As a popular leader, the advantage which daring would have given him is more than counterpoised by an acuteness and refinement of mind which have no sympathy with the mass of men, and which they in turn are likely to distrust from imperfect comprehension. Ill-adapted for the rough-and-tumble contests of a Democracy, he is admirably fitted to be the minister or the head of an oligarchical Republic. We wish all our Northern Representatives had the boldness and the abilities, we hope none of them will be seduced by the example, of Mr. Cushing.

He is one of those able men whose imputed is even greater than their real mental capacity; because the standard of ordinary men is success, —and success, of a certain kind, is assured to those mixed characters which combine the virtue of courage with the vice of unscrupulousness. An ambitious man, like Louis Napoleon, for example, who sets out with those two best gifts of worldly fortune, a lace with nothing but brass and a pocket with nothing but copper in it, has a brilliant, if a short, career before him, and will be sure to gain the character of ability; for if ambition but find selfishness to work upon, it has that leverage which Archimedes wished for. But time makes sad havoc with this false greatness, with this reputation which passes for fame, and this adroitness which passes for wisdom, with merely acute minds. When Plausibility and Truth divided the world between them, the one chose To-day and the other To-morrow.

To enable us to construct a theory of Mr. Cushing's present position, we have two recent productions in print,—his Fourth of July Oration at New York, and his Letter to the Craytonville Committee. But he has seen too many aspirants for the Presidency contrive to drown themselves in their inkstands, and is far too shrewd a man, to elaborate any documentary evidence of his opinions. If we arrive at them, it must be by a process of induction, and by gathering what evidence we can from other sources. Mr. Cushing knows very well that the multitude have nothing but a secondary office in the making of Presidents, and addresses to them only his words, while the initiated alone know what meaning to put on them. If, for example, when he says *servant* he means *slave*, when he says *Negrophilist* he means *Republican*, and when he says *false philanthropy* he means *the fairest instincts of the human heart*, we have a right to suspect that there is also an esoteric significance in the phrases, *Loyalty to the Union*, *Nationality*, and *Conservatism*.



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Had a constituent of Mr. Cushing, in the Essex North District, taken a nap of twenty years,—(and if he had invited his Representative to dinner, and got such an answer as the Craytonville letter, the supposition is not extravagant,)—what would have been his amazement, on waking, to find his Member of Congress haranguing an assembly of Original Democrats in Tammany Hall! Caius Marcius addressing the Volscian council of war would occur to him as the only historic parallel for such a rhetorical phenomenon. The one was an ideal, as the other is a commonplace example of the ludicrous contradictions in which men may be involved, who find in personal motives the justification of public conduct. That the chairman of the meeting should have had in his pocket a letter from the candidate of the Buffalo Convention, and that Mr. John Van Buren should have sat upon the platform, while the orator charged the leaders of the Republican Party with interested motives, were merely two of those incidental circumstances by which Fact always vindicates her claim to be more satiric than Fiction. But when Mr. Cushing speaks with exultation of the past and with confidence of the future of the Original Democratic Party, we can think of nothing like it but Charles II. taking the Solemn League and Covenant, with an unctuous allusion to the persecutions WE Covenanters have undergone, and the triumphs of vital piety to which WE look forward.

Mr. Cushing claims that the Democratic Party has originated and carried through every measure that has become a part of the settled policy of the government. This is not very remarkable, if we consider that the party has been in power during by far the greater part of our national existence, and that under our system the administration is practically a dictatorship for four years. Mr. Everett long ago pointed out the advantage we should gain by having a responsible ministry. As it is, the representative branch of our government is practically a nullity. What with his immense patronage, the progress of events, and the chance of luring the opposing party into by-questions, the Presidential Micawber of the moment is almost sure that something will turn up to extricate him from the consequences of his own incompetency or dishonesty. The only check upon this system is the chance that the temerity engendered by irresponsible power may lead the executive to measures which, as in the case of Kansas, shall open the eyes of thinking men to the real designs and objects of those in office. An opposition is necessarily transitory in its nature, if it be not founded on some principle which, reaching below the shifting sands of politics, rests upon the primary rock of morals and conscience. In such a principle only is found the nucleus of a party which the adverse patronage of a corrupt executive can but strengthen by attracting from it its baser elements. Such an opposition the Democratic Party seems lately to have devoted all its policy to build up, and now, confronted with it, can find no remedy but in the abolishment of morals and conscience altogether.



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The Democratic Party, like the distinguished ancestor of Jonathan Wild, has been impartially on both sides of every question of domestic policy which has arisen since it came into political existence. It has been *pro* and *con* in regard to a Navy, a National Bank, Internal Improvements, Protection, Hard Money, and Missouri Compromise. Its leading doctrine was State Rights; its whole course of action, culminating in the Dred Scott decision, has been in the direction of Centralization. During all these changes, it has contrived to have the Constitution always on its side by the simple application of Swift's axiom, "Orthodoxy is *my* doxy, Heterodoxy is *thy* doxy," though it has had as many doxies as Cowley. Sometimes it has even had two at once, as in refusing to the iron of Pennsylvania the protection it gave to the sugar of Louisiana. Pennsylvania avenged herself by the fatal gift of Mr. Buchanan. There is one exception to the amiable impartiality of the party,—it has been always and energetically pro-slavery. In this respect Mr. Cushing has the advantage of it, for he has been on both sides of the Slavery question also. It must be granted, however, that his lapse into *Negrophilism* was but a momentary weakness, and that without it the Whig Party would have lost the advantage of his character, and the lesson of his desertion, in Congress. He is said to be master of several tongues, and it is therefore quite natural that he should have held a different language at different times on many different questions.

A creed so various that it seemed to be, not one, but every creed's epitome, could not fail to be strangely attractive to a mind so versatile as that of Mr. Cushing; yet we cannot deny to his conversion some remarkable features which give it a peculiar interest. In some respects his case offers a pleasing contrast to that of the Rev. John Newton; for, as the latter was converted from slave-trading to Christianity, so Mr. Cushing (whatever he may have renounced) seems to have embraced something very like the principles which the friend of Cowper abandoned,—another example of the beautiful compensations by which the balance of Nature is preserved. And his conversion was sudden enough to have pleased even Jonathan Edwards himself. Up to the ripe age of forty-two he had been joined to his idols. It is a proverb, that he who is a fool at forty will be a fool at fourscore; yet Mr. Cushing, who is certainly no fool, had been blind to the beauties of Original Democracy for a year or two beyond that alliterative era. The Whigs had just succeeded in electing their candidates, and it seemed as if nothing short of an almost Providential interposition could save him. That interposition came in the death of General Harrison, which took away the last earthly hope of Whig advancement. It was what the jockeys call "a very near thing." But for that,—it is a sad thought,—Mr. Cushing might have been on our side now. This



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was the *gratia operans*. Mr. Tyler, who succeeded to the Presidency, had Democratic proclivities; this was the *gratia cooeperans*; and finally we see the *gratia perficiens* in the appointment of our catechumen to the Chinese Commissionership. From the Central Flowery Kingdom he returned a full-blown Original Democrat. In 1853, Mr. Pierce, finding himself elected President for no other reason apparently than that he had failed to distinguish himself in the Mexican War, appointed Mr. Cushing his Attorney General on the same benevolent principle,—consoling him for having to sheathe a bloodless sword by giving him a chance to draw the more dangerous Opinion.

