

The Atlantic Monthly, Volume 12, No. 70, August, 1863 eBook

The Atlantic Monthly, Volume 12, No. 70, August, 1863

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Contents

The Atlantic Monthly, Volume 12, No. 70, August, 1863 eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	9
Page 1.....	10
Page 2.....	12
Page 3.....	13
Page 4.....	14
Page 5.....	15
Page 6.....	16
Page 7.....	17
Page 8.....	18
Page 9.....	19
Page 10.....	21
Page 11.....	22
Page 12.....	23
Page 13.....	24
Page 14.....	25
Page 15.....	26
Page 16.....	27
Page 17.....	28
Page 18.....	29
Page 19.....	30
Page 20.....	31
Page 21.....	32
Page 22.....	33

Page 23.....	34
Page 24.....	35
Page 25.....	36
Page 26.....	38
Page 27.....	40
Page 28.....	41
Page 29.....	43
Page 30.....	44
Page 31.....	46
Page 32.....	48
Page 33.....	49
Page 34.....	51
Page 35.....	52
Page 36.....	54
Page 37.....	56
Page 38.....	58
Page 39.....	59
Page 40.....	60
Page 41.....	62
Page 42.....	64
Page 43.....	66
Page 44.....	68
Page 45.....	70
Page 46.....	72
Page 47.....	74
Page 48.....	76

Page 49.....	78
Page 50.....	79
Page 51.....	80
Page 52.....	81
Page 53.....	83
Page 54.....	85
Page 55.....	87
Page 56.....	89
Page 57.....	91
Page 58.....	93
Page 59.....	95
Page 60.....	97
Page 61.....	98
Page 62.....	100
Page 63.....	102
Page 64.....	103
Page 65.....	105
Page 66.....	106
Page 67.....	107
Page 68.....	108
Page 69.....	110
Page 70.....	112
Page 71.....	114
Page 72.....	116
Page 73.....	118
Page 74.....	120

Page 75.....	122
Page 76.....	123
Page 77.....	124
Page 78.....	125
Page 79.....	126
Page 80.....	127
Page 81.....	128
Page 82.....	129
Page 83.....	130
Page 84.....	131
Page 85.....	132
Page 86.....	133
Page 87.....	134
Page 88.....	135
Page 89.....	136
Page 90.....	137
Page 91.....	138
Page 92.....	139
Page 93.....	140
Page 94.....	141
Page 95.....	142
Page 96.....	143
Page 97.....	144
Page 98.....	145
Page 99.....	146
Page 100.....	147

Page 101.....	148
Page 102.....	149
Page 103.....	150
Page 104.....	151
Page 105.....	152
Page 106.....	153
Page 107.....	154
Page 108.....	155
Page 109.....	156
Page 110.....	158
Page 111.....	159
Page 112.....	161
Page 113.....	163
Page 114.....	164
Page 115.....	165
Page 116.....	166
Page 117.....	167
Page 118.....	168
Page 119.....	169
Page 120.....	170
Page 121.....	171
Page 122.....	172
Page 123.....	173
Page 124.....	174
Page 125.....	175
Page 126.....	177

Page 127.....	178
Page 128.....	179
Page 129.....	180
Page 130.....	181
Page 131.....	183
Page 132.....	184
Page 133.....	185
Page 134.....	187
Page 135.....	189
Page 136.....	190
Page 137.....	191
Page 138.....	192
Page 139.....	193
Page 140.....	194
Page 141.....	196
Page 142.....	197
Page 143.....	198
Page 144.....	199
Page 145.....	200
Page 146.....	201
Page 147.....	203
Page 148.....	204
Page 149.....	206
Page 150.....	208
Page 151.....	209
Page 152.....	211

Page 153.....	212
Page 154.....	214
Page 155.....	215
Page 156.....	216
Page 157.....	217
Page 158.....	218
Page 159.....	219
Page 160.....	220
Page 161.....	221
Page 162.....	222
Page 163.....	223
Page 164.....	225

Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.		1
AN AMERICAN IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.		1
THEODORE WINTHROP'S WRITINGS.		23
HILARY.		30
WET-WEATHER WORK.		59
III.		59
CIVIC BANQUETS.		75
THE GEOLOGICAL MIDDLE AGE.		98
THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.		112
CHAPTER I.		113
CHAPTER II.		121
CHAPTER III.		125
SEAWARD.		133
SIDE-GLANCES AT HARVARD CLASS-DAY.		134
LOVE'S CHALLENGE.		146
EMANCIPATION.		148
RIGHTS OF REBEL STATES.		151
REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.		156
RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS		163

Page 1

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A magazine of literature, art, and politics.

* * * * *

Vol. XII.—August, 1863.—No. LXX.

* * * * *

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AN AMERICAN IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Having in a former number of this magazine attempted to give some account of the House of Commons, and to present some sketches of its leading members,[1] I now design to introduce my readers to the House of Lords.

[Footnote 1: *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1861.]

It is obviously unnecessary to repeat so much of the previous description as applies to the general external and internal appearance of the New Palace of Westminster. It only remains to speak of the hall devoted to the sessions of the House of Lords. And certainly it is an apartment deserving a more extended notice than our limits will allow.

As the finest specimen of Gothic civil architecture in the world, perfect in its proportions, beautiful and appropriate in its decorations, the frescoes perpetuating some of the most striking scenes in English history, the stained glass windows representing the Kings and Queens of the United Kingdom from the accession of William the Conqueror down to the present reign, the niches filled with effigies of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, the ceiling glowing with gold and colors presenting different national symbols and devices in most elaborate workmanship and admirable intricacy of design, it is undeniably worthy of the high purpose to which it is dedicated.

The House of Lords also contains the throne occupied by the reigning sovereign at the opening and prorogation of Parliament. Perhaps its more appropriate designation would be a State-Chair. In general form and outline it is substantially similar to the chairs in which the sovereigns of England have for centuries been accustomed to sit at their coronations. We need hardly add that no expense has been spared to give to the throne such intrinsic value, and to adorn it with such emblems of national significance, as to furnish renewed evidence of England's unwavering loyalty to the reigning house.

Page 2

In pointing out what is peculiar to the House of Lords, I am aware that there is danger of falling into the error of stating what is already familiar to some of my readers. And yet a traveller's narrative is not always tiresome to the tourist who has himself visited the same localities and witnessed the same scenes. If anxious for the "diffusion of useful knowledge," he will cheerfully consent that the curiosity of others, who have not shared his good fortune, should be gratified, although it be at his expense. At the same time, he certainly has a right to insist that the extraordinary and improbable stories told to the too credulous *voyageur* by some lying scoundrel of a courier or some unprincipled *valet-de-place* shall not be palmed upon the unsuspecting public as genuine tales of travel and adventure.

The House of Lords is composed of lords spiritual and lords temporal. As this body is now constituted, the lords spiritual are two archbishops, twenty-four bishops, and four Irish representative prelates. The lords temporal are three peers of the blood royal, twenty dukes, nineteen marquises, one hundred and ten earls, twenty-two viscounts, two hundred and ten barons, sixteen Scotch representative peers, and twenty-eight Irish representative peers. There are twenty-three Scotch peers and eighty-five Irish peers who have no seats in Parliament. The representative peers for Scotland are elected for every Parliament, while the representative peers for Ireland are elected for life. As has been already intimated, this enumeration applies only to the present House of Lords, which comprises four hundred and fifty-eight members,—an increase of about thirty noblemen in as many years.

The persons selected from time to time for the honor of the peerage are members of families already among the nobility, eminent barristers, military and naval commanders who have distinguished themselves in the service, and occasionally persons of controlling and acknowledged importance in commercial life. Lord Macaulay is the first instance in which this high compliment has been conferred for literary merit; and it was well understood, when the great essayist and historian was ennobled, that the exception in his favor was mainly due to the fact that he was unmarried. With his untimely death the title became extinct. Lord Overstone, formerly Mr. Loyd, and a prominent member of the banking firm of Jones, Loyd, and Co. of London, elevated to the peerage in 1850, is without heirs apparent or presumptive, and there is good reason to believe that this circumstance had a material bearing upon his well-deserved promotion. But these infrequent exceptions, these rare concessions so ungraciously made, only prove the rigor of the rule. Practically, to all but members of noble families, and men distinguished for military, naval, or political services, or eminent lawyers or clergymen, the House of Lords is unattainable. Brown may reach the highest range of artistic excellence,

Page 3

he may achieve world-wide fame as an architect, his canvas may glow with the marvellous coloring of Titian or repeat the rare and delicate grace of Correggio, the triumphs of his chisel may reflect honor upon England and his age; the inventive genius of Jones, painfully elaborating, through long and suffering years of obscure poverty, the crude conceptions of his boyhood, may confer inestimable benefits upon his race; the scientific discoveries of Robinson may add incalculable wealth to the resources of his nation: but let them not dream of any other nobility than that conferred by Nature; let them be content to live and die plain, untitled Brown, Jones, and Robinson, or at best look forward only to the barren honors of knighthood. Indeed, it is not too much to say that for plebeian merit the only available avenues to the peerage are the Church and the Bar.

The proportion of law lords now in the House of Lords is unusually large,—there being, besides Lord Westbury, the present Lord-High-Chancellor, no fewer than six Ex-Lord-Chancellors, each enjoying the very satisfactory pension of five thousand pounds per annum. Lord Lyndhurst still survives at the ripe age of ninety-one; and Lord Brougham, now in his eighty-sixth year, has made good his promise that he would outlive Lord Campbell, and spare his friends the pain of seeing his biography added to the lives of the Lord-Chancellors to whom, in Lord Brougham's opinion, Lord Campbell had done such inadequate justice.

The course of proceeding in the House of Lords differs considerably from that pursued in the House of Commons. The Lord-High-Chancellor, seated on the wool-sack,—a crimson cushion, innocent of any support to the back, and by no means suggestive of comfort, or inviting deliberations of the peers, but is never addressed by the speakers. "My lords" is the phrase with which every peer commences his remarks.

Another peculiarity patent to the stranger is the small number usually present at the debates. The average attendance is less than fifty, and often one sees only fifteen or twenty peers in their seats. Two or three leading members of the Ministry, as many prominent members of the opposition, a bishop or two, a score of deluded, but well-meaning gentlemen, who obstinately adhere to the unfashionable notion, that, where great political powers are enjoyed, there are certain serious duties to the public closely connected therewith, a few prosy and pompous peers who believe that their constant presence is essential to the welfare and prosperity of the kingdom,—such, I think, is a correct classification of the ordinary attendance of noblemen at the House of Lords.

Page 4

This body possesses several obvious advantages over any other deliberative assembly now existing. Not the least among these is the fact that the oldest son of every peer is prepared by a careful course of education for political and diplomatic life. Every peer, except some of recent creation, has from childhood enjoyed all conceivable facilities for acquiring a finished education. In giving direction to his studies at school and at the university, special reference has been had to his future Parliamentary career. Nothing that large wealth could supply, or the most powerful family-influence could command, has been spared to give to the future legislator every needed qualification for the grave and responsible duties which he will one day be called to assume. His ambition has been stimulated by the traditional achievements of a long line of illustrious ancestors, and his pride has been awakened and kept alive by the universal deference paid to his position as the heir apparent or presumptive of a noble house.

This view is so well presented in "The Caxtons," that I need offer no apology for making an extract from that most able and discriminating picture of English society. "The fact is, that Lord Castleton had been taught everything that relates to property (a knowledge that embraces very wide circumference). It had been said to him, 'You will be an immense proprietor: knowledge is essential to your self-preservation. You will be puzzled, ridiculed, duped every day of your life, if you do not make yourself acquainted with all by which property is assailed or defended, impoverished or increased. You have a stake in the country: you must learn all the interests of Europe, nay, of the civilized world; for these interests react on the country, and the interests of the country are of the greatest possible consequence to the interests of the Marquis of Castleton.' Thus, the state of the Continent, the policy of Metternich, the condition of the Papacy, the growth of Dissent, the proper mode of dealing with the spirit of democracy which was the epidemic of European monarchies, the relative proportions of the agricultural and manufacturing population, corn-laws, currency, and the laws that regulate wages, a criticism on the leading speakers in the House of Commons, with some discursive observations on the importance of fattening cattle, the introduction of flax into Ireland, emigration, the condition of the poor: these and such-like stupendous subjects for reflection—all branching more or less intricately from the single idea of the Castleton property—the young lord discussed and disposed of in half a dozen prim, poised sentences, evincing, I must say in justice, no inconsiderable information, and a mighty solemn turn of mind. The oddity was, that the subjects so selected and treated should not come rather from some young barrister, or mature political economist, than from so gorgeous a lily of the field."

Page 5

But to all these preeminent advantages of early education and training there must be added the invaluable opportunities of enlarged and extended legislative experience in the House of Commons. If we examine the antecedents of some of the most prominent men now in the House of Lords, we shall discover abundant evidence of this fact. Earl Russell was a member of the House of Commons for more than thirty years; Earl Derby, more than twenty-five years; the Earl of Shaftesbury, for about twenty-four years; the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the Duke of Rutland, for about the same period. And of the present House of Commons more than fifty members are heirs apparent or presumptive to existing peerages.

And then there is the further circumstance that seats in the House of Lords are for life. Members of this body do not stand in fear of removal by the votes of disappointed or indignant constituents. Entirely independent of public opinion, they can defy the disapprobation of the masses, and smile at the denunciation of the press. Undoubtedly, this fact has a twofold bearing, and deprives the peers of that strong incentive to active exertion and industrious legislation which the House of Commons, looking directly to the people for support and continuance, always possesses. Yet the advantages in point of prolonged experience and ever increasing familiarity with the details of public business are unquestionable.

As a matter of course, there are many noblemen upon whom these rare facilities of education and this admirable training for public life would seem to have been wasted. As Americans, we must be pardoned for expressing our belief in the venerable doctrine that there is no royal road to learning. If a peer of the realm is determined to be a dunce, nothing in the English Constitution prevents him from being a dunce, and "not all the blood of all the Howards" can make him a scholar or a statesman. If, resting securely in the conviction that a nobleman does not need to be instructed, he will not condescend to study, and does not avail himself of his most enviable advantages, whatever may be his social rank, his ignorance and incapacity cannot be disguised, but will even become more odious and culpable in the view of impartial criticism by reason of his conspicuous position and his neglect of these very advantages.

But frequent as these instances are, it will not be for a moment supposed that the whole peerage would justly fall under such censure. Nor will it be thought surprising that the House of Lords contains a considerable number of men of sterling ability, statesmen of broad and comprehensive views, accustomed to deal with important questions of public interest and national policy with calm, deliberate judgment, and far-reaching sagacity. Hampered as they certainly are by a traditional conservatism often as much at variance with sound political philosophy as it is with the lessons of all history, and characterized

Page 6

as their attitude towards foreign nations always has been by a singular want of all generosity, still it must be confessed that their steady and unwavering adherence to a line of conduct which has made England feared and her power respected by every country in the world has a certain element of dignity and manly self-reliance which compels our admiration. And while they have been of late so frequently outwitted by the flexible, if not tortuous, policy of Louis Napoleon, it yet remains to be seen whether the firm and unyielding course of the English Ministry will not in the end prove quite as successful as the more Machiavellian management of the French Emperor.

I hardly know how to describe accurately the impression made upon the mind of an American by his first visit to the House of Lords. What memories haunt him of the Norman Conquest and the Crusades, of Magna Charta and the King-Maker, of noblemen who suffered with Charles I. and supped with Charles II., and of noblemen still later whose family-pride looked down upon the House of Hanover, and whose banded political power and freely lavished wealth checked the brilliant career of Napoleon, and maintained, the supremacy of England on sea and land!

Enter, then, the House of Lords with these stirring memories, and confess frankly to a feeling of disappointment. Here are seated a few well-behaved gentlemen of all ages, often carelessly dressed, and almost invariably in English morning-costume. They are sleepily discussing some uninteresting question, and you are disposed to retire in view of the more powerful attractions of Drury Lane or the Haymarket, or the chance of something better worth hearing in the House of Commons. Take my advice, and wait until the adjournment. It will not be long, and by leaving now you may lose an important debate and the sight of some men whose fame is bounded only by the limits of Christendom. Even now there is a slight stir in the House. A nobleman has entered whose movements you will do well to follow. He takes his place just at the left of the Lord-Chancellor, but remains seated only for a moment. If you are familiar with the pencil of Punch, you will recognize him at a glance. A thin, wiry, yet muscular frame, a singularly marked and expressive face and mobile features, a nose that defies description, a high cravat like a poultice covered with a black silk bandage, clothes that seem to have been made for a much larger man, and always a pair of old-fashioned checked trousers,—of course, this can only be Lord Brougham. He is eighty-five years old, and yet his physical activity would do no injustice to a man in the prime of life. If you watch him a few moments, you will have abundant evidence of his restless energy. While we look, he has crossed to the opposite side of the House, and is enjoying a hearty laugh with the Bishop of Oxford. The round, full face of “Slippery Sam” (as he is disrespectfully called throughout England)

Page 7

is beaming with appreciative delight; but before the Bishop has time to reply, the titled humorist is on the wing again, and in an instant we see him seated between Earl Granville and the Duke of Somerset, conversing with all the vivacity and enthusiasm of a school-boy. In a moment he is in motion again, and has shaken hands with half a dozen peers. Undeterred by the supernaturally solemn countenance of the Marquis of Normanby, he has actually addressed a joke to that dignified fossil, and has passed on without waiting to observe its effect. A few words with Earl Derby, a little animated talk with the Earl of Ellenborough, and he has made the circuit of the House, everywhere received with a welcoming smile and a kindly grasp of the hand, and everywhere finding willing and gratified listeners. Possibly that is pardoned to his age and eminence which would be resented as impertinence in a younger man, but certainly he enjoys a license accorded to no one else in this aristocratic assembly.

The dull debate of the past hour is now concluded, the House is thin, and there are indications of immediate adjournment. Remain a little longer, however, and your patience may possibly be richly rewarded. There is no order in the discussion of topics, and at any moment while the House continues in session there may spring up a debate calling out all the ability of the leading peers in attendance. After a short pause the quiet is broken by an aged nobleman on the opposition benches. He rises slowly and feebly with the assistance of a cane, but his voice is firm and his manner is forcible. That he is a man of mark is evident from the significant silence and the deferential attention with which his first words are received. You ask his name, and with ill-disguised amazement at your ignorance a gentleman by your side informs you that the speaker is Lord Lyndhurst.

Perhaps the life of no public man in England has so much of interest to an American as that of this distinguished nobleman. Born in Boston while we were still in a condition of colonial dependence, he has lived to see his native land emerge from her state of vassalage, pass through a long-protracted struggle for liberty with the most powerful nation on earth, successfully maintain her right to be free and independent, advance with giant strides in a career of unexampled prosperity, assume an undisputed position as one of the great powers of Christendom, and finally put forth the most gigantic efforts to crush a rebellion compared with which the conspiracy of Catiline was but the impotent uprising of an angry dwarf.

Page 8

Lord Lyndhurst was called to the bar of England in 1804. It was before the splendid forensic successes of Erskine had been rewarded by a seat on the wool-sack, or Wellington had completed his brilliant and decisive campaign in India, or the military glory of Napoleon had culminated at Austerlitz, or Pitt, turning sadly from the map of Europe and saying, "Henceforth we may close that map for half a century," had gone broken-hearted to an early grave, or Nelson had defeated the combined navies of France and Spain at Trafalgar. Lord Byron had not yet entered Cambridge University, Sir Walter Scott had not published his first poem, and Canova was still in the height of his well-earned fame. It was before the first steamboat of Robert Fulton had vexed the quiet waters of the Hudson, or Aaron Burr had failed in his attempted treason, or Daniel Welter had entered upon his professional career, or Thomas Jefferson had completed his first official term as President of the United States.

Lord Lyndhurst's advancement to the highest honors of his profession and to a commanding place in the councils of his adopted country was rapid almost beyond precedent. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1819, Attorney-General in 1823, Master of the Rolls in 1826, and Lord-Chancellor in 1827. He remained in this office until 1830, and retired only to be created Lord-Chief-Baron of the Exchequer. In 1835 he was again appointed Lord-Chancellor, and once more, for the third time, in 1841.

The characteristic qualities of the oratory of Lord Lyndhurst, when in his prime, were perfect coolness and self-possession, a most pleasing and plausible manner, singular ingenuity in dealing with a difficult question or in weakening the effect of an argument really unanswerable, a clear and musical voice, great ease and felicity of expression, and a wonderful command, always discreetly used, of all the weapons of irony and invective. He is, perhaps, the only nobleman in the House of Lords whom Lord Brougham has ever feared to encounter. All these elements of successful oratory Lord Lyndhurst has retained to an extraordinary degree until within a year or two.

I chanced to hear this remarkable man during an evening in the month of July, 1859. The House of Lords was thinly attended. There had been a short and uninteresting debate on "The Atlantic-Telegraph Bill," and an early adjournment seemed certain. But at this juncture Lord Lyndhurst rose, and, after adverting to the fact that he had previously given notice of his design to draw their lordships' attention to the military and naval defences of the country, proceeded to address the House upon this question. It should be borne in mind that this was a period of great and engrossing excitement in England, created by the supposed danger of invasion by France. Volunteer rifle-companies were springing up all over the kingdom, newspapers were filled with discussions concerning the sufficiency of the national

Page 9

defences, and speculations on the chances for and against such an armed invasion. There was, meanwhile, a strong peace-party which earnestly deprecated all agitation of the subject, maintained that the sentiments of the French Emperor and the French nation were most friendly to England, and contended that to incur largely increased expenses for additional war-preparations was unnecessary, impolitic, and ruinously extravagant. At the head of this party were Cobden and Bright.

It was to answer these arguments, to convince England that there was a real and positive peril, and to urge upon Her Majesty's Government the paramount importance of preparing to meet not only a possible, but a probable danger, that Lord Lyndhurst addressed the House of Lords. He began by impressing upon their lordships the fact that the policy which he advocated was not aggressive, but strictly defensive. He reviewed the history of previous attempts to invade England. He pointed out the significant circumstance, that these attempts had hitherto failed mainly by reason of the casualties to which sailing-vessels were always exposed. He pressed upon their attention the change which steam-navigation had recently wrought in naval warfare. He quoted the pithy remark of Lord Palmerston, that "steam had converted the Channel into a river, and thrown a bridge across it."

He demonstrated from recent history the facility with which France could transport large forces by sea to distant points. Then, in tones tremulous with emotion, he drew upon the resources of his own marvellous memory. "I have experienced, my lords, something like a sentiment of humiliation in going through these details. I recollect the day when every part of the opposite coast was blockaded by an English fleet. I remember the victory of Camperdown, and that of St. Vincent, won by Sir J. Jervis. I do not forget the great victory of the Nile, nor, last of all, that triumphant fight at Trafalgar, which almost annihilated the navies of France and Spain, I contrast the position which we occupied at that period with that which we now hold. I recollect the expulsion of the French from Egypt, the achievement of victory after victory in Spain, the British army established in the South of France, and then the great battle by which that war was terminated. I cannot glance back over that series of events without feeling some degree of humiliation when I am called upon to state in this House the measures which I deem it to be necessary to take in order to provide for the safety of the country."

Then pausing a moment and overcoming his evident emotion, he continued, with a force of manner and dignity of bearing which no words can fitly describe,—“But I may be asked, 'Why do you think such measures requisite? Are we not in alliance with France? Are we not on terms of friendship with Russia? What other power can molest us?' To these questions, my lords, my answer shall be a short and simple one. I will not consent to live in dependence on the friendship or forbearance of any country. I rely solely on my own vigor, my own exertion, and my own intelligence.” It will be readily

believed that cheer after cheer rang through the House when this bold and manly announcement was made.

Page 10

Then, after alluding to the immense armament by sea and land which France had hurled with such incredible rapidity upon the Austrian Empire during the recent war in Italy, he concluded by saying,—“Are we to sit supine on our own shores, and not to prepare the means necessary in case of war to resist that power? I do not wish to say that we should do this for any aggressive purpose. What I insist upon is, that we are bound to make every effort necessary for our own shelter and protection. Beside this, the question of expense and of money sinks into insignificance. It is the price we must pay for our insurance, and it is but a moderate price for so important an insurance. I know there are persons who will say, ‘Let us run the risk.’ Be it so. But, my lords, if the calamity should come, if the conflagration should take place, what words can describe the extent of the calamity, or what imagination can paint the overwhelming ruin that would fall upon us? I shall be told, perhaps, that these are the timid counsels of old age. My lords, for myself, I should run no risk. Personally I have nothing to fear. But to point out possible peril and how to guard effectively against it,—that is surely to be considered not as timidity, but as the dictate of wisdom and prudence. I have confined myself to facts that cannot be disputed. I think I have confined myself to inferences that no man can successfully contravene. I hope what I have said has been in accordance with your feelings and opinions. I shall terminate what I have to say in two emphatic words, ‘*Voe victis!*’—words of solemn and most significant import.”

So spoke the Nestor of the English nation. Has our country no lesson to learn from the well-considered words of this aged and accomplished statesman? Are we not paying a large insurance to secure permanent national prosperity? And is it not a wise and profitable investment, at any cost of blood and treasure, if it promises the supremacy of our Constitution, the integrity of our Union, and the impartial enforcement of our laws?

When it is remembered that Lord Lyndhurst was at this time in his eighty-eighth year, this speech of nearly an hour in length, giving no evidence from first to last of physical debility or mental decay, delivered in a firm, clear, and unfaltering voice, admirable for its logical arrangement, most forcible and telling in its treatment of the subject, and irresistible in its conclusions, must be considered as hardly finding a parallel in ancient or modern times. We might almost call it his valedictory; for his lordship’s subsequent speeches have been infrequent, and, with, we believe, a single exception, short, and he is now rarely, if ever, seen in the House of Lords.

Page 11

I shall not dwell upon the speeches that followed this earnest and eloquent appeal to the wisdom and patriotism of the listening peers. They were mainly confined to grateful recognition of the service which Lord Lyndhurst had rendered to the nation by his frank and fearless avowal of those principles which alone could preserve the honor and independence of England. The opposition urged the most vigorous preparations for resisting invasion, while Her Majesty's ministers disclaimed any intention of weakening or neglecting the national defences. As the speeches, however exhibited little worthy of mention beyond the presentation of these points, I have supposed that a more general description of some of the leading members of the Upper House would be more interesting to my readers than a detailed account of what was said upon this particular occasion.

I have already alluded to the personal appearance and bearing of Lord Brougham. By reason of his great age, his long Parliamentary experience, (he has been in the House of Commons and House of Lords for nearly fifty years,) his habit of frequent speaking, and the commanding ability of many of his public efforts, his name as an orator is perhaps more widely known, and his peculiar style of declamation more correctly appreciated, than those of any other man now living. It would therefore seem unnecessary to give any sketch of his oratory, or of his manner in debate. Very few educated men in this country are unfamiliar with his eloquent defence of Queen Caroline, or his most bitter attack upon Mr. Canning, or his brilliant argument for Mr. Williams when prosecuted by the Durham clergy. Lord Brougham retains to this day the same fearless contempt of all opposition, the same extravagant and often inconsistent animosity to every phase of conservative policy, and the same fiery zeal in advocating every measure which he has espoused, that have ever characterized his erratic career. The witty author of "The Bachelor of the Albany" has tersely, and not without a certain spice of truth, described him as "a man of brilliant incapacity, vast and various misinformation, and immense moral requirements."

The Duke of Argyle deserves more than a passing mention. Although comparatively a young man, he has already had a most creditable career, and given new lustre to an old and honored name. In politics he is a decided and consistent Liberal, and he merits the favorable consideration of all loyal Americans from the fact that he has not failed on every proper occasion to advocate our cause with such arguments as show clearly that he fully understands our position and appreciates the importance of the principles for which we are contending. It is a curious coincidence, that his style of address bears a close resemblance to what may be called the American manner. Rapid, but distinct, in utterance, facile and fluent in speech, natural and graceful in gesticulation, he might almost be transplanted to the halls of Congress at Washington without betraying his foreign birth and education.

Page 12

Lord Derby is undoubtedly the most skillful Parliamentary tactician and the most accomplished speaker in the House of Lords. In 1834, (when he was a member of the House of Commons,) Macaulay said of him, that "his knowledge of the science of parliamentary defence resembled an instinct." He is the acknowledged leader of the Tories or Conservatives in England, and dictates the policy of his party with absolute despotism. Belonging to one of the oldest peerages in the kingdom, having already filled some of the most important offices in Her Majesty's Government, occupying the highly honorable position of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, (as successor of the first Duke of Wellington,) an exact and finished scholar, enjoying an immense income, and the proprietor of vast landed estates, he may be justly considered one of the best types of England's aristocracy. He has that unmistakable air of authority without the least alloy of arrogance, that "pride in his port," which quietly asserts the dignity of long descent. As a speaker, his manner is impressive and forcible, with a rare command of choice language, an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of all subjects connected with the administration of public affairs, and that entire self-control which comes from life-long contact on terms of equality with the best society in Europe and a thorough confidence in his own mental resources. Lord Derby is preeminently a Parliamentary orator, and furnishes one of the unusual instances where a reputation for eloquence earned in the House of Commons has been fully sustained by a successful trial in the House of Lords.

Another debater of marked ability in this body is Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. He is the third son of William Wilberforce, the celebrated philanthropist, but by no means inherits the simplicity of character and singular absence of all personal ambition which made his father so widely beloved and respected. He is known as the leading exponent of High-Church views, and has been heard in the House of Lords on every question directly or indirectly affecting the interests of the Establishment. It was long ago said of him, that, had he been in political life, he would surely and easily have risen to the position of Premier. He has for years been charged with a marked proclivity to the doctrines of the Puseyites; and his adroitness in baffling all attempted investigation into the manner in which he has conducted the discipline of his diocese has perhaps contributed more than any other cause to fasten upon him the significant *sobriquet* to which I have already alluded.

Page 13

Any sketch of the prominent members of the House of Lords would be imperfect which should omit to give some account of Lord Westbury, the present Lord-High-Chancellor. Having been Solicitor-General in two successive Administrations, he was filling for the second time the position of Attorney-General, when, upon the death of Lord Campbell, he was raised to the wool-sack. As a Chancery practitioner he was for years at the head of his profession, and is supposed to have received the largest income ever enjoyed by an English barrister. During the four years next preceding his elevation to the peerage his average annual earnings at the bar were twenty thousand pounds. In the summer of 1860 it was my good fortune to hear the argument of Lord Westbury (then Sir Richard Bethell) in a case of great interest and importance, before Vice-Chancellor Wood. The point at issue involved the construction of a marriage-settlement between the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Prince Borghese of Rome, drawn up on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince with Lady Talbot, second daughter of the Earl. The interpretation of the terms of the contract was by express stipulation to be in accordance with the Roman common law. A commission sent to Rome to ascertain the meaning of certain provisions contained in the contract resulted in several folio volumes, embodying "the conflicting opinions of the most eminent Roman lawyers," supported by references to the Canonists, the decisions of the "Sacred Rota," the great text-writers upon jurisprudence, the Institutes and Pandects, and ascending still higher to the laws of the Roman Republic and the Augustan era.

The leading counsel in the kingdom were retained in the case, and unusual public interest was enlisted. The amount at stake was twenty thousand pounds, and it was estimated that nearly, if not quite, that amount had already been consumed in costs. Legal proceedings are not an inexpensive luxury anywhere; but "the fat contention and the flowing fee" have a significance to English ears which we can hardly appreciate in this country.

It will be at once apparent even to the unprofessional reader that most difficult and complicated questions were presented by this case,—questions turning on the exact interpretation of contracts, involving delicate verbal distinctions, and demanding a thorough comprehension of an immense and unwieldy mass of Roman law embraced in the dissenting *dicta* of Roman lawyers. It required the exercise of the very highest legal ability, trained and habituated by long and patient discipline to grapple with great issues.

Page 14

The argument of Sir Richard Bethell abundantly demonstrated his capacity to satisfy the demands of the occasion, and displayed most triumphantly his perfect mastery of the whole subject. As the time drew near when he was expected to close for the defence, barristers and students-at-law began to flock into the small and inconveniently arranged courtroom. A stranger and a foreigner could not but see at once that the Attorney-General was the cynosure of all eyes. And, indeed, no one in the room more thoroughly appreciated the fact that he was the central and controlling attraction than Sir Richard himself. I must be pardoned for using an English slang-phrase, but I can convey the impression which he inevitably makes upon a spectator in no other way than by saying that he is “a most magnificent swell.” And I do this with the more confidence as I have heard him characterized in precisely these words by members of the English bar. Every motion, every attitude, indicates an intense self-consciousness. The Earl of Chatham had not a greater passion for theatrical effect, nor has a more consummate and finished actor ever graced the stage. If the performance had been less perfect, it would have been ludicrous in the extreme; for it did not overlook the minutest details. He could not examine his brief, or make a suggestion to one of his associates, or note an important point in the argument of opposing counsel, or listen to an intimation of opinion from the Bench, without an obvious eye to dramatic propriety. During the trial, an attorney’s clerk handed him a letter, and the air with which it was opened, read, and answered was of itself a study. Yet it was all in the highest style of the art. No possible fault could be found with the execution. Not a single spectator ventured to smile. The supremacy of undoubted genius was never more apparent, and never exacted nor received more willing worship. Through the kindness of a friendly barrister I was introduced to one of the juniors of the Attorney-General,—a stripling of about fifty years of age. While we were conversing about the case, Sir Richard turned and made some comment upon the conduct of the trial; but my friend would no more have thought of introducing me to the leader of the bar than he would have ventured to stop the carriage of the Queen in Hyde Park and present me then and there to Her Majesty.

I remember as well as if it were but yesterday how attorneys and junior counsel listened with the utmost deference to every suggestion which he condescended to address to them, how narrowly the law-students watched him, as if some legal principle were to be read in his cold, hard countenance, and, as he at last rose slowly and solemnly to make his long-expected argument, how court, bar, and by-standers composed themselves to hear. He spoke with great deliberation and distinctness, with singular precision and propriety of language, without any parade of rhetoric or attempt at eloquence. After a very short and appropriate exordium, he proceeded directly to the merits of the case. His words were well-weighed, and his manner was earnest and impressive. It was, in short, the perfection of reason confidently addressed to a competent tribunal.

Page 15

And yet his manner was by no means that of a man seeking to persuade a superior, but rather that of one comparing opinions with an equal, if not an inferior mind, elevated by some accident to a position of factitious importance. One could not but feel that here was a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself.

It cannot be doubted that this consciousness of mental and professional preeminence, sustained by the unanimous verdict of public opinion, has given to Lord Westbury a defiant, if not an insolent bearing. The story is current at the English bar, that, some years ago, when offered a seat on the Bench, with a salary of five thousand pounds, he promptly declined, saying, "I would rather earn ten thousand pounds a year by talking sense than five thousand pounds a year by hearing other men talk nonsense."

Anecdotes are frequent in illustration of his supercilious treatment of attorneys and clients while he was a barrister. And since his elevation to the wool-sack there has been no abatement or modification of his offensive manner. His demeanor toward counsel appearing before him has been the subject of constant and indignant complaint. It will be remembered by some of my readers, that, not long since, during a session of the House of Lords, he gave the lie direct to one of the peers,—an occurrence almost without precedent in that decorous body. Far different from this was the tone in which Lord Thurlow, while Lord-Chancellor, asserted his independence and vindicated his title to respect in his memorable rebuke addressed to the Duke of Grafton. If the testimony of English travellers in this country is to be believed, the legislative assemblies of our own land have hitherto enjoyed the unenviable monopoly of this species of retort.

The House of Lords contains other peers of marked ability and protracted Parliamentary experience, among whom are Earl Granville, the Earl of Ellenborough, the Duke of Somerset, and the Earl of Shaftesbury; but we cannot dwell in detail upon their individual characteristics as speakers, or upon the share they have severally taken in the public councils, without extending this article beyond its legitimate limits.

As genius is not necessarily or usually transmitted from generation to generation, while a seat in the House of Lords is an inheritable privilege, it will be readily believed that there is a considerable number of peers with no natural or acquired fitness for legislative duties,—men whose dullness in debate, and whose utter incapacity to comprehend any question of public interest or importance, cannot be adequately described. They speak occasionally, from a certain ill-defined sense of what may be due to their position, yet are obviously aware that what they say is entitled to no weight, and are greatly relieved when the unwelcome and disagreeable duty has been discharged. They are the men who hesitate and stammer, whose hats and canes are always in their way, and who have no very clear notions about what should be done with their hands. A visitor who chances to spend an evening in the House of Lords for the first and last time, while noblemen of this stamp are quieting their tender consciences by a statement of their views upon the subject under discussion, will be sure to retire with a very unfavorable and wholly incorrect estimate of the speaking talent of English peers.

Page 16

It would hardly seem necessary to devote time or space to those members of the House of Lords who are rarely, if ever, present at the debates. As has been already stated, the whole number of peers is about four hundred and sixty, of whom less than twenty-five are minors, while the average attendance is less than fifty. The right to vote by proxy is a peculiar and exclusive privilege of the Upper House, and vicarious voting to a great extent is common on all important issues. Macaulay, many years ago, pronounced the House of Lords "a small and torpid audience"; and certainly, since the expression of this opinion, there has been no increase of average attendance. A considerable proportion of the absentees will be found among the "fast noblemen" of the kingdom,—the men who prostitute their exalted social position to the basest purposes, squandering their substance and wasting their time in degrading dissipation, the easy prey of accomplished sharpers, and a burning disgrace to their order. Sometimes, indeed, they pause on the brink of utter ruin, only to become in their turn apostles of iniquity, and to lure others to a like destruction. The unblushing and successful audacity of these titled *roues* is beginning to attract the attention and awaken the fears of the better part of the English people. Their pernicious example is bearing most abundant and bitter fruit in the depraved morals of what are called the "lower classes" of society, and their misdeeds are repeated in less fashionable quarters, with less brilliant surroundings. Against this swelling tide of corrupting influence the press of England is now raising its warning voice, and the statements which are publicly and unreservedly made, and the predictions which are confidently given, are very far from being welcome to English eyes or grateful to English ears.

Another class of the House of Lords, and it is a large one, is most happily characterized by Sydney Smith in his review of "Granby." "Lord Chesterton we have often met with, and suffered a good deal from his lordship: a heavy, pompous, meddling peer, occupying a great share of the conversation, saying things in ten words which required only two, and evidently convinced that he is making a great impression; a large man, with a large head, and a very landed manner; knowing enough to torment his fellow-creatures, not to instruct them; the ridicule of young ladies, and the natural butt and target of wit. It is easy to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey; but does such a man, who lays waste a whole civilized party of beings by prosing, reflect upon the joy he spoils and the misery he creates in the course of his life, and that any one who listens to him through politeness would prefer toothache or ear-ache to his conversation? Does he consider the great uneasiness which ensues, when the company has discovered a man to be an extremely absurd person, at the same time that it is absolutely impossible to convey by words or manner the most distant suspicion of the discovery?"

Page 17

Now, most unfortunately, the noble House of Chesterton is still extant, and its numerous representatives cherish with jealous care every inherited absurdity of the family. Their favorite field of operations is the House of Lords, partly because the strict proprieties of the place protect them from rude and inconvenient interruption, and partly because they can be sure of a "fit audience found, though few,"—an audience of equals, whom it is no condescension to address. In the House of Commons they would be coughed down or groaned down before they had wasted ten minutes of the public time, and that they escape as swift suppression in the House of Lords is much more creditable to the courtesy of that body than to its just appreciation of the shortness of human life. There is rarely a debate of importance in the House of Lords during which some one of the Chesterton family does not contribute his morsel of pompous imbecility, or unfold his budget of obsolete and exploded prejudices, or add his mite of curious misinformation. That such painful exhibitions of callow and contracted bigotry should so frequently be made in a body claiming for itself the finest culture and the highest civilization in Christendom is certainly a most mortifying circumstance, and serves to show that narrow views and unstatesmanlike opinions are not confined to democratic deliberative assemblies, and that the choicest advantages of education, literary and political, are not at all inconsistent with ignorance and arrogance.

But we will allow his lordship to tell his own story. Here is his set speech, only slightly modified from evening to evening, as may be demanded by the difference in the questions under debate.

"My lords, the noble lord who has just taken his seat, although, I am bound to say, presenting his view of the case with that candor which my noble friend (if the noble lord will allow me to call him so) always displays, yet, my lords, I cannot but add, omitted one important feature of the subject. Now, my lords, I am exceedingly reluctant to take up the time of your lordships with my views upon the subject-matter of this debate; yet, my lords, as the noble and learned lord who spoke last but one, as well as the noble earl at the head of Her Majesty's Government, and the noble marquis who addressed your lordships early in the evening, have all fallen into the same mistake, (if these noble lords will permit me to presume that they could be mistaken,) I must beg leave to call your lordships' attention to the significant fact, that each and all of these noble lords have failed to point out to your lordships, that, important and even conclusive as the arguments and statistics of their lordships may at first sight appear, yet they have not directed your lordships to the very suspicious circumstance that our noble ancestors have never discovered the necessity of resorting to this singular expedient.

Page 18

“For myself, my lords, I confess that I am filled with the most gloomy forebodings for the future of this country, when I hear a question of this transcendent importance gravely discussed by noble lords without the slightest allusion to this vital consideration. I beg to ask noble lords, Are we wiser than our forefathers? Are any avenues of information open to us which were closed to them? Were they less patriotic, less intelligent, less statesmanlike, than the present generation? Why, then, I most earnestly put it to your lordships, should we disregard, or, certainly, lose sight of their wisdom and their experience? I implore noble lords to pause before it is too late. I solemnly call upon them to consider that the proposed measure is, after all, only democracy under a thin disguise. Has it never occurred to noble lords that this project did not originate in this House? that its warmest friends and most ardent and persevering advocates are found among those who come from the people, and who, from the very nature of the case, are incompetent to decide upon what will be for the, best interests of the kingdom? My lords, I feel deeply upon this subject, and I must be pardoned for expressing myself in strong terms. I say again, that I see here the clearest evidence of democratic tendencies, a contempt for existing and ancient institutions, and an alarming want of respect for time-honored precedents, which, I am bound to say, demand our prompt and indignant condemnation,” *etc., etc., etc.*[2]

[Footnote 2: If any one of my readers is inclined to suspect that I have drawn upon my imagination for this specimen speech, I will only say, that, if he were my bitterest enemy, I could wish him no more severe punishment than to undergo as I have done, (*horresco referens*,) an hour of the Marquis of Normanby, the Earl of Malmesbury, and a few other kindred spirits. If he have no opportunity of subjecting the truth of my statement and the accuracy of my report to this most grievous test, I beg to assure him that I have given no fancy sketch, but that I have heard speeches from these noblemen in precisely this tone and to exactly this effect.]

This is the regular speech, protracted in the same strain for perhaps half an hour. Of the manner of the noble orator I will not venture a description. Any attempt to convey an idea of the air of omniscience with which these dreary platitudes are delivered would surely result in failure. It is enough to say that the impression which the noble lord leaves upon an unprejudiced and un-English mind is in all respects painful. Indeed, one sees at a glance how absolutely hopeless would be any finite effort to convince him of the absurdity of his positions or the weakness of his understanding. There he stands, a solemn, shallow, conceited, narrow-minded, imperturbable, impracticable, incorrigible blockhead, on whom everything in the shape of argument is utterly wasted, and from whom all the arrows of wit and sarcasm fall harmless to the ground. In fact, he is perfectly proof against any intellectual weapons forged by human skill or wielded by mortal arm, and he awaits and receives every attack with a stolid and insulting indifference which must be maddening to an opponent.

Page 19

I hasten to confess my entire incapacity to describe the uniform personal bearing of a Chesterton in or out of the House of Lords. It is strictly *sui generis*. It has neither the quiet, unassuming dignity of the Derbys, the Shaftesburys, or the Warwicks, nor the vulgar vanity of the untravelled Cockney. It simply defies accurate delineation. Dickens has attempted to paint the portrait of such a character in "Bleak House"; but Sir Leicester Dedlock, even in the hands of this great artist, is not a success,—merely because, in the case of the Baronet, selfishness and self-importance are only a superficial crust, while with your true Chesterton these attributes penetrate to the core and are as much a part of the man as any limbs or any feature of his face. A genuine Chesterton is as unlike his stupid caricature in our own theaters in the person of "Lord Dundreary," as the John Bull of the French stage, leading a woman by a halter around her neck, and exclaiming, "G—— d——! I will sell my wife at Smithfield," is unlike the Englishman of real life. Lord Chesterton does not wear a small glass in his right eye, nor commence every other sentence with "Aw! weally now." He does not stare you out of countenance in a *café*, nor wonder "what the Devil that fellow means by his insolence." So much by way of negative description. To appreciate him positively, one must see him and hear him. No matter when or where you encounter him, you will find him ever the same; and you will at last conclude that his manners are not unnatural to a very weak man inheriting the traditions of an ancient and titled family, and educated from childhood to believe that he belongs to a superior order of beings.

Of course the strong point of a Chesterton is what he calls his "conservatism." He values everything in proportion to its antiquity, and prefers a time-honored abuse to a modern blessing. With a former Duke of Somerset, he would pity Adam, "because he had no ancestors." His sympathies, so far as he has any sentiments which deserve to be dignified by that name, are ever on the side of tyranny. He condescends to give his valuable sanction to the liberal institutions of England, not because they are liberal, but because they are English. Next after the Established Church, the reigning sovereign and the royal family, his own order and his precious self, his warmest admiration is bestowed on some good old-fashioned, thorough-going, grinding despotism. He defends the Emperor of Austria, and considers the King of Naples a much-abused monarch.

If his lordship has ever been in diplomatic life,—an event highly probable,—he becomes the most intolerable nuisance that ever belied the noblest sentiments of civilized society or blocked the wheels of public debate. Flattered by the interested attention of despotic courts, his poor weak head has been completely turned. He has seen everything *en couleur de rose*. He assures their lordships

Page 20

that he has never known a single well-authenticated case of oppression of the lower classes, while it is within his personal knowledge that many of the best families (in Italy, for instance) have been compelled to leave all their property behind them, and fly for their lives before an insolent and unreasoning mob. How he deluges the House with distorted facts and garbled statistics! How he warns noble lords against the wiles of Mazzini, the unscrupulous ambition of Victor Emmanuel, and the headlong haste of Garibaldi!

Of course, his lordship's bitterest hatred and intensest aversion are reserved for democratic institutions. Against these he wages a constant crusade. Armed *cap-a-pie* in his common-sense-proof coat of mail, he charges feebly upon them with his blunt lance, works away furiously with his wooden sword, and then ambles off with a triumphant air very ludicrous to behold. Democracy is the *bete noir* of all the Chestertons. They attack it not only because they consider it a recent innovation, but also because it threatens the permanence of their order. About the practical working of a republic they have no better information than they have about the institutions of Iceland or the politics of Patagonia. It is quite enough for them to know that the theory of democracy is based on the equality of man, and that where democracy prevails a privileged class is unknown.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the present condition of the United States is a perfect godsend to the whole family of Chestertons. Have they not long predicted our disgrace and downfall? Have they not, indeed, ever since our unjustifiable Declaration of Independence, anticipated precisely what has happened? Have they not always and everywhere contended that a republic had no elements of national cohesion? In a word, have they not feared our growing power and population as only such base and ignoble spirits can fear the sure and steady progress of a rival nation? Unhappily, their influence in the councils of the kingdom is by no means inconsiderable. The prestige of an ancient family, the obsequious deference paid in England to exalted social position, and the power of patronage, all combine to confer on the Chestertons a commanding and controlling authority absurdly out of proportion to their intrinsic ability.

There has been a prevalent notion in this country that England was slowly, but certainly, tending towards a more democratic form of government, and a more equal and equitable distribution of power among the different orders of society. This is very far from being the case. It has been well said, that "it is always considered a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects." But if this income is quadrupled, and the high honor of a seat in the House of Lords is superadded, it is not difficult to understand that the titled recipient

Page 21

of such a revenue will find that his opinions command the greatest consideration. The organization of the present Cabinet of England is a fresh and conclusive illustration of this principle. It is not too much to say, that at this moment the home and foreign administration of the government is substantially in the hands of the House of Lords. Indeed, the aristocratic element of English society is as powerful to-day as it has been at any time during the past century. To fortify this statement by competent authority, we make an extract from a leader in the London "Times," on the occasion of the elevation of Lord John Russell to the peerage. "But however welcome to the House of Lords may be the accession of Lord John Russell, the House of Commons, we apprehend, will contemplate it with very little satisfaction. While the House of Lords does but one-twentieth part of the business of the House of Commons, it boasts a lion's share of the present administration. Three out of our five Secretaries of State, the Lord-Chancellor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord-President of the Council, the Postmaster-General, the Lord Privy Seal, all hold seats in the Upper House, while the Home-Secretary, and the Secretary for India, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Trade, the President of the Poor-Law Board, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the Secretary for Ireland hold seats in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell goes to give more to that which had already too much. At the present moment, the two ministers whose united departments distribute between twenty and thirty millions of the national revenue sit in the House which does not represent the people. In voting the army and navy estimates, the House of Commons received this year from the Under-Secretaries that information which they ought to have from the best and most authentic, sources. To these is now added the all-important department of Foreign Affairs; so that, if things remain as they are, the representatives of the people must be content to feed on second-hand information.... Most of us can remember a time when it was a favorite topic with popular agitators to expatiate on the number of lords which a government contained, as if every peer of Parliament wielded an influence necessarily hostile to the liberties of the country. We look down in the present age with contempt on such vulgar prejudices; but we seem to be running into the contrary extreme, when we allow almost all the important offices of our government to be monopolized by a chamber where there is small scope for rhetorical ability, and the short sittings and unbusiness-like habits of which make it very unsuited for the enforcement of ministerial responsibility. The statesmen who have charge of large departments of expenditure, like the army and navy, and of the highest interests of the nation, ought to be in the House of Commons, is necessarily superior to a member of the House of the House of Lords,

Page 22

but it is to the House of Commons that these high functionaries are principally accountable, and because, if they forfeit the confidence of the House of Commons, the House of Lords can avail them but little. The matter is of much importance and much difficulty. We can only hope that the opportunity of redressing this manifest imperfection in the structure of the present government will not be lost, and that the House of Commons may recover those political privileges which it has hitherto been its pride to enjoy.”

This distribution of power in the English Cabinet furnishes a sufficient solution of the present attitude of the English Government towards this country. The ruling classes of England can have no sincere sympathy with the North, because its institutions and instincts are democratic. They give countenance to the South, because at heart and in practice it is essentially an aristocracy. To remove the dangerous example of a successful and powerful republic, where every man has equal rights, civil and religious, and where a privileged order in Church and State is impossible, has become in the minds of England's governing classes an imperious necessity. Compared with the importance of securing this result, all other considerations weigh as nothing. Brothers by blood, language, and religion, as they have been accustomed to call us while we were united and formidable, we are now, since civil war has weakened us and great national questions have distracted our councils, treated as aliens, if not as enemies. On the other hand, the South, whose leaders have ever been first to take hostile ground against England, and whose “peculiar institution” has drawn upon us the eloquent and unsparing denunciations of English philanthropists, is just now in high favor with the “mother-country.” Not only has the ill-disguised dislike of the Tories ripened into open animosity, not only are we the target for the shallow scorn of the Chestertons, (even a donkey may dare to kick a dying lion,) but we have lost the once strongly pronounced friendship of such ardent anti-slavery men as Lord Brougham and the Earl of Shaftesbury. Why is this? Does not the explanation lie in a nutshell? We were becoming too strong. We were disturbing the balance of power. We were demonstrating too plainly the inherent activity and irresistible energy of a purely democratic form of government. Therefore *Carthago delenda est*. “But yet the pity of it, Iago!” Mark how a Christian nation deals with a Christian ally. Our destruction is to be accomplished, not by open warfare, but by the delusive and dastardly pretence of neutrality. There is to be no diplomatic recognition of an independent Southern Confederacy, but a formidable navy is to be furnished to our enemies, and their armies are to be abundantly supplied with the munitions of war. But how? By the English Government? Oh, no! This would be in violation of solemn treaties. Earl Russell says, “We

Page 23

have long maintained relations of peace and amity” with the United States. England cannot officially recognize or aid the South without placing herself in a hostile attitude towards this country. Yet meanwhile English capitalists can publicly subscribe to the loan which our enemies solicit, and from English ship-yards a fleet of iron-clad war-vessels can be sent to lay waste our commerce and break our blockade of Southern ports. What the end will be no one may venture to foretell; but it needs no prophet to predict that many years will not obliterate from the minds of the American people the present policy of the English Cabinet, controlled as it is by the genius of English aristocracy.

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THEODORE WINTHROP’S WRITINGS.

“The first time I saw Theodore Winthrop,” said one to me a few days ago, “he came into my office with a common friend. They were talking as they entered, and Winthrop said, ‘Yes, the fellows who came over in the Mayflower can’t afford to do that!’

“‘There,’ thought I to myself, ‘there’s another of the Mayflower men! I wish to my soul that ship had sunk on her voyage out!’ But when I came to know him, I quickly learned that with him origin was not a matter of vain pride, but a fact inciting him to all nobleness of thought and life, and spurring him on to emulate the qualities of his ancestor.”

That is to say, he was not a prig, or a snob, but a gentleman. And if he remembered that he “came over in the Mayflower,” it was because he felt that that circumstance bound him to higher enterprises, to better work, than other men’s. And he believed in his heart, as he wrote in the opening chapter of “John Brent,” that “deeds of the heroic and chivalric times do not utterly disdain our day. There are men,” he continues, “as ready to gallop for love and strike for love now as in the age of Amadis.” Ay, and for a nobler love than the love of woman—for love of country, and of liberty—he was ready to strike, and to die.

Ready to do, when the time came; but also—what required a greater soul—ready to wait in cheerful content till the fitting time should come. Think of these volumes lying in his desk at home, and he, their author, going about his daily tasks and pleasures, as hearty and as unrepining as though no whisper of ambition had ever come to his soul, —as though he had no slightest desire for the pleasant fame which a successful book gives to a young man. Think of it, O race of scribblers, to whom a month in the printer’s hands seems a monstrous delay, and who bore publishers with half-finished manuscripts, as impatient hens begin, untimely, to cackle before the egg is laid.

Page 24

That a young man, not thirty-three when he died, should have written these volumes, so full of life, so full of strange adventure, of wide reading, telling of such large and thorough knowledge of books and men and Nature, is a remarkable fact in itself. That he should have let the manuscripts lie in his desk has probably surprised the world more. But, much as he wrote, Winthrop, perhaps, always felt that his true life was not that of the author, but of the actor. He has often told me that it was a pleasure to write, —probably such a pleasure as it is to an old tar to spin his yarns. His mind was active, stored with the accumulated facts of a varied experience. How keen an observer of Nature he was, those who have read “John Brent” or the “Canoe and Saddle” need not be told; how appreciative an observer of every-day life, was shown in that brilliant story which appeared in these pages some eighteen months ago, under the title of “Love and Skates.” Our American life lost by his death one who, had he lived, would have represented it, reported it to the world, soul and body together; for he comprehended its spirit, as well as saw its outer husk; he was in sympathy with all its manifestations.

That quick, intelligent eye saw everything; that kindly, sympathetic spirit comprehended always the soul of things; and no life, however common, rugged, or coarse, was to him empty. If he added always something of his own nobility of heart, if he did not pry out with prurient eyes the meannesses of life around him, the picture he drew was none the less true,—was, indeed, it seems to me, all the more true. Therefore I say that his early death was a loss to American literature, or, to speak more accurately, to that too small part of our literature which concerns itself with American life. To him the hard-featured Yankee had something besides hard features and ungainly manners; he saw the better part as well as the grosser of the creature, and knew that

“Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting by the window, binding shoes,”

had somewhat besides coarse hands and red eyes. He was not tainted with the vicious habit of caricature, which is the excuse with which superficial and heartless writers impose their false art upon the public. Nor did he need that his heroes should wear kid gloves,—though he was himself the neatest-gloved man I knew. “Armstrong of Oregon” was a rough figure enough; but how well he knew how to bring out the kindly traits in that rude lumberman’s character! how true to Nature is that sketch of a gentleman in homespun! And even Jake Shamberlain, the Mormon mail-carrier, a rollicking, untidy rover, fond of whiskey, and doubtless not too scrupulous in a “trade,” has yet, in Winthrop’s story, qualities which draw us to him.

To sit down to “John Brent” after reading one of the popular novels of these days, by one of the class of writers who imagine photography the noblest of arts, is like getting out of a fashionable “party” into the crisp air of a clear, starlight, December night. And yet Winthrop was a “society” man; one might almost say he knew that life better than the other, the freer, the nobler, which he loved to describe, as he loved to live it.

Page 25

A neat, active figure of a man, carefully dressed, as one who pays all proper honor to the body in which he walks about; a gentleman, not only in the broader and more generous sense, but also according to the narrower, conventional meaning of the term; plainly a scholarly man, fond of books, and knowing the best books; with that modest, diffident air which bookish men have; with a curious shyness, indeed, as of one who was not accustomed and did not like to come into too close contact with the every-day world: such Theodore Winthrop appeared to me. I recollect the surprise with which I heard—not from him—that he had ridden across the Plains, had camped with Lieutenant Strain, had “roughed it” in the roughest parts of our continent. But if you looked a little closely into the face, you saw in the fine lines of the mouth the determination of a man who can bear to carry his body into any peril or difficulty; and in the eye—he had the eye of a born sailor, an eye accustomed to measure the distance for a dangerous leap, quick to comprehend all parts of a novel situation—you saw there presence of mind, unfaltering readiness, and a spirit equal to anything the day might bring forth.

In the Memoir prefixed to “Cecil Dreeme” Curtis has drawn a portrait, tender and true, of his friend and neighbor. The few words which have written themselves here tell of him only as he appeared to one who knew him less intimately, who saw him not often.

I come now to speak of the writings which Winthrop left. These have the singular merit, that they are all American. From first to last, they are plainly the work of a man who had no need to go to Europe for characters or scenery or plot,—who valued and understood the peculiar life and the peculiar Nature of this continent, and, like a true artist and poet, chose to represent that life and Nature of which he was a part. His stories smack of the soil; his characters—especially in “John Brent,” where his own ride across the continent is dramatized—are as fresh and as true as only a true artist could make them. Take, for instance, the “Pike,” the border-ruffian transplanted to a California “ranch,”—not a ruffian, as he says, but a barbarian.

“America is manufacturing several new types of men. The Pike is one of the newest. He is a bastard pioneer. With one hand he clutches the pioneer vices; with the other he beckons forward the vices of civilization. It is hard to understand how a man can have so little virtue in so long a body, unless the shakes are foes to virtue in the soul, as they are to beauty in the face.

“He is a terrible shock, this unlucky Pike, to the hope that the new race on the new continent is to be a handsome race. I lose that faith, which the people about me now have nourished, when I recall the Pike. He is hung together, not put together. He inserts his lank fathom of a man into a suit of molasses-colored homespun. Frowzy and husky is the hair Nature crowns him with; frowzy and stubby the beard. He shambles in his walk. He drawls in his talk. He drinks whiskey by the tank. His oaths are to his words as Falstaff’s sack to his bread. I have seen Maltese beggars, Arab camel-drivers,

Dominican friars, New-York aldermen, Digger Indians; the foulest, frowziest creatures I have ever seen are thorough-bred Pikes.”

Page 26

This is not complimentary, but any one who has seen the creature knows that it is a portrait done by a first-rate artist.

Take, again, that other vulgarer ruffian, “Jim Robinson,” “a little man, stockish, oily, and red in the face, a jaunty fellow, too, with a certain shabby air of coxcombry even in his travel-stained attire,”—and how accurately does he describe the metamorphosis of this nauseous grub into a still more disgusting butterfly!

“I can imagine him when he arrives at St. Louis, blossomed into a purple coat with velvet lappels, a brocaded waistcoat, diamond shirt-studs, or a flamboyant scarf pinned with a pinchbeck dog, and red-legged, patent-leather boots, picking his teeth on the steps of the Planters’ House.”

Or, once more, that more saintly villain, the Mormon Elder Sizzum.

“Presently Sizzum appeared. He had taken time to tone down the pioneer and develop the deacon in his style, and a very sleek personage he had made of himself. He was clean shaved: clean shaving is a favorite coxcombry of the deacon class. His long black hair, growing rank from a muddy skin, was sleekly put behind his ears. A large white blossom of cravat expanded under his nude, beefy chin, and he wore a black dress-coat, creased with its recent packing. Except that his pantaloons were thrust into boots with the maker’s name (Abel Gushing, Lynn, Mass.) stamped in gold on a scarlet morocco shield in front, he was in correct go-to-meetin’ costume,—a Chadband of the Plains.”

When you see one of these men, you will know him again. Winthrop has sketched these rascals with a few touches, as felicitous as any of Dickens’s, and they will bear his mark forever: *T.W. fecit.*

As for Jake Chamberlain, with his odd mixture of many religious and irreligious dialects, what there is of him is as good as Sam Weller or Mrs. Poyser.

“‘Hillo, Chamberlain!’ hailed Brent, riding up to the train.

“‘Howdydo? Howdydo? No swap!’ responded Jake, after the Indian fashion. ‘Bung my eyes, ef you’re not the mate of all mates I’m glad to see! Pax vobiscrum, my filly! You look as fresh as an Aperel shad. Praised be the Lord,’ continued he, relapsing into Mormon slang, ‘who has sent thee again, like a brand from the burning, to fall into paths of pleasantness with the Saints, as they wander from the Promised Land to the mean section where the low-lived Gentiles ripen their souls for hell!’”

Or Jake’s droll commentary on the story of Old Bridger, ousted from his fort, and robbed of his goods, by the Saints, in the name of the Prophet Brigham.



“‘It’s olluz so,’ says Jake; ‘Paul plants, and Apollyon gets the increase. Not that Bridger’s like Paul, any more ’n we’re like Apollyon; but we’re goan to have all the cider off his apple-trees.’”

Or, again, Jake’s compliments to “Armstrong of Oregon,” that galloping Vigilant Committee of one.

Page 27

"I'll help you, if I know how, Armstrong. I ha'n't seen no two in my life, Old Country or New Country, Saints or Gentiles, as I'd do more for 'n you and your brother. I've olluz said, ef the world was chock full of Armstrongs, Paradise wouldn't pay, and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob mout just as well blow out their candle and go under a bushel-basket, —unless a half-bushel would kiver 'em."

But the true hero of the book is the horse Don Fulano. It is easy to see that Winthrop was a first-rate horseman, from the loving manner in which he describes and dwells on the perfections of the matchless stallion. None but one who knew every point of a horse, none but one of the Centaur breed, could have drawn Don Fulano,—just as none but a born skater could have written those inimitable skating-scenes in his story of "Love and Skates."

"He was an American horse,—so they distinguish in California one brought from the old States,—A SUPERB YOUNG STALLION, PERFECTLY BLACK, WITHOUT MARK. It was magnificent to see him, as he circled about me, fire in his eye, pride in his nostril, tail flying like a banner, power and grace from tip to tip. No one would ever mount him, or ride him, unless it was his royal pleasure. He was conscious of his representative position, and showed his paces handsomely."

This is the creature who takes the lead in that stirring and matchless "Gallop of Three" to the Luggernel Spring, to quote from which would be to spoil it. It must be read entire.

In the "Canoe and Saddle" is recorded Winthrop's long ride across the continent. Setting out in a canoe, from Port Townsend, in Vancouver's Island, he journeyed, without company of other white men, to the Salt Lake City and thence to "the States,"—a tedious and barbarous experience, heightened, in this account of it, by the traveller's cheery spirits, his ardent love of Nature, and capacity to describe the grand natural scenery, of the effect of which upon himself he says, at the end,—

"And in all that period, while I was so near to Nature, the great lessons of the wilderness deepened into my heart day by day, the hedges of conventionalism withered away from my horizon, and all the pedantries of scholastic thought perished out of my mind forever."

He bore hardships with the courage and imperturbable good-nature of a born gentleman. It is when men are starving, when the plating of romance is worn off by the chafe of severe and continued suffering,—it is then that "blood tells." Winthrop had evidently that keen relish for rough life which the gently nurtured and highly cultivated man has oftener than his rude neighbor, partly because, in his case, contrast lends a zest to the experience. Thus, when he camps with a gang of "road-makers," in the farthest Western wilderness,—a part of Captain McClellan's Pacific Railroad Expedition, —how thoroughly he enjoys the rough hospitality and rude wit of these pioneers!

Page 28

“In such a Platonic republic as this a man found his place according to his powers. The cooks were no base scullions; they were brethren, whom conscious ability, sustained by universal suffrage, had endowed with the frying-pan.”

“My hosts were a stalwart gang.... Their talk was as muscular as their arms. When these laughed, as only men fresh and hearty and in the open air can laugh, the world became mainly grotesque: it seemed at once a comic thing to live,—a subject for chuckling, that we were bipeds, with noses,—a thing to roar at, that we had all met there from the wide world, to hobnob by a frolicsome fire with tin pots of coffee, and partake of crisped bacon and toasted dough-boys in ridiculous abundance. Easy laughter infected the atmosphere. Echoes ceased to be pensive, and became jocose. A rattling humor pervaded the forest, and Green River rippled with noise of fantastic jollity. Civilization and its *dilettante* diners-out sneer when Clodpole at Dives’s table doubles his soup, knifes his fish, tilts his plate into his lap, puts muscle into the crushing of his *meringue*, and tosses off the warm beaker in his finger-bowl. Camps by Tacoma sneer not at all, but candidly roar, at parallel accidents. Gawky makes a cushion of his flapjack. Butterfingers drops his red-hot rasher into his bosom, or lets slip his mug of coffee into his boot drying at the fire,—a boot henceforth saccharine. A mule, slipping his halter, steps forward unnoticed, puts his nose into the circle, and brays resonant. These are the jocular boons of life, and at these the woodsmen guffaw with lusty good-nature. Coarse and rude the jokes may be, but not nasty, like the innuendoes of pseudo-refined cockneys. If the woodsmen are guilty of uncleanly wit, it differs from the uncleanly wit of cities as the mud of a road differs from the sticky slime of slums.

“It is a stout sensation to meet masculine, muscular men at the brave point of a penetrating Boston hooihut,—men who are mates,—men to whom technical culture means nought,—men to whom myself am nought, unless I can saddle, lasso, cook, sing, and chop,—unless I am a man of nerve and pluck, and a brother in generosity and heartiness. It is restoration to play at cudgels of jocoseness with a circle of friendly roughs, not one of whom ever heard the word bore,—with pioneers, who must think and act, and wrench their living from the closed hand of Nature.”

And here is a dinner “in the open.”

“Upon the *carte du jour* at Restaurant Sowee was written Grouse. ‘How shall we have them?’ said I, cook and convive, to Loolowcan, marmiton and convive. ‘One of these cocks of the mountain shall be fried, since gridiron is not,’ responded I to myself, after meditation; ‘two shall be spitted and roasted; and, as Azrael may not want us before breakfast to-morrow, the fourth shall go upon the *carte de dejeuner*’.

“‘O Pork! what a creature thou art!’ continued I, in monologue, cutting neat slices of that viand with my bowie-knife, and laying them fraternally, three in a bed, in the frying-pan. ‘Blessed be Moses, who forbade thee to the Jews, whereby we, of freer dispensations, heirs of all the ages, inherit also pigs more numerous and bacon cheaper! O Pork! what

could campaigners do without thy fatness, thy leanness, thy saltiness, thy portableness?’

Page 29

"Here Loolowcan presented me the three birds, plucked featherless as Plato's man. The two roasters we planted carefully on spits before a sultry spot of the fire. From a horizontal stick, supported on forked stakes, we suspended by a twig over each roaster an automatic baster, an inverted cone of pork, ordained to yield its spicy juices to the wooing flame, and drip bedewing on each bosom beneath. The roasters ripened deliberately, while keen and quick fire told upon the frier, the first course of our feast. Meanwhile I brewed a pot of tea, blessing Confucius for that restorative weed, as I had blessed Moses for his abstinence from porkers.

"Need I say that the grouse were admirable, that everything was delicious, and the Confucian weed first chop? Even a scouse of mouldy biscuit met the approval of Loolowcan. Feasts cooked under the greenwood tree, and eaten by their cooks after a triumphant day of progress, are sweeter than the conventional banquets of languid Christendom."

"Life in the Open Air"—containing sketches of travel among the mountains and lakes of Maine, as well as the story of "Love and Skates," which has been spoken of, "The March of the Seventh Regiment," "Washington as a Camp," an essay descriptive of Church's great picture, "The Heart of the Andes," and two fragments, one of them the charming commencement of a story which promised to be one of his best and most enjoyable efforts in this direction—is the concluding volume of Winthrop's collected writings. I speak of it in this place, because it is in some part a companion-book to the volumes we have been discussing. It is as full of buoyant life, of fresh and noble thought, of graceful wit and humor, as those; in parts it contains the most finished of his literary work. Few Americans who read it at the time will ever forget that stirring description of the march of the New-York Seventh; it is a piece of the history of our war which will live and be read as long as Americans read their history. It moved my blood, in the reading, tonight, as it did in those days—which seem already some centuries old, so do events crowd the retrospect—when we were all reading it in the pages of the "Atlantic." In the unfinished story of "Brightly's Orphan" there is a Jew boy from Chatham Street, an original of the first water, who, though scarce fairly introduced, will, I am sure, make a place for himself and for his author in the memories of all who relish humor of the best kind.

"Cecil Dreeme" and "Edwin Brothertoft" are quite other books than these we have spoken of. Here Winthrop tried a different vein,—two different veins, perhaps. Both are stories of suffering and crime, stories of the world and society. In one it is a woman, in the other a man, who is wronged. One deals with New York city-life of the very present day; the other is a story of the Revolutionary War, and of Tories and Patriots. The popular verdict has declared him successful, even here. "Cecil Dreeme" has run through no less than fifteen editions.

Page 30

In this story we are shown New York “society” as doubtless Winthrop knew it to be. Yet the book has a curious air of the Old-World; it might be a story of Venice, almost. It tells us of Old-World vices and crimes, and the fittings and furnishings are of a piece. The localities, indeed, are sketched so faithfully, that a stranger to the city, coming suddenly, in his wanderings, upon Chrysalis College Buildings, could not fail to recognize them at once,—as indeed happened to a country friend of mine recently, to his great delight. But the men are Americans, bred and formed—and for the most part spoiled—in Europe; Americans who have gone to Paris before their time, if it be true, what a witty Bostonian said, that good Americans go to Paris when they die. With all this, the book has a strange charm, so that it takes possession of you in spite of yourself. It is as though it drew away the curtain, for one slight moment, from the mysteries which “society” decorously hides,—as though he who drew the curtain stood beside it, pointing with solemn finger and silent indignation to the baseness of which he gives you a glimpse. Yet even here the good carries the day, and that in no maudlin way, but because the true men are the better men.

These, then, are Winthrop’s writings,—the literary works of a young man who died at thirty-two, and who had spent a goodly part of his mature life in the saddle and the canoe, exploring his own country, and in foreign travel. As we look at the volumes, we wonder how he found time for so much; but when we have read, we wonder yet more at the excellence of all he wrote. In all and through all shines his own noble spirit; and thus these books of his, whose printed pages he never saw, will keep his memory green amongst us; for, through them, all who read may know that there wrote a true gentleman.

Once he wrote,—

“Let me not waste in skirmishes my power,
In petty struggles. Rather in the hour
Of deadly conflict may I nobly die,
In my first battle perish gloriously.”

Even so he fell; but in these written works, as in his gallant death, he left with us lessons which will yet win battles for the good cause of American liberty, which he held dearest in his heart.

* * * * *

HILARY.

Hilary,
Summer calls thee, o’er the sea!
Like white flowers upon the tide,



In and out the vessels glide;
But no wind on all the main
Sends thy blithe soul home again:
Every salt breeze moans for thee,
Hilary!

Hilary,
Welcome Summer's step will be,
Save to those beside whose door
Doleful birds sit evermore
Singing, "Never comes he here
Who made every season's cheer!"
Dull the June that brings not thee,
Hilary!

Hilary,
What strange world has sheltered thee?
Here the soil beneath thy feet
Rang with songs, and blossomed sweet;
Blue skies ask thee yet of Earth,
Blind and dumb without thy mirth:
With thee went her heart of glee,
Hilary!



Page 31

Hilary,
All things shape a sigh for thee!
O'er the waves, among the flowers,
Through the lapse of odorous hours,
Breathes a lonely, longing sound,
As of something sought, unfound:
Lorn are all things, lorn are we,
Hilary!

Hilary,
Oh, to sail in quest of thee,
To the trade-wind's steady tune,
Past the hurrying monsoon,
Into torrid seas, that lave
Dry, hot sands,—a breathless grave,—
Sad as vain the search would be,
Hilary!

Hilary,
Chase the sorrow from the sea!
Summer-heart, bring summer near,
Warm, and fresh, and airy-clear!
—Dead thou art not: dead is pain;
Now Earth sees and sings again:
Death, to hold thee, Life must be,
Hilary!

* * * * *

DEBBY'S DEBUT.

On a cheery June day Mrs. Penelope Carroll and her niece Debby Wilder were whizzing along on their way to a certain gay watering-place, both in the best of humors with each other and all the world beside. Aunt Pen was concocting sundry mild romances, and laying harmless plots for the pursuance of her favorite pastime, match-making; for she had invited her pretty relative to join her summer jaunt, ostensibly that the girl might see a little of fashionable life, but the good lady secretly proposed to herself to take her to the beach and get her a rich husband, very much as she would have proposed to take her to Broadway and get her a new bonnet; for both articles she considered necessary, but somewhat difficult for a poor girl to obtain.

Debby was slowly getting her poise, after the excitement of a first visit to New York; for ten days of bustle had introduced the young philosopher to a new existence, and the working-day world seemed to have vanished when she made her last pat of butter in the

dairy at home. For an hour she sat thinking over the good-fortune which had befallen her, and the comforts of this life which she had suddenly acquired. Debby was a true girl,—with all a girl's love of ease and pleasure; and it must not be set down against her that she surveyed her pretty travelling-suit with much complacency, rejoicing inwardly that she could use her hands without exposing fractured gloves, that her bonnet was of the newest mode, needing no veil to hide a faded ribbon or a last year's shape, that her dress swept the ground with fashionable untidiness, and her boots were guiltless of a patch,—that she was the possessor of a mine of wealth in two of the eight trunks belonging to her aunt, that she was travelling like any lady of the land with man-and-maid-servant at her command, and that she was leaving work and care behind her for a month or two of novelty and rest.

Page 32

When these agreeable facts were fully realized, and Aunt Pen had fallen asleep behind her veil, Debby took out a book, and indulged in her favorite luxury, soon forgetting past, present, and future in the inimitable history of Martin Chuzzlewit. The sun blazed, the cars rattled, children cried, ladies nodded, gentlemen longed for the solace of prohibited cigars, and newspapers were converted into sun-shades, nightcaps, and fans; but Debby read on, unconscious of all about her, even of the pair of eyes that watched her from the opposite corner of the car. A gentleman with a frank, strong-featured face sat therein, and amused himself by scanning with thoughtful gaze the countenances of his fellow-travellers. Stout Aunt Pen, dignified even in her sleep, was a "model of deportment" to the rising generation; but the student of human nature found a more attractive subject in her companion, the girl with an apple-blossom face and merry brown eyes, who sat smiling into her book, never heeding that her bonnet was awry, and the wind taking unwarrantable liberties with her ribbons and her hair.

Innocent Debby turned her pages, unaware that her fate sat opposite in the likeness of a serious, black-bearded gentleman, who watched the smiles rippling from her lips to her eyes with an interest that deepened as the minutes passed. If his paper had been full of anything but "Bronchial Troches" and "Spalding's Prepared Glue," he would have found more profitable employment; but it wasn't, and with the usual readiness of idle souls he fell into evil ways, and permitted curiosity, that feminine sin, to enter in and take possession of his manly mind. A great desire seized him to discover what book so interested his pretty neighbor; but a cover hid the name, and he was too distant to catch it on the fluttering leaves. Presently a stout Emerald-Islander, with her wardrobe oozing out of sundry paper parcels, vacated the seat behind the two ladies; and it was soon quietly occupied by the individual for whom Satan was finding such indecorous employment. Peeping round the little gray bonnet, past a brown braid and a fresh cheek, the young man's eye fell upon the words the girl was reading, and forgot to look away again. Books were the desire of his life; but an honorable purpose and an indomitable will kept him steady at his ledgers till he could feel that he had earned the right to read. Like wine to many another was an open page to him; he read a line, and, longing for more, took a hasty sip from his neighbor's cup, forgetting that it was a stranger's also.

Down the page went the two pairs of eyes, and the merriment from Debby's seemed to light up the sombre ones behind her with a sudden shine that softened the whole face and made it very winning. No wonder they twinkled, for Elijah Pogram spoke, and "Mrs. Hominy, the mother of the modern Gracchi, in the classical blue cap and the red cotton pocket-handkerchief, came down the room in a procession of one." A

Page 33

low laugh startled Debby, though it was smothered like the babes in the Tower; and, turning, she beheld the trespasser scarlet with confusion, and sobered with a tardy sense of his transgression. Debby was not a starched young lady of the “prune and prism” school, but a frank, free-hearted little body, quick to read the sincerity of others, and to take looks and words at their real value. Dickens was her idol; and for his sake she could have forgiven a greater offence than this. The stranger’s contrite countenance and respectful apology won her good-will at once; and with a finer courtesy than any Aunt Pen would have taught, she smilingly bowed her pardon, and, taking another book from her basket, opened it, saying, pleasantly,—

“Here is the first volume, if you like it, Sir. I can recommend it as an invaluable consolation for the discomforts of a summer day’s journey, and it is heartily at your service.”

As much surprised as gratified, the gentleman accepted the book, and retired behind it with the sudden discovery that wrong-doing has its compensation in the pleasurable sensation of being forgiven. Stolen delights are well known to be specially saccharine; and much as this pardoned sinner loved books, it seemed to him that the interest of the story flagged, and that the enjoyment of reading was much enhanced by the proximity of a gray bonnet and a girlish profile. But Dickens soon proved more powerful than Debby, and she was forgotten, till, pausing to turn a leaf, the young man met her shy glance, as she asked, with the pleased expression of a child who has shared an apple with a playmate,—

“Is it good?”

“Oh, very!”—and the man looked as honestly grateful for the book as the boy would have done for the apple.

Only five words in the conversation, but Aunt Pen woke, as if the watchful spirit of propriety had roused her to pluck her charge from the precipice on which she stood.

“Dora, I’m astonished at you! Speaking to strangers in that free manner is a most unladylike thing. How came you to forget what I have told you over and over again about a proper reserve?”

The energetic whisper reached the gentleman’s ear, and he expected to be annihilated with a look when his offence was revealed; but he was spared that ordeal, for the young voice answered, softly,—

“Don’t faint, Aunt Pen; I only did as I’d be done by; for I had two books, and the poor man looked so hungry for something to read that I couldn’t resist sharing my ‘goodies.’

He will see that I'm a countrified little thing in spite of my fine feathers, and won't be shocked at my want of rigidity and frigidity; so don't look dismal, and I'll be prim and proper all the rest of the way,—if I don't forget it."

"I wonder who he is; may belong to some of our first families, and in that case it might be worth while to exert ourselves, you know. Did you learn his name, Dora?" whispered the elder lady.

Page 34

Debby shook her head, and murmured, "Hush!"—but Aunt Pen had heard of matches being made in cars as well as in heaven; and as an experienced general, it became her to reconnoitre, when one of the enemy approached her camp. Slightly altering her position, she darted an all-comprehensive glance at the invader, who seemed entirely absorbed, for not an eyelash stirred during the scrutiny. It lasted but an instant, yet in that instant he was weighed and found wanting; for that experienced eye detected that his cravat was two inches wider than fashion ordained, that his coat was not of the latest style, that his gloves were mended, and his handkerchief neither cambric nor silk. That was enough, and sentence was passed forthwith,—“Some respectable clerk, good-looking, but poor, and not at all the thing for Dora”; and Aunt Pen turned to adjust a voluminous green veil over her niece’s bonnet, “To shield it from the dust, dear,” which process also shielded the face within from the eye of man.

A curious smile, half mirthful, half melancholy, passed over their neighbor’s lips; but his peace of mind seemed undisturbed, and he remained buried in his book till they reached —, at dusk. As he returned it, he offered his services in procuring a carriage or attending to luggage; but Mrs. Carroll, with much dignity of aspect, informed him that her servants would attend to those matters, and, bowing gravely, he vanished into the night.

As they rolled away to the hotel, Debby was wild to run down to the beach whence came the solemn music of the sea, making the twilight beautiful. But Aunt Pen was too tired to do anything but sup in her own apartment and go early to bed; and Debby might as soon have proposed to walk up the Great Pyramid as to make her first appearance without that sage matron to mount guard over her; so she resigned herself to pie and patience, and fell asleep, wishing it were to-morrow.

At five, A.M., a nightcapped head appeared at one of the myriad windows of the — Hotel, and remained there as if fascinated by the miracle of sunrise over the sea. Under her simplicity of character and girlish merriment Debby possessed a devout spirit and a nature full of the real poetry of life, two gifts that gave her dawning womanhood its sweetest charm, and made her what she was. As she looked out that summer dawn upon the royal marriage of the ocean and the sun, all petty hopes and longings faded out of sight, and her young face grew luminous with thoughts too deep for words. Her day was happier for that silent hour, her life richer for the aspirations that uplifted her like beautiful strong angels, and left a blessing when they went. The smile of the June sky touched her lips, the morning red seemed to linger on her cheek, and in her eye arose a light kindled by the shimmer of that broad sea of gold; for Nature rewarded her young votary well, and gave her beauty, when she offered love. How long she leaned there Debby did not know; steps from below roused her from her reverie, and led her back into the world again. Smiling at herself, she stole to bed, and lay wrapped in waking dreams as changeful as the shadows dancing on her chamber-wall.