We have alluded only to such facts in Mr. Cushing's history as are fresh in the remembrance of our readers; and it would not have been worth our while to allude even to these, if he had not seen fit to speak of the leading men of the Republican Party as "dangerous, because they have *no fixed principle, no stable convictions, no samples of consistency to control their acts*; because their *only creed is what has been called the duty of success*; and because their success—the successful accomplishment of a sectional organization of the government on the ruins of its nationality— would be the *de facto* dissolution of the Union." In his Letter he says also, that "it is a fact humiliating to confess that the cant of negroism still has vogue as one of the minor instruments of demagoguy in Northern States." The coolness of such charges, coming from Mr. Cushing, is below the freezing-point of quicksilver. Shall we take lessons in fixedness of principle from the Whig-Antislavery Member from Federalist Essex?—in stable convictions from the Tyler-Commissioner to China?—in consistency from the Democratic Attorney-General?—in an amalgam of all three from the Coalition Judge? Shall we find a more pointed warning of the worthlessness of success in the words than in the example of the orator? Since Reynard the Fox donned a friar's hood, and, with the feathers still sticking in his whiskers, preached against the damnable heresy of hen-stealing, there has been nothing like this!

In China, they set great store by porcelain that has been often broken and mended again with silver wire, prizing it more highly than that which is sound and fresh from the hands of the potter. There is a kind of political character of the same description, — hollow-ware, not generally porcelain, indeed,—cracked in every direction, but deftly bound together with silver strips of preferment, till it is consistent enough to serve all the need of its possessor in receiving large messes of the public pottage. How the Chinese would have admired Mr. Tyler's Commissioner, if they had known the exquisite perfection of *crackle* displayed in his political career! To be sure, the Chinese are our antipodes.



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The imputation of inconsistency is one to which every sound politician and every honest thinker must sooner or later subject himself. Fools and dead men are the only people who never change their opinions or their course of action. The course of great statesmen resembles that of navigable rivers, avoiding immovable obstacles with noble bends of concession, seeking the broad levels of opinion on which men soonest settle and longest dwell, following and marking the almost imperceptible slope of national tendency, yet forever recruited from sources nearer heaven, from summits where the gathered purity of ages lies encamped, and sometimes bursting open paths of progress and civilisation through what seem the eternal barriers of both. It is a loyalty to great ends, an anchored cling to solid principles, which knows how to swing with the tide, but not to be carried away by it, that we demand in public men,—and not persistence in prejudice, sameness of policy, or stolid antagonism to the inevitable. But we demand also that they shall not too lightly accept Wrong instead of Right, as inevitable; and there is a kind of change that is suspicious because it is sudden,—and detrimental to the character in proportion as it is of advantage to the man; and the judgment of mankind allows a well-founded distinction between an alteration of policy compelled by events, and an abandonment of professed principles tainted with any suspicion of self-interest. We hold that a Representative is a trustee for those who elected him, —that his political apostasy only so far deserves the name of conversion as it is a conversion of what was not his to his own use and benefit; and we have a right to be impatient of instruction in duty from those whom the hope of promotion could nerve to make the irrevocable leap from a defeated party to a triumphant one, and who can serve either side, if so they only serve themselves. It is this kind of freedom from prejudice that has brought down our politics to the gambling level of the stock-market; it is this kind of unlucky success, and the readiness of the multitude to forgive and even to applaud it, that justify the old sarcasm, *Patibulum inter et statuam quam leve discrimen!*

It is not for inconsistencies of policy in matters of indifference that we should blame a man or a party, but for making questions of honor and morals matters of indifference. Inconsistency is to be settled, not by seeming discrepancies between the action of one day and that of the next, but by the experience which enables us to judge of motives and impulses. Time, which reconciles apparent contradictions, impeaches real ones, and shows a malicious satirical turn, in forcing men into positions where they must break their own necks in attempting to face both ways. Nor is it for inconsistency that we condemn the Democratic Party. There are no trade-winds for the Ship of State, unless it be navigated by higher principles than any the political meteorologists have yet discovered.



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But there have been mysterious movements, of late, which raise a violent presumption that our Democratic captain and officers are altering the rig and adapting the hold of the vessel to suit the demands of a traffic condemned by the whole civilized world. They are painting out the old name, letter by letter, and putting “Conservative” in its stead. They seem to fancy there is such a thing as a slave-trade-wind, and are attempting to beat up against what they profess to believe a local current and a gust of popular delusion. We think they are destined to find that they are striving against the invincible drift of Humanity and the elemental breath of God. It is an ominous *consistency* with which we charge the Democratic Party.

Mr. Cushing affirms, that the Republicans have no argument but the “cry of *Slavepower!*”—which is as eloquent a one as the old Roman’s *Delenda est Carthago*, to those who know how many years of bitter experience, how many memories of danger and forebodings of aggression, are compressed in it. But he is mistaken; Democratic administrations have been busy in supplying arguments, and we complain rather of their abundance than their paucity. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas policy, which even office-holders who had gulped their own professions found too nauseous to swallow, and the Dred Scott decision,—if these be not arguments, then history is no teacher, and events have no logic.

Mr. Cushing adroitly evades the real matter in issue, and assumes that it is a mere question of the relative amount of federal office secured by the North and the South respectively. This may be a very natural view of the case in a man whose map of nationality would seem to be bounded North by a seat in Congress, East by a Chinese Embassy, West by an Attorney-Generalship, and South by the vague line of future contingency; but it hardly solves the difficulty. With characteristic pluck he takes the wolf by the ears. The charge being, that the power of the Slave States has been gaining a steady preponderance over that of the Free States by means of the federal administration, he answers it by saying that he has made it a subject of “philosophic study,” and has found that Massachusetts has had a “pretty fair run of the power of the Union,”—whatever that may be. The phrase is unfortunate, for it reminds one too much of the handsome competence with which a father once claimed to have endowed his son in giving him the run of the streets since he was able to go alone. But let us test Mr. Cushing’s logic by an equivalent proposition. He is executor, we will suppose, of an estate to be divided among sixteen heirs; he pays A his portion, and claims a discharge in full. What would not Mr. Buchanan give for a receipt by which office-seekers could be so cheaply satisfied!



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“Philosophic study,” to be sure! It may be easy for gentlemen, the chief part of whose productive industry has been the holding of office or the preparing of their convictions for the receipt of more, to be philosophic; but it is not so easy for Massachusetts to be satisfied, when she sees only those of her children so rewarded who misrepresent her long-cherished principles, who oppose the spread of her institutions, who mock at her sense of right and her hereditary love of freedom, and are willing to accept place as an equivalent for the loss of her confidence. The question, Who is in office? may be of primary importance to Mr. Cushing, but is of little consequence to the Free States. What concerns them is, How and in what interest are the offices administered? If to the detriment of free institutions, then all the worse that sons of theirs can be found to do that part of the work which involves (as affairs are now tending) something very like personal dishonor. It is no matter of pride to us that the South has never been able to produce a sailor skilful enough and bold enough to take command of a slaver.

Mr. Cushing affects to see in the history of the Slavery Agitation nothing but a series of injuries inflicted by the North on the South. He charges “some of the Northern States” with acts of aggression upon the South “which would have been just cause of war as between foreign governments.” He prudently forbears to name any. Does he mean, that persons have been found in some of those States unnational enough, un-Original-Democratic enough, to give a cup of water to a hunted Christian woman, or to harbor an outcast Christian man, without first submitting their hair to a microscopic examination? Does he mean, that we have said hard things of our Southern brethren? Grose’s “Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue” is open to them as well as to us, and the Richmond “South” is surely not in the habit of sprinkling the Northern subjects of its animadversion with rose-water. No,—what Mr. Cushing means is this,—that there are men at the North who will not surrender the principles they have inherited from three revolutions because they are threatened with a fourth that will never come,—who do not consider it an adequate success in our experiment of self-government that we can produce such types of nationality as reckon the value of their country by the amount of salary she pays,—who will not believe that there is no higher kind of patriotism than complicity in every violent measure of an administration which redeems only its pledges to a faction of Southern disunionists,—who will not admit that slave-holding is the only important branch of national industry, because the profession of that dogma enables unscrupulous men to enter the public service poor and to leave it rich. Has any citizen of a Southern State ever failed to obtain justice (that is to say, in the language of Original Democracy, his *nigger*) in a Northern court?

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Has Massachusetts ever mobbed an envoy or brutally assaulted a Senator of South Carolina? Has any Northern State ever nullified an article of the Federal Constitution, as every seaboard Slave-State has always done in respect to the colored citizens of the North? When a man's allowing himself to be kicked comes to be reckoned an outrage on the kicker, then Mr. Cushing's notion of what constitutes a "just cause of war" will deserve as much consideration as Mr. G.T. Curtis's theory that hustling a deputy-marshal is "levying" it. We can remember when the confirmation of an ambassador to England (where the eminent fitness of the nomination was universally conceded) was opposed by several Southern Senators on the ground that he had expressed an interest in the success of West India emancipation. If Original Democrats have their way, it will not be long before it is made constructive treason to have read that chapter of the Acts of the Apostles which relates the misguided philanthropy of Philip in endeavoring to convert an Ethiopian into anything but a chattel.

We are inclined to think that a too amiable willingness to be kicked has been generally considered "just cause of war as between foreign governments,"—especially on the part of the stronger of the two. History seems to show this,—and also, that the sooner a nation gets over its eccentric partiality for this kind of appeal to its reasoning faculty, the more likely it is to avoid the risks of war. At any rate, the forbearance of the South has been such, that, in spite of the great temptation, she has hitherto refrained from sending her fleets and armies northward, and we are glad to find that Mr. Cushing is inclined to take a cheerful view of the permanency of our institutions. He tells us, it is true, in one place, that the success of the Republican Party would be "the *de facto* dissolution of the Union"; but in a moment of calmer reflection he assures us that there are thirty million Americans who stand ready "to devour and swallow up" the "handful of negrophilist Union-haters." We have great faith in the capacity of the American people, yet we somewhat doubt whether any one of them could swallow up what he had already devoured, unless, indeed, he performed that feat which has hitherto been the opprobrium of Jack-puddings, and jumped down his own throat afterwards. However, a man of Mr. Cushing's warmth of nature might well find himself carried beyond the regions of ordinary rhetoric in contemplating so beautiful and affecting a vision, and it is enough that we have the consolation of knowing that he either spoke with a disregard of the census, which we cannot believe possible in one so remarkable for accuracy of statement, or that he acquits every man, woman, and child in the country of any hostility to the Union. It is cheering to have this matter set finally at rest by so eminent an authority, and we are particularly glad that the necessity for so painful an experiment in swallowing



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is a great way off; for, though a “handful” would not go far among so many, yet, if its components be as unpleasant as Mr. Cushing represents them, it would certainly give a colic to every patriot who got a bite. After so generous an exculpation of the American people from any desire to pull their own house about their ears, we are left to conclude that the only real danger to be apprehended, in case of a Republican success, is a *de facto* and *de jure* dissolution of that union between certain placemen and their places which has lasted so long that they have come to look on it as something Constitutional. When that day is likely to arrive, we shall see such samples of consistency, and such instances of stable conviction, in finding out on which side of their bread the butter lies, as cannot fail to gratify even Mr. Cushing himself.

But we must not congratulate ourselves too soon. In the interval between the fifth of July, when his oration was delivered, and the seventh of August, which is the date of the Craytonville letter, Mr. Cushing seems to have reviewed his opinion on the state of the Union. There is more cause for alarm than appeared on the surface; but this time it is not because we have fallen out of love with the South, but that we have become desperately enamored of negroes. Nurses will have to scare their refractory charges with another bugaboo; for the majority of Massachusetts infants would jump at the chance of being carried off by the once terrible Ugly Black Man. Our great danger is from *Negrophilism*; though Mr. Cushing seems consoled by the fact, that it is a danger to Massachusetts, and not to South Carolina. We think Mr. Cushing may calm his disinterested apprehensions. We believe the disease is not so deep-seated as he imagines; and as we see no reason to fear the immediate catastrophe of the Millennium from any excess of benevolence on the part of Mr. Cushing and his party toward white men, (whose cause he professes to espouse,) we are inclined to look forward with composure to any results that are likely to follow from sporadic cases of sympathy with black ones. There is no reason for turning alarmist. In spite of these highly-colored forebodings, it will be a great while before our colored fellow-citizens, or fellow-denizens, (or whatever the Dred Scott decision has turned them into,) will leave mourning-cards in Beacon Street, or rear mulatto-hued houses on that avenue which it is proposed to build from the Public Garden into the sunset.