Page 35

The advent of her aunt's maid, Victorine, some two hours later, was the signal to be "up and doing"; and she meekly resigned herself into the hands of that functionary, who appeared to regard her in the light of an animated pin-cushion, as she performed the toilet-ceremonies with an absorbed aspect, which impressed her subject with a sense of the solemnity of the occasion.

"Now, Mademoiselle, regard yourself, and pronounce that you are ravishing," Victorine said at length, folding her hands with a sigh of satisfaction, as she fell back in an attitude of serene triumph.

Debby obeyed, and inspected herself with great interest and some astonishment; for there was a sweeping amplitude of array about the young lady whom she beheld in the much-befrilled gown and embroidered skirts, which somewhat alarmed her as to the navigation of a vessel "with such a spread of sail," while a curious sensation of being somebody else pervaded her from the crown of her head, with its shining coils of hair, to the soles of the French slippers, whose energies seemed to have been devoted to the production of marvellous rosettes.

"Yes, I look very nice, thank you; and yet I feel like a doll, helpless and fine, and fancy I was more of a woman in my fresh gingham, with a knot of clovers in my hair, than I am now. Aunt Pen was very kind to get me all these pretty things; but I'm afraid my mother would look horrified to see me in such a high state of flounce externally and so little room to breathe internally."

"Your mamma would not flatter me, Mademoiselle; but come now to Madame; she is waiting to behold you, and I have yet her toilet to make"; and, with a pitying shrug, Victorine followed Debby to her aunt's room.

"Charming! really elegant!" cried that lady, emerging from her towel with a rubicund visage. "Drop that braid half an inch lower, and pull the worked end of her handkerchief out of the right-hand pocket, Vic. There! Now, Dora, don't run about and get rumpled, but sit quietly down and practise repose till I am ready."

Debby obeyed, and sat mute, with the air of a child in its Sunday-best on a week-day, pleased with the novelty, but somewhat oppressed with the responsibility of such unaccustomed splendor, and utterly unable to connect any ideas of repose with tight shoes and skirts in a rampant state of starch.

* * * * *

"Well, you see, I bet on Lady Gay against Cockadoodle, and if you'll believe me—Hullo! there's Mrs. Carroll, and deuse take me if she hasn't got a girl with her! Look, Seguin!"—and Joe Leavenworth, a "man of the world," aged twenty, paused in his account of an exciting race to make the announcement.



Mr. Seguin, his friend and Mentor, as much his senior in worldly wickedness as in years, tore himself from his breakfast long enough to survey the new-comers, and then returned to it, saying, briefly,—

“The old lady is worth cultivating,—gives good suppers, and thanks you for eating them. The girl is well got up, but has no style, and blushes like a milk-maid. Better fight shy of her, Joe.”

Page 36

“Do you think so? Well, now I rather fancy that kind of thing. She’s new, you see, and I get on with that sort of girl the best, for the old ones are so deused knowing that a fellow has no chance of a—By the Lord Harry, she’s eating bread and milk!”

Young Leavenworth whisked his glass into his eye, and Mr. Seguin put down his roll to behold the phenomenon. Poor Debby! her first step had been a wrong one.

All great minds have their weak points. Aunt Pen’s was her breakfast, and the peace of her entire day depended upon the success of that meal. Therefore, being down rather late, the worthy lady concentrated her energies upon the achievement of a copious repast, and, trusting to former lessons, left Debby to her own resources for a few fatal moments. After the flutter occasioned by being scooped into her seat by a severe-nosed waiter, Debby had only courage enough left to refuse tea and coffee and accept milk. That being done, she took the first familiar viand that appeared, and congratulated herself upon being able to get her usual breakfast. With returning composure, she looked about her and began to enjoy the buzz of voices, the clatter of knives and forks, and the long lines of faces all intent upon the business of the hour; but her peace was of short duration. Pausing for a fresh relay of toast, Aunt Pen glanced toward her niece with the comfortable conviction that her appearance was highly creditable; and her dismay can be imagined, when she beheld that young lady placidly devouring a great cup of brown-bread and milk before the eyes of the assembled multitude. The poor lady choked in her coffee, and between her gasps whispered irefully behind her napkin,—

“For Heaven’s sake, Dora, put away that mess! The Ellenboroughs are directly opposite, watching everything you do. Eat that omelet, or anything respectable, unless you want me to die of mortification.”

Debby dropped her spoon, and, hastily helping herself from the dish her aunt pushed toward her, consumed the leathery compound with as much grace as she could assume, though unable to repress a laugh at Aunt Pen’s disturbed countenance. There was a slight lull in the clatter, and the blithe sound caused several heads to turn toward the quarter whence it came, for it was as unexpected and pleasant a sound as a bobolink’s song in a cage of shrill-voiced canaries.

“She’s a jolly little thing and powerful pretty, so deuse take me if I don’t make up to the old lady and find out who the girl is. I’ve been introduced to Mrs. Carroll at our house; but I suppose she won’t remember me till I remind her.”

The “deuse” declining to accept of his repeated offers, (probably because there was still too much honor and honesty in the boy,) young Leavenworth sought out Mrs. Carroll on the piazza, as she and Debby were strolling there an hour later.

“Joe Leavenworth, my dear, from one of our first families,—very wealthy,—fine match,—pray, be civil,—smooth your hair, hold back your shoulders, and put down your

parasol," murmured Aunt Pen, as the gentleman approached with as much pleasure in his countenance as it was consistent with manly dignity to express upon meeting two of the inferior race.

Page 37

"My niece, Miss Dora Wilder. This is her first season at the beach, and we must endeavor to make it pleasant for her, or she will be getting homesick and running away to mamma," said Aunt Pen, in her society-tone, after she had returned his greeting, and perpetrated a polite fiction, by declaring that she remembered him perfectly, for he was the image of his father.

Mr. Leavenworth brought the heels of his varnished boots together with a click, and executed the latest bow imported, then stuck his glass in his eye and stared till it fell out, (the glass, not the eye,) upon which he fell into step with them, remarking,—

"I shall be most happy to show the lions: they are deused tame ones, so you needn't be alarmed, Miss Wilder."

Debby was good-natured enough to laugh; and, elated with that success, he proceeded to pour forth his stores of wit and learning in true collegian style, quite unconscious that the "jolly little thing" was looking him through and through with the smiling eyes that were producing such pleasurable sensations under the mosaic studs. They strolled toward the beach, and, meeting an old acquaintance, Aunt Pen fell behind, and beamed upon the young pair as if her prophetic eye even at this early stage beheld them walking altarward in a proper state of blond white vest and bridal awkwardness.

"Can you skip a stone, Mr. Leavenworth?" asked Debby, possessed with a mischievous desire to shock the piece of elegance at her side.

"Eh? what's that?" he inquired, with his head on one side, like an inquisitive robin.

Debby repeated her question, and illustrated it by sending a stone skimming over the water in the most scientific manner. Mr. Joe was painfully aware that this was not at all "the thing," that his sisters never did so, and that Seguin would laugh confoundedly, if he caught him at it; but Debby looked so irresistibly fresh and pretty under her rose-lined parasol that he was moved to confess that he *had* done such a thing, and to sacrifice his gloves by poking in the sand, that he might indulge in a like unfashionable pastime.

"You'll be at the hop tonight, I hope, Miss Wilder," he observed, introducing a topic suited to a young lady's mental capacity.

"Yes, indeed; for dancing is one of the joys of my life, next to husking and making hay"; and Debby polked a few steps along the beach, much to the edification of a pair of old gentlemen, serenely taking their first "constitutional."

"Making what?" cried Mr. Joe, polking after her.

"Hay; ah, that is the pleasantest fun in the world,—and better exercise, my mother says, for soul and body, than dancing till dawn in crowded rooms, with everything in a state of unnatural excitement. If one wants real merriment, let him go into a new-mown field,

where all the air is full of summer odors, where wild-flowers nod along the walls, where blackbirds make finer music than any band, and sun and wind and cheery voices do their part, while windrows rise, and great loads go rumbling through the lanes with merry brown faces atop. Yes, much as I like dancing, it is not to be compared with that; for in the one case we shut out the lovely world, and in the other we become a part of it, till by its magic labor turns to poetry, and we harvest something better than dried buttercups and grass."

Page 38

As she spoke, Debby looked up, expecting to meet a glance of disapproval; but something in the simple earnestness of her manner had recalled certain boyish pleasures as innocent as they were hearty, which now contrasted very favorably with the later pastimes in which fast horses, and that lower class of animals, fast men, bore so large a part. Mr. Joe thoughtfully punched five holes in the sand, and for a moment Debby liked the expression of his face; then the old listlessness returned, and, looking up, he said, with an air of *ennui* that was half sad, half ludicrous, in one so young and so generously endowed with youth, health, and the good gifts of this life,—

“I used to fancy that sort of thing years ago, but I’m afraid I should find it a little slow now, though you describe it in such an inviting manner that I should be tempted to try it, if a hay-cock came in my way; for, upon my life, it’s deused heavy work loafing about at these watering-places all summer. Between ourselves, there’s a deal of humbug about this kind of life, as you will find, when you’ve tried it as long as I have.”

“Yes, I begin to think so already; but perhaps you can give me a few friendly words of warning from the stores of your experience, that I may be spared the pain of saying what so many look,—‘Grandma, the world is hollow; my doll is stuffed with sawdust; and I should like to go into a convent, if you please.’”

Debby’s eyes were dancing with merriment; but they were demurely downcast, and her voice was perfectly serious.

The milk of human kindness had been slightly curdled for Mr. Joe by sundry college-tribulations; and having been “suspended,” he very naturally vibrated between the inborn jollity of his temperament and the bitterness occasioned by his wrongs. He had lost at billiards the night before, had been hurried at breakfast, had mislaid his cigar-case, and splashed his boots; consequently the darker mood prevailed that morning, and when his counsel was asked, he gave it like one who had known the heaviest trials of this “Piljin Projiss of a wale.”

“There’s no justice in the world, no chance for us young people to enjoy ourselves, without some penalty to pay, some drawback to worry us like these confounded ‘all-rounders.’ Even here, where all seems free and easy, there’s no end of gossips and spies who tattle and watch till you feel as if you lived in a lantern. ‘Every one for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost’: that’s the principle they go on, and you have to keep your wits about you in the most exhausting manner, or you are done for before you know it. I’ve seen a good deal of this sort of thing, and hope you’ll get on better than some do, when it’s known that you are the rich Mrs. Carroll’s niece; though you don’t need that fact to enhance your charms,—upon my life, you don’t.”

Debby laughed behind her parasol at this burst of candor; but her independent nature prompted her to make a fair beginning, in spite of Aunt Pen’s polite fictions and well-meant plans.

Page 39

“Thank you for your warning, but I don’t apprehend much annoyance of that kind,” she said, demurely. “Do you know, I think, if young ladies were truthfully labelled when they went into society, it would be a charming fashion, and save a world of trouble? Something in this style:—’Arabella Marabout, aged nineteen, fortune \$100,000, temper warranted’; ‘Laura Eau-de-Cologne, aged twenty-eight, fortune \$30,000, temper slightly damaged’; ‘Deborah Wilder, aged eighteen, fortune, one pair of hands, one head, indifferently well filled, one heart, (not in the market,) temper decided, and *no expectations*.’ There, you see, that would do away with much of the humbug you lament, and we poor souls would know at once whether we were sought for our fortunes or ourselves, and that would be so comfortable!”

Mr. Leavenworth turned away, with a convicted sort of expression, as she spoke, and, making a spyglass of his hand, seemed to be watching something out at sea with absorbing interest. He had been guilty of a strong desire to discover whether Debby was an heiress, but had not expected to be so entirely satisfied on that important subject, and was dimly conscious that a keen eye had seen his anxiety, and a quick wit devised a means of setting it at rest forever. Somewhat disconcerted, he suddenly changed the conversation, and, like many another distressed creature, took to the water, saying briskly,—

“By-the-by, Miss Wilder, as I’ve engaged to do the honors, shall I have the pleasure of bathing with you when the fun begins? As you are fond of haymaking, I suppose you intend to pay your respects to the old gentleman with the three-pronged pitchfork?”

“Yes, Aunt Pen means to put me through a course of salt water, and any instructions in the art of navigation will be gratefully received; for I never saw the ocean before, and labor under a firm conviction, that, once in, I never shall come out again till I am brought, like Mr. Mantilini, a ‘damp, moist, unpleasant body.’”

As Debby spoke, Mrs. Carroll hove in sight, coming down before the wind with all sails set, and signals of distress visible long before she dropped anchor and came along-side. The devoted woman had been strolling slowly for the girl’s sake, though oppressed with a mournful certainty that her most prominent feature was fast becoming a fine copper-color; yet she had sustained herself like a Spartan matron, till it suddenly occurred to her that her charge might be suffering a like

“sea-change
Into something rich and strange.”

Her fears, however, were groundless, for Debby met her without a freckle, looking all the better for her walk; and though her feet were wet with chasing the waves, and her pretty gown the worse for salt water, Aunt Pen never chid her for the destruction of her raiment, nor uttered a warning word against an unladylike exuberance of spirits, but replied to her inquiry most graciously,—

Page 40

“Certainly, my love, we shall bathe at eleven, and there will be just time to get Victorine and our dresses; so run on to the house, and I will join you as soon as I have finished what I am saying to Mrs. Earle,”—then added, in a stage-aside, as she put a fallen lock off the girl’s forehead, “You are doing beautifully! He is evidently struck; make yourself interesting, and don’t burn your nose, I beg of you.”

Debby’s bright face clouded over, and she walked on with so much stateliness that her escort wondered “what the deuse the old lady had done to her,” and exerted himself to the utmost to recall her merry mood, but with indifferent success.

* * * * *

“Now I begin to feel more like myself, for this is getting back to first principles, though I fancy I look like the little old woman who fell asleep on the king’s highway and woke up with abbreviated drapery; and you look funnier still, Aunt Pen,” said Debby, as she tied on her pagoda-hat, and followed Mrs. Carroll, who walked out of her dressing-room an animated bale of blue cloth surmounted by a gigantic sun-bonnet.

Mr. Leavenworth was in waiting, and so like a blond-headed lobster in his scarlet suit that Debby could hardly keep her countenance as they joined the groups of bathers gathering along the breezy shore.

For an hour each day the actors and actresses who played their different *roles* at the — Hotel with such precision and success put off their masks and dared to be themselves. The ocean wrought the change, for it took old and young into its arms, and for a little while they played like children in their mother’s lap. No falsehood could withstand its rough sincerity; for the waves washed paint and powder from worn faces, and left a fresh bloom there. No ailment could entirely resist its vigorous cure; for every wind brought healing on its wings, endowing many a meagre life with another year of health. No gloomy spirit could refuse to listen to its lullaby, and the spray baptized it with the subtle benediction of a cheerier mood. No rank held place there; for the democratic sea toppled down the greatest statesman in the land, and dashed over the bald pate of a millionaire with the same white-crested wave that stranded a poor parson on the beach and filled a fierce reformer’s mouth with brine. No fashion ruled, but that which is as old as Eden,—the beautiful fashion of simplicity. Belles dropped their affectations with their hoops, and ran about the shore blithe-hearted girls again. Young men forgot their vices and their follies, and were not ashamed of the real courage, strength, and skill they had tried to leave behind them with their boyish plays. Old men gathered shells with the little Cupids dancing on the sand, and were better for that innocent companionship; and young mothers never looked so beautiful as when they rocked their babies on the bosom of the sea.

Debby vaguely felt this charm, and, yielding to it, splashed and sang like any beach-bird, while Aunt Pen bobbed placidly up and down in a retired corner, and Mr.

Leavenworth swam to and fro, expressing his firm belief in mermaids, sirens, and the rest of the aquatic sisterhood, whose warbling no manly ear can resist.

Page 41

"Miss Wilder, you must learn to swim. I've taught quantities of young ladies, and shall be delighted to launch the 'Dora,' if you'll accept me as a pilot. Stop a bit; I'll get a life-preserver"; and leaving Debby to flirt with the waves, the scarlet youth departed like a flame of fire.

A dismal shriek interrupted his pupil's play, and looking up, she saw her aunt beckoning wildly with one hand, while she was groping in the water with the other. Debby ran to her, alarmed at her tragic expression, and Mrs. Carroll, drawing the girl's face into the privacy of her big bonnet, whispered one awful word, adding, distractedly,—

"Dive for them! oh, dive for them! I shall be perfectly helpless, if they are lost!"

"I can't dive, Aunt Pen; but there is a man, let us ask him," said Debby, as a black head appeared to windward.

But Mrs. Carroll's "nerves" had received a shock, and, gathering up her dripping garments, she fled precipitately along the shore and vanished into her dressing-room.

Debby's keen sense of the ludicrous got the better of her respect, and peal after peal of laughter broke from her lips, till a splash behind her put an end to her merriment, and, turning, she found that this friend in need was her acquaintance of the day before. The gentleman seemed pausing for permission to approach, with much the appearance of a sagacious Newfoundland, wistful and wet.

"Oh, I'm very glad it's you, Sir!" was Debby's cordial greeting, as she shook a drop off the end of her nose, and nodded, smiling.

The new comer immediately beamed upon her like an amiable Triton, saying, as they turned shoreward,—

"Our first interview opened with a laugh on my side, and our second with one on yours. I accept the fact as a good omen. Your friend seemed in trouble; allow me to atone for my past misdemeanors by offering my services now. But first let me introduce myself; and as I believe in the fitness of things, let me present you with an appropriate card"; and, stooping, the young man wrote "Frank Evan" on the hard sand at Debby's feet.

The girl liked his manner, and, entering into the spirit of the thing, swept as grand a curtsy as her limited drapery would allow, saying, merrily,—

"I am Debby Wilder, or Dora, as aunt prefers to call me; and instead of laughing, I ought to be four feet under water, looking for something we have lost; but I can't dive, and my distress is dreadful, as you see."



“What have you lost? I will look for it, and bring it back in spite of the kelpies, if it is a human possibility,” replied Mr. Evan, pushing his wet locks out of his eyes, and regarding the ocean with a determined aspect.

Debby leaned toward him, whispering with solemn countenance,—

“It is a set of teeth, Sir.”

Page 42

Mr. Evan was more a man of deeds than words, therefore he disappeared at once with a mighty splash, and after repeated divings and much laughter appeared bearing the chief ornament of Mrs. Penelope Carroll's comely countenance. Debby looked very pretty and grateful as she returned her thanks, and Mr. Evan was guilty of a secret wish that all the worthy lady's features were at the bottom of the sea, that he might have the satisfaction of restoring them to her attractive niece; but curbing this unnatural desire, he bowed, saying, gravely,—

"Tell your aunt, if you please, that this little accident will remain a dead secret, so far as I am concerned, and I am very glad to have been of service at such a critical moment."

Whereupon Mr. Evan marched again into the briny deep, and Debby trotted away to her aunt, whom she found a clammy heap of blue flannel and despair. Mrs. Carroll's temper was ruffled, and though she joyfully rattled in her teeth, she said, somewhat testily, when Debby's story was done,—

"Now that man will have a sort of claim on us, and we must be civil, whoever he is. Dear! dear! I wish it had been Joe Leavenworth instead. Evan,—I don't remember any of our first families with connections of that name, and I dislike to be under obligations to a person of that sort, for there's no knowing how far he may presume; so, pray, be careful, Dora."

"I think you are very ungrateful, Aunt Pen; and if Mr. Evan should happen to be poor, it does not become me to turn up my nose at him, for I'm nothing but a make-believe myself just now. I don't wish to go down upon my knees to him, but I do intend to be as kind to him as I should to that conceited Leavenworth boy; yes, kinder even; for poor people value such things more, as I know very well."

Mrs. Carroll instantly recovered her temper, changed the subject, and privately resolved to confine her prejudices to her own bosom, as they seemed to have an aggravating effect upon the youthful person whom she had set her heart on disposing of to the best advantage.

Debby took her swimming-lesson with much success, and would have achieved her dinner with composure, if white-aproned gentlemen had not effectually taken away her appetite by whisking bills-of-fare into her hands, and awaiting her orders with a fatherly interest, which induced them to congregate mysterious dishes before her, and blandly rectify her frequent mistakes. She survived the ordeal, however, and at four P.M. went to drive with "that Leavenworth boy" in the finest turnout — could produce. Aunt Pen then came off guard, and with a sigh of satisfaction subsided into a peaceful doze, still murmuring, even in her sleep,—

"Propinquity, my love, propinquity works wonders."

* * * * *

“Aunt Pen, are you a modest woman?” asked the young crusader against established absurdities, as she came into the presence-chamber that evening ready for the hop.

Page 43

“Bless the child, what does she mean?” cried Mrs. Carroll, with a start that twitched her back-hair out of Victorine’s hands.

“Would you like to have a daughter of yours go to a party looking as I look?” continued her niece, spreading her airy dress, and standing very erect before her astonished relative.

“Why, of course I should, and be proud to own such a charming creature,” regarding the slender white shape with much approbation,—adding, with a smile, as she met the girl’s eye,—

“Ah, I see the difficulty, now; you are disturbed because there is not a bit of lace over these pretty shoulders of yours. Now don’t be absurd, Dora; the dress is perfectly proper, or Madame Tiphany never would have sent it home. It is the fashion, child; and many a girl with such a figure would go twice as *decolletee*, and think nothing of it, I assure you.”

Debby shook her head with an energy that set the pink heather-bells a-tremble in her hair, and her color deepened beautifully as she said, with reproachful eyes,—

“Aunt Pen, I think there is a better fashion in every young girl’s heart than any Madame Tiphany can teach. I am very grateful for all you have done for me, but I cannot go into public in such an undress as this; my mother would never allow it, and father never forgive it. Please don’t ask me to, for indeed I cannot do it even for you.”

Debby looked so pathetic that both mistress and maid broke into a laugh which, somewhat reassured the young lady, who allowed her determined features to relax into a smile, as she said,—

“Now, Aunt Pen, you want me to look pretty and be a credit to you; but how would you like to see my face the color of those geraniums all the evening?”

“Why, Dora, you are out of your mind to ask such a thing, when you know it’s the desire of my life to keep your color down and make you look more delicate,” said her aunt, alarmed at the fearful prospect of a peony-faced *protegee*.

“Well, I should be anything but that, if I wore this gown in its present waistless condition; so here is a remedy which will prevent such a calamity and ease my mind.”

As she spoke, Debby tied on her little *blonde fichu* with a gesture which left nothing more to be said.

Victorine scolded, and clasped her hands; but Mrs. Carroll, fearing to push her authority too far, made a virtue of necessity, saying, resignedly,—

“Have your own way, Dora, but in return oblige me by being agreeable to such persons as I may introduce to you; and some day, when I ask a favor, remember how much I hope to do for you, and grant it cheerfully.”

“Indeed I will, Aunt Pen, if it is anything I can do without disobeying mother’s ‘notions’, as you call them. Ask me to wear an orange-colored gown, or dance with the plainest, poorest man in the room, and I’ll do it; for there never was a kinder aunt than mine in all the world,” cried Debby, eager to atone for her seeming wilfulness, and really grateful for her escape from what seemed to her benighted mind a very imminent peril.

Page 44

Like a clover-blossom in a vase of camellias little Debby looked that night among the dashing or languid women who surrounded her; for she possessed the charm they had lost,—the freshness of her youth. Innocent gayety sat smiling in her eyes, healthful roses bloomed upon her cheek, and maiden modesty crowned her like a garland. She was the creature that she seemed, and, yielding to the influence of the hour, danced to the music of her own blithe heart. Many felt the spell whose secret they had lost the power to divine, and watched the girlish figure as if it were a symbol of their early aspirations dawning freshly from the dimness of their past. More than one old man thought again of some little maid whose love made his boyish days a pleasant memory to him now. More than one smiling fop felt the emptiness of his smooth speech, when the truthful eyes looked up into his own; and more than one pale woman sighed regretfully within herself, “I, too, was a happy-hearted creature once!”

“That Mr. Evan does not seem very anxious to claim our acquaintance, after all, and I think better of him on that account. Has he spoken to you tonight, Dora?” asked Mrs. Carroll, as Debby dropped down beside her after a “splendid polka.”

“No, Ma’am, he only bowed. You see some people are not so presuming as other people thought they were; for we are not the most attractive beings on the planet; therefore a gentleman can be polite and then forget us without breaking any of the Ten Commandments. Don’t be offended with him yet, for he may prove to be some great creature with a finer pedigree than any of ‘our first families.’ Mr. Leavenworth, as you know everybody, perhaps you can relieve Aunt Pen’s mind, by telling her something about the tall, brown man standing behind the lady with salmon-colored hair.”

Mr. Joe, who was fanning the top of Debby’s head with the best intentions in life, took a survey, and answered readily,—

“Why, that’s Frank Evan. I know him, and a deused good fellow he is,—though he don’t belong to our set, you know.”

“Indeed! pray, tell us something about him, Mr. Leavenworth. We met in the cars, and he did us a favor or two. Who and what is the man?” asked Mrs. Carroll, relenting at once toward a person who was favorably spoken of by one who did belong to her “set.”

“Well, let me see,” began Mr. Joe, whose narrative powers were not great. “He is a book-keeper in my Uncle Josh Loring’s importing concern, and a powerful smart man, they say. There’s some kind of clever story about his father’s leaving a load of debts, and Frank’s working a deused number of years till they were paid. Good of him, wasn’t it? Then, just as he was going to take things easier and enjoy life a bit, his mother died, and that rather knocked him up, you see. He fell sick, and came to grief generally, Uncle Josh said; so he was ordered off to get righted, and here he is, looking like a tombstone. I’ve a regard for Frank, for he took care of me through the smallpox a year

ago, and I don't forget things of that sort; so, if you wish to be introduced, Mrs. Carroll, I'll trot him out with pleasure, and make a proud man of him."

Page 45

Mrs. Carroll glanced at Debby, and as that young lady was regarding Mr. Joe with a friendly aspect, owing to the warmth of his words, she graciously assented, and the youth departed on his errand. Mr. Evan went through the ceremony with a calmness wonderful to behold, considering the position of one lady and the charms of the other, and soon glided into the conversation with the ease of a more accomplished courtier.

“Now I must tear myself away, for I’m engaged to that stout Miss Bandoline for this dance. She ’s a friend of my sister’s, and I must do the civil, you know; powerful slow work it is, too, but I pity the poor soul,—upon my life, I do”; and Mr. Joe assumed the air of a martyr.

Debby looked up with a wicked smile in her eyes, as she said,—

“Ah, that sounds very amiable here; but in five minutes you’ll be murmuring in Miss Bandoline’s ear,—I’ve been pining to come to you this half hour, but I was obliged to take out that Miss Wilder, you see,—countrified little thing enough, but not bad-looking, and has a rich aunt; so I’ve done my duty to her, but deuse take me if I can stand it any longer.”

Mr. Evan joined in Debby’s merriment; but Mr. Joe was so appalled at the sudden attack that he could only stammer a remonstrance and beat a hasty retreat, wondering how on earth she came to know that his favorite style of making himself agreeable to one young lady was by decrying another.

“Dora, my love, that is very rude, and ‘Deuse’ is not a proper expression for a woman’s lips. Pray, restrain your lively tongue, for strangers may not understand that it is nothing but the sprightliness of your disposition which sometimes runs away with you.”

“It was only a quotation, and I thought you would admire anything Mr. Leavenworth said, Aunt Pen,” replied Debby, demurely.

Mrs. Carroll trod on her foot, and abruptly changed the conversation, by saying, with an appearance of deep interest,—

“Mr. Evan, you are doubtless connected with the Malcoms of Georgia; for they, I believe, are descended from the ancient Evans of Scotland. They are a very wealthy and aristocratic family, and I remember seeing their coat-of-arms once: three bannocks and a thistle.”

Mr. Evan had been standing before them with a composure which impressed Mrs. Carroll with a belief in his gentle blood, for she remembered her own fussy, plebeian husband, whose fortune had never been able to purchase him the manners of a gentleman. Mr. Evan only grew a little more erect, as he replied, with an untroubled mien,—



“I cannot claim relationship with the Malcoms of Georgia or the Evans of Scotland, I believe, Madam. My father was a farmer, my grandfather a blacksmith, and beyond that my ancestors may have been street-sweepers, for anything I know; but whatever they were, I fancy they were honest men, for that has always been our boast, though, like President Jackson’s, our coat-of-arms is nothing but ‘a pair of shirt-sleeves.’”

Page 46

From Debby's eyes there shot a bright glance of admiration for the young man who could look two comely women in the face and serenely own that he was poor. Mrs. Carroll tried to appear at ease, and, gliding out of personalities, expatiated on the comfort of "living in a land where fame and fortune were attainable by all who chose to earn them," and the contempt she felt for those "who had no sympathy with the humbler classes, no interest in the welfare of the race," and many more moral reflections as new and original as the Multiplication-Table or the Westminster Catechism. To all of which Mr. Evan listened with polite deference, though there was something in the keen intelligence of his eye that made Debby blush for shallow Aunt Pen, and rejoice when the good lady got out of her depth and seized upon a new subject as a drowning mariner would a hen-coop.

"Dora, Mr. Ellenborough is coming this way; you have danced with him but once, and he is a very desirable partner; so, pray, accept, if he asks you," said Mrs. Carroll, watching a far-off individual who seemed steering his zigzag course toward them.

"I never intend to dance with Mr. Ellenborough again, so please don't urge me, Aunt Pen"; and Debby knit her brows with a somewhat irate expression.

"My love, you astonish me! He is a most agreeable and accomplished young man,—spent three years in Paris, moves in the first circles, and is considered an ornament to fashionable society. What *can* be your objection, Dora?" cried Mrs. Carroll, looking as alarmed as if her niece had suddenly announced her belief in the Koran.

"One of his accomplishments consists in drinking Champagne till he is not a 'desirable partner' for any young lady with a prejudice in favor of decency. His moving in 'circles' is just what I complain of; and if he is an ornament, I prefer my society undecorated. Aunt Pen, I cannot make the nice distinctions you would have me, and a sot in broadcloth is as odious as one in rags. Forgive me, but I cannot dance with that silver-labelled decanter again."

Debby was a genuine little piece of womanhood; and though she tried to speak lightly, her color deepened, as she remembered looks that had wounded her like insults, and her indignant eyes silenced the excuses rising to her aunt's lips. Mrs. Carroll began to rue the hour she ever undertook the guidance of Sister Deborah's headstrong child, and for an instant heartily wished she had left her to bloom unseen in the shadow of the parsonage; but she concealed her annoyance, still hoping to overcome the girl's absurd resolve, by saying, mildly,—

"As you please, dear; but if you refuse Mr. Ellenborough, you will be obliged to sit through the dance, which is your favorite, you know."

Debby's countenance fell, for she had forgotten that, and the Lancers was to her the crowning rapture of the night. She paused a moment, and Aunt Pen brightened; but



Debby made her little sacrifice to principle as heroically as many a greater one had been made, and, with a wistful look down the long room, answered steadily, though her foot kept time to the first strains as she spoke,—

Page 47

"Then I will sit, Aunt Pen; for that is preferable to staggering about the room with a partner who has no idea of the laws of gravitation."

"Shall I have the honor of averting either calamity?" said Mr. Evan, coming to the rescue with a devotion beautiful to see; for dancing was nearly a lost art with him, and the Lancers to a novice is equal to a second Labyrinth of Crete.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Debby, tumbling fan, bouquet, and handkerchief into Mrs. Carroll's lap, with a look of relief that repaid him fourfold for the trials he was about to undergo. They went merrily away together, leaving Aunt Pen to wish that it was according to the laws of etiquette to rap officious gentlemen over the knuckles, when they introduce their fingers into private pies without permission from the chief cook. How the dance went Debby hardly knew, for the conversation fell upon books, and in the interest of her favorite theme she found even the "grand square" an impertinent interruption, while her own deficiencies became almost as great as her partner's; yet, when the music ended with a flourish, and her last curtsy was successfully achieved, she longed to begin all over again, and secretly regretted that she was engaged four deep.

"How do you like our new acquaintance, Dora?" asked Aunt Pen, following Joe Leavenworth with her eye, as the "yellow-haired laddie" whirled by with the ponderous Miss Flora.

"Very much; and I'm glad we met as we did, for it makes things free and easy, and that is so agreeable in this ceremonious place," replied Debby, looking in quite an opposite direction.

"Well, I'm delighted to hear you say so, dear, for I was afraid you had taken a dislike to him, and he is really a very charming young man, just the sort of person to make a pleasant companion for a few weeks. These little friendships are part of the summer's amusement, and do no harm; so smile away, Dora, and enjoy yourself while you may."

"Yes, Aunt, I certainly will, and all the more because I have found a sensible soul to talk to. Do you know, he is very witty and well informed, though he says he never had much time for self-cultivation? But I think trouble makes people wise, and he seems to have had a good deal, though he leaves it for others to tell of. I am glad you are willing I should know him, for I shall enjoy talking about my pet heroes with him as a relief from the silly chatter I must keep up most of the time."

Mrs. Carroll was a woman of one idea; and though a slightly puzzled expression appeared in her face, she listened approvingly, and answered, with a gracious smile,—



“Of course, I should not object to your knowing such a person, my love; but I’d no idea Joe Leavenworth was a literary man, or had known much trouble, except his father’s death and his sister Clementina’s runaway-marriage with her drawing-master.”

Debby opened her brown eyes very wide, and hastily picked at the down on her fan, but had no time to correct her aunt’s mistake, for the real subject of her commendations appeared at that moment, and Mrs. Carroll was immediately absorbed in the consumption of a large pink ice.

Page 48

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"That girl is what I call a surprise-party, now," remarked Mr. Joe confidentially to his cigar, as he pulled off his coat and stuck his feet up in the privacy of his own apartment. "She looks as mild as strawberries and cream till you come to the complimentary, then she turns on a fellow with that deused satirical look of hers, and makes him feel like a fool. I'll try the moral dodge to-morrow, and see what effect that will have; for she is mighty taking, and I must amuse myself somehow, you know."

"How many years will it take to change that fresh-hearted little girl into a fashionable belle, I wonder?" thought Frank Evan, as he climbed the four flights that led to his "sky-parlor."

"What a curious world this is!" mused Debby, with her nightcap in her hand. "The right seems odd and rude, the wrong respectable and easy, and this sort of life a merry-go-round, with no higher aim than pleasure. Well, I have made my Declaration of Independence, and Aunt Pen must be ready for a Revolution, if she taxes me too heavily."

As she leaned her hot cheek on her arm, Debby's eye fell on the quaint little cap made by the motherly hands that never were tired of working for her. She touched it tenderly, and love's simple magic swept the gathering shadows from her face, and left it clear again, as her thoughts flew home like birds into the shelter of their nest.

"Good night, mother! I'll face temptation steadily. I'll try to take life cheerily, and do nothing that shall make your dear face a reproach, when it looks into my own again."

Then Debby said her prayers like any pious child, and lay down to dream of pulling buttercups with Baby Bess, and sinking in the twilight on her father's knee.

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The history of Debby's first day might serve as a sample of most that followed, as week after week went by with varying pleasures and increasing interest to more than one young *debutante*. Mrs. Carroll did her best, but Debby was too simple for a belle, too honest for a flirt, too independent for a fine lady; she would be nothing but her sturdy little self, open as daylight, gay as a lark, and blunt as any Puritan. Poor Aunt Pen was in despair, till she observed that the girl often "took" with the very peculiarities which she was lamenting; this somewhat consoled her, and she tried to make the best of the pretty bit of homespun which would not and could not become velvet or brocade. Seguin, Ellenborough, & Co. looked with lordly scorn upon her, as a worm blind to their attractions. Miss MacFlimsy and her "set" quizzed her unmercifully behind her back, after being worsted in several passages of arms; and more than one successful mamma condoled with Aunt Pen upon the terribly defective education of her charge, till

that stout matron could have found it in her heart to tweak off their caps and walk on them, like the irascible Betsey Trotwood.

Page 49

But Debby had a circle of admirers who loved her with a sincerity few summer queens could boast; for they were real friends, won by gentle arts, and retained by the gracious sweetness of her nature. Moon-faced babies crowed and clapped their chubby hands when she passed by their wicker thrones; story-loving children clustered round her knee, and never were denied; pale invalids found wild-flowers on their pillows; and forlorn papas forgot the state of the money-market when she sang for them the homely airs their daughters had no time to learn. Certain plain young ladies poured their woes into her friendly ear, and were comforted; several smart Sophomores fell into a state of chronic stammer, blush, and adoration, when she took a motherly interest in their affairs; and a melancholy old Frenchman blessed her with the enthusiasm of his nation, because she put a posy in the button-hole of his rusty coat, and never failed to smile and bow as he passed by. Yet Debby was no Edgeworth heroine, preternaturally prudent, wise, and untemptable; she had a fine crop of piques, vanities, and dislikes growing up under this new style of cultivation. She loved admiration, enjoyed her purple and fine linen, hid new-born envy, disappointed hope, and wounded pride behind a smiling face, and often thought with a sigh of the humdrum duties that awaited her at home. But under the airs and graces Aunt Pen cherished with such sedulous care, under the flounces and furbelows Victorine daily adjusted with groans, under the polish which she acquired with feminine ease, the girl's heart still beat steadfast and strong, and conscience kept watch and ward that no traitor should enter in to surprise the citadel which mother-love had tried to garrison so well.

In pursuance of his sage resolve, Mr. Joe tried the "moral dodge," as he elegantly expressed it, and, failing in that, followed it up with the tragic, religious, negligent, and devoted ditto; but acting was not his forte, so Debby routed him in all; and at last, when he was at his wit's end for an idea, she suggested one, and completed her victory by saying pleasantly,—

"You took me behind the curtain too soon, and now the paste diamonds and cotton-velvet don't impose upon me a bit. Just be your natural self, and we shall get on nicely, Mr. Leavenworth."

The novelty of the proposal struck his fancy, and after a few relapses it was carried into effect, and thenceforth, with Debby, he became the simple, good-humored lad Nature designed him to be, and, as a proof of it, soon fell very sincerely in love.

Frank Evan, seated in the parquet of society, surveyed the dress-circle with much the same expression that Debby had seen during Aunt Pen's oration; but he soon neglected that amusement to watch several actors in the drama going on before his eyes, while a strong desire to perform a part therein slowly took possession of his mind. Debby always had a look of welcome when he came, always treated him with the kindness

Page 50

of a generous woman who has had an opportunity to forgive, and always watched the serious, solitary man with a great compassion for his loss, a growing admiration for his upright life. More than once the beach birds saw two figures pacing the sands at sunrise with the peace of early day upon their faces and the light of a kindred mood shining in their eyes. More than once the friendly ocean made a third in the pleasant conversation, and its low undertone came and went between the mellow bass and silvery treble of the human voices with a melody that lent another charm to interviews which soon grew wondrous sweet to man and maid. Aunt Pen seldom saw the twain together, seldom spoke of Evan; and Debby held her peace, for, when she planned to make her innocent confessions, she found that what seemed much to her was nothing to another ear and scarcely worth the telling; so, unconscious as yet whither the green path led, she went on her way, leading two lives, one rich and earnest, hoarded deep within herself, the other frivolous and gay for all the world to criticize. But those venerable spinsters, the Fates, took the matter into their own hands, and soon got the better of those short-sighted matrons, Mesdames Grundy and Carroll; for, long before they knew it, Frank and Debby had begun to read together a book greater than Dickens ever wrote, and when they had come to the fairest part of the sweet story Adam first told Eve, they looked for the name upon the title-page, and found that it was "Love."

Eight weeks came and went,—eight wonderfully happy weeks to Debby and her friend; for "propinquity" had worked more wonders than poor Mrs. Carroll knew, as the only one she saw or guessed was the utter captivation of Joe Leavenworth. He had become "himself" to such an extent that a change of identity would have been a relief; for the object of his adoration showed no signs of relenting, and he began to fear, that, as Debby said, her heart was "not in the market." She was always friendly, but never made those interesting betrayals of regard which are so encouraging to youthful gentlemen "who fain would climb, yet fear to fall." She never blushed when he pressed her hand, never fainted or grew pale when he appeared with a smashed trotting-wagon and a black eye, and actually slept through a serenade that would have won any other woman's soul out of her body with its despairing quavers. Matters were getting desperate; for horses lost their charms, "flowing bowls" palled upon his lips, ruffled shirt-bosoms no longer delighted him, and hops possessed no soothing power to allay the anguish of his mind. Mr. Seguin, after unavailing ridicule and pity, took compassion on him, and from his large experience suggested a remedy, just as he was departing for a more congenial sphere.

"Now don't be an idiot, Joe, but, if you want to keep your hand in and go through a regular chapter of flirtation, just right about face, and devote yourself to some one else. Nothing like jealousy to teach womankind their own minds, and a touch of it will bring little Wilder round in a jiffy. Try it, my boy, and good luck to you!"—with which Christian advice Mr. Seguin slapped his pupil on the shoulder, and disappeared, like a modern Mephistopheles, in a cloud of cigar-smoke.