It is adroit in Mr. Cushing thus to shift the front of his defence, but it is dreadfully illogical. It is very convenient to make it appear that this is a quarrel of races; for, in such a case, a scruple of prejudice will go farther than a hundredweight of argument. In assuming to be the champion of the downtrodden whites against the domineering blacks, Mr. Cushing enlists on his side the sympathy and admiration which are sure to follow the advocate of the weak and



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the defenceless. He comes home to New England, finds his own color proscribed, and at once takes the part of *amicus curiae* for the weak against the strong in the forum of Humanity. We do not wonder, that a gentleman, who has devoted so much ingenuity, so much time and talent, to making black appear white, should at last deaden the nicety of his sense for the distinction between the two, and thus reverse the relation of the two colors; but we do wonder, that, in choosing Race as a convenient catchword, he should not see that he is yielding a dangerous vantage-ground to the Native American Party, whose principles he seems so pointedly to condemn. We say *seems*, —for he is carefully indefinite in his specifications, and hedges his opinions with a thicket of ambiguous phrases, which renders it hard to get at them, and leaves opportunity for future evasion. If a war of race be justifiable in White against Black, why not in so-called Anglo-Saxons against Kelts? The one is as foolish and as wicked as the other, and the only just method of solution is the honest old fair field and no favor, under which every race and every individual man will assume the place destined to him in the order of Providence. We have a great distrust of ethnological assumptions; for there is, as yet, no sufficient basis of observed fact for legitimate induction, and the blood in the theorist's own veins is almost sure to press upon the brain and disturb accurate vision, or his preconceptions to render it impossible. Gervinus reads the whole history of Europe in the two words, *Teutonic* and *Romanic*; Wordsworth believed that only his family could see a mountain; Dr. Prichard, led astray by a mistaken philanthropy, believed color to be a matter of climate; and Dr. Nott considers that the outline shown by a single African hair on transverse section is reason enough for the oppression of a race. If the black man be radically inferior to the white, or radically different from him, the folly of white-washing him will soon appear. But, on the other hand, if his natural relation to the white man be that of slave to master, our Southern brethren have wasted a great deal of time in prohibitory and obscurantist legislation; they might as well have been passing acts to prevent the moon from running away, or to make the Pleiades know their place.

It will be a blessed day for the world when men are as willing to help each other as they are to assist Providence. The "London Cotton-Plant," a journal established to sustain the interests of Slavery in the Old World, is almost overpowered with acute distress for the Order of Creation, and offers its sustaining shoulder to the System of the Universe. "Fear nothing," it seems to say, "glorious structure of the Divine Architect! Giddings shall not touch you, nor shall Seward lay his sacrilegious hand on you!" "Who are ye?" murmurs the Voice, "that would reedit the works of the Almighty?" "Sublime, but misguided object



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of our compassion, we prefer to remain in the modest seclusion of namelessness, but we are published at Red-Lion Court, Fleet Street, and are sold for one shilling!" To judge from Mr. Cushing's letter, he has studied this organ of the sympathizers with the Pre-established Harmonies,—certainly there is a singular coincidence in the sentiments of both, so far as we can make them out. Both call themselves conservative, both are anti-philanthropists, both claim that public opinion is tending in the direction of their views, both affirm that their cause is that of the white man, and both appear to mean by white man the same thing,—the owner of a slave.

But is not Mr. Cushing's anxiety misdirected, and wilfully so, in seeking the material for its forebodings of danger to the Union in the Free States? The only avowed disunionists of the North are the radical Abolitionists, whose position is the logical result of their admitting that under the Constitution it is impossible to touch Slavery where it exists, and who, therefore, seek in a dissolution of the federal compact an escape from complicity with what they believe an evil and a wrong,—with what, till within the last twenty years, was conceded to be such by the South itself. If Mr. Cushing be so great an admirer of stability in conviction, he might have found in these men the subject of something other than vituperation. There are men among them who might have won the foremost places of political advancement, could they have sacrificed their principles to their ambition, could they believe that public honors would heal as well as hide the wounds of self-respect. It is the South that advocates disunion, from sectional motives, and adds the spice of treason. The "London Cotton-Plant" says,—

"If she [the South] is denied 'equality' within the Union, she can have 'independence' out of it. Already in European cabinets the possibility of this contingency is contemplated. We but perform a public duty when we tell Mr. Douglas that *there is in Europe more than one power able and willing and prepared to take the Cotton States of America, and with them the other 'Slave'-States, so-called by free-negroists, under their protection, as valuable and desirable allies ... And more, he can say by authority that she [the South] has active and successful agents in every part of Europe preparing the way for equal existence, commercially as well as politically, so long as the Union exists, or the active support of powerful allies, if driven as a last resort to appeal to the civilized world against tyranny and oppression.*" [1]

But what does the "Cotton-Plant" understand by "equality"? Nothing less than the reopening of the slave-trade. Speaking of the chance that the captured slaves of the "Echo" would be sent back to Africa, and resenting such a procedure as "a brand upon our section and upon our social condition," it affirms that:



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“This labor-question of the South does not depend upon such miserable clap-trap as Kansas or the Fugitive Slave Law. It rests upon a full, open, and deliberate recognition of the rights of the Southern people; and the Senator from Illinois, *by moving the abrogation of the so-called slave-trade treaty with England, allowing the South to supply herself with labor as she may see fit, would give, indeed, unquestioned assurance of his disposition and courage to follow the principle of the white-basis to its logical and constitutional consequence.*”

It declares that the sending home of the Africans would be “a practical reversal of the Dred Scott decision,” and adds,—“We have no fear that our people *will long remain passive under such an accumulating weight of inequality.*” [2]

Is not this explicit enough? and does not the “white-basis” sufficiently explain what is meant by the systematic depreciation of the colored race in Mr. Cushing’s letter?