Page 51

"I'm glad he's gone, for in my present state of mind he's not up to my mark at all. I'll try his plan, though, and flirt with Clara West; she's engaged, so it won't damage her affections; her lover isn't here, so it won't disturb his; and, by Jove! I must do something, for I can't stand this suspense."

Debby was infinitely relieved by this new move, and infinitely amused as she guessed the motive that prompted it but the more contented she seemed, the more violently Mr. Joe flirted with her rival, till at last weak-minded Miss Clara began to think her absent George the most undesirable of lovers, and to mourn that she ever said "Yes" to a merchant's clerk, when she might have said it to a merchant's son. Aunt Pen watched and approved this stratagem, hoped for the best results, and believed the day won when Debby grew pale and silent, and followed with her eyes the young couple who were playing battledoor and shuttlecock with each other's hearts, as if she took some interest in the game. But Aunt Pen clashed her cymbals too soon; for Debby's trouble had a better source than jealousy, and in the silence of the sleepless nights that stole her bloom she was taking counsel of her own full heart, and resolving to serve another woman as she would herself be served in a like peril, though etiquette was outraged and the customs of polite society turned upside down.

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"Look, Aunt Pen! what lovely shells and moss I've got! Such a splendid scramble over the rocks as I've had with Mrs. Duncan's boys! It seemed so like home to run and sing with a troop of topsy-turvy children that it did me good; and I wish you had all been there to see," cried Debby, running into the drawing-room, one day, where Mrs. Carroll and a circle of ladies sat enjoying a dish of highly flavored scandal, as they exercised their eyesight over fancy-work.

"My dear Dora, spare my nerves; and if you have any regard for the proprieties of life, don't go romping in the sun with a parcel of noisy boys. If you could see what an object you are, I think you would try to imitate Miss Clara, who is always a model of elegant repose."

Miss West primmed up her lips, and settled a fold in her ninth flounce, as Mrs. Carroll spoke, while the whole group fixed their eyes with dignified disapproval on the invader of their refined society. Debby had come like a fresh wind into a sultry room; but no one welcomed the healthful visitant, no one saw a pleasant picture in the bright-faced girl with wind-tossed hair and rustic hat heaped with moss and many-tinted shells; they only saw that her gown was wet, her gloves forgotten, and her scarf trailing at her waist in a manner no well-bred lady could approve. The sunshine faded out of Debby's face, and there was a touch of bitterness in her tone, as she glanced at the circle of fashion-plates, saying, with an earnestness which caused Miss West to open her pale eyes to their widest extent,—

Page 52

"Aunt Pen, don't freeze me yet,—don't take away my faith in simple things, but let me be a child a little longer,—let me play and sing and keep my spirit blithe among the dandelions and the robins while I can; for trouble comes soon enough, and all my life will be the richer and the better for a happy youth."

Mrs. Carroll had nothing at hand to offer in reply to this appeal, and four ladies dropped their work to stare; but Frank Evan looked in from the piazza, saying, as he beckoned like a boy,—

"I'll play with you, Miss Dora; come and make sand pies upon the shore. Please let her, Mrs. Carroll; we'll be very good, and not wet our pinafores or feet."

Without waiting for permission, Debby poured her treasures into the lap of a certain lame Freddy, and went away to a kind of play she had never known before. Quiet as a chidden child, she walked beside her companion, who looked down at the little figure, longing to take it on his knee and call the sunshine back again. That he dared not do; but accident, the lover's friend, performed the work, and did him a good turn beside. The old Frenchman was slowly approaching, when a frolicsome wind whisked off his hat and sent it skimming along the beach. In spite of her late lecture, away went Debby, and caught the truant chapeau just as a wave was hurrying up to claim it. This restored her cheerfulness, and when she returned, she was herself again.

"A thousand thanks; but does Mademoiselle remember the forfeit I might demand to add to the favor she has already done me?" asked the gallant old gentleman, as Debby took the hat off her own head, and presented it with a martial salute.

"Ah, I had forgotten that; but you may claim it, Sir,—indeed, you may; I only wish I could do something more to give you pleasure"; and Debby looked up into the withered face which had grown familiar to her, with kind eyes, full of pity and respect.

Her manner touched the old man very much; he bent his gray head before her, saying, gratefully,—

"My child, I am not good enough to salute these blooming cheeks; but I shall pray the Virgin to reward you for the compassion you bestow on the poor exile, and I shall keep your memory very green through all my life."

He kissed her hand, as if it were a queen's, and went on his way, thinking of the little daughter whose death left him childless in a foreign land.

Debby softly began to sing, "Oh, come unto the yellow sands!" but stopped in the middle of a line, to say,—

"Shall I tell you why I did what Aunt Pen would call a very unladylike and improper thing, Mr. Evan?"

"If you will be so kind"; and her companion looked delighted at the confidence about to be reposed in him.

"Somewhere across this great wide sea I hope I have a brother," Debby said, with softened voice and a wistful look into the dim horizon. "Five years ago he left us, and we have never heard from him since, except to know that he landed safely in Australia. People tell us he is dead; but I believe he will yet come home; and so I love to help and pity any man who needs it, rich or poor, young or old, hoping that as I do by them some tender-hearted woman far away will do by Brother Will."

Page 53

As Debby spoke, across Frank Evan's face there passed the look that seldom comes but once to any young man's countenance; for suddenly the moment dawned when love asserted its supremacy, and putting pride, doubt, and fear underneath its feet, ruled the strong heart royally and bent it to its will. Debby's thoughts had floated across the sea; but they came swiftly back when her companion spoke again, steadily and slow, but with a subtile change in tone and manner which arrested them at once.

"Miss Dora, if you should meet a man who had known a laborious youth, a solitary manhood, who had no sweet domestic ties to make home beautiful and keep his nature warm, who longed most ardently to be so blessed, and made it the aim of his life to grow more worthy the good gift, should it ever come,—if you should learn that you possessed the power to make this fellow-creature's happiness, could you find it in your gentle heart to take compassion on him for the love of 'Brother Will'?"

Debby was silent, wondering why heart and nerves and brain were stirred by such a sudden thrill, why she dared not look up, and why, when she desired so much to speak, she could only answer, in a voice that sounded strange to her own ears,—

"I cannot tell."

Still, steadily and slow, with strong emotion deepening and softening his voice, the lover at her side went on,—

"Will you ask yourself this question in some quiet hour? For such a man has lived in the sunshine of your presence for eight happy weeks, and now, when his holiday is done, he finds that the old solitude will be more sorrowful than ever, unless he can discover whether his summer dream will change into a beautiful reality. Miss Dora, I have very little to offer you; a faithful heart to cherish you, a strong arm to work for you, an honest name to give into your keeping,—these are all; but if they have any worth in your eyes, they are most truly yours forever."

Debby was steadying her voice to reply, when a troop of bathers came shouting down the bank, and she took flight into her dressing-room, there to sit staring at the wall, till the advent of Aunt Pen forced her to resume the business of the hour by assuming her aquatic attire and stealing shyly down into the surf.

Frank Evan, still pacing in the footprints they had lately made, watched the lithe figure tripping to and fro, and, as he looked, murmured to himself the last line of a ballad Debby sometimes sang,—

"Dance light! for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"



Presently a great wave swept Debby up, and stranded her very near him, much to her confusion and his satisfaction. Shaking the spray out of her eyes, she was hurrying away, when Frank said,—

“You will trip, Miss Dora; let me tie these strings for you”; and, suiting the action to the word, he knelt down and began to fasten the cords of her bathing-shoe.

Debby stood looking down at the tall head bent before her, with a curious sense of wonder that a look from her could make a strong man flush and pale, as he had done; and she was trying to concoct some friendly speech, when Frank, still fumbling at the knots, said, very earnestly and low,—

Page 54

"Forgive me, if I am selfish in pressing for an answer; but I must go to-morrow, and a single word will change my whole future for the better or the worse. Won't you speak it, Dora?"

If they had been alone, Debby would have put her arms about his neck, and said it with all her heart; but she had a presentiment that she should cry, if her love found vent; and here forty pairs of eyes were on them, and salt water seemed superfluous. Besides, Debby had not breathed the air of coquetry so long without a touch of the infection; and the love of power, that lies dormant in the meekest woman's breast, suddenly awoke and tempted her.

"If you catch me before I reach that rock, perhaps I will say 'Yes,'" was her unexpected answer; and before her lover caught her meaning, she was floating leisurely away.

Frank was not in bathing-costume, and Debby never dreamed that he would take her at her word; but she did not know the man she had to deal with; for, taking no second thought, he flung hat and coat away, and dashed into the sea. This gave a serious aspect to Debby's foolish jest. A feeling of dismay seized her, when she saw a resolute face dividing the waves behind her, and thought of the rash challenge she had given; but she had a spirit of her own, and had profited well by Mr. Joe's instructions; so she drew a long breath, and swam as if for life, instead of love. Evan was incumbered by his clothing, and Debby had much the start of him; but, like a second Leander, he hoped to win his Hero, and, lending every muscle to the work, gained rapidly upon the little hat which was his beacon through the foam. Debby heard the deep breathing drawing nearer and nearer, as her pursuer's strong arms cleft the water and sent it rippling past her lips. Something like terror took possession of her; for the strength seemed going out of her limbs, and the rock appeared to recede before her; but the unconquerable blood of the Pilgrims was in her veins, and "*Nil desperandum*" her motto; so, setting her teeth, she muttered, defiantly,—

"I'll not be beaten, if I go to the bottom!"

A great splashing arose, and when Evan recovered the use of his eyes, the pagoda-hat had taken a sudden turn, and seemed making for the farthest point of the goal. "I am sure of her now," thought Frank; and, like a gallant sea-god, he bore down upon his prize, clutching it with a shout of triumph. But the hat was empty, and like a mocking echo came Debby's laugh, as she climbed, exhausted, to a cranny in the rock.

"A very neat thing, by Jove! Deuse take me if you a'n't 'an honor to your teacher, and a terror to the foe,' Miss Wilder," cried Mr. Joe, as he came up from a solitary cruise and dropped anchor at her side. "Here, bring along the hat, Evan; I'm going to crown the victor with appropriate what-d'-ye-call-'ems," he continued, pulling a handful of seaweed that looked like well-boiled greens.



Frank came up, smiling; but his lips were white, and in his eye a look Debby could not meet; so, being full of remorse, she naturally assumed an air of gayety, and began to sing the merriest air she knew, merely because she longed to throw herself upon the stones and cry violently.

Page 55

"It was 'most as exciting as a regatta, and you pulled well, Evan; but you had too much ballast aboard, and Miss Wilder ran up false colors just in time to save her ship. What was the wager?" asked the lively Joseph, complacently surveying his marine millinery, which would have scandalized a fashionable mermaid.

"Only a trifle," answered Debby, knotting up her braids with a revengeful jerk.

"It's taken the wind out of your sails, I fancy, Evan, for you look immensely Byronic with the starch minus in your collar and your hair in a poetic toss. Come, I'll try a race with you; and Miss Wilder will dance all the evening with the winner. Bless the man, what's he doing down there? Burying sunfish, hey?"

Frank had been sitting below them on a narrow strip of sand, absently piling up a little mound that bore some likeness to a grave. As his companion spoke, he looked at it, and a sudden flush of feeling swept across his face, as he replied,—

"No, only a dead hope."

"Deuse take it, yes, a good many of that sort of craft founder in these waters, as I know to my sorrow"; and, sighing tragically, Mr. Joe turned to help Debby from her perch, but she had glided silently into the sea, and was gone.

For the next four hours the poor girl suffered the sharpest pain she had ever known; for now she clearly saw the strait her folly had betrayed her into. Frank Evan was a proud man, and would not ask her love again, believing she had tacitly refused it; and how could she tell him that she had trifled with the heart she wholly loved and longed to make her own? She could not confide in Aunt Pen, for that worldly lady would have no sympathy to bestow. She longed for her mother; but there was no time to write, for Frank was going on the morrow,—might even then be gone; and as this fear came over her, she covered up her face and wished that she were dead. Poor Debby! her last mistake was sadder than her first, and she was reaping a bitter harvest from her summer's sowing. She sat and thought till her cheeks burned and her temples throbbed; but she dared not ease her pain with tears. The gong sounded like a Judgment-Day trump of doom, and she trembled at the idea of confronting many eyes with such a telltale face; but she could not stay behind, for Aunt Pen must know the cause. She tried to play her hard part well; but wherever she looked, some fresh anxiety appeared, as if every fault and folly of those months had blossomed suddenly within the hour. She saw Frank Evan more sombre and more solitary than when she met him first, and cried regretfully within herself, "How could I so forget the truth I owed him?" She saw Clara West watching with eager eyes for the coming of young Leavenworth, and sighed, "This is the fruit of my wicked vanity!" She saw Aunt Pen regarding her with an anxious face, and longed to say, "Forgive me, for I have not been sincere!" At last, as her trouble grew, she resolved to go away and have a quiet "think,"—a remedy which had served her in many a lesser perplexity; so, stealing out,



she went to a grove of cedars usually deserted at that hour. But in ten minutes Joe Leavenworth appeared at the door of the summer-house, and, looking in, said, with a well-acted start of pleasure and surprise,—



Page 56

"Beg pardon, I thought there was no one here. My dear Miss Wilder, you look contemplative; but I fancy it wouldn't do to ask the subject of your meditations, would it?"

He paused with such an evident intention of remaining that Debby resolved to make use of the moment, and ease her conscience of one care that burdened it; therefore she answered his question with her usual directness,—

"My meditations were partly about you."

Mr. Joe was guilty of the weakness of blushing violently and looking immensely gratified; but his rapture was of short duration, for Debby went on very earnestly,—

"I believe I am going to do what you may consider a very impertinent thing; but I would rather be unmannerly than unjust to others or untrue to my own sense of right. Mr. Leavenworth, if you were an older man, I should not dare to say this to you; but I have brothers of my own, and, remembering how many unkind things they do for want of thought, I venture to remind you that a woman's heart is a perilous plaything, and too tender to be used for a selfish purpose or an hour's pleasure. I know this kind of amusement is not considered wrong; but it *is* wrong, and I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, or sit silent while another woman is allowed to deceive herself and wound the heart that trusts her. Oh, if you love your own sisters, be generous, be just, and do not destroy that poor girl's happiness, but go away before your sport becomes a bitter pain to her!"

Joe Leavenworth had stood staring at Debby with a troubled countenance, feeling as if all the misdemeanors of his life were about to be paraded before him; but, as he listened to her plea, the womanly spirit that prompted it appealed more loudly than her words, and in his really generous heart he felt regret for what had never seemed a fault before. Shallow as he was, nature was stronger than education, and he admired and accepted what many a wiser, worldlier man would have resented with anger or contempt. He loved Debby with all his little might; he meant to tell her so, and graciously present his fortune and himself for her acceptance; but now, when the moment came, the well-turned speech he had prepared vanished from his memory, and with the better eloquence of feeling he blundered out his passion like a very boy.

"Miss Dora, I never meant to make trouble between Clara and her lover; upon my soul, I didn't, and wish Seguin had not put the notion into my head, since it has given you pain. I only tried to pique you into showing some regret, when I neglected you; but you didn't, and then I got desperate and didn't care what became of any one. Oh, Dora, if you knew how much I loved you, I am sure you'd forgive it, and let me prove my repentance by giving up everything that you dislike. I mean what I say; upon my life I do; and I'll keep my word, if you will only let me hope."

If Debby had wanted a proof of her love for Frank Evan, she might have found it in the fact that she had words enough at her command now, and no difficulty in being sisterly pitiful toward her second suitor.

Page 57

"Please get up," she said; for Mr. Joe, feeling very humble and very earnest, had gone down upon his knees, and sat there entirely regardless of his personal appearance.

He obeyed; and Debby stood looking up at him with her kindest aspect, as she said, more tenderly than she had ever spoken to him before,—

"Thank you for the affection you offer me, but I cannot accept it, for I have nothing to give you in return but the friendliest regard, the most sincere good-will. I know you will forgive me, and do for your own sake the good things you would have done for mine, that I may add to my esteem a real respect for one who has been very kind to me."

"I'll try,—indeed, I will, Miss Dora, though it will be powerful hard without yourself for a help and a reward."

Poor Joe choked a little, but called up an unexpected manliness, and added, stoutly,—

"Don't think I shall be offended at your speaking so, or saying 'No' to me,—not a bit; it's all right, and I'm much obliged to you. I might have known you couldn't care for such a fellow as I am, and don't blame you, for nobody in the world is good enough for you. I'll go away at once, I'll try to keep my promise, and I hope you'll be very happy all your life."

He shook Debby's hands heartily, and hurried down the steps, but at the bottom paused and looked back. Debby stood upon the threshold with sunshine dancing on her winsome face, and kind words trembling on her lips; for the moment it seemed impossible to part, and, with an impetuous gesture, he cried to her,—

"Oh, Dora, let me stay and try to win you! for everything is possible to love, and I never knew how dear you were to me till now!"

There were sudden tears in the young man's eyes, the flush of a genuine emotion on his cheek, the tremor of an ardent longing in his voice, and, for the first time, a very true affection strengthened his whole countenance. Debby's heart was full of penitence; she had given so much pain to more than one that she longed to atone for it,—longed to do some very friendly thing, and soothe some trouble such as she herself had known. She looked into the eager face uplifted to her own and thought of Will, then stooped and touched her lover's forehead with the lips that softly whispered, "No."

If she had cared for him, she never would have done it; poor Joe knew that, and murmuring an incoherent "Thank you!" he rushed away, feeling very much as he remembered to have felt when his baby sister died and he wept his grief away upon his mother's neck. He began his preparations for departure at once, in a burst of virtuous energy quite refreshing to behold, thinking within himself, as he flung his cigar-case into

the grate, kicked a billiard-ball into a corner, and suppressed his favorite allusion to the Devil,—

“This is a new sort of thing to me, but I can bear it, and upon my life I think I feel the better for it already.”

Page 58

And so he did; for though he was no Augustine to turn in an hour from worldly hopes and climb to sainthood through long years of inward strife, yet in after-times no one knew how many false steps had been saved, how many small sins repented of, through the power of the memory that far away a generous woman waited to respect him, and in his secret soul he owned that one of the best moments of his life was that in which little Debby Wilder whispered “No,” and kissed him.

As he passed from sight, the girl leaned her head upon her hand, thinking sorrowfully to herself,—

“What right had I to censure him, when my own actions are so far from true? I have done a wicked thing, and as an honest girl I should undo it, if I can. I have broken through the rules of a false propriety for Clara’s sake; can I not do as much for Frank’s? I will. I’ll find him, if I search the house,—and tell him all, though I never dare to look him in the face again, and Aunt Pen sends me home to-morrow.”

Full of zeal and courage, Debby caught up her hat and ran down the steps, but, as she saw Frank Evan coming up the path, a sudden panic fell upon her, and she could only stand mutely waiting his approach.

It is asserted that Love is blind; and on the strength of that popular delusion novel heroes and heroines go blundering through three volumes of despair with the plain truth directly under their absurd noses: but in real life this theory is not supported; for to a living man the countenance of a loving woman is more eloquent than any language, more trustworthy than a world of proverbs, more beautiful than the sweetest love-lay ever sung.

Frank looked at Debby, and “all her heart stood up in her eyes,” as she stretched her hands to him, though her lips only whispered very low,—

“Forgive me, and let me say the ‘Yes’ I should have said so long ago.”

Had she required any assurance of her lover’s truth, or any reward for her own, she would have found it in the change that dawned so swiftly in his face, smoothing the lines upon his forehead, lighting the gloom of his eye, stirring his firm lips with a sudden tremor, and making his touch as soft as it was strong. For a moment both stood very still, while Debby’s tears streamed down like summer rain; then Frank drew her into the green shadow of the grove, and its peace soothed her like a mother’s voice, till she looked up smiling with a shy delight her glance had never known before. The slant sunbeams dropped a benediction on their heads, the robins peeped, and the cedars whispered, but no rumor of what further passed ever went beyond the precincts of the wood; for such hours are sacred, and Nature guards the first blossoms of a human love as tenderly as she nurses May-flowers underneath the leaves.

* * * * *

Mrs. Carroll had retired to her bed with a nervous headache, leaving Debby to the watch and ward of friendly Mrs. Earle, who performed her office finely by letting her charge entirely alone. In her dreams Aunt Pen was just imbibing a copious draught of Champagne at the wedding-breakfast of her niece, "Mrs. Joseph Leavenworth," when she was roused by the bride elect, who passed through the room with a lamp and a shawl in her hand.

Page 59

"What time is it, and where are you going, dear?" she asked, dozily wondering if the carriage for the wedding-tour was at the door so soon.

"It's only nine, and I am going for a sail, Aunt Pen."

As Debby spoke, the light flashed full into her face, and a sudden thought into Mrs. Carroll's mind. She rose up from her pillow, looking as stately in her nightcap as Maria Theresa is said to have done in like unassuming head-gear.

"Something has happened, Dora! What have you done? What have you said? I insist upon knowing immediately," she demanded, with somewhat startling brevity.

"I have said 'No' to Mr. Leavenworth and 'Yes' to Mr. Evan; and I should like to go home to-morrow, if you please," was the equally concise reply.

Mrs. Carroll fell flat in her bed, and lay there stiff and rigid as Morlena Kenwigs. Debby gently drew the curtains, and stole away, leaving Aunt Pen's wrath to effervesce before morning.

The moon was hanging luminous and large on the horizon's edge, sending shafts of light before her till the melancholy ocean seemed to smile, and along that shining pathway happy Debby and her lover floated into that new world where all things seem divine.

* * * * *

WET-WEATHER WORK.

BY A FARMER.

III.

Will any of our artists ever give us, on canvas, a good, rattling, saucy shower? There is room in it for a rare handling of the brush:—the vague, indistinguishable line of hills, (as I see them to-day,)—the wild scud of gray, with fine gray lines, slanted by the wind, and trending eagerly downward,—the swift, petulant dash into the little pools of the highway, making fairy bubbles that break as soon as they form,—the land smoking with excess of moisture,—and the pelted leaves all wincing and shining and adrip.

I know no painter who has so well succeeded in putting a wet sky into his pictures as Turner; and in this I judge him by the literal *chiaroscuro* of engraving. In proof of it, I take down from my shelf his "Rivers of France": a book over which I have spent a great many pleasant hours, and idle ones too,—if it be idle to travel leagues at the turning of a

page, and to see hill-sides spotty with vineyards, and great bridges wallowing through the Loire, and to watch the fishermen of Honfleur putting to sea. There are skies, as I said, in some of these pictures which make a man instinctively think of his umbrella, or of his distance from home: no actual rain-drift stretching from them, but such unmistakable promise of a rainy afternoon, in their little parallel wisps of dark-bottomed clouds, as would make a provident farmer order every scythe out of the field.

Page 60

In the “Chair of Gargantua,” on which my eye falls, as I turn over the pages, an actual thunder-storm is breaking. The scene is somewhere upon the Lower Seine. From the middle of the left of the picture the lofty river-bank stretches far across, forming all the background;—its extreme distance hidden by a bold thrust of the right bank, which juts into the picture just far enough to shelter a white village, which lies gleaming upon the edge of the water. On all the foreground lies the river, broad as a bay. The storm is coming down the stream. Over the left spur of the bank, and over the meeting of the banks, it broods black as night. Through a little rift there is a glimpse of serene sky, from which a mellow light streams down upon the edges and angles of a few cliffs upon the farther shore. All the rest is heavily shadowed. The edges of the coming tempest are tortuous and convulsed, and you know that a fierce wind is driving the black billows on; yet all the water under the lee of the shores is as tranquil as a dream; a white sail, near to the white village, hangs slouchingly to the mast: but in the foreground the tempest has already caught the water; a tall lugger is scudding and careening under it as if mad; the crews of three fishermen’s boats, that toss on the vexed water, are making a confused rush to shorten sail, and you may almost fancy that you hear their outcries sweeping down the wind. In the middle scene, a little steamer is floating tranquilly on water which is yet calm; and a column of smoke piling up from its tall chimney rises for a space placidly enough, until the wind catches and whisks it before the storm. I would wager ten to one, upon the mere proof in the picture, that the fishermen and the washerwomen in the foreground will be drenched within an hour.

When I have once opened the covers of Turner,—especially upon such a wet day as this,—it is hard for me to leave him until I have wandered all up and down the Loire, revisited Tours and its quiet cathedral, and Blois with its stately chateau, and Amboise with its statelier, and coquetted again with memories of the Maid of Orleans.

From the Upper Loire it is easy to slip into the branching valleys which sidle away from it far down into the country of the Auvergne. Turner does not go there, indeed; the more’s the pity; but I do, since it is the most attractive region rurally (Brittany perhaps excepted) in all France. The valleys are green, the brooks are frequent, the rivers are tortuous, the mountains are high, and luxuriant walnut-trees embower the roads. It was near to Moulins, on the way hither, through the pleasant Bourbonnois, that Tristram Shandy met with the poor, half-crazed Maria, piping her evening service to the Virgin.

And at that thought I must do no less than pull down my “Tristram Shandy,” (on which the dust of years has accumulated,) and read again that tender story of the lorn maiden, with her attendant goat, and her hair caught up in a silken fillet, and her shepherd’s pipe, from which she pours out a low, plaintive wail upon the evening air.

Page 61

It is not a little singular that a British author should have supplied the only Arcadian resident of all this Arcadian region. The Abbe Delille was, indeed, born hereabout, within sight of the bold Puy de Dome, and within marketing-distance of the beautiful Clermont. But there is very little that is Arcadian, in freshness or simplicity, in either the “Gardens” or the other verse of Delille.

Out of his own mouth (the little green-backed book, my boy) I will condemn him:—

“Ce n’est plus cette simple et rustique deesse
Qui suit ses vieilles lois; c’est une enchanteresse
Qui, la baguette en main, par des hardis travaux
Fait naître des aspects et des trésors nouveaux,
Compose un sol plus riche et des races plus belles,
Fertilise les monts, dompte les rocs rebelles.”

The *baguette* of Delille is no shepherd’s crook; it has more the fashion of a drumstick, —*baguette de tambour*.

If I follow on southward to Provence, whither I am borne upon the scuds of rain over Turner’s pictures, and the pretty Bourbonnois, and the green mountains of Auvergne, I find all the characteristic literature of that land of olives is only of love or war: the vines, the olive-orchards, and the yellow hill-sides pass for nothing. And if I read an old *Sirvente* of the Troubadours, beginning with a certain redolence of the fields, all this yields presently to knights, and steeds caparisoned,—

“Cavalliers ab cavals armatz.”

It is smooth reading, and is attributed to Bertrand de Born,[3] who lived in the time when even the lion-hearted King Richard turned his brawny fingers to the luting of a song. Let us listen:—

“The beautiful spring delights me well,
When flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds’ sweet chorus flowing
In the echoing wood;
And I love to see, all scattered around,
Pavilions and tents on the martial ground;
And my spirit finds it good
To see, on the level plains beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparisoned.”

[Footnote 3: M. Raynouard, *Poesies de Troubadours*, II. 209.]

But as the Troubadour nestles more warmly into the rhythm of his verse, the birds are all forgotten, and the beautiful spring, and there is a sturdy clang of battle, that would not discredit our own times:—

“I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer,
Or banqueting or reposing,
Like the onset cry of ‘Charge them!’ rung
From each side, as in battle closing;
Where the horses neigh,
And the call to ‘aid’ is echoing loud,
And there, on the earth, the lowly and proud
In the foss together lie,
And yonder is piled the mingled heap
Of the brave that scaled the trenches steep.

Page 62

“Barons! your castles in safety place,
Your cities and villages, too,
Before ye haste to the battle-scene:
And Papiol! quickly go,
And tell the lord of ‘Yes and No’
That peace already too long hath been!”[4]

[Footnote 4: I cannot forbear taking a bit of margin to print the closing stanzas of the original, which carry the clash of sabres in their very sound.

“Ie us dic que tan no m’ a sabor
Manjars ni beure ni dormir
Cum a quant aug cridar: A lor!
D’ambas las partz; et aug agnir
Cavals voitz per l’ombratge,
Et aug cridar: Aidatz! Aidatz!
E vei cazer per los fossatz
Pauca e grans per l’erbatge,
E vei los mortz que pels costatz
An los tronsons outre passatz.

“Baros, metetz et gatge
Castels e vilas e ciutatz,
Enans q’ usquecs no us guerreiatz.

“Papiol, d’agradatge
Ad Oc e No t’ en vai viatz,
Dic li que trop estan en patz.”

It would seem that the men of that time, like men of most times, bore a considerable contempt for people who said “Yes” one day, and “No” the next.]

I am on my way to Italy, (it may as well be confessed,) where I had fully intended to open my rainy day’s work; but Turner has kept me, and then Auvergne, and then the brisk battle-song of a Troubadour.

When I was upon the Cajano farm of Lorenzo the Magnificent, during my last “spell of wet,” it was uncourteous not to refer to the pleasant commemorative poem of “Ambra,” which Lorenzo himself wrote, and which, whatever may be said against the conception and conduct of it, shows in its opening stanzas that the great Medici was as appreciative of rural images—fir-boughs with loaded snows, thick cypresses in which late birds lurked, sharp-leaved junipers, and sturdy pines fighting the wind—as ever he had been of antique jewels, or of the rhythm of such as Politiano. And if I have spoken slightly of this latter poet, it was only in contrast with Virgil, and in view of his strained

Latinity. When he is himself, and wraps his fancies only in his own sparkling Tuscan, we forget his classic frigidities, and his quarrels with Madonna Clarice, and are willing to confess that no pen of his time was dipped with such a relishing *gusto* into the colors of the hyacinths and trembling pansies, and into all the blandishments of a gushing and wanton spring.[5]

[Footnote 5: See Wm. Parr Greswell's *Memoirs of Politiano*, with translations.]

Page 63

But classical affectation was the fashion of that day. A certain Bolognese noble, Bero by name, wrote ten Latin books on rural affairs: Tiraboschi says he never saw them; neither have I. Another scholar, Pietro da Barga, who astonished his teachers by his wonderful proficiency at the age of twelve, and who was afterward guest of the French ambassador in Venice, wrote a poem on rural matters, to which, with an exaggerated classicism, he gave the Greek name of "*Cynegeticon*"; and about the same time Giuseppe Voltolina composed three books on kitchen-gardening. I name these writers only out of sympathy with their topics: I would not advise the reading of them: it would involve a long journey and scrupulous search to find them, through I know not what out-of-the-way libraries; and if found, no essentially new facts or theories could be counted on which are not covered by the treatise of Crescenzi. The Pisans or Venetians may possibly have introduced a few new plants from the East; the example of the Medici may have suggested some improvements in the arrangement of forcing-houses, or the outlay of villas; but in all that regarded general husbandry, Crescenzi was still the man.

I linger about this period, and the writers of this time, because I snuff here and there among them the perfume of a country bouquet, which carries the odor of the fields with it, and transports me to the "empurpled hill-sides" of Tuscany. Shall I name Sannazaro, with his "*Arcadia*"?—a dead book now,—or "*Amyntas*," who, before he is tall enough to steal apples from the lowest boughs, (so sings Tasso,) plunges head and ears in love with Sylvia, the fine daughter of Montano, who has a store of cattle, "*richissimo d'armenti*"?

Then there is Rucellai, who, under the pontificate of Leo X., came to be Governor of the Castle of Sant' Angelo, and yet has left a poem of fifteen hundred lines devoted to Bees. In his suggestions for the allaying of a civil war among these winged people, he is quite beyond either Virgil or Columella or Mr. Lincoln. "Pluck some leafy branch," he says, "and with it sprinkle the contending factions with either honey or sweet grape-juice, and you shall see them instantly forego their strife":—

"The two warring bands joyful unite,
And foe embraces foe: each with its lips
Licking the others' wings, feet, arms, and breast,
Whereon the luscious mixture hath been shed,
And all inebriate with delight."

So the Swiss,[6] he continues, when they fall out among themselves, are appeased by some grave old gentleman, who says a few pleasant words, and orders up a good stoop of sweet wine, in which all parties presently dip their beards, and laugh and embrace and make peace, and so forget outrage. It may have been the sixteenth-century way of closing a battle.

Page 64

[Footnote 6:

“Come quando nei Suizzeri si muove
Sedizione, e che si grida a l’ arme;
Se qualche nom grave allor si leva in piede
E comincia a parlar con dolce lingua,
Mitiga i petti barbari e feroci;
E intanto fa portare ondanti vasi
Pieni di dolci ed odorati vini;
Ahora ognun le labbra e ’l mento immerge
Ne’ le spumanti tazze,” *etc.*

]

Guarini, with all his affectations, has little prettinesses which charm like the chirping of a bird;—as where he paints (in the very first scene of the “Pastor Fido”) the little sparrow flitting from fir to beech, and from beech to myrtle, and twittering, “How I love! how I love!” And the bird-mate (“*il suo dolce desio*”) twitters in reply, “How I love, how I love, too!” “*Ardo d’ amore anch’ io.*”

Messer Pietro Bembo was a different man from Guarini. I cannot imagine him listening to the sparrows; I cannot imagine him plucking a flower,—except he have some courtly gallantry in hand, perhaps toward the Borgia. He was one of those pompous, stiff, scholastic prigs who wrote by rules of syntax; and of syntax he is dead. He was clever and learned; he wrote in Latin, Italian, Castilian: but nobody reads him; he has only a little crypt in the “*Autori Diversi.*” I think of him as I think of fine women who must always rustle in brocade embossed with hard jewels, and who never win the triumphs that belong to a charming morning *deshabille* with only the added improvisation of a rose.

In his “*Asolani*” Bembo gives a very full and minute description of the gardens at Asolo, which relieved the royal retirement of Caterina, the Queen of Cyprus. Nothing could be more admirable than the situation: there were skirts of mountain which were covered, and are still covered, with oaks; there were grottos in the sides of cliffs, and water so disposed—in jets, in pools inclosed by marble, and among rocks—as to counterfeit all the wildness of Nature; there was the same stately array of cypresses, and of clipped hedges, which had belonged to the villas of Pliny; temples were decorated with blazing frescoes, to which, I dare say, Carpaccio may have lent a hand, if not that wild rake, Giorgione. Here the pretty Queen, with eight thousand gold ducats a year, (whatever that amount may have been,) and some seventy odd retainers, held her court; and here Bembo, a dashing young fellow at that time of seven or eight and twenty, became a party to those disquisitions on Love, and to those recitations of song, part of which he has recorded in the “*Asolani.*” I am sorry to say, the beauty of the place, so far as regards its artificial features, is now all gone. The hall, which may have served as the presence-chamber of the Queen, was only a few years since doing service as a

farmer's barn; and the traces of a Diana and an Apollo were still coloring the wall under which a few cows were crunching their clover-hay.

Page 65

All the gardening of Italy at that period, as, indeed, at almost all times, depended very much upon architectural accessories: colonnades and wall-veil with frescoes make a large part of Italian gardening to this day. The Isola Bella in the Lago Maggiore, and the Borghese Garden at Rome, are fair types. And as I recall the sunny vistas of this last, and the noontide loungings upon the marble seats, counting white flecks of statues amid the green of cypresses, and watching the shadow which some dense-topped pine flings upon a marble flight of steps or a marble balustrade, I cannot sneer at the Italian gardening, or wish it were other than it is. The art-life of Italy is the crowning and the overlapping life. The Campagna seems only a bit of foreground to carry the leaping arches of the aqueducts, and to throw the hills of Tivoli and Albano to a purple distance. The farmers (*fattori*) who gallop across the fields, in rough sheepskin wrappers, and upon scurvy-looking ponies, are more picturesque than thrifty; and if I gallop in company with one of them to his home upon the farther edge of the Campagna, (which is an allowable wet-day fancy,) I shall find a tall stone house smeared over roughly with plaster, and its ground-floor devoted to a crazy cart, a pony, a brace of cows, and a few goats; a rude court is walled in adjoining the house, where a few pigs are grunting. Ascending an oaken stair-way within the door, I come upon the living-room of the *fattore*; the beams overhead are begrimed with smoke, and garnished here and there with flitches of bacon; a scant fire of fagots is struggling into blaze upon an open hearth; and on a low table bare of either cloth or cleanliness, there waits him his supper of *polenta*, which is nothing more or less than our plain boiled Indian-pudding. Add to this a red-eyed dog, that seems to be a savage representative of a Scotch colley,—a lean, wrinkled, dark-faced woman, who is unwinding the bandages from a squalling *Bambino*,—a mixed odor of garlic and of goats, that is quickened with an ammoniacal pungency,—and you may form some idea of the home of a small Roman farmer in our day. It falls away from the standard of Cato; and so does the man.

He takes his twenty or thirty acres, upon shares, from some wealthy proprietor of Rome, whose estate may possibly cover a square mile or two of territory. He sells vegetables, poultry, a little grain, a few curds, and possibly a butt or two of sour wine. He is a type of a great many who lived within the limits of the old Papal territory; whether he and they have dropped their musty sheepskins and shaken off their unthrift under the new government, I cannot say.

Around Bologna, indeed, there was a better race of farmers: the intervening thrift of Tuscany had always its influence. The meadows of Terni, too, which are watered by the Velino, bear three full crops of grass in the season; the valley of the Clitumnus is like a miniature of the Genesee; and around Perugia the crimson-tasselled clovers, in the season of their bloom, give to the fields the beauty of a garden.

Page 66

The old Duke of Tuscany, before he became soured by his political mishaps, was a great patron of agricultural improvements. He had princely farms in the neighborhood both of his capital and of Pisa. Of the latter I cannot speak from personal observation; but the dairy-farm, *Cascina*, near to Florence, can hardly have been much inferior to the Cajano property of the great Lorenzo. The stables were admirably arranged, and of permanent character; the neatness was equal to that of the dairies of Holland. The Swiss cows, of a pretty dun-color, were kept stalled, and luxuriously fed upon freshly cut ray-grass, clover, or vetches, with an occasional sprinkling of meal; the calves were invariably reared by hand; and the average *per diem* of milk, throughout the season, was stated at fourteen quarts; and I think Madonna Clarice never strained more than this into the cheese-tubs of Ambra. I trust the burghers of Florence, and the new *Gonfaloniere*, whoever he may be, will not forget the dun cows of the Cascina, or their baitings with the tender vetches.

The redemption of the waste marshlands in the Val di Chiana by the engineering skill of Fossombroni, and the consequent restoration of many thousands of acres which seemed hopelessly lost to fertility, is a result of which the Medici would hardly have dreamed, and which would do credit to any age or country.

About the better-cultivated portions of Lombardy there is an almost regal look. The roads are straight, and of most admirable construction. Lines of trees lift their stateliness on either side, and carry trailing festoons of vines. On both sides streams of water are flowing in artificial canals, interrupted here and there by cross sluices and gates, by means of which any or all of the fields can be laid under water at pleasure, so that old meadows return three and four cuttings of grass in the year. There are patches of Indian-corn which are equal to any that can be seen on the Miami; hemp and flax appear at intervals, and upon the lower lands rice. The barns are huge in size, and are raised from the ground upon columns of masonry.

I have a dapper little note-book of travel, from which these facts are mainly taken; and at the head of one of its pages I observe an old ink-sketch of a few trees, with festoons of vines between. It is yellowed now, and poor always; for I am but a dabbler at such things. Yet it brings back, clearly and briskly, the broad stretch of Lombard meadows, the smooth Macadam, the gleaming canals of water, the white finials of Milan Cathedral shining somewhere in the distance, the thrushes, as in the "Pastor Fido," filling all the morning air with their sweet

"Ardo d' amore! ardo d' amore!"

the dewy clover-lots, looking like wavy silken plush, the green glitter of mulberry-leaves, and the beggar in steeple-crowned hat, who says, "*Grazia*," and "*A rivedervi!*" as I drop him a few kreutzers, and rattle away to the North, and out of Italy.

Page 67

* * * * *

About the year 1570, a certain Conrad Heresbach, who was Councillor to the Duke of Cleves, (brother to that unfortunate Anne of Cleves who was one of the wife-victims of Henry VIII.,) wrote four Latin books on rustic affairs, which were translated by Barnaby Googe, a Lincolnshire farmer and poet, who was in his day gentleman-pensioner to Queen Elizabeth. Our friend Barnaby introduces his translation in this style:—"I haue thought it meet (good Reader) for thy further profit & pleasure, to put into English these foure Bookes of Husbandry, collected & set forth by Master Conrade Heresbatch, a great & a learned Councillor of the Duke of Cleues: not thinking it reason, though I haue altered & increased his worke, *with mine owne readings & obseruations*, joined with the experience of sundry my friends, to take from him (as diuers in the like case haue done) the honour & glory of his owne trauaile: Neither is it my minde, that this either his doings or mine, should deface, or any waves darken the good enterprise, or painfull trauailes of such our countrymen, of England, as haue plentifully written of this matter: but always haue, & do giue them the reuerence & honour due to so vertuous, & well disposed Gentlemen, namely, *Master Fitz herbert*, & *Master Tusser*: whose workes may, in my fancie, without any presumption, compare with any, either *Varro*, *Columella*, or *Palladius of Rome*."

The work is written in the form of a dialogue, the parties being Cono, a country-gentleman, Metella, his wife, Rigo, a courtier, and Hermes, a servant. The first book relates to tillage, and farm-practice in general; the second, to orcharding, gardens, and woods; the third, to cattle; and the fourth, to fowl, fish, and bees. He had evidently been an attentive reader of the older authors I have discussed, and his citations from them are abundant. He had also opportunity for every-day observation in a region which, besides being one of the most fertile, was probably at that time the most highly cultivated in Europe; and his work may be regarded as the most important contribution to agricultural literature since the days of Crescenzi. He reaffirms, indeed, many of the old fables of the Latinists,—respects the force of proper incantations, has abiding faith in "the moon being aloft" in time of sowing, and insists that the medlar can be grafted on the pine, and the cherry upon the fir. Rue, he tells us, "will prosper the better for being stolen"; and "If you breake to powder the horne of a Ram & sowe it watrying it well, it is thought it will come to be good Sperage" (Asparagus). He assures us that he has grafted the pear successfully when in full bloom; and furthermore, that he has seen apples which have been kept sound for three years.

Upon the last page are some rules for purchasing land, which I suspect are to be attributed to the poet of Lincolnshire, rather than to Heresbach. They are as good as they were then; and the poetry none the worse:—

Page 68

"First see that the land be clear
In title of the seller;
And that it stand in danger
Of no woman's dowrie;
See whether the tenure be bond or free,
And release of every fee of fee;
See that the seller be of age,
And that it lie not in mortgage;
Whether ataille be thereof found,
And whether it stand in statute bound;
Consider what service longeth thereto,
And what quit rent thereout must goe;
And if it become of a wedded woman,
Think thou then on covert baron;
And if thou may in any wise,
Make thy charter in warrantise,
To thee, thine heyres, assignes also;
Thus should a wise purchaser doe."

The learned Lipsius was a contemporary of Councillor Heresbach, and although his orthodoxy was somewhat questionable, and his Calvinism somewhat stretchy, there can be no doubt of the honest rural love which belongs to some of his letters, and especially to this smack of verse (I dare not say poetry) with which he closes his *Eighth* (*Cent. I.*)

"Vitam si liceat mihi
Formare arbitriis meis:
Non fasces cupiam aut opes,
Non clarus niveis equis
Captiva agmina traxerim.
In solis habitem locis,
Hortos possideam atque agros,
Illic ad strepitus aquae
Musarum studiis fruar.
Sic cum fata mihi ultima
Pernerit Lachesis mea;
Tranquillus moriar senex."

And with this I will have done with a dead language; for I am come to a period now when I can garnish my talk with the flowers of good old English gardens. At the very thought of them, I seem to hear the royal captive James pouring madrigals through the window of his Windsor prison,—



“the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung.”

And through the “Dreme” of Chaucer I seem to see the great plain of Woodstock stretching away under my view, all white and green, “green y-powdered with daisy.” Upon the half-ploughed land, lying yonder veiled so tenderly with the mist and the rain, I could take oath to the very spot where five hundred years ago the plowman of Chaucer, all “forswat,”

“plucked up his plowe Whan midsomer mone was comen in And shoke off shear, and coulter off drowe, And honged his harnis on a pinne, And said his beasts should ete enowe And lie in grasse up to the chin.”

But Chaucer was no farmer, or he would have known it to be bad husbandry (even for poetry) to allow cattle steaming from the plough to lie down in grass of that height.

* * * * *

Sir Anthony Fitz-herbert is the first duly accredited writer on British husbandry. There are some few earlier ones, it is true,—a certain “Mayster Groshede, Bysshop of Lyncoln,” and a Henri Calcoensis, among them. Indeed, Mr. Donaldson, who has compiled a bibliography of British farm-writers, and who once threatened a poem on kindred subjects, has the effrontery to include Lord Littleton. Now I have a respect for Lord Littleton, and for Coke on Littleton, but it is tempered with some early experiences in a lawyer’s office, and some later experiences of the legal profession; he may have written well upon “Tenures,” but he had not enough of tenderness even for a teasel.

Page 69

I think it worthy of remark, in view of the mixed complexion which I have given to these wet-day studies, that the oldest printed copy of that sweet ballad of the “Nut Browne Mayde” has come to us in a Chronicle of 1503, which contains also a chapter upon “the crafte of graffynge & plantynge & alterynge of fruyts.” What could be happier than the conjunction of the knight of “the grenwode tree” with a good chapter on “graffynge”?

Fitz-herbert’s work is entitled a “Boke of Husbandrie,” and counts, among other headings of discourse, the following:—

“Whether is better a plough of horses or a plough of oxen.”

“To cary out dounge & mucke, & to spreade it.”

“The fyrste furryng of the falowes.”

“To make a ewe to love hir lambe.”

“To bye lean cattel.”

“A shorte information for a young gentyleman that entendeth to thryve.”

“What the wyfe oughte to dooe generally.”

(seq.) “To kepe measure in spendynge.”

“What be God’s commandments.”

By all which it may be seen that Sir Anthony took as broad a view of husbandry as did Xenophon.

Among other advices to the “young gentyleman that entendeth to thryve” he counsels him to rise betime in the morning, and if “he fynde any horses, mares, swyne, shepe, beastes in his pastures that be not his own; or fynde a gap in his hedge, or any water standynge in his pasture uppon his grasse, whereby he may take double herte, bothe losse of his grasse, & rotting of his shepe, & calves; or if he fyndeth or seeth anything that is amisse, & wold be amended, let him take out his tables & wryte the defautes; & when he commeth home to dinner, supper, or at nyght, then let him call his bayley, & soo shewe him the defautes. For this,” says he, “used I to doo x or xi yeres or more; & yf he cannot wryte, lette him nycke the defautes uppon a stycke.”

Sir Anthony is gracious to the wife, but he is not tender; and it may be encouraging to country-housewives nowadays to see what service was expected of their mothers in the days of Henry VIII.



"It is a wives occupacion to winow al maner of cornes, to make malte, wash & wring, to make hey, to shere corne, & in time of neede to helpe her husbande to fyll the mucke wayne or donge carte, dryve the plough, to lode hay corne & such other. Also to go or ride to the market to sell butter, chese, mylke, egges, chekens, kapons, hennes, pygges, gees & al maner of corne. And also to bye al maner of necessary thinges belonging to a household, & to make a true rekening & accompt to her husband what she hath receyved & what she hathe payed. And yf the husband go to market to bye or sell as they ofte do, he then to shew his wife in lyke maner. For if one of them should use to disceive the other, he disceyveth himselfe, & he is not lyke to thryve, & therfore they must be true ether to other."

* * * * *

Page 70

I come next to Master Tusser,—poet, farmer, chorister, vagabond, happily dead at last, and with a tomb whereon some wag wrote this:—

“Tusser, they tell me, when thou wert alive,
Thou teaching thrift, thyself could never thrive;
So, like the whetstone, many men are wont
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt.”

I cannot help considering poor Tusser’s example one of warning to all poetically inclined farmers.

He was born at a little village in the County of Essex. Having a good voice, he came early in life to be installed as singer at Wallingford College; and showing here a great proficiency, he was shortly after impressed for the choir of St. Paul’s Cathedral. Afterward he was for some time at Eton, where he had the ill-luck to receive some fifty-four stripes for his shortcomings in Latin; thence he goes to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he lives “in clover.” It appears that he had some connections at Court, through whose influence he was induced to go up to London, where he remained some ten years,—possibly as singer,—but finally left in great disgust at the vices of the town, and commenced as farmer in Suffolk,—

“To moil and to toil
With loss and pain, to little gain,
To cram Sir Knave”;—

from which I fancy that he had a hard landlord, and but little sturdy resolution. Thence he goes to Ipswich, or its neighborhood, with no better experience. Afterward we hear of him with a second wife at Dereham Abbey; but his wife is young and sharp-tempered, and his landlord a screw: so he does not thrive here, but goes to Norwich and commences chorister again; but presently takes another farm in Fairstead, Essex, where it would seem he eked out a support by collecting tithes for the parson. But he says,—

“I spyed, if parson died,
(All hope in vain,) to hope for gain
I might go dance.”

Possibly he did go dance: he certainly left the tithe-business, and after settling in one more home, from which he ran to escape the plague, we find him returned to London, to die,—where he was buried in the Poultry.

There are good points in his poem, showing close observation, good sense, and excellent judgment. His rules of farm-practice are entirely safe and judicious, and make one wonder how the man who could give such capital advice could make so capital a

failure. In the secret lies all the philosophy of the difference between knowledge and practice. The instance is not without its modern support: I have the honor of acquaintance with several gentlemen who lay down charming rules for successful husbandry, every time they pay the country a visit; and yet even their poultry-account is always largely against the constipated hens.

What is specially remarkable about Tusser is his air of entire resignation amid all manner of vicissitudes: he does not seem to count his hardships either wonderful or intolerable or unmerited. He tells us of the thrashing he had at Eton, (fifty-four licks,) without greatly impugning the head-master; and his shiftlessness in life makes us strongly suspect that he deserved it all.

Page 71

Fuller, in his "Worthies," says Tusser "spread his bread with all sorts of butter, yet none would stick thereon." In short, though the poet wrote well on farm-practice, he certainly was not a good exemplar of farm-successes. With all his excellent notions about sowing and reaping, and rising with the lark, I should look for a little more of stirring mettle and of dogged resolution in a man to be recommended as a tenant. I cannot help thinking less of him as a farmer than as a kind-hearted poet; too soft of the edge to cut very deeply into hard-pan, and too porous and flimsy of character for any compacted resolve: yet taking life tenderly, withal; good to those poorer than himself; making a rattling appeal for Christmas charities; hospitable, cheerful, and looking always to the end with an honest clearness of vision:—

"To death we must stoop, be we high, be we low,
But how, and how suddenly, few be that know,
What carry we, then, but a sheet to the grave,
(To cover this carcass,) of all that we have?"

* * * * *

I now come to Sir Hugh Platt, called by Mr. Weston, in his catalogue of English authors, "the most ingenious husbandman of his age." [7] He is elsewhere described as a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, who had two estates in the country, besides a garden in St. Martin's Lane. He was an enthusiast in agricultural, as well as horticultural inquiries, corresponding largely with leading farmers, and conducting careful experiments within his own grounds. In speaking of that "rare and peerless plant, the grape," he insists upon the wholesomeness of the wines he made from his Bednall-Greene garden: "And if," he says, "any exception should be taken against the race and delicacie of them, I am content to submit them to the censure of the best mouthes, that professe any true skill in the judgment of high country wines: although for their better credit herein, I could bring in the French Ambassador, who (now almost two yeeres since, comming to my house of purpose to tast these wines) gaue this sentence upon them: that he neuer drank any better new wine in France."

[Footnote 7: Latter part of sixteenth century; and was living, according to Johnson, as late as 1606.]

I must confess to more doubt of the goodness of the wine than of the speech of the ambassador; French ambassadors are always so complaisant!

Again he indulges us in the story of a pretty conceit whereby that "delicate Knight," Sir Francis Carew, proposed to astonish the Queen by a sight of a cherry-tree in full bearing, a month after the fruit had gone by in England. "This secret he performed, by straining a Tent or couer of canuass ouer the whole tree, and wetting the same now and then with a scoope or horne, as the heat of the weather required: and so, by withholding the sunne beams from reflecting upon the berries, they grew both great, and were very

long before they had gotten their perfect cherrie-colour: and when he was assured of her Majestie's comming, he remoued the Tent, and a few sunny daies brought them to their full maturities."

Page 72

These notices are to be found in his “Flores Paradise.” Another work, entitled “Dyuers Soyles for manuring pasture & arable land,” enumerates, in addition to the usual odorous galaxy, such extraordinarily new matters (in that day) as “salt, street-dirt, clay, Fullers earth, moorish earth, fern, hair, calcination of all vegetables, malt dust, soap-boilers ashes, and marle.” But what I think particularly commends him to notice, and makes him worthy to be enrolled among the pioneers, is his little tract upon “The Setting of Corne.”[8]

[Footnote 8: This is not mentioned either by Felton in his *Portraits, etc.*, or by Johnson in his *History of Gardening*. Donaldson gives the title, and the headings of the chapters.]

In this he anticipates the system of “dibbling” grain, which, notwithstanding, is spoken of by writers within half a century[9] as a new thing; and which, it is needless to say, still prevails extensively in many parts of England. If the tract alluded to be indeed the work of Sir Hugh Platt, it antedates very many of the suggestions and improvements which are usually accorded to Tull. The latter, indeed, proposed the drill, and repeated tillage; but certain advantages, before unconsidered, such as increased tillering of individual plants, economy of seed, and facility of culture, are common to both systems. Sir Hugh, in consecutive chapters, shows how the discovery came about; “why the corne shootes into so many eares”; how the ground is to be dug for the new practice; and what are the several instruments for making the holes and covering the grain.

[Footnote 9: See Young, *Annals of Agriculture*, Vol. III. p. 219, *et seq.*]

I cannot take a more courteous leave of this worthy gentleman than by giving his own *envoi* to the most considerable of his books:—“Thus, gentle Reader, having acquainted thee with my long, costly, and laborious collections, not written at Adventure, or by an imaginary conceit in a Scholler’s private studie, but wrung out of the earth, by the painfull hand of experience: and having also given thee a touch of Nature, whom no man as yet ever durst send naked into the worlde without her veyle: and Expecting, by thy good entertainment of these, some encouragement for higher and deeper discoveries hereafter, I leave thee to the God of Nature, from whom all the true light of Nature proceedeth.”

* * * * *

Gervase Markham must have been a roistering gallant about the time that Sir Hugh was conducting his experiments on “Soyles”; for, in 1591, he had the honor to be dangerously wounded in a duel which he fought in behalf of the Countess of Shrewsbury; there are also some painful rumors current (in old books) in regard to his habits in early life, which weaken somewhat our trust in him as a quiet country counsellor. I suspect, that, up to mature life, at any rate, he knew much more about the sparring of a game-cock than the making of capons. Yet he wrote books upon the

proper care of beasts and fowls, as well as upon almost every subject connected with husbandry. And that these were good books, or at least in large demand, we have in evidence the memorandum of a promise which some griping bookseller extorted from him, under date of July, 1617:—

Page 73

"I, Gervase Markham, of London, Gent, do promise hereafter never to write any more book or books to be printed of the diseases or cures of any cattle, as horse, oxe, cowe, sheepe, swine and goates, &c. In witness whereof, I have hereunto sett my hand, the 24th day of Julie.

"GERVIS MARKHAM."

He seems to have been a man of some literary accomplishments, and one who knew how to turn them to account. He translated the "Maison Rustique" of Liebault, and had some hand in the concoction of one or two poems which kindled the ire of the Puritan clergy. There is no doubt but he was an adroit bookmaker; and the value of his labors, in respect to practical husbandry, was due chiefly to his art of arranging, compacting, and illustrating the maxims and practices already received. His observations upon diseases of cattle and upon horsemanship were doubtless based on experimental knowledge; for he was a rare and ardent sportsman, and possessed all a sportsman's keenness in the detection of infirmities.

I suspect, moreover, that there were substantial grounds for that acquaintance with gastronomy shown in the "Country Housewife." In this book, after discoursing upon cookery and great feasts, he gives the details of a "humble feast of a proportion which any good man may keep in his family."

"As thus:—first, a shield of brawn with mustard; secondly, a boyl'd capon; thirdly, a boyl'd piece of beef; fourthly, a chine of beef roasted; fifthly, a neat's tongue roasted; sixthly, a pig roasted; seventhly chewits baked; eighthly, a goose roasted; ninthly, a swan roasted; tenthly, a turkey roasted; eleventh, a haunch of venison roasted; twelfth, a pasty of venison; thirteenth, a kid with a pudding in the belly; fourteenth, an olive pye; the fifteenth, a couple of capons; the sixteenth, a custard or dowsets."

This is what Master Gervase calls a frugal dinner, for the entertainment of a worthy friend; is it any wonder that he wrote about "Country Contentments"?

* * * * *

My chapter is nearly full; and a burst of sunshine is flaming over all the land under my eye; and yet I am but just entered upon the period of English literary history which is most rich in rural illustration. The mere backs of the books relating thereto, as my glance ranges over them, where they stand in tidy platoon, start a delightfully confused picture to my mind.

I think it possible that Sir Hugh Platt may some day entertain at his Bednall-Greene garden the worshipful Francis Bacon, who is living down at Twickenham, and who is a thriving lawyer, and has written essays, which Sir Hugh must know,—in which he discourses shrewdly upon gardens, as well as many kindred matters; and through his

wide correspondence, Sir Hugh must probably have heard of certain new herbs which have been brought home from Virginia and the Roanoke, and very possibly he is making trial of a tobacco-plant in his garden, to be submitted some day to his friend, the French Ambassador.

Page 74

I can fancy Gervase Markham “making a night of it” with those rollicking bachelors, Beaumont and Fletcher, at the “Mermaid,” or going with them to the Globe Theatre to see two Warwickshire brothers, Edmund and Will Shakspeare, who are on the boards there,—the latter taking the part of Old Knowell, in Ben Jonson’s play of “Every Man in his Humour.” His friends say that this Will has parts.

Then there is the fiery and dashing Sir Philip Sidney, who threatened to thrust a dagger into the heart of poor Molyneux, his father’s steward, for opening private letters (which poor Molyneux never did); and Sir Philip knows all about poetry and the ancients; and in virtue of his knowledges, he writes a terribly magniloquent and tedious “Arcadia,” which, when he comes to die gallantly in battle, is admired and read everywhere: nowadays it rests mostly on the shelf. But the memory of his generous and noble spirit is far livelier than his book. It was through him, and his friendship, probably, that the poet Spenser was gifted by the Queen with a fine farm of three thousand acres among the Bally-Howra hills of Ireland.

And it was here that Sir Walter Raleigh, that “shepherd of the sea,” visited the poet, and found him seated

“amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders, by the Mulla’s shore.”

Did the gallant privateer possibly talk with the farmer about the introduction of that new esculent, the potato? Did they talk tobacco? Did Colin Clout have any observations to make upon the rot in sheep, or upon the probable “clip” of the year?

Nothing of this; but

“He pip’d, I sung; and when he sung, I pip’d:
By chaunge of tunes each making other merry.”

The lines would make a fair argument of the poet’s bucolic life. I have a strong faith that his farming was of the higgledy-piggledy order; I do not believe that he could have set a plough into the sod, or have made a good “cast” of barley. It is certain, that, when the Tyrone rebels burned him out of Kilcolman Castle, he took no treasure with him but his Elizabeth and the two babes; and the only treasures he left were the ashes of the dear child whose face shone on him there for the last time,—

“bright with many a curl
That clustered round her head.”

I wish I could love his “Shepherd’s Calendar”; but I cannot. Abounding art of language, exquisite fancies, delicacies innumerable there may be; but there is no exhilarating air

from the mountains, no crisp breezes, no songs that make the welkin ring, no river that champs the bit, no sky-piercing falcon.

And as for the “Faery Queene,” if I must confess it, I can never read far without a sense of suffocation from the affluence of its beauties. It is a marvellously fair sea and broad, —with tender winds blowing over it, and all the ripples are iris-hued; but you long for some brave blast that shall scoop great hollows in it, and shake out the briny beads from its lifted waters, and drive wild scuds of spray among the screaming curlew.

Page 75

In short, I can never read far in Spenser without taking a rest—as we farmers lean upon our spades, when the digging is in unctuous fat soil that lifts heavily.

And so I leave the matter,—with the “Faery Queene” in my thought, and leaning on my spade.

* * * * *

CIVIC BANQUETS.

It has often perplexed me to imagine how an Englishman will be able to reconcile himself to any future state of existence from which the earthly institution of dinner shall be excluded. Even if he fail to take his appetite along with him, (which it seems to me hardly possible to believe, since this endowment is so essential to his composition,) the immortal day must still admit an interim of two or three hours during which he will be conscious of a slight distaste, at all events, if not an absolute repugnance, to merely spiritual nutriment. The idea of dinner has so imbedded itself among his highest and deepest characteristics, so illuminated itself with intellect and softened itself with the kindest emotions of his heart, so linked itself with Church and State, and grown so majestic with long hereditary customs and ceremonies, that, by taking it utterly away, Death, instead of putting the final touch to his perfection, would leave him infinitely less complete than we have already known him. He could not be roundly happy. Paradise, among all its enjoyments, would lack one daily felicity which his sombre little island possessed. Perhaps it is not irreverent to conjecture that a provision may have been made, in this particular, for the Englishman's exceptional necessities. It strikes me that Milton was of the opinion here suggested, and may have intended to throw out a delightful and consolatory hope for his countrymen, when he represents the genial archangel as playing his part with such excellent appetite at Adam's dinner-table, and confining himself to fruit and vegetables only because, in those early days of her housekeeping, Eve had no more acceptable viands to set before him. Milton, indeed, had a true English taste for the pleasures of the table, though refined by the lofty and poetic discipline to which he had subjected himself. It is delicately implied in the refection in Paradise, and more substantially, though still elegantly, betrayed in the sonnet proposing to “Laurence, of virtuous father virtuous son,” a series of nice little dinners in midwinter; and it blazes fully out in that untasted banquet which, elaborate as it was, Satan tossed up in a trice from the kitchen-ranges of Tartarus.

Page 76

Among this people, indeed, so wise in their generation, dinner has a kind of sanctity quite independent of the dishes that may be set upon the table; so that, if it be only a mutton-chop, they treat it with due reverence, and are rewarded with a degree of enjoyment which such reckless devourers as ourselves do not often find in our richest abundance. It is good to see how stanch they are after fifty or sixty years of heroic eating, still relying upon their digestive powers and indulging a vigorous appetite; whereas an American has generally lost the one and learned to distrust the other long before reaching the earliest decline of life; and thenceforward he makes little account of his dinner, and dines at his peril, if at all. I know not whether my countrymen will allow me to tell them, though I think it scarcely too much to affirm, that, on this side of the water, people never dine. At any rate, abundantly as Nature has provided us with most of the material requisites, the highest possible dinner has never yet been eaten in America. It is the consummate flower of civilization and refinement; and our inability to produce it, or to appreciate its admirable beauty, if a happy inspiration should bring it into bloom, marks fatally the limit of culture which we have attained.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the mob of cultivated Englishmen know how to dine in this elevated sense. The unpolishable ruggedness of the national character is still an impediment to them, even in that particular line where they are best qualified to excel. Though often present at good men's feasts, I remember only a single dinner, which, while lamentably conscious that many of its higher excellences were thrown away upon me, I yet could feel to be a perfect work of art. It could not, without unpardonable coarseness, be styled a matter of animal enjoyment, because out of the very perfection of that lower bliss there had arisen a dream-like development of spiritual happiness. As in the master-pieces of painting and poetry, there was a something intangible, a final deliciousness that only fluttered about your comprehension, vanishing whenever you tried to detain it, and compelling you to recognize it by faith rather than sense. It seemed as if a diviner set of senses were requisite, and had been partly supplied, for the special fruition of this banquet, and that the guests around the table (only eight in number) were becoming so educated, polished, and softened, by the delicate influences of what they ate and drank, as to be now a little more than mortal for the nonce. And there was that gentle, delicious sadness, too, which we find in the very summit of our most exquisite enjoyments, and feel it a charm beyond all the gayety through which it keeps breathing its undertone. In the present case, it was worth a heavier sigh, to reflect that such a festal achievement,—the production of so much art, skill, fancy, invention, and perfect taste,—the growth of all the ages, which

Page 77

appeared to have been ripening for this hour, since man first began to eat and to moisten his food with wine,—must lavish its happiness upon so brief a moment, when other beautiful things can be made a joy forever. Yet a dinner like this is no better than we can get, any day, at the rejuvenescent Cornhill Coffee-House, unless the whole man, with soul, intellect, and stomach, is ready to appreciate it, and unless, moreover, there is such a harmony in all the circumstances and accompaniments, and especially such a pitch of well-according minds, that nothing shall jar rudely against the guest's thoroughly awakened sensibilities. The world, and especially our part of it, being the rough, ill-assorted and tumultuous place we find it, a beefsteak is about as good as any other dinner.

The foregoing reminiscence, however, has drawn me aside from the main object of my sketch, in which I purposed to give a slight idea of those public or partially public banquets, the custom of which so thoroughly prevails among the English people, that nothing is ever decided upon, in matters of peace or war, until they have chewed upon it in the shape of roast-beef, and talked it fully over in their cups. Nor are these festivities merely occasional, but of stated recurrence in all considerable municipalities and associated bodies. The most ancient times appear to have been as familiar with them as the Englishmen of to-day. In many of the old English towns, you find some stately Gothic hall or chamber in which the Mayor and other authorities of the place have long held their sessions; and always, in convenient contiguity, there is a dusky kitchen, with an immense fireplace, where an ox might lie roasting at his ease, though the less gigantic scale of modern cookery may now have permitted the cobwebs to gather in its chimney. St. Mary's Hall, in Coventry, is so good a specimen of an ancient banqueting-room that perhaps I may profitably devote a page or two to the description of it.

In a narrow street, opposite to St. Michael's Church, one of the three famous spires of Coventry, you behold a mediaeval edifice, in the basement of which is such a venerable and now deserted kitchen as I have above alluded to, and, on the same level, a cellar, with low stone pillars and intersecting arches, like the crypt of a cathedral. Passing up a well-worn staircase, the oaken balustrade of which is as black as ebony, you enter the fine old hall, some sixty feet in length, and broad and lofty in proportion. It is lighted by six windows of modern stained glass, on one side, and by the immense and magnificent arch of another window at the farther end of the room, its rich and ancient panes constituting a genuine historical piece, in which are represented some of the kingly personages of old times, with their heraldic blazonries. Notwithstanding the colored light thus thrown into the hall, and though it was noonday when I last saw it, the panelling of black oak, and some faded tapestry that hung round the walls,

Page 78

together with the cloudy vault of the roof above, made a gloom which the richness only illuminated into more appreciable effect. The tapestry is wrought with figures in the dress of Henry VI.'s time, (which is the date of the hall,) and is regarded by antiquaries as authentic evidence both for the costume of that epoch, and, I believe, for the actual portraiture of men known in history. They are as colorless as ghosts, however, and vanish drearily into the old stitch-work of their substance, when you try to make them out. Coats-of-arms were formerly emblazoned all round the hall, but have been almost rubbed out by people hanging their overcoats against them, or by women with dish-clouts and scrubbing-brushes, obliterating hereditary glories in their blind hostility to dust and spiders' webs. Full-length portraits of several English kings, Charles II. being the earliest, hang on the walls; and on the dais, or elevated part of the floor, stands an antique chair of state, which more than one royal character is traditionally said to have occupied while feasting here with their loyal subjects of Coventry. It is roomy enough for a person of kingly bulk, or even two such, but angular and uncomfortable, reminding me of the oaken settles which used to be seen in old-fashioned New-England kitchens.

Overhead, supported by a self-sustaining power, without the aid of a single pillar, is the original ceiling of oak, precisely similar in shape to the roof of a barn, with all the beams and rafters plainly to be seen. At the remote height of sixty feet, you hardly discern that they are carved with figures of angels, and doubtless many other devices, of which the admirable Gothic art is wasted in the duskiess that has so long been brooding there. Over the entrance of the hall, opposite the great arched window, the party-colored radiance of which glimmers faintly through the interval, is a gallery for minstrels; and a row of ancient suits of armor is suspended from its balustrade. It impresses me, too, (for, having gone so far, I would fain leave nothing untouched upon,) that I remember, somewhere about these venerable precincts, a picture of the Countess Godiva on horseback, in which the artist has been so niggardly of that illustrious lady's hair, that, if she had no ampler garniture, there was certainly much need for the good people of Coventry to shut their eyes. After all my pains, I fear that I have made but a poor hand at the description, as regards a transference of the scene from my own mind to the reader's. It gave me a most vivid idea of antiquity that had been very little tampered with; insomuch that, if a group of steel-clad knights had come clanking through the doorway, and a bearded and beruffed old figure had handed in a stately dame, rustling in gorgeous robes of a long-forgotten fashion, unveiling a face of beauty somewhat tarnished in the mouldy tomb, yet stepping majestically to the trill of harp and viol from the minstrels' gallery, while the rusty

Page 79

armor responded with a hollow ringing sound beneath,—why, I should have felt that these shadows, once so familiar with the spot, had a better right in St. Mary's Hall than I, a stranger from a far country which has no Past. But the moral of the foregoing pages is to show how tenaciously this love of pompous dinners, this reverence for dinner as a sacred institution, has caught hold of the English character; since, from, the earliest recognizable period, we find them building their civic banqueting-halls as magnificently as their palaces or cathedrals.

I know not whether the hall just described is still used for festive purposes, but others of similar antiquity and splendor are so. For example, there is Barber-Surgeons' Hall, in London, a very fine old room, adorned with admirably carved wood-work on the ceiling and walls. It is also enriched with Holbein's master-piece, representing a grave assemblage of barbers and surgeons, all portraits, (with such extensive beards that methinks one-half of the company might have been profitably occupied in trimming the other,) kneeling before King Henry VIII. Sir Robert Peel is said to have offered a thousand pounds for the liberty of cutting out one of the heads from this picture, he conditioning to have a perfect fac-simile painted in. The room has many other pictures of distinguished members of the company in long-past times, and of some of the monarchs and statesmen of England, all darkened with age, but darkened into such ripe magnificence as only age could bestow. It is not my design to inflict any more specimens of ancient hall-painting on the reader; but it may be worth while to touch upon other modes of stateliness that still survive in these time-honored civic feasts, where there appears to be a singular assumption of dignity and solemn pomp by respectable citizens, who would never dream of claiming any privilege of rank outside of their own sphere. Thus, I saw two caps of state for the warden and junior warden of the company, caps of silver (real coronets or crowns, indeed, for these city-grandeest) wrought in open-work and lined with crimson velvet. In a strong-closet, opening from the hall, there was a great deal of rich plate to furnish forth the banquet-table, comprising hundreds of forks and spoons, a vast silver punch-bowl, the gift of some jolly king or other, and, besides a multitude of less noticeable vessels, two Loving-Cups, very elaborately wrought in silver gilt, one presented by Henry VIII., the other by Charles II. These cups, including the covers and pedestals, are very large and weighty, although the bowl-part would hardly contain more than half a pint of wine, which, when the custom was first established, each guest was probably expected to drink off at a draught. In passing them from hand to hand adown a long table of complotators, there is a peculiar ceremony which I may hereafter have occasion to describe. Meanwhile, if I might assume such a liberty, I should be glad to invite the reader to the official dinner-table of his Worship, the Mayor, at a large English seaport where I spent several years.

Page 80

The Mayor's dinner-parties occur as often as once a fortnight, and, inviting his guests by fifty or sixty at a time, his Worship probably assembles at his board most of the eminent citizens and distinguished personages of the town and neighborhood more than once during his year's incumbency, and very much, no doubt, to the promotion of good feeling among individuals of opposite parties and diverse pursuits in life. A miscellaneous party of Englishmen can always find more comfortable ground to meet upon than as many Americans, their differences of opinion being incomparably less radical than ours, and it being the sincerest wish of all their hearts, whether they call themselves Liberals or what not, that nothing in this world shall ever be greatly altered from what it has been and is. Thus there is seldom such a virulence of political hostility that it may not be dissolved in a glass or two of wine, without making the good liquor any more dry or bitter than accords with English taste.

The first dinner of this kind at which I had the honor to be present took place during assize time, and included among the guests the judges and the prominent members of the bar. Reaching the Town-Hall at seven o'clock, I communicated my name to one of several splendidly dressed footmen, and he repeated it to another on the first staircase, by whom it was passed to a third, and thence to a fourth at the door of the reception-room, losing all resemblance to the original sound in the course of these transmissions; so that I had the advantage of making my entrance in the character of a stranger, not only to the whole company, but to myself as well. His Worship, however, kindly recognized me, and put me on speaking-terms with two or three gentlemen, whom I found very affable, and all the more hospitably attentive on the score of my nationality. It is very singular how kind an Englishman will almost invariably be to an individual American, without ever bating a jot of his prejudice against the American character in the lump. My new acquaintances took evident pains to put me at my ease; and, in requital of their good-nature, I soon began to look round at the general company in a critical spirit, making my crude observations apart, and drawing silent inferences, of the correctness of which I should not have been half so well satisfied a year afterwards as at that moment.

There were two judges present, a good many lawyers, and a few officers of the army in uniform. The other guests seemed to be principally of the mercantile class, and among them was a ship-owner from Nova Scotia, with whom I coalesced a little, inasmuch as we were born with the same sky over our heads, and an unbroken continuity of soil between his abode and mine. There was one old gentleman, whose character I never made out, with powdered hair, clad in black breeches and silk stockings, and wearing a rapier at his side; otherwise, with the exception of the military uniforms,

Page 81

there was little or no pretence of official costume. It being the first considerable assemblage of Englishmen that I had seen, my honest impression about them was, that they were a heavy and homely set of people, with a remarkable roughness of aspect and behavior, not repulsive, but beneath which it required more familiarity with the national character than I then possessed always to detect the good-breeding of a gentleman. Being generally middle-aged, or still farther advanced, they were by no means graceful in figure; for the comeliness of the youthful Englishman rapidly diminishes with years, his body appearing to grow longer, his legs to abbreviate themselves, and his stomach to assume the dignified prominence which justly belongs to that metropolis of his system. His face (what with the acridity of the atmosphere, ale at lunch, wine at dinner, and a well-digested abundance of succulent food) gets red and mottled, and develops at least one additional chin, with a promise of more; so that, finally, a stranger recognizes his animal part at the most superficial glance, but must take time and a little pains to discover the intellectual. Comparing him with an American, I really thought that our national paleness and lean habit of flesh gave us greatly the advantage in an aesthetic point of view. It seemed to me, moreover, that the English tailor had not done so much as he might and ought for these heavy figures, but had gone on wilfully exaggerating their uncouthness by the roominess of their garments: he had evidently no idea of accuracy of fit, and smartness was entirely out of his line. But, to be quite open with the reader, I afterwards learned to think that this aforesaid tailor has a deeper art than his brethren among ourselves, knowing how to dress his customers with such individual propriety that they look as if they were born in their clothes, the fit being to the character rather than the form. If you make an Englishman smart, (unless he be a very exceptional one, of whom I have seen a few,) you make him a monster: his best aspect is that of ponderous respectability.

To make an end of these first impressions, I fancied that not merely the Suffolk bar, but the bar of any inland county in New England, might show a set of thin-visaged, green-spectacled men, looking wretchedly worn, sallow with the intemperate use of strong coffee, deeply wrinkled across the forehead, and grimly furrowed about the mouth, with whom these heavy-cheeked English lawyers, slow-paced and fat-witted as they must needs be, would stand very little chance in a professional contest. How that matter might turn out I am unqualified to decide. But I state these results of my earliest glimpses of Englishmen, not for what they are worth, but because I ultimately gave them up as worth little or nothing. In course of time, I came to the conclusion that Englishmen of all ages are a rather good-looking people, dress in admirable taste from their own point of view, and, under a surface

Page 82

never silken to the touch, have a refinement of manners too thorough and genuine to be thought of as a separate endowment,—that is to say, if the individual himself be a man of station, and has had gentlemen for his father and grandfather. The sturdy Anglo-Saxon nature does not refine itself short of the third generation. The tradesmen, too, and all other classes, have their own proprieties. The only value of my criticisms, therefore, lay in their exemplifying the proneness of a traveller to measure one people by the distinctive characteristics of another,—as English writers invariably measure us, and take upon themselves to be disgusted accordingly, instead of trying to find out some principle of beauty with which we may be in conformity.

In due time we were summoned to the table, and went thither in no solemn procession, but with a good deal of jostling, thrusting behind, and scrambling for places when we reached our destination. The legal gentlemen, I suspect, were responsible for this indecorous zeal, which I never afterwards remarked in a similar party. The dining-hall was of noble size, and, like the other rooms of the suite, was gorgeously painted and gilded and brilliantly illuminated. There was a splendid table-service, and a noble array of footmen, some of them in plain clothes, and others wearing the town-livery, richly decorated with gold-lace, and themselves excellent specimens of the blooming young-manhood of Britain. When we were fairly seated, it was certainly an agreeable spectacle to look up and down the long vista of earnest faces, and behold them so resolute, so conscious that there was an important business in hand, and so determined to be equal to the occasion. Indeed, Englishman or not, I hardly know what can be prettier than a snow-white table-cloth, a huge heap of flowers as a central decoration, bright silver, rich china, crystal glasses, decanters of Sherry at due intervals, a French roll and an artistically folded napkin at each plate, all that airy portion of a banquet, in short, that comes before the first mouthful, the whole illuminated by a blaze of artificial light, without which a dinner of made-dishes looks spectral, and the simplest viands are the best. Printed bills-of-fare were distributed, representing an abundant feast, no part of which appeared on the table until called for in separate plates. I have entirely forgotten what it was, but deem it no great matter, inasmuch as there is a pervading commonplace and identicalness in the composition of extensive dinners, on account of the impossibility of supplying a hundred guests with anything particularly delicate or rare. It was suggested to me that certain juicy old gentlemen had a private understanding what to call for, and that it would be good policy in a stranger to follow in their footsteps through the feast. I did not care to do so, however, because, like Sancho Panza's dip out of Camacho's caldron, any sort of pot-luck at such a table would be sure to suit my purpose; so I chose a dish or two on my own judgment, and, getting through my labors betimes, had great pleasure in seeing the Englishmen toil onward to the end.

Page 83

They drank rather copiously, too, though wisely; for I observed that they seldom took Hock, and let the Champagne bubble slowly away out of the goblet, solacing themselves with Sherry, but tasting it warily before bestowing their final confidence. Their taste in wines, however, did not seem so exquisite, and certainly was not so various, as that to which many Americans pretend. This foppery of an intimate acquaintance with rare vintage: does not suit a sensible Englishman, as he is very much in earnest about his wines, and adopts one or two as his life-long friends, seldom exchanging them for any Delilahs of a moment, and reaping the reward of his constancy in an unimpaired stomach, and only so much gout as he deems wholesome and desirable. Knowing well the measure of his powers, he is not apt to fill his glass too often. Society, indeed, would hardly tolerate habitual imprudences of that kind, though, in my opinion, the Englishmen now upon the stage could carry off their three bottles, at need, with as steady a gait as any of their forefathers. It is not so very long since the three-bottle heroes sank finally under the table. It may be (at least, I should be glad if it were true) that there was an occult sympathy between our temperance-reform, now somewhat in abeyance, and the almost simultaneous disappearance of hard-drinking among the respectable classes in England. I remember a middle-aged gentleman telling me (in illustration of the very slight importance attached to breaches of temperance within the memory of men not yet old) that he had seen a certain magistrate, Sir John Linkwater, or Drinkwater,—but I think the jolly old knight could hardly have staggered under so perverse a misnomer as this last,—while sitting on the magisterial bench, pull out a crown-piece and hand it to the clerk. “Mr. Clerk,” said Sir John, as if it were the most indifferent fact in the world, “I was drunk last night. There are my five shillings.”

During the dinner, I had a good deal of pleasant conversation with the gentlemen on either side of me. One of them, a lawyer, expatiated with great unction on the social standing of the judges. Representing the dignity and authority of the Crown, they take precedence, during assize-time, of the highest military men in the kingdom, of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, of the Archbishops, of the royal Dukes, and even of the Prince of Wales. For the nonce, they are the greatest men in England. With a glow of professional complacency that amounted to enthusiasm, my friend assured me, that, in case of a royal dinner, a judge, if actually holding an assize, would be expected to offer his arm and take the Queen herself to the table. Happening to be in company with some of these elevated personages, on subsequent occasions, it appeared to me that the judges are fully conscious of their paramount claims to respect, and take rather more pains to impress them on their ceremonial inferiors than men of high hereditary rank are apt to do. Bishops, if it be not irreverent to say so, are sometimes marked by a similar characteristic. Dignified position is so sweet to an Englishman, that he needs to be born in it, and to feel it thoroughly incorporated with his nature from its original germ, in order to keep him from flaunting it obtrusively in the faces of innocent by-standers.

Page 84

My companion on the other side was a thick-set, middle-aged man, uncouth in manners, and ugly where none were handsome, with a dark, roughly hewn visage, that looked grim in repose, and seemed to hold within itself the machinery of a very terrific frown. He ate with resolute appetite, and let slip few opportunities of imbibing whatever liquids happened to be passing by. I was meditating in what way this grisly-featured table-fellow might most safely be accosted, when he turned to me with a surly sort of kindness, and invited me to take a glass of wine. We then began a conversation that abounded, on his part, with sturdy sense, and, somehow or other, brought me closer to him than I had yet stood to an Englishman. I should hardly have taken him to be an educated man, certainly not a scholar of accurate training; and yet he seemed to have all the resources of education and trained intellectual power at command. My fresh Americanism, and watchful observation of English characteristics, appeared either to interest or amuse him, or perhaps both. Under the mollifying influences of abundance of meat and drink, he grew very gracious, (not that I ought to use such a phrase to describe his evidently genuine good-will,) and by-and-by expressed a wish for further acquaintance, asking me to call at his rooms in London and inquire for Sergeant Wilkins,—throwing out the name forcibly, as if he had no occasion to be ashamed of it. I remembered Dean Swift's retort to Sergeant Bettesworth on a similar announcement,—“Of what regiment, pray, Sir?”—and fancied that the same question might not have been quite amiss, if applied to the rugged individual at my side. But I heard of him subsequently as one of the prominent men at the English bar, a rough customer, and a terribly strong champion in criminal cases; and it caused me more regret than might have been expected, on so slight an acquaintanceship, when, not long afterwards, I saw his death announced in the newspapers. Not rich in attractive qualities, he possessed, I think, the most attractive one of all,—thorough manhood.