The Democratic Party is the party of “Progress.” What is the direction of that progress likely to be? What is the lesson of the past? Hitherto this party has been the ally and the tool, not of the moderate, but of the extreme propagandas of the South. The Carolinians with their Scotch blood received also a strong infusion of Scotch logic. They felt that their system was inconsistent with the immortal assertion of Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and with the principles of the Revolution,—that its extension was a direct reversal of the creed and the policy of the men by whom our frame of government was established. They accepted the alternative, and assumed the aggressive. The principles of the Revolution must be crushed out, the traditions of the Fathers of the Republic repudiated,—and that, too, by means of the party calling itself Democratic, through which alone the South could control the policy of the government.

Accordingly, a reaction was put in motion and steadily pressed, precisely similar in kind to that organized by Louis Napoleon against the principles of the French Revolution, and supported by precisely the same warnings of the danger of civil commotion, and by appeals to the timidity of Property and the cupidity of Trade. The party which had so long vaunted the derivation of its fundamental truth from the Law of Nature was compelled to make it a part of its creed that there was nothing higher than an ordinance of man. The party of State-Rights was forced to proclaim that a decision of the Supreme Court was sovereign over all the rights of the States. The party whose leading dogma it is, that all power proceeds from and resides in the people, that all government rests on the consent of the governed, was driven into refusing to submit a constitution to the people whose destiny was to be decided by it. And all this has been done, not for the security of Slavery where it exists, but to serve the truculent purposes of its indefinite



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extension. To acquiesce in the honesty and justice of such a course of policy as the last few years have shown, to assist in inaugurating a future that shall accord with it, is nationality and conservatism! No wonder Mr. Cushing is charmed with the consistency of his new allies. Do they propose to steal Cuba?—they are the party who would extend the area of Freedom. Do they make Slavery a matter of federal concern by means of the Supreme Court?—they are the party who maintain that it is an affair of local law. Do they disfranchise a race?—they are the party of equal rights. And the whole wretched imbroglio of creed which is the condemnation of their action, and of action, which is the death of their creed, is dubbed Nationality. If sectionalism be the reverse of all this, we confess that we prefer sectionalism. It is a nationality which has no Northern half, a conservatism which abolishes all our heroic traditions.

If the Democratic Party has been urged to such extreme measures and such motley self-stultification by the pressure of the South, if every downward step has been only the more likely to be taken because it seemed impossible six months before, what are we not to look for, now that its leaders are emboldened by success, and its lieutenants are eager for more plunder at the easy price of more perfidy? Already, as we have seen, the reopening of the slave-trade is demanded; already fresh enactments are called for, expressly to render it in future impossible for the people of a Territory to loosen the grip of Slavery, as those of Kansas have done. And to prepare the way for this, we are forced to hear continual homilies on the supremacy of law, on what are called “legal conscience” and “legal morality,”—phrases which sound well, but cover nothing more than the absurd fallacy, that everything is legal which can by any hocus-pocus be got enacted. The doctrine, that there is no higher law than the written statute, is but one of the symptoms of the steady drift of our leading politicians toward materialism, toward a faith which makes the products of man’s industry of more value than man himself, and finds the god of this lower world in the law of demand and supply. “Cotton is King!” say such reasoners as Mr. Cushing;—“Conscience is King!” said such actors as the Puritans. To have a moral sense may be very unwise, very visionary, very unphilosophic; but most men are foolish enough to have one, and the enforcing of any law which wounds it is sure to arouse a resistance thoroughly pervading their whole being and lasting as life itself. The carrying away of a single fugitive[3] gave the Republicans a tenure of power in Massachusetts, as firm, and likely to be as enduring, as that of the Whigs was once. The propagandists of Slavery overreached themselves when they compelled the people of the North to be their accomplices. The higher law is not a thing men argue about, but act upon. People who admit the right of property a thousand miles off go back to first principles when the property comes to their door in the upright form of man and appeals for sympathy with a human voice.



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Mr. Cushing represents Massachusetts to be a Babel of *isms*, so many square miles of Bedlam, from Boston Corner to Provincetown. Is this intended as a depreciation of our free institutions, by showing the results to which they inevitably lead? Has a Rarey for vicious hobbies been a *desideratum* so long, and has such a benefactor of his species found his avatar at last in Mr. Cushing? He tells us, however, that the delusion of *Negrophilism*, that is, Republicanism, is on the wane, and is destined to speedy extinction. The very extravagancies he speaks of as so rife and so rampant are to us evidence of the contrary. They prove the depth to which the religious instincts of the Northern people have been stirred upon the question of Slavery. Such extravagancies have accompanied every great moral movement of mankind. The Reformation, the great Puritan Rebellion, the French Revolution, brought them forth in swarms. A profound historical thinker, Gervinus, remarks, that the political enthusiasm of a nation is slow to warm and swift to cool, but that its moral enthusiasm is quickly stirred and long in subsiding. Thinking men will ask themselves whether the *isms* Mr. Cushing enumerates be not the external symptoms of such an enthusiasm,—and whether it be wise, under the names of “Nationality” and “Conservatism,” to urge aggressions to the point where it becomes the right and the duty of men to consider the terrible necessity of a change in their system of government; whether it be unpatriotic to resist the extension of a system which makes the mass of the population an element of danger and weakness in the body politic, as its advocates admit by their scheme for a foreign protectorate of their proposed independent organization,—a system which renders public education impossible, exhausts the soil, necessitates sparseness of population, and demoralizes the governing classes.[4]

The ethical aspects of Slavery are not and cannot be the subject of consideration with any party which proposes to act under the Constitution of the United States. Nor are they called upon to consider its ethnological aspect. Their concern with it is confined to the domain of politics, and they are not called to the discussion of abstract principles, but of practical measures. The question, even in its political aspect, is one which goes to the very foundation of our theories and our institutions. It is simply, —Shall the course of the Republic be so directed as to subserve the interests of aristocracy or of democracy? Shall our Territories be occupied by lord and serf, or by intelligent freemen?—by laborers who are owned, or by men who own themselves? The Republican Party has no need of appealing to prejudice or passion. In this case, there is a meaning in the phrase, Manifest Destiny. America is to be the land of the workers, the country where, of all others, the intelligent brain and skilled hand of the mechanic, and the patient labor of those who

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till their own fields, are to stand them in greatest stead. We are to inaugurate and carry on the new system which makes Man of more value than Property, which will one day put the living value of industry above the dead value of capital. Our republic was not born under Cancer, to go backward. Perhaps we do not like the prospect? Perhaps we love the picturesque charm with which novelists and poets have invested the old feudal order of things? That is not the question. This New World of ours is to be the world of great workers and small estates. The freemen whose capital is their two hands must inevitably become hostile to a system clumsy and barbarous like that of Slavery, which only carries to its last result the pitiless logic of selfishness, sure at last to subject the toil of the many to the irresponsible power of the few.

It may temporarily avail the Party of Slavery-Extension to announce itself as the party of the white man, of the sacredness of property, and the obligation of law; it may draw to their ranks a few well-meaning persons, whose easy circumstances make them uneasy,—a few leaders of defunct parties, with a general capacity for misdirection and nobody to misdirect; but it will avail the Republican Party more to claim and to prove that it is the party of Man, no matter what his color or creed or race,—of the sacredness of that property which every human being has in himself,—and of the obligation of that law which outlives legislatures and statute-books, and is the only real security of all law. The cry of “Conservatism” may be efficacious for a season; but time will make plainer and plainer the distinction between the false conservatism which for its own benefit would keep things as they are, which smooths imminent ruin delusively over, as Niagara is smoothest on the edge of the abyss, and that true conservatism which works upon things as they are, to prepare them for what they must be,—recognizes the necessity of change, to forestall revolution with healthy development,—and believes that there is no real antagonism between Old and New, but only a factitious one, the result of man’s obstinacy or self-seeking.

[Footnote 1: London Cotton-Plant, 21st August, 1858.]

[Footnote 2: *Ibid.* 18th September. 1858.]

[Footnote 3: It is a coincidence that the recapture of runaways did more than anything else to abolish villanage in England.]

[Footnote 4: See COBB *on Slavery*, (Philadelphia: T. & J.W. Johnson & Co., 1858,) where these admissions are made. (Introd. pp. 218-220.) This work, written by Mr. Thomas R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, is, considering the natural prepossessions of the author, singularly calm and candid. We commend it to our readers, as bringing together a great deal of information, and still more as showing the remarkable change which has come over the Southern mind, even among moderate men, on the subject of Slavery. We shall take a future occasion to notice it more fully.]



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### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Brief Expositions of Rational Medicine; To which is prefixed The Paradise of Doctors, a Fable.* By JACOB BIGELOW, M.D., Late President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Physician of the Massachusetts General Hospital, etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company, 13, Winter Street. 1858.

Two doctrines, each containing a fraction of truth, have lain soaking in the mind of our free-and-easy community so long, that what strength they had is well-nigh got out of them.

Doctrine the first is, that a man who has devoted himself to a particular calling is to be considered necessarily ignorant thereof, —and that certain babes and sucklings in that particular branch of knowledge, and all others, are to be accepted as the true oracles with regard to its mysteries. Doctrine the second is, that every new theory accepted by any number of persons has some important truth at the bottom of it.

The first of these doctrines has its real meaning. It is true that there may be a common feeling of justice in the minds of ignorant people which shall override the decisions of a learned Chief Justice. It is true that a man may brutalize himself by a contemplation of theological cruelties, until decent parents are ashamed to have their children listen to his libels on the Father of All. It is true that a physician may become such a drug-peddling routinist, that sensible mothers see through him, and know enough to throw his trash out of the window as soon as he turns his back.

The second doctrine has its real meaning. Until men turn into beasts, they must have some arguments addressed to their reason before they will believe, and still more before they will act. Spiritualism has its significance, as an appeal from the gross materialism and heathen ideas of another life so commonly entertained. Mormonism has its logic, as an appeal from the enforced celibacy of one sex, and to the Oriental Abrahamic instincts of the other. Homoeopathy has its fraction of sanity, as a protest against that odious tendency of physicians to give nauseous stuff to people because they are ailing, which sickened the pages of old pharmacopoeias with powders of earthworms and *album Graecum*, and even now makes illness terrible where it reigns unrebuked.

Swallow these two paragraphs of concession as the infusion drawn from those two doctrines laid down at starting, and throw away the effete axioms as fit only for old women to coddle and drench themselves withal. Having done this, the reader is ready for the book the title of which we have prefixed.



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DR. BIGELOW'S name is a guaranty that it shall contain many thoughts in not over-many words. It is a pledge that we shall be emancipated from all narrow technicalities and officinal idols, while following his guidance. As a man of rare sagacity and wide range of knowledge, a man of science before he became a leading practitioner in the highest range of his profession, a philosopher whom his fellows have thought worthy to preside over their deliberations, a physician whom his brethren have honored with their highest office, though no man among them ever assailed the pleasing and profitable delusions of his craft so sharply,—he may well be listened to, even though he has given his life to the subject on which he writes.

As this little book is neither (to speak in pharmaceutic phrase) the water, nor the spirit, but the very *essential oil*, of the author's thoughts on the matters of which he treats, it is only by a destructive analysis we can resolve it into its elements. We shall only touch upon its contents, and recommend the book itself to all who have ever known sickness, or expect ever to know it, or to have a friend liable to it.

“The Paradise of Doctors” is a pleasant bait to those wary readers who will bite at the bare hook of quackery, but must be tempted before they will venture into a book of medicine which has not lying as its staple material.

Then comes a consideration of the five methods of treating disease now most prevalent in civilized countries; namely,

1. The Artificial.
2. The Expectant.
3. The Homoeopathic.
4. The Exclusive.
5. The Rational.

Perfect candor, perfect clearness, the good-nature of a successful man above all petty jealousies, the style of a scholar who has hardly an equal among us in his profession and few equals out of it, the honesty which belongs to science, and the acuteness which is conferred by practice mark this brief essay. It follows in the same course of thought as the admirable “Discourse on Self-limited Diseases,” the delivery of which many years ago marked the commencement of a new epoch in the movement of the medical mind among us. An hour's reading given to this new lesson of wisdom will turn many a self-willed, proud-hearted medical skeptic into a humble and consistent patient of the regular profession.

*Thoughts on Matter and Force: or Marvels that encompass us:* comprising Suggestions illustrative of the Theory of the Universe. By THOMAS EWBANK. New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: Truebner & Co. 1858.



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The human longing for the Infinite is as strong now as it was when the first *ology*, aiming to grasp it, conceived its first myth, and comprehended something so far below what humanity itself now is or knows, that we use it, along with the more recent productions of Mrs. Goose, to amuse children. This persistent trait in human nature is truly noble, however fruitless. But it is not altogether fruitless. Though the intellectual world has really come no nearer the object of its search, it has advanced far beyond its starting-point, and made valuable progress, which a lower motive could never have prompted. The wisest of mean men, as he was the meanest of wise ones, did very well to check the metaphysical modes and tendencies of human study, and advise the previous comprehension of facts within reach. This worldly wisdom has already made us all wonderfully rich in the chariots and horses of thought. The consequence is, we now rush forth into the infinite in various directions, and, from inconceivable distances of time and space, bring home marvels that are truly sublime.