After the cloth was removed, a goodly group of decanters were set before the Mayor, who sent them forth on their outward voyage, full freighted with Port, Sherry, Madeira, and Claret, of which excellent liquors, methought, the latter found least acceptance among the guests. When every man had filled his glass, his Worship stood up and proposed a toast. It was, of course, “Our gracious Sovereign,” or words to that effect; and immediately a band of musicians, whose preliminary tootings and thrummings I had already heard behind me, struck up “God save the Queen,” and the whole company rose with one impulse to assist in singing that famous national anthem. It was the first time in my life that I had ever seen a body of men, or even a single man, under the active influence of the sentiment of Loyalty; for, though we call ourselves loyal to our country and institutions, and prove it

Page 85

by our readiness to shed blood and sacrifice life in their behalf, still the principle is as cold and hard, in an American bosom, as the steel spring that puts in motion a powerful machinery. In the Englishman's system, a force similar to that of our steel spring is generated by the warm throbbings of human hearts. He clothes our bare abstraction in flesh and blood,—at present, in the flesh and blood of a woman,—and manages to combine love, awe, and intellectual reverence, all in one emotion, and to embody his mother, his wife, his children, the whole idea of kindred, in a single person, and make her the representative of his country and its laws. We Americans smile superior, as I did at the Mayor's table; and yet, I fancy, we lose some very agreeable titillations of the heart in consequence of our proud prerogative of caring no more about our President than for a man of straw, or a stuffed scarecrow straddling in a cornfield.

But, to say the truth, the spectacle struck me rather ludicrously, to see this party of stout middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, in the fulness of meat and drink, their ample and ruddy faces glistening with wine, perspiration, and enthusiasm, rumbling out those strange old stanzas from the very bottom of their hearts and stomachs, which two organs, in the English interior arrangement, lie closer together than in ours. The song seemed to me the rudest old ditty in the world; but I could not wonder at its universal acceptance and indestructible popularity, considering how inimitably it expresses the national faith and feeling as regards the inevitable righteousness of England, the Almighty's consequent respect and partiality for that redoubtable little island, and His presumed readiness to strengthen its defence against the contumacious wickedness and knavery of all other principalities or republics. Tennyson himself, though evidently English to the very last prejudice, could not write half so good a song for the purpose. Finding that the entire dinner-table struck in, with voices of every pitch between rolling thunder and the squeak of a cartwheel, and that the strain was not of such delicacy as to be much hurt by the harshest of them, I determined to lend my own assistance in swelling the triumphant roar. It seemed but a proper courtesy to the first Lady in the land, whose guest, in the largest sense, I might consider myself. Accordingly, my first tuneful efforts (and probably my last, for I purpose not to sing any more, unless it be "Hail Columbia" on the restoration of the Union) were poured freely forth in honor of Queen Victoria. The Sergeant smiled like the carved head of a Swiss nutcracker, and the other gentlemen in my neighborhood, by nods and gestures, evinced grave approbation of so suitable a tribute to English superiority; and we finished our stave and sat down in an extremely happy frame of mind.

Page 86

Other toasts followed in honor of the great institutions and interests of the country, and speeches in response to each were made by individuals whom the Mayor designated or the company called for. None of them impressed me with a very high idea of English postprandial oratory. It is inconceivable, indeed, what ragged and shapeless utterances most Englishmen are satisfied to give vent to, without attempting anything like artistic shape, but clapping on a patch here and another there, and ultimately getting out what they want to say, and generally with a result of sufficiently good sense, but in some such disorganized mass as if they had thrown it up rather than spoken it. It seemed to me that this was almost as much by choice as necessity. An Englishman, ambitious of public favor, should not be too smooth. If an orator is glib, his countrymen distrust him. They dislike smartness. The stronger and heavier his thoughts, the better, provided there be an element of commonplace running through them; and any rough, yet never vulgar force of expression, such as would knock an opponent down, if it hit him, only it must not be too personal, is altogether to their taste; but a studied neatness of language, or other such superficial graces, they cannot abide. They do not often permit a man to make himself a fine orator of malice aforethought, that is, unless he be a nobleman, (as, for example, Lord Stanley, of the Derby family,) who, as an hereditary legislator and necessarily a public speaker, is bound to remedy a poor natural delivery in the best way he can. On the whole, I partly agree with them, and, if I cared for any oratory whatever, should be as likely to applaud theirs as our own. When an English speaker sits down, you feel that you have been listening to a real man, and not to an actor; his sentiments have a wholesome earth-smell in them, though, very likely, this apparent naturalness is as much an art as what we expend in rounding a sentence or elaborating a peroration.

It is one good effect of this inartificial style, that nobody in England seems to feel any shyness about shovelling the untrimmed and untrimmable ideas out of his mind for the benefit of an audience. At least, nobody did on the occasion now in hand, except a poor little Major of Artillery, who responded for the Army in a thin, quavering voice, with a terribly hesitating trickle of fragmentary ideas, and, I question not, would rather have been bayoneted in front of his batteries than to have said a word. Not his own mouth, but the cannon's, was this poor Major's proper organ of utterance.

While I was thus amiably occupied in criticizing my fellow-guests, the Mayor had got up to propose another toast; and listening rather inattentively to the first sentence or two, I soon became sensible of a drift in his Worship's remarks that made me glance apprehensively towards Sergeant Wilkins. "Yes," grumbled that gruff personage, shoving a decanter of Port towards me, "it is your turn next";

Page 87

and seeing in my face, I suppose, the consternation of a wholly unpractised orator, he kindly added,—“It is nothing. A mere acknowledgment will answer the purpose. The less you say, the better they will like it.” That being the case, I suggested that perhaps they would like it best, if I said nothing at all. But the Sergeant shook his head. Now, on first receiving the Mayor’s invitation to dinner, it had occurred to me that I might possibly be brought into my present predicament; but I had dismissed the idea from my mind as too disagreeable to be entertained, and, moreover, as so alien from my disposition and character that Fate surely could not keep such a misfortune in store for me. If nothing else prevented, an earthquake or the crack of doom would certainly interfere before I need rise to speak. Yet here was the Mayor getting on inexorably,—and, indeed, I heartily wished that he might get on and on forever, and of his wordy wanderings find no end.

If the gentle reader, my kindest friend and closest confidant, deigns to desire it, I can impart to him my own experience as a public speaker quite as indifferently as if it concerned another person. Indeed, it does concern another, or a mere spectral phenomenon, for it was not I, in my proper and natural self, that sat there at table or subsequently rose to speak. At the moment, then, if the choice had been offered me whether the Mayor should let off a speech at my head or a pistol, I should unhesitatingly have taken the latter alternative. I had really nothing to say, not an idea in my head, nor, which was a great deal worse, any flowing words or embroidered sentences in which to dress out that empty Nothing, and give it a cunning aspect of intelligence, such as might last the poor vacuity the little time it had to live. But time pressed; the Mayor brought his remarks, affectionately eulogistic of the United States and highly complimentary to their distinguished representative at that table, to a close, amid a vast deal of cheering; and the band struck up “Hail Columbia,” “Old Hundred,” or “God save the Queen” over again, for anything that I should have known or cared. When the music ceased, there was an intensely disagreeable instant, during which I seemed to rend away and fling off the habit of a lifetime, and rose, still void of ideas, but with preternatural composure, to make a speech. The guests rattled on the table, and cried, “Hear!” most vociferously, as if now, at length, in this foolish and idly garrulous world, had come the long-expected moment when one golden word was to be spoken; and in that imminent crisis, I caught a glimpse of a little bit of an effusion of international sentiment, which it might, and must, and should do to utter.

Page 88

Well; it was nothing, as the Sergeant had said. What surprised me most was the sound of my own voice, which I had never before heard at a declamatory pitch, and which impressed me as belonging to some other person, who, and not myself, would be responsible for the speech: a prodigious consolation and encouragement under the circumstances! I went on without the slightest embarrassment, and sat down amid great applause, wholly undeserved by anything that I had spoken, but well won from Englishmen, methought, by the new development of pluck that alone had enabled me to speak at all. "It was handsomely done!" quoth Sergeant Wilkins; and I felt like a recruit who had been for the first time under fire.

I would gladly have ended my oratorical career then and there forever, but was often placed in a similar or worse position, and compelled to meet it as I best might; for this was one of the necessities of an office which I had voluntarily taken on my shoulders, and beneath which I might be crushed by no moral delinquency on my own part, but could not shirk without cowardice and shame. My subsequent fortune was various. Once, though I felt it to be a kind of imposture, I got a speech by heart, and doubtless it might have been a very pretty one, only I forgot every syllable at the moment of need, and had to improvise another as well as I could. I found it a better method to prearrange a few points in my mind, and trust to the spur of the occasion, and the kind aid of Providence, for enabling me to bring them to bear. The presence of any considerable proportion of personal friends generally dumbfounded me. I would rather have talked with an enemy in the gate. Invariably, too, I was much embarrassed by a small audience, and succeeded better with a large one,—the sympathy of a multitude possessing a buoyant effect, which lifts the speaker a little way out of his individuality and tosses him towards a perhaps better range of sentiment than his private one. Again, if I rose carelessly and confidently, with an expectation of going through the business entirely at my ease, I often found that I had little or nothing to say; whereas, if I came to the scratch in perfect despair, and at a crisis when failure would have been horrible, it once or twice happened that the frightful emergency concentrated my poor faculties, and enabled me to give definite and vigorous expression to sentiments which an instant before looked as vague and far-off as the clouds in the atmosphere. On the whole, poor as my own success may have been, I apprehend that any intelligent man with a tongue possesses the chief requisite of oratorical power, and may develop many of the others, if he deems it worth while to bestow a great amount of labor and pains on an object which the most accomplished orators, I suspect, have not found altogether satisfactory to their highest impulses. At any rate, it must be a remarkably true man who can keep his own elevated conception of truth when the lower feeling of a multitude is assailing his natural sympathies, and who can speak out frankly the best that there is in him, when by adulterating it a little, or a good deal, he knows that he may make it ten times as acceptable to the audience.

Page 89

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This slight article on the civic banquets of England would be too wretchedly imperfect, without an attempted description of a Lord-Mayor's dinner at the Mansion-House in London. I should have preferred the annual feast at Guildhall, but never had the good-fortune to witness it. Once, however, I was honored with an invitation to one of the regular dinners, and gladly accepted it,—taking the precaution, nevertheless, though it hardly seemed necessary, to inform the City-King, through a mutual friend, that I was no fit representative of American eloquence, and must humbly make it a condition that I should not be expected to open my mouth, except for the reception of his Lordship's bountiful hospitality. The reply was gracious and acquiescent; so that I presented myself in the great entrance-hall of the Mansion-House, at half-past six o'clock, in a state of most enjoyable freedom from the pusillanimous apprehensions that often tormented me at such times. The Mansion-House was built in Queen Anne's days, in the very heart of old London, and is a palace worthy of its inhabitant, were he really as great a man as his traditionary state and pomp would seem to indicate. Times are changed, however, since the days of Whittington, or even of Hogarth's Industrious Apprentice, to whom the highest imaginable reward of life-long integrity was a seat in the Lord-Mayor's chair. People nowadays say that the real dignity and importance have perished out of the office, as they do, sooner or later, out of all earthly institutions, leaving only a painted and gilded shell like that of an Easter egg, and that it is only second-rate and third-rate men who now condescend to be ambitious of the Mayoralty. I felt a little grieved at this; for the original emigrants of New England had strong sympathies with the people of London, who were mostly Puritans in religion and Parliamentarians in politics, in the early days of our country; so that the Lord-Mayor was a potentate of huge dimensions in the estimation of our forefathers, and held to be hardly second to the prime-minister of the throne. The true great men of the city now appear to have aims beyond city-greatness, connecting themselves with national politics, and seeking to be identified with the aristocracy of the country.

In the entrance-hall I was received by a body of footmen dressed in a livery of blue and buff, in which they looked wonderfully like American Revolutionary generals, only bedizened with far more lace and embroidery than those simple and grand old heroes ever dreamed of wearing. There were likewise two very imposing figures, whom I should have taken to be military men of rank, being arrayed in scarlet coats and large silver epaulets; but they turned out to be officers of the Lord-Mayor's household, and were now employed in assigning to the guests the places which they were respectively to occupy at the dinner-table. Our names (for I had included myself in a little group of friends) were

Page 90

announced; and ascending the staircase, we met his Lordship in the door-way of the first reception-room, where, also, we had the advantage of a presentation to the Lady-Mayoress. As this distinguished couple retired into private life at the termination of their year of office, it is inadmissible to make any remarks, critical or laudatory, on the manners and bearing of two personages suddenly emerging from a position of respectable mediocrity into one of preeminent dignity within their own sphere. Such individuals almost always seem to grow nearly or quite to the full size of their office. If it were desirable to write an essay on the latent aptitude of ordinary people for grandeur, we have an exemplification in our own country, and on a scale incomparably greater than that of the Mayoralty, though invested with nothing like the outward magnificence that gilds and embroiders the latter. If I have been correctly informed, the Lord-Mayor's salary is exactly double that of the President of the United States, and yet is found very inadequate to his necessary expenditure.

There were two reception-rooms, thrown into one by the opening of wide folding-doors; and though in an old style, and not yet so old as to be venerable, they are remarkably handsome apartments, lofty as well as spacious, with carved ceilings and walls, and at either end a splendid fireplace of white marble, ornamented with sculptured wreaths of flowers and foliage. The company were about three hundred, many of them celebrities in politics, war, literature, and science, though I recollect none preeminently distinguished in either department. But it is certainly a pleasant mode of doing honor to men of literature, for example, who deserve well of the public, yet do not often meet it face to face, thus to bring them together, under genial auspices, in connection with persons of note in other lines. I know not what may be the Lord-Mayor's mode or principle of selecting his guests, nor whether, during his official term, he can proffer his hospitality to every man of noticeable talent in the wide world of London, nor, in fine, whether his Lordship's invitation is much sought for or valued; but it seemed to me that this periodical feast is one of the many sagacious methods which the English have contrived for keeping up a good understanding among different sorts of people. Like most other distinctions of society, however, I presume that the Lord-Mayor's card does not often seek out modest merit, but comes at last when the recipient is conscious of the bore, and doubtful about the honor.

One very pleasant characteristic, which I never met with at any other public or partially public dinner, was the presence of ladies. No doubt, they were principally the wives and daughters of city-magnates; and if we may judge from the many sly allusions in old plays and satirical poems, the city of London has always been famous for the beauty of its women and the reciprocal attractions between them and the

Page 91

men of quality. Be that as it might, while straying hither and thither through those crowded apartments, I saw much reason for modifying certain heterodox opinions which I had imbibed, in my Transatlantic newness and rawness, as regarded the delicate character and frequent occurrence of English beauty. To state the entire truth, (being, at this period, some years old in English life,) my taste, I fear, had long since begun to be deteriorated by acquaintance with other models of feminine loveliness than it was my happiness to know in America. I often found, or seemed to find, if I may dare to confess it, in the persons of such of my dear countrywomen as I now occasionally met, a certain meagreness, (Heaven forbid that I should call it scrawniness!) a deficiency of physical development, a scantiness, so to speak, in the pattern of their material make, a paleness of complexion, a thinness of voice,—all which characteristics, nevertheless, only made me resolve so much the more sturdily to uphold these fair creatures as angels, because I was sometimes driven to a half-acknowledgment, that the English ladies, looked at from a lower point of view, were perhaps a little finer animals than they. The advantages of the latter, if any they could really be said to have, were all comprised in a few additional lumps of clay on their shoulders and other parts of their figures. It would be a pitiful bargain to give up the ethereal charm of American beauty in exchange for half a hundred-weight of human clay!

At a given signal we all found our way into an immense room, called the Egyptian Hall, I know not why, except that the architecture was classic, and as different as possible from the ponderous style of Memphis and the Pyramids. A powerful band played inspiringly as we entered, and a brilliant profusion of light shone down on two long tables, extending the whole length of the hall, and a cross-table between them, occupying nearly its entire breadth. Glass gleamed and silver glistened on an acre or two of snowy damask, over which were set out all the accompaniments of a stately feast. We found our places without much difficulty, and the Lord-Mayor's chaplain implored a blessing on the food,—a ceremony which the English never omit, at a great dinner or a small one, yet consider, I fear, not so much a religious rite as a sort of preliminary relish before the soup.

The soup, of course, on this occasion, was turtle, of which, in accordance with immemorial custom, each guest was allowed two platefuls, in spite of the otherwise immitigable law of table-decorum. Indeed, judging from the proceedings of the gentlemen near me, I surmised that there was no practical limit, except the appetite of the guests and the capacity of the soup-tureens. Not being fond of this civic dainty, I partook of it but once, and then only in accordance with the wise maxim, always to taste a fruit, a wine, or a celebrated dish, at its indigenous site; and the very fountain-head

Page 92

of turtle-soup, I suppose, is in the Lord-Mayor's dinner-pot. It is one of those orthodox customs which people follow for half a century without knowing why, to drink a sip of rum-punch, in a very small tumbler, after the soup. It was excellently well-brewed, and it seemed to me almost worth while to sup the soup for the sake of sipping the punch. The rest of the dinner was catalogued in a bill-of-fare printed on delicate white paper within an arabesque border of green and gold. It looked very good, not only in the English and French names of the numerous dishes, but also in the positive reality of the dishes themselves, which were all set on the table to be carved and distributed by the guests. This ancient and honest method is attended with a good deal of trouble, and a lavish effusion of gravy, yet by no means bestowed or dispensed in vain, because you have thereby the absolute assurance of a banquet actually before your eyes, instead of a shadowy promise in the bill-of-fare, and such meagre fulfilment as a single guest can contrive to get upon his individual plate. I wonder that Englishmen, who are fond of looking at prize-oxen in the shape of butcher's-meat, do not generally better estimate the aesthetic gormandism of devouring the whole dinner with their eyesight, before proceeding to nibble the comparatively few morsels which, after all, the most heroic appetite and widest stomachic capacity of mere mortals can enable even an alderman really to eat. There fell to my lot three delectable things enough, which I take pains to remember, that the reader may not go away wholly unsatisfied from the Barmecide feast to which I have bidden him,—a red mullet, a plate of mushrooms, exquisitely stewed, and part of a ptarmigan, a bird of the same family as the grouse, but feeding high up towards the summit of the Scotch mountains, whence it gets a wild delicacy of flavor very superior to that of the artificially nurtured English game-fowl. All the other dainties have vanished from my memory as completely as those of Prospero's banquet after Ariel had clapped his wings over it. The band played at intervals, inspiriting us to new efforts, as did likewise the sparkling wines which the footmen supplied from an inexhaustible cellar, and which the guests quaffed with little apparent reference to the disagreeable fact that there comes a to-morrow morning after every feast. As long as that shall be the case, a prudent man can never have full enjoyment of his dinner.

Nearly opposite to me, on the other side of the table, sat a young lady in white, whom I am sorely tempted to describe, but dare not, because not only the supereminence of her beauty, but its peculiar character, would cause the sketch to be recognized, however rudely it might be drawn. I hardly thought that there existed such a woman outside of a picture-frame, or the covers of a romance: not that I had ever met with her resemblance even there, but, being so distinct and singular an apparition, she seemed likelier to find

Page 93

her sisterhood in poetry and picture than in real life. Let us turn away from her, lest a touch too apt should compel her stately and cold and soft and womanly grace to gleam out upon my page with a strange repulsion and unattainableness in the very spell that made her beautiful. At her side, and familiarly attentive to her, sat a gentleman of whom I remember only a hard outline of the nose and forehead, and such a monstrous portent of a beard that you could discover no symptom of a mouth, except when he opened it to speak, or to put in a morsel of food. Then, indeed, you suddenly became aware of a cave hidden behind the impervious and darksome shrubbery. There could be no doubt who this gentleman and lady were. Any child would have recognized them at a glance. It was Bluebeard and a new wife (the loveliest of the series, but with already a mysterious gloom overshadowing her fair young brow) travelling in their honey-moon, and dining, among other distinguished strangers, at the Lord-Mayor's table.

After an hour or two of valiant achievement with knife and fork came the dessert; and at the point of the festival where finger-glasses are usually introduced, a large silver basin was carried round to the guests, containing rose-water, into which we dipped the ends of our napkins and were conscious of a delightful fragrance, instead of that heavy and weary odor, the hateful ghost of a defunct dinner. This seems to be an ancient custom of the city, not confined to the Lord-Mayor's table, but never met with westward of Temple Bar.

During all the feast, in accordance with another ancient custom, the origin or purport of which I do not remember to have heard, there stood a man in armor, with a helmet on his head, behind his Lordship's chair. When the after-dinner wine was placed on the table, still another official personage appeared behind the chair, and proceeded to make a solemn and sonorous proclamation, (in which he enumerated the principal guests, comprising three or four noblemen, several baronets, and plenty of generals, members of Parliament, aldermen, and other names of the illustrious, one of which sounded strangely familiar to my ears,) ending in some such style as this: "and other gentlemen and ladies, here present, the Lord-Mayor drinks to you all in a loving-cup,"—giving a sort of sentimental twang to the two words,—“and sends it round among you!” And forthwith the loving-cup—several of them, indeed, on each side of the tables—came slowly down with all the antique ceremony.

The fashion of it is thus. The Lord-Mayor, standing up and taking the covered cup in both hands, presents it to the guest at his elbow, who likewise rises, and removes the cover for his Lordship to drink, which being successfully accomplished, the guest replaces the cover and receives the cup into his own hands. He then presents it to his next neighbor, that the cover may be again removed for himself to take a draught, after which the third person goes through a similar

Page 94

manoeuvre with a fourth, and he with a fifth, until the whole company find themselves inextricably intertwined and entangled in one complicated chain of love. When the cup came to my hands, I examined it critically, both inside and out, and perceived it to be an antique and richly ornamented silver goblet, capable of holding about a quart of wine. Considering how much trouble we all expended in getting the cup to our lips, the guests appeared to content themselves with wonderfully moderate potations. In truth, nearly or quite the original quart of wine being still in the goblet, it seemed doubtful whether any of the company had more than barely touched the silver rim before passing it to their neighbors,—a degree of abstinence that might be accounted for by a fastidious repugnance to so many compotators in one cup, or possibly by a disapprobation of the liquor. Being curious to know all about these important matters, with a view of recommending to my countrymen whatever they might usefully adopt, I drank an honest sip from the loving-cup, and had no occasion for another,—ascertaining it to be Claret of a poor original quality, largely mingled with water, and spiced and sweetened. It was good enough, however, for a merely spectral or ceremonial drink, and could never have been intended for any better purpose.

The toasts now began in the customary order, attended with speeches neither more nor less witty and ingenious than the specimens of table-eloquence which had heretofore delighted me. As preparatory to each new display, the herald, or whatever he was, behind the chair of state, gave awful notice that the Right Honorable the Lord-Mayor was about to propose a toast. His Lordship being happily delivered thereof, together with some accompanying remarks, the band played an appropriate tune, and the herald again issued proclamation to the effect that such or such a nobleman, or gentleman, general, dignified clergyman, or what not, was going to respond to the Right Honorable the Lord-Mayor's toast; then, if I mistake not, there was another prodigious flourish of trumpets and twanging of stringed instruments; and finally the doomed individual, waiting all this while to be decapitated, got up and proceeded to make a fool of himself. A bashful young earl tried his maiden oratory on the good citizens of London, and having evidently got every word by heart, (even including, however he managed it, the most seemingly casual improvisations of the moment,) he really spoke like a book, and made incomparably the smoothest speech I ever heard in England.

The weight and gravity of the speakers, not only on this occasion, but all similar ones, was what impressed me as most extraordinary, not to say absurd. Why should people eat a good dinner, and put their spirits into festive trim with Champagne, and afterwards mellow themselves into a most enjoyable state of quietude with copious libations of Sherry and old Port, and then disturb the whole excellent result by listening

Page 95

to speeches as heavy as an after-dinner nap, and in no degree so refreshing? If the Champagne had thrown its sparkle over the surface of these effusions, or if the generous Port had shone through their substance with a ruddy glow of the old English humor, I might have seen a reason for honest gentlemen prattling in their cups, and should undoubtedly have been glad to be a listener. But there was no attempt nor impulse of the kind on the part of the orators, nor apparent expectation of such a phenomenon on that of the audience. In fact, I imagine that the latter were best pleased when the speaker embodied his ideas in the figurative language of arithmetic, or struck upon any hard matter of business or statistics, as a heavy-laden bark bumps upon a rock in mid-ocean. The sad severity, the too earnest utilitarianism, of modern life, have wrought a radical and lamentable change, I am afraid, in this ancient and goodly institution of civic banquets. People used to come to them, a few hundred years ago, for the sake of being jolly; they come now with an odd notion of pouring sober wisdom into their wine by way of wormwood-bitters, and thus make such a mess of it that the wine and wisdom reciprocally spoil one another.

Possibly, the foregoing sentiments have taken a spice of acridity from a circumstance that happened about this stage of the feast, and very much interrupted my own further enjoyment of it. Up to this time, my condition had been exceedingly felicitous, both on account of the brilliancy of the scene, and because I was in close proximity with three very pleasant English friends. One of them was a lady, whose honored name my readers would recognize as a household word, if I dared write it; another, a gentleman, likewise well known to them, whose fine taste, kind heart, and genial cultivation are qualities seldom mixed in such happy proportion as in him. The third was the man to whom I owed most in England, the warm benignity of whose nature was never weary of doing me good, who led me to many scenes of life, in town, camp, and country, which I never could have found out for myself, who knew precisely the kind of help a stranger needs, and gave it as freely as if he had not had a thousand more important things to live for. Thus I never felt safer or cozier at anybody's fireside, even my own, than at the dinner-table of the Lord-Mayor.

Out of this serene sky came a thunderbolt. His Lordship got up and proceeded to make some very eulogistic remarks upon "the literary and commercial"—I question whether those two adjectives were ever before married by a copulative conjunction, and they certainly would not live together in illicit intercourse, of their own accord—"the literary and commercial attainments of an eminent gentleman there present," and then went on to speak of the relations of blood and interest between Great Britain and the aforesaid eminent gentleman's native country. Those bonds were more intimate than had ever before

Page 96

existed between two great nations, throughout all history, and his Lordship felt assured that that whole honorable company would join him in the expression of a fervent wish that they might be held inviolably sacred, on both sides of the Atlantic, now and forever. Then came the same wearisome old toast, dry and hard to chew upon as a musty sea-biscuit, which had been the text of nearly all the oratory of my public career. The herald sonorously announced that Mr. So-and-so would now respond to his Right Honorable Lordship's toast and speech, the trumpets sounded the customary flourish for the onset, there was a thunderous rumble of anticipatory applause, and finally a deep silence sank upon the festive hall.

All this was a horrid piece of treachery on the Lord-Mayor's part, after beguiling me within his lines on a pledge of safe-conduct; and it seemed very strange that he could not let an unobtrusive individual eat his dinner in peace, drink a small sample of the Mansion-House wine, and go away grateful at heart for the old English hospitality. If his Lordship had sent me an infusion of ratsbane in the loving-cup, I should have taken it much more kindly at his hands. But I suppose the secret of the matter to have been somewhat as follows.

All England, just then, was in one of those singular fits of panic excitement, (not fear, though as sensitive and tremulous as that emotion,) which, in consequence of the homogeneous character of the people, their intense patriotism, and their dependence for their ideas in public affairs on other sources than their own examination and individual thought, are more sudden, pervasive, and unreasoning than any similar mood of our own public. In truth, I have never seen the American public in a state at all similar, and believe that we are incapable of it. Our excitements are not impulsive, like theirs, but, right or wrong, are moral and intellectual. For example, the grand rising of the North, at the commencement of this war, bore the aspect of impulse and passion only because it was so universal, and necessarily done in a moment, just as the quiet and simultaneous getting-up of a thousand people out of their chairs would cause a tumult that might be mistaken for a storm. We were cool then, and have been cool ever since, and shall remain cool to the end, which we shall take coolly, whatever it may be. There is nothing which the English find it so difficult to understand in us as this characteristic. They imagine us, in our collective capacity, a kind of wild beast, whose normal condition is savage fury, and are always looking for the moment when we shall break through the slender barriers of international law and comity, and compel the reasonable part of the world, with themselves at the head, to combine for the purpose of putting us into a stronger cage. At times this apprehension becomes so powerful, (and when one man feels it, a million do,) that it resembles the passage of the wind over a broad field of grain, where

Page 97

you see the whole crop bending and swaying beneath one impulse, and each separate stalk tossing with the self-same disturbance as its myriad companions. At such periods all Englishmen talk with a terrible identity of sentiment and expression. You have the whole country in each man; and not one of them all, if you put him strictly to the question, can give a reasonable ground for his alarm. There are but two nations in the world—our own country and France—that can put England into this singular state. It is the united sensitiveness of a people extremely well-to-do, most anxious for the preservation of the cumbrous and moss-grown prosperity which they have been so long in consolidating, and incompetent (owing to the national half-sightedness, and their habit of trusting to a few leading minds for their public opinion) to judge when that prosperity is really threatened.

If the English were accustomed to look at the foreign side of any international dispute, they might easily have satisfied themselves that there was very little danger of a war at that particular crisis, from the simple circumstance that their own Government had positively not an inch of honest ground to stand upon, and could not fail to be aware of the fact. Neither could they have met Parliament with any show of a justification for incurring war. It was no such perilous juncture as exists now, when law and right are really controverted on sustainable or plausible grounds, and a naval commander may at any moment fire off the first cannon of a terrible contest. If I remember it correctly, it was a mere diplomatic squabble, which the British ministers, with the politic generosity which they are in the habit of showing towards their official subordinates, had tried to browbeat us for the purpose of sustaining an ambassador in an indefensible proceeding; and the American Government (for God had not denied us an administration of Statesmen then) had retaliated with stanch courage and exquisite skill, putting inevitably a cruel mortification upon their opponents, but indulging them with no pretence whatever for active resentment.

Now the Lord-Mayor, like any other Englishman, probably fancied that War was on the western gale, and was glad to lay hold of even so insignificant an American as myself, who might be made to harp on the rusty old strings of national sympathies, identity of blood and interest, and community of language and literature, and whisper peace where there was no peace, in however weak an utterance. And possibly his Lordship thought, in his wisdom, that the good feeling which was sure to be expressed by a company of well-bred Englishmen, at his august and far-famed dinner-table, might have an appreciable influence on the grand result. Thus, when the Lord-Mayor invited me to his feast, it was a piece of strategy. He wanted to induce me to fling myself, like a lesser Curtius, with a larger object of self-sacrifice, into the chasm of discord between England and America, and, on my ignominious

Page 98

demur, had resolved to shove me in with his own right-honorable hands, in the hope of closing up the horrible pit forever. On the whole, I forgive his Lordship. He meant well by all parties,—himself, who would share the glory, and me, who ought to have desired nothing better than such an heroic opportunity,—his own country, which would continue to get cotton and breadstuffs, and mine, which would get everything that men work with and wear.

As soon as the Lord-Mayor began to speak, I rapped upon my mind, and it gave forth a hollow sound, being absolutely empty of appropriate ideas. I never thought of listening to the speech, because I knew it all beforehand in twenty repetitions from other lips, and was aware that it would not offer a single suggestive point. In this dilemma, I turned to one of my three friends, a gentleman whom I knew to possess an enviable flow of silver speech, and obtested him, by whatever he deemed holiest, to give me at least an available thought or two to start with, and, once afloat, I would trust to my guardian-angel for enabling me to flounder ashore again. He advised me to begin with some remarks complimentary to the Lord-Mayor, and expressive of the hereditary reverence in which his office was held—at least, my friend thought that there would be no harm in giving his Lordship this little sugar-plum, whether quite the fact or no—was held by the descendants of the Puritan forefathers. Thence, if I liked, getting flexible with the oil of my own eloquence, I might easily slide off into the momentous subject of the relations between England and America, to which his Lordship had made such weighty allusion.

Seizing this handful of straw with a death-grip, and bidding my three friends bury me honorably, I got upon my legs to save both countries, or perish in the attempt. The tables roared and thundered at me, and suddenly were silent again. But, as I have never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity and peril, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close the sketch, leaving myself still erect in so heroic an attitude.

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THE GEOLOGICAL MIDDLE AGE.

I shall pass lightly over the Permian and Triassic epochs, as being more nearly related in their organic forms to the Carboniferous epoch, with which we are already somewhat familiar, while in those next in succession, the Jurassic and Cretaceous epochs, the later conditions of animal life begin to be already foreshadowed. But though less significant for us in the present stage of our discussion, it must not be supposed that the Permian and Triassic epochs were unimportant in the physical and organic history of Europe. A glance at any geological map of Europe will show the reader how the Belgian island stretched gradually in a southwesterly direction during the Permian epoch, approaching the coast of France by slowly increasing accumulations, and thus filling

Page 99

the Burgundian channel; a wide border of Permian deposits around the coal-field of Great Britain marks the increase of this region also during the same time, and a very extensive tract of a like character is to be seen in Russia. The latter is, however, still under doubt and discussion among geologists, and more recent investigations tend to show that this Russian region, supposed at first to be exclusively Permian, is at least in part Triassic.

With the coming in of the Triassic epoch began the great deposits of Red Sandstone, Muschel-Kalk, and Keuper, in Central Europe. They united the Belgian island to the region of the Vosges and the Black Forest, while they also filled to a great extent the channel between Belgium and the Bohemian island. Thus the land slowly gained upon the Triassic ocean, shutting it within ever-narrowing limits, and preparing the large inland seas so characteristic of the later Secondary times. The character of the organic world still retained a general resemblance to that of the Carboniferous epoch. Among Radiates, the Corals were more nearly allied to those of the earlier ages than to those of modern times, and Crinoids abounded still, though some of the higher Echinoderm types were already introduced. Among Mollusks, the lower Bivalves, that is, the Brachiopods and Bryozoa, still prevailed, while Ammonites continued to be very numerous, differing from the earlier ones chiefly in the ever-increasing complications of their inner partitions, which become so deeply involuted and cut upon their margins, before the type disappears, as to make an intricate tracery of very various patterns on the surface of these shells. The most conspicuous type of Articulates continues as before to be that of Crustacea; but Trilobites have finished their career, and the Lobster-like Crustacea make their appearance for the first time. It does not seem that the class of Insects has greatly increased since the Carboniferous epoch; and Worms are still as difficult to trace as ever, being chiefly known by the cases in which they sheltered themselves. Among Vertebrates, the Fishes still resemble those of the Carboniferous epoch, belonging principally to the Selachians and Ganoids. They have, however, approached somewhat toward a modern pattern, the lobes of the tail being more evenly cut, and their general outline more like that of common fishes. The gigantic marsh Reptiles have become far more numerous and various. They continue through several epochs, but may be said to reach their culminating point in the Jurassic and Cretaceous deposits.

I cannot pass over the Triassic epoch without some allusion to the so-called bird-tracks, so generally believed to mark the introduction of Birds at this time. It is true that in the deposits of the Trias there have been found many traces of footsteps, indicating a vast number of animals which, except for these footprints, remain unknown to us. In the sandstone of the Connecticut Valley they are found in extraordinary

Page 100

numbers, as if these animals, whatever they were, had been in the habit of frequenting that shore. They appear to have been very diversified; for some of the tracks are very large, others quite small, while some would seem, from the way in which the footsteps follow each other, to have been quadrupedal, and others bipedal. We can even measure the length of their strides, following the impressions which, from their succession in a continuous line, mark the walk of a single animal.[10] The fact that we find these footprints without any bones or other remains to indicate the animals by which they were made is accounted for by the mode of deposition of the sandstone. It is very unfavorable for the preservation of bones; but, being composed of minute sand mixed with mud, it affords an admirable substance for the reception of these impressions, which have been thus cast in a mould, as it were, and preserved through ages. These animals must have been large, when full-grown, for we find strides measuring six feet between, evidently belonging to the same animal. In the quadrupedal tracks, the front feet seem to have been smaller than the hind ones. Some of the tracks show four toes all turned forward, while in others three toes are turned forward and one backward. It happened that the first tracks found belonged to the latter class; and they very naturally gave rise to the idea that these impressions were made by birds, on account of this formation of the foot. This, however, is a mere inference; and since the inductive method is the only true one in science, it seems to me that we should turn to the facts we have in our possession for the explanation of these mysterious footprints, rather than endeavor to supply by assumption those which we have not. As there are no bones found in connection with these tracks, the only way to arrive at their true character, in the present state of our knowledge, is by comparing them with bones found in other localities in the deposits of the same period in the world's history. Now there have never been found in the Trias any remains of Birds, while it contains innumerable bones of Reptiles; and therefore I think that it is in the latter class that we shall eventually find the solution of this mystery.

[Footnote 10: For all details respecting these tracks see Hitchcock's *Ichnology of New England*. Boston, 1858. 4to.]

It is true that the bones of the Triassic Reptiles are scattered and disconnected; no complete skeleton has yet been discovered, nor has any foot been found; so that no direct comparison can be made with the steps. It is, however, my belief, from all we know of the character of the Animal Kingdom in those days, that these animals were reptilian, but combined, like so many of the early types, characters of their own class with those of higher animals yet to come. It seems to me probable, that, in those tracks where one toe is turned backward, the impression is made not by a toe, but by a heel, or by a long sole projecting

Page 101

backward; for it is not pointed, like those of the front toes, but is blunt. It is true that there is a division of joints in the toes, which seems in favor of the idea that they were those of Birds; for when the three toes are turned forward, there are two joints on the inner one, three on the middle, and four on the outer one, as in Birds. But this feature is not peculiar to Birds; it is found in Turtles also. The correspondence of these footprints with each other leaves no doubt that they were all by one kind of animal; for both the bipedal and the quadrupedal tracks have the same character. The only quadrupedal animals now known to us which walk on two legs are the Kangaroos. They raise themselves on their hind legs, using the front ones to bring their food to their mouth. They leap with the hind legs, sometimes bringing down their front feet to steady themselves after the spring, and making use also of their tails, to balance the body after leaping. In these tracks we find traces of a tail between the feet. I do not bring this forward as any evidence that these animals were allied to Kangaroos, since I believe that nothing is more injurious in science than assumptions which do not rest on a broad basis of facts; but I wish only to show that these tracks recall other animals besides Birds, with which they have been universally associated. And seeing, as we do, that so many of the early types prophesy future forms, it seems not improbable that they may have belonged to animals which combined with reptilian characters some birdlike features, and also some features of the earliest and lowest group of Mammalia, the Marsupials. To sum up my opinion respecting these footmarks, I believe that they were made by animals of a prophetic type, belonging to the class of Reptiles, and exhibiting many synthetic characters.

The more closely we study past creations, the more impressive and significant do the synthetic types, presenting features of the higher classes under the guise of the lower ones, become. They hold the promise of the future. As the opening overture of an opera contains all the musical elements to be therein developed, so this living prelude of the Creative work comprises all the organic elements to be successively developed in the course of time. When Cuvier first saw the teeth of a Wealden Reptile, he pronounced them to be those of a Rhinoceros, so mammalian were they in their character. So, when Sommering first saw the remains of a Jurassic Pterodactyl, he pronounced them to be those of a Bird. These mistakes were not due to a superficial judgment in men who knew Nature so well, but to this prophetic character in the early types themselves, in which features were united never known to exist together in our days.

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Page 102

The Jurassic epoch, next in succession, was a very important one in the history of Europe. It completed the junction of several of the larger islands, filling the channel between the central plateau of France and the Belgian island, as well as that between the former and the island of Bretagne, so that France was now a sort of crescent of land holding a Jurassic sea in its centre, Bretagne and Belgium forming the two horns. This Jurassic basin or inland sea united England and France, and it may not be amiss to say a word here of its subsequent transformations. During the long succession of Jurassic periods, the deposits of that epoch, chiefly limestone and clays, with here and there a bed of sand, were accumulated at its bottom. Upon these followed the chalk deposits of the Cretaceous epoch, until the basin was gradually filled, and partially, at least, turned to dry land. But at the close of the Cretaceous epoch a fissure was formed, allowing the entrance of the sea at the western end, so that the constant washing of the tides and storms wore away the lower, softer deposits, leaving the overhanging chalk cliffs unsupported. These latter, as their support were undermined, crumbled down, thus widening the channel gradually. This process must, of course, have gone on more rapidly at the western end, where the sea rushed on with most force, till the channel was worn through to the German Ocean on the other side, and the sea then began to act with like power at both ends of the channel. This explains its form, wider at the western end, narrower between Dover and Calais, and widening again at the eastern extremity. This ancient basin, extending from the centre of France into England, is rich in the remains of a number of successive epochs. Around its margin we find the Jurassic deposits, showing that there must have been some changes of level which raised the shores and prevented later accumulations from covering them, while in the centre the Jurassic deposits are concealed by those of the Cretaceous epoch above them, these being also partially hidden under the later Tertiary beds. Let us see, then, what this inland sea has to tell us of the organic world in the Jurassic epoch.