Mr. Ewbank's "Suggestions" are of this sort, though the turn-out with which he has been exploring the boundless is not, perhaps, quite up to the latest improvements in the Baconian carriage-factory. There can be no doubt of the boldness with which his really modest and unpretending little book grapples with the largest of all subjects, whatever we may think of its success. Postulating, for the purpose of his cosmogony, two, and only two, absolute entities, —matter and spirit,—Mr. Ewbank makes force a property or attribute of the former, which the latter can only direct or make use of, not originate. He does not admit that spirit can overcome the inertia of matter. Whatever inertia may be, it is superable or destructible only by the force or motion of matter itself,—matter being incapable of rest. "Instead of matter being innately inert," says Mr. Ewbank, "as many think, motion is its natural condition." How the spiritual direction—or shall we call it *bossing*?—of motion or force (which only, according to Mr. Ewbank, produces results) applies itself,—what is its *point d'appui*, its mode of modifying, its why of causing,—he does not attempt to explain to us. He recognizes the universal gravitating or contractile force, from which, as successive sequences, proceed heat and expansion; but he does not suggest that spirit has any more to do with the first than with any succeeding term in the series. It exerts no force, moves nothing; yet spirit produces all the results. "No regular or useful form," says our author, "can be produced by unbridled force. Intelligence must be present." So it is the business of the spirit to bridle force, —or matter's motion,—mount the restless steed, and ride to a purpose! Shall we ever see the bits of that bridle?

On the subject of material form, we find the following passage, which, while, perhaps, the most original in the book, is to us the least instructive:—



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“However multiplied interior actions may be, the universe, as a whole, must have a *common movement*, or none. One division cannot, in relation to the rest, stand still, lag behind, fly off, or diverge from its place, without destroying all unity. The earth is full of motions; but they do not interfere with her general and uniform motion. So it is with the universal orb: its rotation is, we believe, fundamental,—the basis of all other movements, without which there could be none other.

“In everything, there is virtue in FORM; and we surmise that vastly more depends on the configuration and movement of matter as *one mass*, than has been suspected. As perfect a whole as any of its parts, must not the universe have a definable outline or shape,—one to which nothing amorphous can possibly belong? What is its figure? It can hardly be a cube, cylinder, or prism of any kind; indeed, we might as reasonably suppose it a three-sided figure as one bounded at all by straight lines. No one extending in one direction more than in another could have met the exigencies of creation; and that the universe is a sphere may also be inferred from fluid matter naturally assuming that form,—perhaps because its elements have it. Had atoms been bounded by plane surfaces, so, we may suppose, had worlds, drops of water, and soap-bubbles.

“The universe is spherical, then, because its molecules are: and it moves, because they are incapable of rest.”

Does this mean that the totality of matter is finite?—that it can be viewed, spiritually, from the outside,—even from such a distance as to appear infinitely small? If so, can there be infinite power, either material or spiritual? If the universe is spherical because its molecules are, can the molecules compose any other than the spherical form? Do we gain much by reasoning from an assumption below the ken of the microscope to a conclusion above that of the telescope?

Mr. Ewbank, however, does not often indulge in a logical stride so long or on such shaky footing as this. Through more or less cloudiness of expression, he gives us many striking and satisfactory views, looking towards a complete synthesis of the glorious system of things to which we belong, makes out the universe as habitable and cheerful as it is wide, and leaves us admiring its good more than marvelling at its evil. He maintains that all solar and planetary bodies have a central, vital heat, produced and maintained by the same cause,—to wit, the gravitating or condensing force; its intensity being as the mass. In the sun, the mass is so great, that, in spite of its inferior density, more and intenser heat is generated by condensation than in any or all of the planets. If the whole orb is not incandescent, there is such intense heat in its central portion as to generate gases, which, being thrown up through its atmosphere, to a height at least as great as the whole diameter of our globe, condense there again with an ineffably



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brilliant combustion. The solid crust of the sun, he thinks, may be comparatively cool,—as cool, perhaps, as our tropical climates,—by the favor of cloud-curtains, which operate as screens, and reflect off into space the heat of the combustion overhead. He might have given more reasons than he has for this conclusion. Whether our terrestrial aurora-borealis is caused by the combustion of gases that have been generated by internal heat or not, we know that the combustion of gas in the upper regions of our atmosphere would not warm the surface of the earth much more than it would that of the moon. It is easy enough to make out, from facts which our terrene science has revealed to us, how the sun may be a perpetual fountain of light, heat, and force to its most distant planets, without having itself any superabundance of either of these emanations for its own domestic consumption. The solar population may have no more sunshine than we do, and may have even that mitigated with the luxury of ice-creams, if not with that of arctic explorations and polar bears. Whether they have as good opportunities as we for astronomical observations is a little doubtful; but their thermological studies must flourish abundantly, to say nothing of their advantages in pyrotechnics.

*A Text-Book of Vegetable and Animal Physiology, designed for the Use of Schools, Seminaries, and Colleges in the United States.* By HENRY GOADBY, M.D., Professor of Vegetable and Animal Physiology and Entomology in the State Agricultural College of Michigan, Fellow of the Linnaean Society of London, etc., etc. Embellished with upwards of four hundred and fifty Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 346 and 348, Broadway. 1858.

The name of Mr. Goadby is embalmed in a preservative solution invented by him and known as Goadby's Fluid. Those who have visited the Royal College of Surgeons in London tell us of very exquisite anatomical preparations made by him while employed as Minute Dissector to that institution. We are grateful to Mr. Goadby for consecrating his narrow but sure immortality and his excellent mechanical talent to the service of the New World and especially of the State of Michigan.

It does not follow from this that Mr. Goadby has written a good book on Animal and Vegetable Physiology, nor that he could write such a book. Starting with this proposition, we are candid rather than sanguine as we open the volume. We find that it is not in any true sense a treatise upon Physiology, but chiefly upon the Minute Anatomy of Animals and Vegetables, with some incidental physiological commentaries.

On closer examination, we find it to be the work of a microscopist, and not that of a physiologist or a scholar. Its merits are principally its illustrations, many of which are from original dissections, some of which are very good diagrams, others ordinary, and some—such as the view of the human brain and spinal chord on page 282—wretched. The colored figures are washed with dull tints in a very shabby and negligent way. The

text is mainly an account of the objects illustrated in the figures, and will prove interesting to the working microscopist as explaining the observations of a skilful dissector. As a "Text-Book of Physiology for Schools and Colleges," it is of course without value.