At that time the region where Lyme-Regis is now situated in modern England was an estuary on the shore of that ancient sea. About forty years ago a discovery of large and curious bones, belonging to some animal unknown to the scientific world, turned the attention of naturalists to this locality, and since then such a quantity and variety of such remains have been found in the neighborhood as to show that the Sharks, Whales, Porpoises, *etc.*, of the present ocean are not more numerous and diversified than were the inhabitants of this old bay or inlet. Among these animals, the Ichthyosauri (Fish-Lizards) form one of the best-known and most prominent groups. They are chiefly found in the Lias, the lowest set of beds of the Jurassic deposits, and seem to have come in with the close

Page 103

of the Triassic epoch. It is greatly to be regretted that all that is known of the Triassic Reptiles antecedent to the Ichthyosauri still remains in the form of original papers, and is not yet embodied in text-books. They are quite as interesting, as curious, and as diversified as those of the Jurassic epoch, which are, however, much more extensively known, on account of the large collections of these animals belonging to the British Museum. It will be more easy to understand the structural relations of the latter, and their true position in the Animal Kingdom, when those which preceded them are better understood. One of the most remarkable and numerous of these Triassic Reptiles seems to have been an animal resembling, in the form of the head, and in the two articulating surfaces at the juncture of the head with the backbone, the Frogs and Salamanders, though its teeth are like those of a Crocodile. As yet nothing has been found of these animals except the head,—neither the backbone nor the limbs; so that little is known of their general structure.

[Illustration: Fig. 1. An Ichthyosaurus.]

The Ichthyosauri (Figure 1) must have been very large, seven or eight feet being the ordinary length, while specimens measuring from twenty to thirty feet are not uncommon. The large head is pointed, like that of the Porpoise; the jaws contain a number of conical teeth, of reptilian form and character; the eyeball was very large, as may be seen by the socket, and it was supported by pieces of bone, such as we find now only in the eyes of birds of prey and in the bony fishes. The ribs begin at the neck and continue to the tail, and there is no distinction between head and neck, as in most Reptiles, but a continuous outline, as in Fishes. They had four limbs, not divided into fingers, but forming mere paddles. Yet fingers seem to be hinted at in these paddles, though not developed, for the bones are in parallel rows, as if to mark what might be such a division. The back-bones are short, but very high, and the surfaces of articulation are hollow, conical cavities, as in Fishes, instead of ball-and-socket joints, as in Reptiles. The ribs are more complicated than in Vertebrates generally: they consist of several pieces, and the breast-bone is formed of a number of bones, making together quite an intricate bony net-work. There is only one living animal, the Crocodile, characterized by this peculiar structure of the breast-bone. The Ichthyosaurus is, indeed, one of the most remarkable of the synthetic types: by the shape of its head one would associate it with the Porpoises, while by its paddles and its long tail it reminds one of the whole group of Cetaceans to which the Porpoises belong; by its crocodilian teeth, its ribs, and its breast-bone, it seems allied to Reptiles; and by its uniform neck, not distinguished from the body, and the structure of the backbone, it recalls the Fishes.

[Illustration: Fig. 2. A Plesiosaurus.]

Page 104

Another most curious member of this group is the Plesiosaurus, odd Saurian (Figure 2). By its disproportionately long and flexible neck, and its small, flat head, it unquestionably foreshadows the Serpents, while by the structure of the backbone, the limbs, and the tail, it is closely allied with the Ichthyosaurus. Its flappers are, however, more slender, less clumsy, and were, no doubt, adapted to more rapid motion than the fins of the Ichthyosaurus, while its tail is shorter in proportion to the whole length of the animal. It seems probable, from its general structure, that the Ichthyosaurus moved like a Fish, chiefly by the flapping of the tail, aided by the fins, while in the Plesiosaurus the tail must have been much less efficient as a locomotive organ, and the long, snake-like, flexible neck no doubt rendered the whole body more agile and rapid in its movements. In comparing the two, it may be said, that, as a whole, the Ichthyosaurus, though belonging by its structure to the class of Reptiles, has a closer external resemblance to the Fishes, while the Plesiosaurus is more decidedly reptilian in character. If there exists any animal in our waters, not yet known to naturalists, answering to the descriptions of the "Sea-Serpent," it must be closely allied to the Plesiosaurus. The occurrence in the fresh waters of North America of a Fish, the *Lepidosteus*, which is closely allied to the fossil Fishes found with the Plesiosaurus in the Jurassic beds, renders such a supposition probable.

[Illustration: Fig. 3. A Pterodactylus.]

Of all these strange old forms, so singularly uniting features of Fishes and Reptiles, none has given rise to more discussion than the Pterodactylus, (Figure 3,) another of the Saurian tribe, associated, however, with Birds by some naturalists, on account of its large wing-like appendages. From the extraordinary length of its anterior limbs, they have generally been described as wings, and the animal is usually represented as a flying Reptile. But if we consider its whole structure, this does not seem probable, and I believe it to have been an essentially aquatic animal, moving after the fashion of the Sea-Turtle. Its so-called wings resemble in structure the front paddles of the Sea-Turtles far more than the wings of a Bird; differing from them, indeed, only by the extraordinary length of the inner toe, while the outer ones are comparatively much shorter. But, notwithstanding this difference, the hand of the Pterodactylus is constructed like that of an aquatic swimming marine Reptile; and I believe, that, if we represent it with its long neck stretched upon the water, its large head furnished with powerful, well-armed jaws, ready to dive after the innumerable smaller animals living in the same ocean, we shall have a more natural picture of its habits than if we consider it as a flying animal, which it is generally supposed to have been. It has not the powerful breast-bone, with the large projecting keel along the

Page 105

middle line, such as exists in all the flying animals. Its breast-bone, on the contrary, is thin and flat, like that of the present Sea-Turtle; and if it moved through the water by the help of its long flappers, as the Sea-Turtle does now, it could well dispense with that powerful construction of the breast-bone so essential to all animals which fly through the air. Again, the powerful teeth, long and conical, placed at considerable intervals in the jaw, constitute a feature common to all predaceous aquatic animals, and would seem to have been utterly useless in a flying animal at that time, since there were no aerial beings of any size to prey upon. The Dragon-Flies found in the same deposits with the Pterodactylus were certainly not a game requiring so powerful a battery of attack.

The Fishes of the Jurassic sea were exceedingly numerous, but were all of the Ganoid and Selachian tribes. It would weary the reader, were I to introduce here any detailed description of them, but they were as numerous and varied as those living in our present waters. There was the Hybodus, with the marked furrows on the spines and the strong hooks along their margin,—the huge Chimera, with its long whip, its curved bone over the back, and its parrot-like bill,—the Lepidotus, with its large square scales, its large head, its numerous rows of teeth, one within another, forming a powerful grinding apparatus,—the Microdon, with its round, flat body, its jaw paved with small grinding teeth,—the swift Aspidorhynchus, with its long, slender body and massive tail, enabling it to strike the water powerfully and dart forward with great rapidity. There were also a host of small Fishes, comparing with those above mentioned as our Perch, Herring, Smelts, *etc.*, compare with our larger Fishes; but, whatever their size or form, all the Fishes of those days had the same hard scales fitting to each other by hooks, instead of the thin membranous scales overlapping each other at the edge, like the common Fishes of more modern times. The smaller Fishes, no doubt, afforded food to the larger ones, and to the aquatic Reptiles. Indeed, in parts of the intestines of the Ichthyosauri, and in their petrified excrements, have been found the scales and teeth of these smaller Fishes perfectly preserved. It is amazing that we can learn so much of the habits of life of these past creatures, and know even what was the food of animals existing countless ages before man was created.

There are traces of Mammalia in the Jurassic deposits, but they were of those inferior kinds known now as Marsupials, and no complete specimens have yet been found.

Page 106

The Articulates were largely represented in this epoch. There were already in the vegetation a number of Gymnosperms, affording more favorable nourishment for Insects than the forests of earlier times; and we accordingly find that class in larger numbers than ever before, though still meagre in comparison with its present representation. Crustacea were numerous,—those of the Shrimp and Lobster kinds prevailing, though in some of the Lobsters we have the first advance towards the highest class of Crustacea in the expansion of the transverse diameter now so characteristic of the Crabs. Among Mollusks we have a host of gigantic Ammonites; and the naked Cephalopods, which were in later times to become the prominent representatives of that class, already begin to make their appearance. Among Radiates, some of the higher kinds of Echinoderms, the Ophiurans and Echinolds, take the place of the Crinoids, and the Acalephian Corals give way to the Astraeal and Meandrina-like types, resembling the Reef-Builders of the present time.

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I have spoken especially of the inhabitants of the Jurassic sea lying between England and France, because it was there that were first found the remains of some of the most remarkable and largest Jurassic animals. But wherever these deposits have been investigated, the remains contained in them reveal the same organic character, though, of course, we find the land Reptiles only where there happen to have been marshes, the aquatic Saurians wherever large estuaries or bays gave them an opportunity of coming in near shore, so that their bones were preserved in the accumulations of mud or clay constantly collecting in such localities,—the Crustacea, Shells, or Sea-Urchins on the old sea-beaches, the Corals in the neighborhood of coral reefs, and so on. In short, the distribution of animals then as now was in accordance with their nature and habits, and we shall seek vainly for them in the localities where they did not belong.

But when I say that the character of the Jurassic animals is the same, I mean, that, wherever a Jurassic sea-shore occurs, be it in France, Germany, England, or elsewhere throughout the world, the Shells, Crustacea, or other animals found upon it have a special character, and are not to be confounded by any one thoroughly acquainted with these fossils with the Shells or Crustacea of any preceding or subsequent time,—that, where a Jurassic marsh exists, the land Reptiles inhabiting it are Jurassic, and neither Triassic nor Cretaceous,—that a Jurassic coral reef is built of Corals belonging as distinctly to the Jurassic creation as the Corals on the Florida reefs belong to the present creation,—that, where some Jurassic bay or inlet is disclosed to us with the Fishes anciently inhabiting it, they are as characteristic of their time as are the Fishes of Massachusetts Bay now.

Page 107

And not only so, but, while this unity of creation prevails throughout the entire epoch as a whole, there is the same variety of geographical distribution, the same circumscription of faunae within distinct zoological provinces, as at the present time. The Fishes of Massachusetts Bay are not the same as those of Chesapeake Bay, nor those of Chesapeake Bay the same as those of Pamlico Sound, nor those of Pamlico Sound the same as those of the Florida coast. This division of the surface of the earth into given areas within which certain combinations of animals and plants are confined is not peculiar to the present creation, but has prevailed in all times, though with ever-increasing diversity, as the surface of the earth itself assumed a greater variety of climatic conditions. D'Orbigny and others were mistaken in assuming that faunal differences have been introduced only in the last geological epochs. Besides these adjoining zoological faunae, each epoch is divided, as we have seen, into a number of periods, occupying successive levels one above another, and differing specifically from each other in time as zoological provinces differ from each other in space. In short, every epoch is to be looked upon from two points of view: as a unit, complete in itself, having one character throughout, and as a stage in the progressive history of the world, forming part of an organic whole.

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As the Jurassic epoch was ushered in by the upheaval of the Jura, so its close was marked by the upheaval of that system of mountains called the Cote d'Or. With this latter upheaval began the Cretaceous epoch, which we will examine with special reference to its subdivision into periods, since the periods in this epoch have been clearly distinguished, and investigated with especial care. I have alluded in the preceding article to the immediate contact of the Jurassic and Cretaceous epochs in Switzerland, affording peculiar facilities for the direct comparison of their organic remains. But the Cretaceous deposits are well known, not only in this inland sea of ancient Switzerland, but in a number of European basins, in France, in the Pyrenees, on the Mediterranean shores, and also in Syria, Egypt, India, and Southern Africa, as well as on our own continent. In all these localities, the Cretaceous remains, like those of the Jurassic epoch, have one organic character, distinct and unique. This fact is especially significant, because the contact of their respective deposits is in many localities so immediate and continuous that it affords an admirable test for the development-theory. If this is the true mode of origin of animals, those of the later Jurassic beds must be the progenitors of those of the earlier Cretaceous deposits. Let us see now how far this agrees with our knowledge of the physiological laws of development.

Page 108

Take first the class of Fishes. We have seen that in the Jurassic periods there were none of our common Fishes, none corresponding to our Herring, Pickerel, Mackerel, and the like,—no Fishes, in short, with thin membranous scales, but that the class was represented exclusively by those with hard, flint-like scales. In the Cretaceous epoch, however, we come suddenly upon a horde of Fishes corresponding to our smaller common Fishes of the Pickerel and Herring tribes, but principally of the kinds found now in tropical waters; there are none like our Cods, Haddocks, *etc.*, such as are found at present in the colder seas. The Fishes of the Jurassic epoch corresponding to our Sharks and Skates and Gar-Pikes still exist, but in much smaller proportion, while these more modern kinds are very numerous. Indeed, a classification of the Cretaceous Fishes would correspond very nearly to one founded on those now living. Shall we, then, suppose that the large reptilian Fishes of the Jurassic time began suddenly to lay numerous broods of these smaller, more modern, scaly Fishes? And shall we account for the diminution of the previous forms by supposing that in order to give a fair chance to the new kinds they brought them forth in large numbers, while they reproduced their own kind less abundantly? According to very careful estimates, if we accept this view, the progeny of the Jurassic Fishes must have borne a proportion of about ninety per cent, of entirely new types to some ten per cent, of those resembling the parents. One would like a fact or two on which to rest so very extraordinary a reversal of all known physiological laws of reproduction, but, unhappily, there is not one.

Still more unaccountable, upon any theory of development according to ordinary laws of reproduction, are those unique, isolated types limited to a single epoch, or sometimes even to a single period. There are some very remarkable instances of this in the Cretaceous deposits. To make my statement clearer, I will say a word of the sequence of these deposits and their division into periods.

These Cretaceous beds were at first divided only into three sets, called the Neocomian, or lower deposits, the Green-Sands, or middle deposits, and the Chalk, or upper deposits. The Neocomian, the lower division, was afterwards subdivided into three sets of beds, called the Lower, Middle, and Upper Neocomian by some geologists, the Valengian, Neocomian, and Urganian by others. These three periods are not only traced in immediate succession, one above another, in the transverse cut before described, across the mountain of Chaumont, near Neufchatel, but they are also traced almost on one level along the plain at the foot of the Jura. It is evident that by some disturbance of the surface the eastern end of the range was raised slightly, lifting the lower or Valengian deposits out of the water, so that they remain uncovered, and the next set of deposits, the Neocomian, is accumulated

Page 109

along their base, while these in their turn are slightly raised, and the Urganian beds are accumulated against them a little lower down. They follow each other from east to west in a narrower area, just as the Azoic, Silurian, and Devonian deposits follow each other from north to south in the northern part of the United States. The Cretaceous deposits have been intimately studied in various localities by different geologists, and are now subdivided into at least ten, or it may be fifteen or sixteen distinct periods, as they stand at present. This is, however, but the beginning of the work; and the recent investigations of the French geologist, Coquand, indicate that several of these periods at least are susceptible of further subdivision. I present here a table enumerating the periods of the Cretaceous epoch best known at present, in their sequence, because I want to show how sharply and in how arbitrary a manner, if I may so express it, new forms are introduced. The names are simply derived from the localities, or from some circumstances connected with the locality where each period has been studied.

Table of Periods in the Cretaceous Epoch.

Maestrichtian } Chalk.
Senonian }

Turonian } Chalk Marl.
Cenomanian }

Albian }
Aptian } Green Sands.
Rhodanian }

Urganian }
Neocomian } Wealden.
Valengian }

One of the most peculiar and distinct of those unique types alluded to above is that of the Rudistes, a singular Bivalve, in which the lower valve is very deep and conical, while the upper valve sets into to it as into a cup. The subjoined woodcut represents such a Bivalve. These Rudistes are found suddenly in the Urganian deposits; there are none in the two preceding sets of beds; they disappear in the three following periods, and reappear again in great numbers in the Cenomanian, Turonian, and Senonian periods, and disappear again in the succeeding one. These can hardly be missed from any negligence or oversight in the examination of these deposits, for they are by no means rare. They are found always in great numbers, occupying crowded beds, like Oysters in the present time. So numerous are they, where they occur at all, that the deposits



containing them are called by many naturalists the first, second, third, and fourth *bank* of Rudistes. Which of the ordinary Bivalves, then, gave rise to this very remarkable form in the class, allowed it to die out, and revived it again at various intervals? This is by no means the only instance of the same kind. There are a number of types making their appearance suddenly, lasting during one period or during a succession of periods, and then disappearing forever, while others, like the Rudistes, come in, vanish, and reappear at a later time.

[Illustration: Rudistes.]

Page 110

I am well aware that the advocates of the development-theory do not state their views as I have here presented them. On the contrary, they protest against any idea of sudden, violent, abrupt changes, and maintain that by slow and imperceptible modifications during immense periods of time these new types have been introduced without involving any infringement of the ordinary processes of development; and they account for the entire absence of corroborative facts in the past history of animals by what they call the "imperfection of the geological record." Now, while I admit that our knowledge of geology is still very incomplete, I assert that just where the direct sequence of geological deposits is needed for this evidence, we have it. The Jurassic beds, without a single modern scaly Fish, are in immediate contact with the Cretaceous beds, in which the Fishes of that kind are proportionately almost as numerous as they are now; and between these two sets of deposits there is not a trace of any transition or intermediate form to unite the reptilian Fishes of the Jurassic with the common Fishes of the Cretaceous times. Again, the Cretaceous beds in which the crowded banks of Rudistes, so singular and unique in form, first make their appearance, follow immediately upon those in which all the Bivalves are of an entirely different character. In short, the deposits of this year along any sea-coast or at the mouth of any of our rivers do not follow more directly upon those of last year than do these successive sets of beds of past ages follow upon each other. In making these statements, I do not forget the immense length of the geological periods; on the contrary, I fully accede to it, and believe that it is more likely to have been underrated than overstated. But let it be increased a thousand-fold, the fact remains, that these new types occur commonly at the dividing line where one period joins the next, just on the margin of both.

For years I have collected daily among some of these deposits, and I know the Sea-Urchins, Corals, Fishes, Crustacea, and Shells of those old shores as well as I know those of Nahant Beach, and there is nothing more striking to a naturalist than the sudden, abrupt changes of species in passing from one to another. In the second set of Cretaceous beds, the Neocomian, there is found a little Terebratula (a small Bivalve Shell) in immense quantities: they may actually be collected by the bushel. Pass to the Urganian beds, resting directly upon the Neocomian, and there is not one to be found, and an entirely new species comes in. There is a peculiar Spatangus (Sea-Urchin) found throughout the whole series of beds in which this Terebratula occurs. At the same moment that you miss the Shell, the Sea-Urchin disappears also, and another takes its place. Now, admitting for a moment that the later can have grown out of the earlier forms, I maintain, that, if this be so, the change is immediate, sudden, without any gradual transitions, and is, therefore, wholly inconsistent with all our known physiological laws, as well as with the transmutation-theory.

Page 111

There is a very singular group of Ammonites in the Cretaceous epoch, which, were it not for the suddenness of its appearance, might seem rather to favor the development-theory, from its great variety of closely allied forms. We have traced the Chambered Shells from the straight, simple ones of the earliest epochs up to the intricate and closely coiled forms of the Jurassic epoch. In the so-called Portland stone, belonging to the upper set of Jurassic beds, there is only one type of Ammonite; but in the Cretaceous beds, immediately above it, there set in a number of different genera and distinct species, including the most fantastic and seemingly abnormal forms. It is as if the close coil by which these shells had been characterized during the Middle Age had been suddenly broken up and decomposed into an endless variety of outlines. Some of these new types still retain the coil, but the whorls are much less compact than before, as in the *Crioceras*; in others, the direction of the coil is so changed as to make a spiral, as in the *Turrilites*; or the shell starts with a coil, then proceeds in a straight line, and changes to a curve again at the other extremity, as in the *Ancyloceras*, or in the *Scaphites*, in which the first coil is somewhat closer than in the *Ancyloceras*; or the tendency to a coil is reduced to a single curve, so as to give the shell the outline of a horn, as in the *Toxoceras*; or the coil is entirely lost, and the shell reduced to its primitive straight form, as in the *Baculites*, which, except for their undulating partitions, might be mistaken for the *Orthoceratites* of the Silurian and Devonian epochs. I have presented here but a few species of these extraordinary Cretaceous Ammonites, and, strange to say, with this breaking-up of the type into a number of fantastic and often contorted shapes, it disappears. It is singular that forms so unusual and so contrary to the previous regularity of this group should accompany its last stage of existence, and seem to shadow forth by their strange contortions the final dissolution of their type. When I look upon a collection of these old shells, I can never divest myself of an impression that the contortions of a death-struggle have been made the pattern of living types, and with that the whole group has ended.

[Illustration: *Crioceras*.]

[Illustration: *Turrilites*.]

[Illustration: *Ancyloceras*.]

[Illustration: *Scaphites*.]

[Illustration: *Toxoceras*.]

[Illustration: *Baculites*.]

Now shall we infer that the compact, closely coiled Ammonites of the Jurassic deposits, while continuing their own kind, brought forth a variety of other kinds, and so distributed these new organic elements as to produce a large number of distinct genera and species? I confess that these ideas are so contrary to all I have learned from Nature in

the course of a long life that I should be forced to renounce completely the results of my studies in Embryology and Palaeontology

Page 112

before I could adopt these new views of the origin of species. And while the distinguished originator of this theory is entitled to our highest respect for his scientific researches, yet it should not be forgotten that the most conclusive evidence brought forward by him and his adherents is of a negative character, drawn from a science in which they do not pretend to have made personal investigations, that of Geology, while the proofs they offer us from their own departments of science, those of Zoology and Botany, are derived from observations, still very incomplete, upon domesticated animals and cultivated plants, which can never be made a test of the origin of wild species.[11]

[Footnote 11: The advocates of the development-theory allude to the metamorphosis of animals and plants as supporting their view of a change of one species into another. They compare the passage of a common leaf into the calyx or crown-leaves in plants, or that of a larva into a perfect insect, to the passage of one species into another. The only objection to this argument seems to be, that, whereas Nature daily presents us myriads of examples of the one set of phenomena, showing it to be a norm, not a single instance of the other has ever been known to occur either in the animal or in the vegetable kingdom.]

In my next article I shall show the relation between the Cretaceous and Tertiary epochs, and see whether there is any reason to believe that the gigantic Mammalia of more modern times were derived from the Reptiles of the Secondary age.

* * * * *

THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

Hark! 't is our Northern Nightingale that sings
In far-off, leafy cloisters, dark and cool,
Flinging his flute-notes bounding from the skies!

Thou wild musician of the mountain-streams,
Most tuneful minstrel of the forest-choirs,
Bird of all grace and harmony of soul,
Unseen, we hail thee for thy blissful voice!

Up in yon tremulous mist where morning wakes
Illimitable shadows from their dark abodes,
Or in this woodland glade tumultuous grown
With all the murmurous language of the trees,
No blither presence fills the vocal space.
The wandering rivulets dancing through the grass,



The gambols, low or loud, of insect-life,
The cheerful call of cattle in the vales,
Sweet natural sounds of the contented hours,—
All seem less jubilant when thy song begins.

Deep in the shade we lie and listen long;
For human converse well may pause, and man
Learn from such notes fresh hints of praise,
That upward swelling from thy grateful tribe
Circles the hills with melodies of joy.

* * * * *

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS IN FLORIDA.

Page 113

[In the July number of this magazine is a sketch of the attempt of the Huguenots, under the auspices of Coligny, to found a colony at Port Royal. Two years later, an attempt was made to establish a Protestant community on the banks of the River St. John's, in Florida. The following paper embodies the substance of the letters and narratives of the actors in this striking episode of American history.]

CHAPTER I.

On the 25th of June, 1564, a French squadron anchored a second time off the mouth of the River of May. There were three vessels, the smallest of sixty tons, the largest of one hundred and twenty, all crowded with men. Rene de Laudonniere held command. He was of a noble race of Poitou, attached to the House of Chatillon, of which Coligny was the head; pious, we are told, and an excellent marine officer. An engraving, purporting to be his likeness, shows us a slender figure, leaning against the mast, booted to the thigh, with slouched hat and plume, slashed doublet, and short cloak. His thin oval face, with curled moustache and close-trimmed beard, wears a thoughtful and somewhat pensive look, as if already shadowed by the destiny that awaited him.

The intervening year since Ribaut's voyage had been a dark and deadly year for France. From the peaceful solitude of the River of May, that voyager returned to a land reeking with slaughter. But the carnival of bigotry and hate had found a respite. The Peace of Amboise had been signed. The fierce monk choked down his venom; the soldier sheathed his sword; the assassin, his dagger; rival chiefs grasped hands, and masked their rancor under hollow smiles. The king and the queen-mother, helpless amid the storm of factions which threatened their destruction, smiled now on Conde, now on Guise,—gave ear to the Cardinal of Lorraine, or listened in secret to the emissaries of Theodore Beza. Coligny was again strong at Court. He used his opportunity, and solicited with success the means of renewing his enterprise of colonization. With pains and zeal, men were mustered for the work. In name, at least, they were all Huguenots; yet again, as before, the staple of the projected colony was unsound: soldiers, paid out of the royal treasury, hired artisans and tradesmen, joined with a swarm of volunteers from the young Huguenot noblesse, whose restless swords had rusted in their scabbards since the peace. The foundation-stone was left out. There were no tillers of the soil. Such, indeed, were rare among the Huguenots; for the dull peasants who guided the plough clung with blind tenacity to the ancient faith. Adventurous gentlemen, reckless soldiers, discontented tradesmen, all keen for novelty and heated with dreams of wealth,—these were they who would build for their country and their religion an empire beyond the sea.

Page 114

With a few officers and twelve soldiers, Laudonniere landed where Ribaut had landed before him; and as their boat neared the shore, they saw an Indian chief who ran to meet them, whooping and clamoring welcome from afar. It was Satouriona, the savage potentate who ruled some thirty villages around the lower St. John's and northward along the coast. With him came two stalwart sons, and behind trooped a host of tribesmen arrayed in smoke-tanned deerskins stained with wild devices in gaudy colors. They crowded around the voyagers with beaming visages and yelps of gratulation. The royal Satouriona could not contain the exuberance of his joy, since in the person of the French commander he recognized the brother of the Sun, descended from the skies to aid him against his great rival, Outina.

Hard by stood the column of stone, graven with the fleur-de-lis, planted here on the former voyage. The Indians had crowned the mystic emblem with evergreens, and placed offerings of maize on the ground before it; for with an affectionate and reverent wonder they had ever remembered the steel-clad strangers whom, two summers before, John Ribaut had led to their shores.

Five miles up the St. John's, or River of May, there stands, on the southern bank, a hill some forty feet high, boldly thrusting itself into the broad and lazy waters. It is now called St. John's Bluff. Thither the Frenchmen repaired, pushed through the dense semi-tropical forest, and climbed the steep acclivity. Thence they surveyed their Canaan. Beneath them moved the unruffled river, gliding around the reed-grown shores of marshy islands, the haunt of alligators, and betwixt the bordering expanse of wide, wet meadows, studded with island-like clumps of pine and palmetto, and bounded by the sunny verge of distant forests. Far on their right, seen by glimpses between the shaggy cedar-boughs, the glistening sea lay stretched along the horizon. Before, in hazy distance, the softened green of the woodlands was veined with the mazes of the countless interlacing streams that drain the watery region behind St. Mary's and Fernandina. To the left, the St. John's flowed gleaming betwixt verdant shores beyond whose portals lay the El Dorado of their dreams. "Briefly," writes Laudonniere, "the place is so pleasant that those which are melancholicke would be inforced to change their humour."

A fresh surprise awaited them. The allotted span of mortal life was quadrupled in that benign climate. Laudonniere's lieutenant, Ottigny, ranging the neighboring forest with a party of soldiers, met a troop of Indians who invited him to their dwellings. Mounted on the back of a stout savage, who plunged with him through the deep marshes, and guided him by devious pathways through the tangled thickets, he arrived at length, and beheld a wondrous spectacle. In the lodge sat a venerable chief, who assured him that he was the father of five successive generations, and that he had lived two hundred and fifty years.

Page 115

Opposite, sat a still more ancient veteran, the father of the first, shrunken to a mere anatomy, and “seeming to be rather a dead carkeis than a living body.” “Also,” pursues the history, “his age was so great that the good man had lost his sight, and could not speak one onely word but with exceeding great paine.” Despite his dismal condition, the visitor was told that he might expect to live in the course of Nature thirty or forty years more. As the two patriarchs sat face to face, half hidden with their streaming white hair, Ottigny and his credulous soldiers looked from one to the other, lost in wonder and admiration.

Man and Nature alike seemed to mark the borders of the River of May as the site of the new colony; for here, around the Indian towns, the harvests of maize, beans, and pumpkins promised abundant food, while the river opened a ready way to the mines of gold and silver and the stores of barbaric wealth which glittered before the dreaming vision of the colonists. Yet, the better to content himself and his men, Laudonniere weighed anchor, and sailed for a time along the neighboring coasts. Returning, confirmed in his first impression, he set forth with a party of officers and soldiers to explore the borders of the chosen stream. The day was hot. The sun beat fiercely on the woollen caps and heavy doublets of the men, till at length they gained the shade of one of those deep forests of pine where the dead and sultry air is thick with resinous odors, and the earth, carpeted with fallen leaves, gives no sound beneath the foot. Yet, in the stillness, deer leaped up on all sides as they moved along. Then they emerged into sunlight. A broad meadow, a running brook, a lofty wall of encircling forests. The men called it the Vale of Laudonniere. The afternoon was spent, and the sun was near its setting, when they reached the bank of the river. They strewed the ground with boughs and leaves, and, stretched on that sylvan couch, slept the sleep of travel-worn and weary men.

At daybreak they were roused by sound of trumpet. Men and officers joined their voices in a psalm, then betook themselves to their task. Their task was the building of a fort, and this was the chosen spot. It was a tract of dry ground on the brink of the river, immediately above St. John’s Bluff. On the right was the bluff; on the left, a marsh; in front, the river; behind, the forest.

Boats came up the stream with laborers, tents, provision, cannon, and tools. The engineers marked out the work in the form of a triangle; and, from the noble volunteer to the meanest artisan, all lent a hand to complete it. On the river side the defences were a palisade of timber. On the two other sides were a ditch, and a rampart of fascines, earth, and sods. At each angle was a bastion, in one of which was the magazine. Within was a spacious parade, and around it various buildings for lodging and storage. A large house with covered galleries was built on the side towards the river for Laudonniere and his officers. In honor of Charles IX the fort was named Fort Caroline.

Page 116

Meanwhile, Satouriona, “lord of all that country,” as the narratives style him, was seized with misgivings, learning these mighty preparations. The work was but begun, and all was din and confusion around the incipient fort, when the startled Frenchmen saw the neighboring height of St. John’s swarming with naked warriors. The prudent Laudonniere set his men in array, and for a season pick and spade were dropped for arquebuse and pike. The savage potentate descended to the camp. The artist Le Moyne, who saw him, drew his likeness from memory,—a tall, athletic figure, tattooed in token of his rank, plumed with feathers, hung with strings of beads, and girdled with tinkling pieces of metal which hung from the belt, his only garment. He came in regal state, a crowd of warriors around him, and, in advance, a troop of young Indians armed with spears. Twenty musicians followed, blowing a hideous discord through pipes of reeds. Arrived, he seated himself on the ground “like a monkey,” as Le Moyne has it in the grave Latin of his “Brevis Narratio.” A council followed, in which broken words were aided by signs and pantomime. A treaty of alliance was made, and Laudonniere had the folly to promise the chief that he would lend him aid against his enemies. Satouriona, well pleased, ordered his Indians to aid the French at their work. They obeyed with alacrity, and in two days the buildings of the fort were all thatched after the native fashion with leaves of the palmetto.

A word touching these savages. In the peninsula of Florida were several distinct Indian confederacies, with three of which the French were brought into contact. The first was that of Satouriona. The next was the potent confederacy of the Thimagoa, under a chief called Outina, whose forty villages were scattered among the lakes and forests around the upper waters of this remarkable river. The third was that of “King Potanou,” whose domain lay among the pine-barrens, cypress-swamps, and fertile hummocks, westward and northwestward of the St. John’s. The three communities were at deadly enmity. Their social state was more advanced than that of the wandering hunter-tribes of the North. They were an agricultural people. Around all their villages were fields of maize, beans, and pumpkins. The harvest, due chiefly to the labor of the women, was gathered into a public granary, and on this they lived during three-fourths of the year, dispersing in winter to hunt among the forests.

Their villages were clusters of huts thatched with palmetto. In the midst was the dwelling of the chief, much larger than the rest, and sometimes raised on an artificial mound. They were inclosed with palisades, and, strange to say, some of them were approached by wide avenues, artificially graded, and several hundred yards in length. Remains of them may still be seen, as may also the mounds in which the Floridians, like the Hurons and various other tribes, collected at stated intervals the bones of their dead.

Page 117

The most prominent feature of their religion was sun-worship, and, like other wild American tribes, they abounded in “medicine-men,” who combined the functions of priest, physician, and necromancer.

Social distinctions were sharply defined among them. Their chiefs, whose office was hereditary, sometimes exercised a power almost absolute. Each village had its chief, subordinate to the grand chief of the nation. In the language of the French narratives, they were all kings or lords, vassals of the great monarch Satouriona, Outina, or Potanou. All these tribes are now extinct, and it is difficult to ascertain with precision their tribal affinities. There can be no doubt that they were the authors of the mounds and other remains at present found in various parts of Florida.

Their fort nearly finished, and their league made with Satouriona, the gold-hunting Huguenots were eager to spy out the secrets of the interior. To this end the lieutenant, Ottigny, went up the river in a sail-boat. With him were a few soldiers and two Indians, the latter going forth, says Laudonniere, as if bound to a wedding, keen for a fight with the hated Thimagoa, and exulting in the havoc to be wrought among them by the magic weapons of their white allies. They were doomed to grievous disappointment.

The Sieur d'Ottigny spread his sail, and calmly glided up the dark waters of the St. John's. A scene fraught with strange interest to the naturalist and the lover of Nature. Here, two centuries later, the Bartrams, father and son, guided their skiff and kindled their nightly bivouac-fire; and here, too, roamed Audubon, with his sketch-book and his gun. Each alike has left the record of his wanderings, fresh as the woods and waters that inspired it. Slight, then, was the change since Ottigny, first of white men, steered his bark along the still breast of the virgin river. Before him, like a lake, the redundant waters spread far and wide; and along the low shores, or jutting points, or the waveless margin of deep and sheltered coves, towered wild, majestic forms of vegetable beauty. Here rose the magnolia, high above surrounding woods; but the gorgeous bloom had fallen, that a few weeks earlier studded the verdant dome with silver. From the edge of the bordering swamp the cypress reared its vast buttressed column and leafy canopy. From the rugged arms of oak and pine streamed the gray drapery of the long Spanish moss, swayed mournfully in the faintest breeze. Here were the tropical plumage of the palm, the dark green masses of the live-oak, the glistening verdure of wild orange-groves; and from out the shadowy thickets hung the wreaths of the jessamine and the scarlet trumpets of the bignonia.

Page 118

Nor less did the fruitful river teem with varied forms of animal life. From the caverns of leafy shade came the gleam and flicker of many-colored plumage. The cormorant, the pelican, the heron, floated on the water, or stalked along its pebbly brink. Among the sedges, the alligator, foul from his native mud, outstretched his hideous length, or, sluggish and sullen, drifted past the boat, his grim head level with the surface, and each scale, each folding of his horny hide, distinctly visible, as, with the slow movement of distended paws, he balanced himself in the water. When, at sunset, they drew up their boat on the strand, and built their camp-fire under the arches of the woods, the shores resounded with the roaring of these colossal lizards; all night the forest rang with the whooping of the owls; and in the morning the sultry mists that wrapped the river were vocal, far and near, with the clamor of wild turkeys.

Among such scenes, for twenty leagues, the adventurous sail moved on. Far to the right, beyond the silent waste of pines, lay the realm of the mighty Potanou. The Thimagoa towns were still above them on the river, when they saw three canoes of this people at no great distance in front. Forthwith the two Indians in the boat were fevered with excitement. With glittering eyes they snatched pike and sword, and prepared for fight; but the sage Ottigny, bearing slowly down on the strangers, gave them time to run their craft ashore and escape to the woods. Then, landing, he approached the canoes, placed in them a few trinkets, and withdrew to a distance. The fugitives took heart, and, step by step, returned. An amicable intercourse was opened, with assurances of friendship on the part of the French, a procedure viewed by Satouriona's Indians with unspeakable disgust and ire.

The ice thus broken, Ottigny returned to Fort Caroline; and a fortnight later, an officer named Vasseur sailed up the river to pursue the adventure: for the French, thinking that the nation of the Thimagoa lay betwixt them and the gold-mines, would by no means quarrel with them, and Laudonniere repented him already of his rash pledge to Satouriona.

As Vasseur moved on, two Indians hailed him from the shore, inviting him to their dwellings. He accepted their guidance, and presently saw before him the cornfields and palisades of an Indian town. Led through the wondering crowd to the lodge of the chief, Mollua, Vasseur and his followers were seated in the place of honor and plentifully regaled with fish and bread. The repast over, Mollua began his discourse. He told them that he was one of the forty vassal chiefs of the great Outina, lord of all the Thimagoa, whose warriors wore armor of gold and silver plate. He told them, too, of Potanou, his enemy, a mighty and redoubted prince; and of the two kings of the distant Appalachian Mountains, rich beyond utterance in gems and gold. While thus, with earnest pantomime and broken words, the chief discoursed with his guests,

Page 119

Vasseur, intent and eager, strove to follow his meaning; and no sooner did he hear of these Appalachian treasures than he promised to join Outina in war against the two potentates of the mountains. Hereupon the sagacious Mollua, well pleased, promised that each of Outina's vassal chiefs should requite their French allies with a heap of gold and silver two feet high. Thus, while Laudonniere stood pledged to Satouriona, Vasseur made alliance with his mortal enemy.

Returning, he was met, near the fort, by one of Satouriona's chiefs, who questioned him touching his dealings with the Thimagoa. Vasseur replied, that he had set upon and routed them with incredible slaughter. But as the chief, seeming as yet unsatisfied, continued his inquiries, the sergeant, Francis la Caille, drew his sword, and, like Falstaff before him, re-enacted his deeds of valor, pursuing and thrusting at the imaginary Thimagoa as they fled before his fury. Whereat the chief, at length convinced, led the party to his lodge, and entertained them with a certain savory decoction with which the Indians were wont to regale those whom they delighted to honor.

Elate at the promise of a French alliance, Satouriona had summoned his vassal chiefs to war. From the St. Mary's and the Satilla and the distant Altamaha, from every quarter of his woodland realm, they had mustered at his call. By the margin of the St. John's, the forest was alive with their bivouacs. Ten chiefs were here, and some five hundred men. And now, when all was ready, Satouriona reminded Laudonniere of his promise, and claimed its fulfilment; but the latter gave evasive answers and a virtual refusal. Stifling his rage, the chief prepared to go without him.

Near the bank of the river, a fire was kindled, and two large vessels of water placed beside it. Here Satouriona took his stand. His chiefs crouched on the grass around him, and the savage visages of his five hundred warriors filled the outer circle, their long hair garnished with feathers, or covered with the heads and skins of wolves, panthers, bears, or eagles. Satouriona, looking towards the country of his enemy, distorted his features to a wild expression of rage and hate; then muttered to himself; then howled an invocation to his god, the sun; then besprinkled the assembly with water from one of the vessels, and, turning the other upon the fire, suddenly quenched it. "So," he cried, "may the blood of our enemies be poured out, and their lives extinguished!" and the concourse gave forth an explosion of responsive yells, till the shores resounded with the wolfish din.

The rites over, they set forth, and in a few days returned exulting with thirteen prisoners and a number of scalps. The latter were hung on a pole before the royal lodge, and when night came, it brought with it a pandemonium of dancing and whooping, drumming and feasting.

Page 120

A notable scheme entered the brain of Laudonniere. Resolved, cost what it might, to make a friend of Outina, he conceived it a stroke of policy to send back to him two of the prisoners. In the morning he sent a soldier to Satouriona to demand them. The astonished chief gave a flat refusal, adding that he owed the French no favors, for they had shamefully broken faith with him. On this, Laudonniere, at the head of twenty soldiers, proceeded to the Indian town, placed a guard at the opening of the great lodge, entered with his arquebusiers, and seated himself without ceremony in the highest place. Here, to show his displeasure, he remained in silence for a half-hour. At length he spoke, renewing his demand. For some moments Satouriona made no reply, then coldly observed that the sight of so many armed men had frightened the prisoners away. Laudonniere grew peremptory, when the chiefs son, Athore, went out, and presently returned with the two Indians, whom the French led back to Fort Caroline.