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English microscopists, if we might judge by this work and that of Mr. Hassall, are not remarkable for scholarship. The showy and in some respects valuable work of the latter gentleman was disgraced by constant repetitions of gross blunders in spelling. Mr. Goadby is not much above his countryman in literary acquirements, if we may judge by his treatment of the names of Schwann and Lieberkuhn, whom he repeatedly calls Schawn and Leiberkuhn, and by the indignity which he offers to the itch-insect by naming it *Aearus Scabiaei*. It is not necessary to give further examples; but, if the general statement be disputed, we are prepared to speckle the book with corrections until it looks like a sign-board with a charge of small shot in it.

Nothing that we have said must be considered as detracting from Mr. Goadby's proper merits as an industrious and skilful specialist, who is more able with his microscope than with his pen, and more at home with the latter in telling us what he has seen than in writing a general treatise on so vast a subject as Physiology.

*Lettres de Silvio Pellico*, recueillies et mises en ordre, par M. GUILLAUME STEFANI. Traduites et precedees d'une Introduction, par M. ANTOINE DE LATOUR. Paris: 1857. pp. liii, 493. 8 vo.

Silvio Pellico is one of the most touching ghosts that glide through the chambers of the memory. Even the rod of the pedagogue and the imprisonment of the school-room (for it has been the misfortune of "Le mie Prigioni" to be doomed to serve as a "class-book" to beginners in modern languages) have proved unable to diminish the sympathy felt for the Spielberg prisoner.

This volume will increase his pure fame. It will be read with painful interest. It will do more for Italian independence than all the ravings of revolutionary manifestoes and all the poignard-strokes of political assassins which can be written or given from now till doomsday. No one can read it without a swelling heart and a tear-filled eye, for it discloses involuntarily and indirectly the unspeakable unhappiness of Italy. Here are the sad accounts of some loved friend or admired countryman snatched away to prison, or hurried into exile, for a letter written, or a visit paid, or an intemperate speech uttered; while no preparation is made for the long departure, and papers, even the most familiar and prized, are seized and never restored. Another page presents the exile's struggles for daily bread, his privations, his longings for the Italian sun and sky and soil, for the native land; another, the earnest prayer from jail-walls for the Bible, for books upon our Saviour's sufferings (nothing less than voices from heaven can breathe comfort in Austrian dungeons!) Then the moving letters written from one prisoner's family to another's (yesterday unacquainted, to-day near kinsmen in the bonds of sorrow) to sustain each other in the common afflictions, craving with avidity the least intelligence



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from the living tombs of tyranny, sharing with generous alacrity all their tidings. How musically endearing Italian diminutives fall upon the ear employed in this office! Here we have Pellico's own letters to his parents to calm their natural grief, filled with pious concealment of his own mental and bodily torment, with encouragements to hope an early pardon, and to turn their eyes to Religion, which never yet refused consolation to the afflicted. We have never read a more distressing letter than he wrote to his family, when, at last pardoned, he was once more free. Seven years had passed away since he heard from them; he knew not if one still lived to welcome him home,—if his kindred had forgotten, or execrated him as one who had dragged their common parents sorrowing and gray-haired down to the grave. Has the world among all its manifold sorrows any sorrow like unto this?

The late M. de Lamennais was wont to speak with contempt of Silvio Pellico, as being a weak, spiritless craven, who accepted with resignation when he should have plotted to end the thralldom of his country. Yet what can a man do, when the classes above him and those below him, when noble and priest and peasant, live contented in the silence of despotism, (calling it peace,) without one thought of other days, without one sentiment of pride in the deeds of their illustrious forefathers? What is a Christian's duty, when his country is bled and plundered and ground down to the dust under the iron heel of military despotism, when the political fabric of his native land is crumbling, and his countrymen are listless, selfish, sensual, unpatriotic, not unhappy so long as their bellies are filled and their backs covered? Shall he lift his streaming eyes to heaven with the resigned ejaculation, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done"?—or shall he, in holy despair, throw his life away on Austrian bayonets? Terrible problem!

*The Household Book of Poetry.* Collected and edited by CHARLES A. DANA. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. pp. 798.

This book contains extracts from upwards of three hundred authors of all periods and countries. It is made more complete by the addition of some of the most famous Latin hymns and canticles of the Church. The different pieces are classified upon a judicious system. It is handsomely printed, and not cumbrous in form. What can we say more in its praise? Only this,—that, after giving it a pretty thorough examination, we are satisfied that it is the best collection in the language. Individual tastes and idiosyncrasies will, of course, find some wants to lament, and some superfluities to condemn. A book containing so much from living writers will excite jealousies; and the writers themselves will, in some cases, be dissatisfied with the selections made from their works. But what the general reader asks is only, whether the compiler has shown skill in suiting the general taste, as well as judgment in directing it. We think this collection the most catholic and impartial we have ever seen. That is the highest praise we can bestow, and it implies that the editor has attained the success most difficult as well as essential in such an undertaking.

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*Curiosities of Literature*. By ISAAC DISRAELI. 4 vols. Boston: William Veazie. 1858.

Possessing this book, Robinson Crusoe might have enjoyed all the pleasures of what Dr. Johnson called “browsing in a library,” and that a large and choice one. It contains in itself all the elements of a liberal education in out-of-the-way-ness.

Everybody knows and likes this *Museum Absconditum*, as Sir Thomas Browne would have called it,—and we take particular pleasure in being able to recommend to our readers so beautiful an edition of it. It is in all respects equal to the handsomest kind of English printing, and has the added merit of being cheap. It is from the press of Houghton & Company, which has done so much to raise the standard of American printing. If Mr. Houghton go on as he has begun, his name will deserve a place with those of Elzevir, Baskerville, Foulis, and others of his craft, who have done good books the justice of a mechanical that matches their intellectual workmanship.

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We have not space in this number to give Mr. White’s Shakspeare the welcome it deserves. We have examined it with some care, and can speak with decision of its very great merits. It is characterized by taste, industry, and conscientiousness. We believe it to be, in all essential respects, the best—it is certainly the most beautiful—edition of Shakspeare. This is also from the press of Houghton & Company.

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We notice with pleasure among recent literary announcements those of a History of France, by Parke Godwin, Esq., and of New England, by Dr. J.G. Palfrey. Both are *desiderata*, and the reputation of the authors is such as to warrant the highest anticipations.