Satouriona dissembled, professed good-will, and sent presents to the fort; but the outrage rankled in his savage breast, and he never forgave it.

Captain Vasseur, with Arlac, the ensign, a sergeant, and ten soldiers, embarked to bear the ill-gotten gift to Outina. Arrived, they were showered with thanks by that grateful potentate, who, hastening to avail himself of his new alliance, invited them to join in a raid against his neighbor, Potanou. To this end, Arlac and five soldiers remained, while Vasseur with the rest descended to Fort Caroline.

The warriors were mustered, the dances were danced, and the songs were sung. Then the wild cohort took up its march. The wilderness through which they passed holds its distinctive features to this day,—the shady desert of the pine-barrens, where many a wanderer has miserably died, with haggard eye seeking in vain for clue or guidance in the pitiless, inexorable monotony. Yet the waste has its oases, the “hummocks,” where the live-oaks are hung with long festoons of grape-vines,—where the air is sweet with woodland odors, and vocal with the song of birds. Then the deep cypress-swamp, where dark trunks rise like the columns of some vast sepulchre. Above, the impervious canopy of leaves; beneath, a black and root-encumbered slough. Perpetual moisture trickles down the clammy bark, while trunk and limb, distorted with strange shapes of vegetable disease, wear in the gloom a semblance grotesque and startling. Lifeless forms lean propped in wild disorder against the living, and from every rugged stem and lank limb outstretched hangs the dark drapery of the Spanish moss. The swamp is veiled in mourning. No breath, no voice. A deathly stillness, till the plunge of the alligator, lashing the waters of the black lagoon, resounds with hollow echo through the tomb-like solitude.

Page 121

Next, the broad sunlight and the wide savanna. Wading breast-deep in grass, they view the wavy sea of verdure, with headland and cape and far-reaching promontory, with distant coasts, hazy and dim, havens and shadowed coves, islands of the magnolia and the palm, high, impending shores of the mulberry and the elm, the ash, hickory, and maple. Here the rich *gordonia*, never out of bloom, sends down its thirsty roots to drink at the stealing brook. Here the *halesia* hangs out its silvery bells, the purple clusters of the *wistaria* droop from the supporting bough, and the coral blossoms of the *erythrina* glow in the shade beneath. From tufted masses of sword-like leaves shoot up the tall spires of the *yucca*, heavy with pendent flowers, of pallid hue, like the moon, and from the grass gleams the blue eye of the starry *ixia*.

Through forest, swamp, savanna, the valiant Frenchmen held their way. At first, Outina's Indians kept always in advance; but when they reached the hostile district, the modest warriors fell to the rear, resigning the post of honor to their French allies.

An open country; a rude cultivation; the tall palisades of an Indian town. Their approach was seen, and the warriors of Potanou, nowise daunted, came swarming forth to meet them. But the sight of the bearded strangers, the flash and report of the fire-arms, the fall of their foremost chief, shot through the brain with the bullet of Arlac, filled them with consternation, and they fled headlong within their defences. The men of Thimagoa ran screeching in pursuit. Pell-mell, all entered the town together. Slaughter; pillage; flame. The work was done, and the band returned triumphant.

CHAPTER II.

In the little world of Fort Caroline, a miniature France, cliques and parties, conspiracy and sedition, were fast stirring into life. Hopes had been dashed; wild expectations had come to nought. The adventurers had found, not conquest and gold, but a dull exile in a petty fort by a hot and sickly river, with hard labor, ill fare, prospective famine, and nothing to break the weary sameness but some passing canoe or floating alligator. Gathered in knots, they nursed each other's wrath, and inveighed against the commandant.

Why are we put on half-rations, when he told us that provision should be made for a full year? Where are the reinforcements and supplies that he said should follow us from France? Why is he always closeted with Ottigny, Arlac, and this and that favorite, when we, men of blood as good as theirs, cannot gain his ear for a moment? And why has he sent La Roche Ferriere to make his fortune among the Indians, while we are kept here, digging at the works?

Page 122

Of La Roche Ferriere and his adventures, more hereafter. The young nobles, of whom there were many, were volunteers, who had paid their own expenses, in expectation of a golden harvest, and they chafed in impatience and disgust. The religious element in the colony—unlike the former Huguenot emigration to Brazil—was evidently subordinate. The adventurers thought more of their fortunes than of their faith; yet there were not a few earnest enough in the doctrine of Geneva to complain loudly and bitterly that no ministers had been sent with them. The burden of all grievances was thrown upon Laudonniere, whose greatest errors seem to have arisen from weakness and a lack of judgment,—fatal defects in his position.

The growing discontent was brought to a partial head by one Roquette, who gave out that by magic he had discovered a mine of gold and silver, high up the river, which would give each of them a share of ten thousand crowns, besides fifteen hundred thousand for the king. But for Laudonniere, he said, their fortunes would all be made. He found an ally in a gentleman named Genre, one of Laudonniere's confidants, who, still professing fast adherence to the interests of the latter, is charged by him with plotting against his life. Many of the soldiers were in the conspiracy. They made a flag of an old shirt, which they carried with them to the rampart when they went to their work, at the same time wearing their arms, and watching an opportunity to kill the commandant. About this time, overheating himself, he fell ill, and was confined to his quarters. On this, Genre made advances to the apothecary, urging him to put arsenic into his medicines; but the apothecary shrugged his shoulders. They next devised a scheme to blow him up, by hiding a keg of gunpowder under his bed; but here, too, they failed. Hints of Genre's machinations reaching the ears of Laudonniere, the culprit fled to the woods, whence he wrote repentant letters, with full confession, to his commander.

Two of the ships meanwhile returned to France,—the third, the Breton, remaining at anchor opposite the fort. The malecontents took the opportunity to send home charges against Laudonniere of peculation, favoritism, and tyranny.

Early in September, Captain Bourdet, apparently a private adventurer, had arrived from France with a small vessel. When he returned, about the tenth of November, Laudonniere persuaded him to carry home seven or eight of the malecontent soldiers. Bourdet left some of his sailors in their place. The exchange proved most disastrous. These pirates joined with others whom they had won over, stole Laudonniere's two pinnaces, and set forth on a plundering excursion to the West Indies. They took a small Spanish vessel off the coast of Cuba, but were soon compelled by famine to put into Havana and surrender themselves. Here, to make their peace with the authorities, they told all they knew of the position and purposes of their countrymen at Fort Caroline, and hence was forged the thunderbolt soon to be hurled against the wretched little colony.

Page 123

On a Sunday morning, Francis de la Caille came to Laudonniere's quarters, and, in the name of the whole company, requested him to come to the parade-ground. He complied, and, issuing forth, his inseparable Ottigny at his side, saw some thirty of his officers, soldiers, and gentlemen-volunteers waiting before the building with fixed and sombre countenance. La Caille, advancing, begged leave to read, in behalf of the rest, a paper which he held in his hand. It opened with protestations of duty and obedience; next came complaints of hard work, starvation, and broken promises, and a request that the petitioners should be allowed to embark in the vessel lying in the river, and cruise along the Spanish main in order to procure provision by purchase "or otherwise." In short, the flower of the company wished to turn buccaneers.

Laudonniere refused, but assured them, that, so soon as the defences of the fort should be completed, a search should be begun in earnest for the Appalachian gold-mine, and that meanwhile two small vessels then building on the river should be sent along the coast to barter for provisions with the Indians. With this answer they were forced to content themselves; but the fermentation continued, and the plot thickened. Their spokesman, La Caille, however, seeing whither the affair tended, broke with them, and, beside Ottigny, Vasseur, and the brave Swiss, Arlac, was the only officer who held to his duty.

A severe illness again seized Laudonniere and confined him to his bed. Improving their advantage, the malecontents gained over nearly all the best soldiers in the fort. The ringleader was one Fourneaux, a man of good birth, but whom Le Moyne calls an avaricious hypocrite. He drew up a paper to which sixty-six names were signed. La Caille boldly opposed the conspirators, and they resolved to kill him. His room-mate, Le Moyne, who had also refused to sign, received a hint from a friend that he had better change his quarters; upon which he warned La Caille, who escaped to the woods. It was late in the night. Fourneaux, with twenty men armed to the teeth, knocked fiercely at the commandant's door. Forcing an entrance, they wounded a gentleman who opposed them, and crowded around the sick man's bed. Fourneaux, armed with steel cap and cuirass, held his arquebuse to Laudonniere's breast, and demanded leave to go on a cruise among the Spanish islands. The latter kept his presence of mind, and remonstrated with some firmness; on which, with oaths and menaces, they dragged him from his bed, put him in fetters, carried him out to the gate of the fort, placed him in a boat, and rowed him to the ship anchored in the river.

Two other gangs at the same time visited Ottigny and Arlac, whom they disarmed, and ordered to keep their rooms till the night following, on pain of death. Smaller parties were busied, meanwhile, in disarming all the loyal soldiers. The fort was completely in the hands of the conspirators. Fourneaux drew up a commission for his meditated West-India cruise, which he required Laudonniere to sign. The sick commandant, imprisoned in the ship, with one attendant, at first refused; but, receiving a message from the mutineers, that, if he did not comply, they would come on board and cut his throat, he at length yielded.

Page 124

The buccaneers now bestirred themselves to finish the two small vessels on which the carpenters had been for some time at work. In a fortnight they were ready for sea, armed and provided with the king's cannon, munitions, and stores. Trenchant, an excellent pilot, was forced to join the party. Their favorite object was the plunder of a certain church, on one of the Spanish islands, which they proposed to assail during the midnight mass of Christmas, whereby a triple end would be achieved: first, a rich booty; secondly, the punishment of idolatry; thirdly, vengeance on the arch-enemies of their party and their faith. They set sail on the eighth of December, taunting those who remained, calling them greenhorns, and threatening condign punishment, if, on their triumphant return, they should be refused free entrance to the fort.

They were no sooner gone than the unfortunate Laudonniere was gladdened in his solitude by the approach of his fast friends, Ottigny and Arlac, who conveyed him to the fort, and reinstated him. The entire command was reorganized and new officers appointed. The colony was wofully depleted; but the bad blood had been drawn, and thenceforth all internal danger was at an end. In finishing the fort, in building two new vessels to replace those of which they had been robbed, and in various intercourse with the tribes far and near, the weeks passed until the twenty-fifth of March, when an Indian came in with the tidings that a vessel was hovering off the coast. Laudonniere sent to reconnoitre. The stranger lay anchored at the mouth of the river. She was a Spanish brigantine, manned by the returning mutineers, starving, downcast, and anxious to make terms. Yet, as their posture seemed not wholly pacific, Laudonniere sent down La Caille with thirty soldiers, concealed at the bottom of his little vessel. Seeing only two or three on deck, the pirates allowed her to come along-side; when, to their amazement, they were boarded and taken before they could snatch their arms. Discomfited, woebegone, and drunk, they were landed under a guard. Their story was soon told. Fortune had flattered them at the outset. On the coast of Cuba, they took a brigantine, with wine and stores. Embarking in her, they next fell in with a caravel, which they also captured. Landing at a village of Jamaica, they plundered and caroused for a week, and had hardly reembarked when they fell in with a small vessel having on board the governor of the island. She made desperate fight, but was taken at last, and with her a rich booty. They thought to put the governor to ransom; but the astute official deceived them, and, on pretence of negotiating for the sum demanded, together with certain apes and parrots, for which his captors had also bargained, contrived to send instructions to his wife. Whence it happened that at daybreak three armed vessels fell upon them, retook the prize, and captured or killed all the pirates but twenty-six,

Page 125

who, cutting the moorings of their brigantine, fled out to sea. Among these was the ringleader, Fourneaux, and, happily, the pilot, Trenchant. The latter, eager to return to Fort Caroline, whence he had been forcibly taken, succeeded during the night in bringing the vessel to the coast of Florida. Great were the wrath and consternation of the discomfited pirates, when they saw their dilemma; for, having no provision, they must either starve or seek succor at the fort. They chose the latter alternative, and bore away for the St. John's. A few casks of Spanish wine yet remained, and nobles and soldiers, fraternized by the common peril of a halter, joined in a last carouse. As the wine mounted to their heads, in the mirth of drink and desperation, they enacted their own trial. One personated the judge, another the commandant; witnesses were called, with arguments and speeches on either side.

"Say what you like," said one of them, after hearing the counsel for the defence, "but if Laudonniere does not hang us all, I will never call him an honest man."

They had some hope of gaining provision from the Indians at the mouth of the river, and then patting to sea again; but this was frustrated by La Caille's sudden attack. A court-martial was called near Fort Caroline, and all were found guilty. Fourneaux and three others were sentenced to be hanged.

"Comrades," said one of the condemned, appealing to the soldiers, "will you stand by and see us butchered?"

"These," retorted Laudonniere, "are no comrades of mutineers and rebels."

At the request of his followers, however, he commuted the sentence to shooting.

A file of men; a rattling volley; and the debt of justice was paid. The bodies were hanged on gibbets at the river's mouth, and order reigned at Fort Caroline.

CHAPTER III.

While the mutiny was brewing, one La Roche Ferriere had been sent out as an agent or emissary among the more distant tribes. Sagacious, bold, and restless, he pushed his way from town to town, and pretended to have reached the mysterious mountains of Appalachee. He sent to the fort mantles woven with feathers, quivers covered with choice furs, arrows tipped with gold, wedges of a green stone like beryl or emerald, and other trophies of his wanderings. A gentleman named Grotaut took up the quest, and penetrated to the dominions of Hostagua, who could muster three or four thousand warriors, and who promised with the aid of a hundred arquebusiers to conquer all the kings of the adjacent mountains, and subject them and their gold-mines to the rule of

the French. A humbler adventurer was Peter Gamble, a robust and daring youth, who had been brought up in the household of Coligny, and was now a soldier under Laudonniere. The latter gave him leave to trade with the Indians, a privilege which he used so well that he grew rich with his traffic, became prime favorite with the chief of Edelano, married his daughter, and, in his absence, reigned in his stead. But, as his sway verged towards despotism, his subjects took offence, and beat out his brains with a hatchet.

Page 126

During the winter, Indians from the neighborhood of Cape Canaveral brought to the fort two Spaniards, wrecked fifteen years before on the southwestern extremity of the peninsula. They were clothed like the Indians,—in other words, were not clothed at all,—and their uncut hair streamed wildly down their backs. They brought strange tales of those among whom they had dwelt. They told of the King of Calos, on whose domains they had suffered wreck, a chief mighty in stature and in power. In one of his villages was a pit, six feet deep and as wide as a hogshead, filled with treasure gathered from Spanish wrecks on adjacent reefs and keys. The monarch was a priest, too, and a magician, with power over the elements. Each year he withdrew from the public gaze to hold converse in secret with supernal or infernal powers; and each year he sacrificed to his gods one of the Spaniards whom the fortune of the sea had cast upon his shores. The name of the tribe is preserved in that of the River Caloosa. In close league with him was the mighty Oathcaqua, dwelling near Cape Canaveral, who gave his daughter, a maiden of wondrous beauty, in marriage to his great ally. But, as the bride, with her bridesmaids, was journeying towards Calos, escorted by a chosen band, they were assailed by a wild and warlike race, inhabitants of an island called Sarrope, in the midst of a great lake, who put the warriors to flight, bore the maidens captive to their watery fastness, espoused them all, and, as we are assured, “loved them above all measure.”

Outina, taught by Arlac the efficacy of the French fire-arms, begged for ten arquebusiers to aid him on a new raid among the villages of Potanou, again alluring his greedy allies by the assurance, that, thus reinforced, he would conquer for them a free access to the phantom gold-mines of Appalachee. Ottigny set forth on this fool's-errand with thrice the force demanded. Three hundred Thimagoa and thirty Frenchmen took up their march through the pine-barrens. Outina's conjurer was of the number, and had well-nigh ruined the enterprise. Kneeling on Ottigny's shield, that he might not touch the earth, with hideous grimaces, howlings, and contortions, he wrought himself into a prophetic frenzy, and proclaimed to the astounded warriors that to advance farther would be destruction. Outina was for instant retreat, but Ottigny's sarcasms shamed him into a show of courage. Again they moved forward, and soon encountered Potanou with all his host. Le Moyne drew a picture of the fight. In the foreground Ottigny is engaged in single combat with a gigantic savage, who, with club upheaved, aims a deadly stroke at the plumed helmet of his foe; but the latter, with target raised to guard his head, darts under the arms of the naked Goliath, and transfixes him with his sword. The arquebuse did its work: panic, slaughter, and a plentiful harvest of scalps. But no persuasion could induce Outina to follow up his victory. He went home to dance around his trophies, and the French returned disgusted to Fort Caroline.

Page 127

And now, in ample measure, the French began to reap the harvest of their folly. Conquest, gold, military occupation,—such had been their aims. Not a rood of ground had been stirred with the spade. Their stores were consumed; the expected supplies had not come. The Indians, too, were hostile. Satoriona hated them as allies of his enemies; and his tribesmen, robbed and maltreated by the lawless soldiers, exulted in their miseries. Yet in these, their dark and subtle neighbors, was their only hope.

May-day came, the third anniversary of the day when Ribaut and his companions, full of delighted anticipations, had explored the flowery borders of the St. John's. Dire was the contrast; for, within the homesick precinct of Fort Caroline, a squalid band, dejected and worn, dragged their shrunken limbs about the sun-scorched area, or lay stretched in listless wretchedness under the shade of the barracks. Some were digging roots in the forest, or gathering a kind of sorrel upon the meadows. One collected refuse fish-bones and pounded them into meal. Yet, giddy with weakness, their skin clinging to their bones, they dragged themselves in turn to the top of St. John's Bluff, straining their eyes across the sea to descry the anxiously expected sail.

Had Coligny left them to perish? or had some new tempest of calamity, let loose upon France, drowned the memory of their exile? In vain the watchman on the hill surveyed the solitude of waters. A deep dejection fell upon them, a dejection that would have sunk to despair, could their eyes have pierced the future.

The Indians had left the neighborhood, but, from time to time, brought in meagre supplies of fish, which they sold to the famished soldiers at exorbitant prices. Lest they should pay the penalty of their extortion, they would not enter the fort, but lay in their canoes in the river, beyond gunshot, waiting for their customers to come out to them. "Oftentimes," says Laudonniere, "our poor soldiers were constrained to give away the very shirts from their backs to get one fish. If at any time they shewed unto the savages the excessive price which they tooke, these villaines would answere them roughly and churlishly: If thou make so great account of thy merchandise, eat it, and we will eat our fish: then fell they out a laughing and mocked us with open throat."

The spring wore away, and no relief appeared. One thought now engrossed the colonists, the thought of return to France. Vasseur's ship, the Breton, still remained in the river, and they had also the Spanish brigantine brought by the mutineers. But these vessels were insufficient, and they prepared to build a new one. The energy of reviving hope lent new life to their exhausted frames. Some gathered pitch in the pine forests; some made charcoal; some cut and sawed the timber. The maize began to ripen, and this brought some relief; but the Indians, exasperated and greedy, sold it with reluctance, and murdered two half-famished Frenchmen who gathered a handful in the fields.

Page 128

The colonists applied to Outina, who owed them two victories. The result was a churlish message and a niggardly supply of corn, coupled with an invitation to aid him against an insurgent chief, the plunder of whose villages would yield an ample supply. The offer was accepted. Ottigny and Vasseur set forth, but were grossly deceived, led against a different enemy, and sent back empty-handed and half-starved.

Pale with famine and with rage, a crowd of soldiers beset Laudonniere, and fiercely demanded to be led against Outina to take him prisoner and extort from his fears the supplies which could not be looked for from his gratitude. The commandant was forced to comply. Those who could bear the weight of their armor put it on, embarked, to the number of fifty, in two barges, and sailed up the river under the commandant himself. Outina's landing reached, they marched inland, entered his village, surrounded his mud-plastered palace, seized him amid the yells and howlings of his subjects, and led him prisoner to their boats. Here, anchored in mid-stream, they demanded a supply of corn and beans as the price of his ransom.

The alarm spread. Excited warriors, bedaubed with red, came thronging from all his villages. The forest along the shore was full of them; and troops of women gathered at the water's edge with moans, outcries, and gestures of despair. Yet no ransom was offered, since, reasoning from their own instincts, they never doubted, that, the price paid, the captive would be put to death.

Laudonniere waited two days, then descended the river. In a rude chamber of Fort Caroline, pike in hand, the sentinel stood his guard, while before him crouched the captive chief, mute, impassive, brooding on his woes. His old enemy, Satouriona, keen as a hound on the scent of prey, tried, by great offers, to bribe Laudonniere to give the prisoner into his hands. Outina, however, was kindly treated, and assured of immediate freedom on payment of the ransom.

Meanwhile his captivity was entailing dire affliction on his realm; for, despairing of his return, his subjects mustered to the election of a new chief. Party-strife ran high. Some were for a boy, his son, and some for an ambitious kinsman who coveted the vacant throne. Outina chafed in his prison, learning these dissensions, and, eager to convince his over-hasty subjects that their king still lived, he was so profuse of promises, that he was again embarked and carried up the river.

At no great distance below Lake George, a small affluent of the St. John's gave access by water to a point within eighteen miles of Outina's principal town. The two barges, crowded with soldiers, and bearing also the royal captive, rowed up this little stream. Indians awaited them at the landing, with gifts of bread, beans, and fish, and piteous prayers for their chief, upon whose liberation they promised an ample supply of corn. As they were deaf to

Page 129

all other terms, Laudonniere yielded, released the chief, and received in his place two hostages, who were fast bound in the boats. Ottigny and Arlac, with a strong detachment of arquebusiers, set forth to receive the promised supplies, for which, from the first, full payment in merchandise had been offered. Arrived at the village, they filed into the great central lodge, within whose dusky precincts were gathered the magnates of the tribe. Council-chamber, forum, banquet-hall, dancing-hall, palace, all in one, the royal dwelling could hold half the population in its capacious confines. Here the French made their abode. Their armor buckled, their arquebuse-matches lighted, they stood, or sat, or reclined on the earthen floor, with anxious eyes watching the strange, dim scene, half lighted by the daylight that streamed down through the hole at the apex of the roof. Tall, dark forms stalked to and fro, quivers at their backs, bows and arrows in their hands, while groups, crouched in the shadow beyond, eyed the hated guests with inscrutable visages, and malignant, sidelong eyes. Corn came in slowly, but warriors were mustering fast. The village without was full of them. The French officers grew anxious, and urged the chiefs to greater alacrity in collecting the promised ransom. The answer boded no good, "Our women are afraid, when they see the matches of your guns burning. Put them out, and they will bring the corn faster."

Outina was nowhere to be seen. At length they learned that he was in one of the small huts adjacent. Several of the officers went to him, complaining of the slow payment of his ransom. The kindness of his captors at Fort Caroline seemed to have won his heart. He replied, that such was the rage of his subjects that he could no longer control them,—that the French were in danger,—and that he had seen arrows stuck in the ground by the side of the path, in token that war was declared. Their peril was thickening hourly, and Ottigny resolved to regain the boats while there was yet time.

On the twenty-seventh of July, at nine in the morning, he set his men in order. Each shouldering a sack of corn, they marched through the rows of squalid huts that surrounded the great lodge, and out betwixt the interfolding extremities of the palisade that encircled the town. Before them stretched a wide avenue, three or four hundred paces long, flanked by a natural growth of trees,—one of those curious monuments of native industry to which allusion has been already made. Here Ottigny halted and formed his line of march. Arlac with eight matchlockmen was sent in advance, and flanking parties thrown into the woods on either side. Ottigny told his soldiers, that, if the Indians meant to attack them, they were probably in ambush at the other end of the avenue. He was right. As Arlac's party reached the spot, the whole pack gave tongue at once. The war-whoop quavered through the startled air, and a tempest of stone-headed arrows clattered against the breastplates of the French, or tore, scorching like fire, through their unprotected limbs. They stood firm, and sent back their shot so steadily that several of the assailants were laid dead, and the rest, two or three hundred in number, gave way as Ottigny came up with his men.

Page 130

They moved on for a quarter of a mile through a country, as it seems, comparatively open; when again the war-cry pealed in front, and three hundred savages came bounding to the assault. Their whoops were echoed from the rear. It was the party whom Arlac had just repulsed, who, leaping and showering their arrows, were rushing on with a ferocity restrained only by their lack of courage. There was no panic. The men threw down their corn-bags, and took to their weapons. They blew their matches, and, under two excellent officers, stood well to their work. The Indians, on their part, showed a good discipline, after their fashion, and were perfectly under the control of their chiefs. With cries that imitated the yell of owls, the scream of cougars, and the howl of wolves, they ran up in successive bands, let fly their arrows, and instantly fell back, giving place to others. At the sight of the levelled arquebuse, they dropped flat on the earth. Whenever, sword in hand, the French charged upon them, they fled like foxes through the woods; and whenever the march was resumed, the arrows were showering again upon the flanks and rear of the retiring band. The soldiers coolly picked them up and broke them as they fell. Thus, beset with swarming savages, the handful of Frenchmen pushed their march till nightfall, fighting as they went.

The Indians gradually drew off, and the forest was silent again. Two of the French had been killed and twenty-two wounded, several so severely that they were supported to the boats with the utmost difficulty. Of the corn, two bags only had been brought off.

Famine and desperation now reigned at Fort Caroline. The Indians had killed two of the carpenters; hence long delay in the finishing of the new ship. They would not wait, but resolved to put to sea in the Breton and the brigantine. The problem was to find food for the voyage; for now, in their extremity, they roasted and ate snakes, a delicacy in which the neighborhood abounded.

On the third of August, Laudonniere, perturbed and oppressed, was walking on the hill, when, looking seaward, he saw a sight that shot a thrill through his exhausted frame. A great ship was standing towards the river's mouth. Then another came in sight, and another, and another. He called the tidings to the fort below. Then languid forms rose and danced for joy, and voices, shrill with weakness, joined in wild laughter and acclamation.

A doubt soon mingled with their joy. Who were the strangers? Were they the succors so long hoped in vain? or were they Spaniards bringing steel and fire? They were neither. The foremost was a stately ship, of seven hundred tons, a mighty burden at that day. She was named the Jesus; and with her were three smaller vessels, the Solomon, the Tiger, and the Swallow. Their commander was "a right worshipful and valiant knight,"—for so the record styles him,—a pious man and a prudent, to judge him by the orders he gave his crew, when, ten months before, he sailed out of Plymouth:—"Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keepe good companie." Nor were the crew unworthy the graces of their chief; for the devout

chronicler of the voyage ascribes their deliverance from the perils of the seas to “the Almighty God, who never suffereth his Elect to perish.”

Page 131

Who, then, were they, this chosen band, serenely conscious of a special Providential care? Apostles of the cross, bearing the word of peace to benighted heathendom? They were the pioneers of that detested traffic destined to inoculate with its black infection nations yet unborn, parent of discord and death, with the furies in their train, filling half a continent with the tramp of armies and the clash of fratricidal swords. Their chief was Sir John Hawkins, father of the English slave-trade.

He had been to the coast of Guinea, where he bought and kidnapped a cargo of slaves. These he had sold to the jealous Spaniards of Hispaniola, forcing them, with sword, matchlock, and culverin, to grant him free trade, and then to sign testimonials that he had borne himself as became a peaceful merchant. Prospering greatly by this summary commerce, but distressed by the want of water, he had put into the River of May to obtain a supply.

Among the rugged heroes of the British marine, Sir John stood in the front rank, and along with Drake, his relative, is extolled as “a man borne for the honour of the English name.... Neither did the West of England yeeld such an Indian Neptunian paire as were these two Ocean peeres, Hawkins and Drake.” So writes the old chronicler, Purchas, and all England was of his thinking. A hardy seaman, a bold fighter, overbearing towards equals, but kind, in his bluff way, to those beneath him, rude in speech, somewhat crafty withal, and avaricious, he buffeted his way to riches and fame, and died at last full of years and honor. As for the abject humanity stowed between the reeking decks of the ship *Jesus*, they were merely in his eyes so many black cattle tethered for the market. Queen Elizabeth had an interest in the venture, and received her share of the sugar, pearls, ginger, and hides which the vigorous measures of Sir John gained from his Spanish customers.

Hawkins came up the river in a pinnace, and landed at Fort Caroline, “accompanied,” says Laudonniere, “with gentlemen honorably apparelled, yet unarmed.” Between the Huguenots and the English there was a double tie of sympathy. Both hated priests, and both hated Spaniards. Wakening from their apathetic misery, the starveling garrison hailed him as a deliverer. Yet Hawkins secretly rejoiced, when he learned their purpose to abandon Florida; for, though, not to tempt his cupidity, they hid from him the secret of their Appalachian gold-mine, he coveted for his royal mistress the possession of this rich domain. He shook his head, however, when he saw the vessels in which they proposed to embark, and offered them all a free passage to France in his own ships. This, from obvious motives of honor and prudence, Laudonniere declined, upon which Hawkins offered to lend or sell to him one of his smaller vessels.

Page 132

Hereupon arose a great clamor. A mob of soldiers and artisans beset Laudonniere's chamber, threatening loudly to desert him, and take passage with Hawkins, unless the offer of the latter were accepted. The commandant accordingly resolved to buy the vessel. The generous slaver, whose reputed avarice nowise appears in the transaction, desired him to set his own price; and, in place of money, took the cannon of the fort, with other articles now useless to their late owners. He sent them, too, a gift of wine and biscuit, and supplied them with provision for the voyage, receiving in payment Laudonniere's note,—“for which,” adds the latter, “I am until this present indebted to him.” With a friendly leave-taking he returned to his ships and stood out to sea, leaving golden opinions among the grateful inmates of Fort Caroline.

Before the English top-sails had sunk beneath the horizon, the colonists bestirred themselves to depart. In a few days their preparations were made. They waited only for a fair wind. It was long in coming, and meanwhile their troubled fortunes assumed a new phase.

On the twenty-eighth of August, the two captains, Vasseur and Verdier, came in with tidings of an approaching squadron. Again the fort was wild with excitement. Friends or foes, French or Spaniards, succor or death: betwixt these were their hopes and fears divided. With the following morning, they saw seven barges rowing up the river, bristling with weapons and crowded with men in armor. The sentries on the bluff challenged, and received no answer. One of them fired at the advancing boats. Still no response. Laudonniere was almost defenceless. He had given his heavier cannon to Hawkins, and only two field-pieces were left. They were levelled at the foremost boats, and the word was about to be given, when a voice from among the strangers called that they were French, commanded by John Ribaut.

At the eleventh hour, the long-looked-for succors were come. Ribaut had been commissioned to sail with seven ships for Florida. A disorderly concourse of disbanded soldiers, mixed with artisans and their families, and young nobles weary of a two-years' peace, were mustered at the port of Dieppe, and embarked, to the number of three hundred men, bearing with them all things thought necessary to a prosperous colony.

No longer in dread of the Spaniards, the colonists saluted the new-comers with the cannon by which a moment before they had hoped to blow them out of the water. Laudonniere issued from his stronghold to welcome them, and regaled them with what cheer he might. Ribaut was present, conspicuous by his long beard, the astonishment of the Indians; and here, too, were officers, old friends of Laudonniere. Why, then, had they approached in the attitude of enemies? The mystery was soon explained; for they expressed to the commandant their pleasure at finding that the charges made against him had proved false. He begged to know more, on which Ribaut,

Page 133

taking him aside, told him that the returning ships had brought home letters filled with accusations of arrogance, tyranny, cruelty, and a purpose of establishing an independent command: accusations which he now saw to be unfounded, but which had been the occasion of his unusual and startling precaution. He gave him, too, a letter from the Admiral Coligny. In brief, but courteous terms, it required him to resign his command, and invited his return to France to clear his name from the imputations cast upon it. Ribaut warmly urged him to remain; but Laudonniere declined his friendly proposals.

Worn in body and mind, mortified and wounded, he soon fell ill again. A peasant-woman attended him, brought over, he says, to nurse the sick and take charge of the poultry, and of whom Le Moyne also speaks as a servant, but who had been made the occasion of additional charges against him, most offensive to the austere Admiral.

Stores were landed, tents were pitched, women and children were sent on shore, feathered Indians mingled in the throng, and the sunny borders of the River of May swarmed with busy life. "But, lo, how oftentimes misfortune doth search and pursue us, even then when we thinke to be at rest!" exclaims the unhappy Laudonniere. Behind the light and cheer of renovated hope, a cloud of blackest omen was gathering in the east.

At half-past eleven on the night of Tuesday, the fourth of September, the crew of Ribaut's flag-ship, anchored on the still sea outside the bar, saw a huge hulk, grim with the throats of cannon, drifting towards them through the gloom; and from its stern rolled on the sluggish air the portentous banner of Spain.

Here opens a wilder act of this eventful drama. At another day we shall lift the curtain on its fierce and bloody scenes.

* * * * *

SEAWARD.

TO —.

How long it seems since that mild April night,
When, leaning from the window, you and I
Heard, clearly ringing from the shadowy bight,
The loon's unearthly cry!

Southwest the wind blew; million little waves
Ran rippling round the point in mellow tune;

But mournful, like the voice of one who raves,
That laughter of the loon.

We called to him, while blindly through the haze
Upclimbed the meagre moon behind us, slow,
So dim, the fleet of boats we scarce could trace,
Moored lightly, just below.

We called, and, lo, he answered! Half in fear,
I sent the note back. Echoing rock and bay
Made melancholy music far and near;
Slowly it died away.

That schooner, you remember? Flying ghost!
Her canvas catching every wandering beam,
Aerial, noiseless, past the glimmering coast
She glided like a dream.

Would we were leaning from your window now,
Together calling to the eerie loon,
The fresh wind blowing care from either brow,
This sumptuous night of June!



Page 134

So many sighs load this sweet inland air,
'T is hard to breathe, nor can we find relief;
However lightly touched, we all must share
The nobleness of grief.

But sighs are spent before they reach your ear,
Vaguely they mingle with the water's rune;
No sadder sound salutes you than the clear,
Wild laughter of the loon.

* * * * *

SIDE-GLANCES AT HARVARD CLASS-DAY.

It happened to me once to "assist" at the celebration of Class-Day at Harvard University. Class-Day is the peculiar institution of the Senior Class, and marks its completion of college study and release from college rules. It is also an institution peculiar, I believe, to Harvard, and I was somewhat curious to observe its ceremonials, besides feeling a not entirely *unawful* interest in being introduced for the first time to the *arcana* of that renowned Alma Mater.

She has set up her Lares and Penates in a fine old grove, or a fine old grove and green have sprouted up around her, as the case may be. At all events, there is sufficient groundwork for any quantity of euphuism about "classic shades," "groves of Academe," *et cetera*. Trollope had his fling at the square brick buildings; but it was a fling that they richly deserved, for they are in very deed as ugly as it is possible to conceive,—angular, formal, stiff, windowy, bricky,—and the farther in you go, the worse it grows. Why, I pray to know, as the first inquiry suggested by Class-Day, is it necessary for boys' schools to be placed without the pale of civilization? Do boys take so naturally to the amenities of life that they can safely dispense with the conditions of amenity? When I entered those brick boxes, I felt as if I were going into a stable. Wood-work dingy, unpainted, gashed, scratched; windows dingy and dim; walls dingy and gray and smoked; everything unhomelike, unattractive, narrow, and rickety. Think, now, of taking a boy away from his home, from his mother and sisters, from carpets and curtains and all the softening influences of cultivated taste, and turning him loose with dozens of other boys into a congeries of pens like this! Who wonders that he comes out a boor? I felt a sinking at the heart in climbing up those narrow, uncouth staircases. We talk about education. We boast of having the finest system in the world. Harvard is, if not the most distinguished, certainly among the first institutions in the country; but, in my opinion, formed in the entry of the first Harvard house I entered, Harvard has not begun to hit the nail on the head. Education! Do you call it education, to put a boy into a hole, and work out of him a certain amount of mathematics, and work into him a certain number of

languages? Is a man dressed, because one arm has a spotless wristband, unquestionable sleeve-buttons, a handsome sleeve, and a well-fitting

Page 135

glove at the end, while the man is out at the other elbow, patched on both knees, and down at the heels? Should we consider Nature a success, if she concerned herself only with carrying nutriment to the stomach, and left the heart and the lungs and the liver and the nerves to shift for themselves? Yet so do we, educating boys in these dens called colleges. We educate the mind, the memory, the intellectual faculties; but the manners, the courtesies, the social tastes, the greater part of what goes to make life happy and genial, not to say good, we leave out of view. People talk about the “awkward age” of boys,—the age in which their hands and feet trouble them, and in which they are a social burden to themselves and their friends. But one age need be no more awkward than another. I have seen boys that were gentlemen from the cradle to the grave,—almost; certainly from the time they ceased to be babies till they passed altogether out of my sight. Let boys have the associations, the culture, the training, and the treatment of gentlemen, and I do not believe there will be a single moment of their lives in which they will be clowns.

And among the first necessities are the surroundings of a gentleman. When a man is grown up, he can live in a sty and not be a pig; but turn a horde of boys in, and when they come out they will root out. A man is strong and stiff. His inward, inherent power, toughened by exposure and fortified by knowledge, overmasters opposing circumstances. He can neglect the prickles and assume the rose of his position. He stands scornfully erect amid the grovelling influences that would pull him down. It may perhaps be, also, that here and there a boy, with a strong native predilection to refinement, shall be eclectic, and, with the water-lily’s instinct, select from coarse contiguities only that which will nourish a delicate soul. But human nature in its infancy is usually a very susceptible material. It grows as it is trained. It will be rude, if it is left rude, and fine only as it is wrought finely. Educate a boy to tumbled hair and grimy hands, and he will go tumbled and grimy to his grave. Put a hundred boys together where they will have the appurtenances of a clown, and I do not believe there will be ten out of the hundred who will not become precisely to that degree clownish. I am not battling for the luxuries of life, but I am for its decencies. I would not turn boys into Sybarites, but neither would I let them riot into Satyrs. The effeminacy of a false aristocracy is no nearer the heights of true manhood than the clumsiness of the clod, but I think it is just as near. I would have college rooms, college entrances, and all college domains cleanly and attractive. I would, in the first place, have every rough board planed, and painted in soft and cheerful tints. I would have the walls pleasantly colored, or covered with delicate, or bright, or warm-hued paper. The floor should be either tiled, or hidden under carpets, durable,

Page 136

if possible, at any rate, decent. Straw or rope matting is better than brown, yawning boards. There you have things put upon an entirely new basis. At no immoderate expense there is a new sky, a new earth, a new horizon. If a boy is rich and can furnish his room handsomely, the furnishings will not shame the room and its vicinity. If he is poor and can provide but cheaply, he will still have a comely home provided for him by the Mater who then will be Alma to some purpose.

Do you laugh at all this? So did Sarah laugh at the angels, but the angels had the right of it for all that.

I am told that it would all be useless,—that the boys would deface and destroy, till the last state of the buildings would be worse than the first. I do not believe one word of it. It is inferred that they would deface, because they deface now. But what is it that they deface? Deformity. And who blames them? You see a rough board, and, by natural instinct, you dive into it with your jackknife. A base bare wall is a standing invitation to energetic and unruly pencils. Give the boys a little elegance and the tutors a little tact, and I do not believe there would be any trouble. If I had a thousand dollars,—as I did have once, but it is gone: shall I ever look upon its like again?—I would not be afraid to stake the whole of it upon the good behavior of college students,—that is, if I could have the managing of them. I would make them “a speech,” when they came back at the end of one of their long vacations, telling them what had been done, why it had been done, and the objections that had been urged against doing it. Then I would put the matter entirely into their hands. I would appeal solely to their honor. I would repose in them so much confidence that they could by no possibility betray it. We don’t trust people half enough. We hedge ourselves about with laws and locks and deeds and bonds, and neglect the weightier matters of inherent right and justice that lie in every bosom.

It may be thought hardly polite to accept hospitality and then go away and inveigh against the hospital; but my animadversions, you will do me the justice to observe, are not aimed at my entertainers. I am marauding for, not against them.

* * * * *

The Oration and Poem form the first public features of Class-Day, but, arriving late, I could only eddy on the surge that swept around the door. Strains of distant eloquence would occasionally float musically to my ear; now and then a single word would steer clear of the thousands of heads and come into my port unharmed. Frequent waves of laughter beat and broke into the vestibule; but what is more “trying” to a frail temper than laughter in which one cannot join? So we tarried long enough to mark the fair faces and fine dresses, and then rambled under the old trees till the hour for the “collation” came; and this is the second point on which I purpose to dwell.

Page 137

Each member of the Senior Class prepares a banquet,—sometimes separately and sometimes in clubs, at an expense varying from fifty to five hundred dollars,—to which he invites as many friends as he chooses, or as are available. The banquet is quite as rich, varied, and elegant as you find at ordinary evening parties, and the occasion is a merry and pleasant one. But it occurred to me that there may be unpleasant things connected with this custom. In a class of seventy-five, in a country like America, it is quite probable that a certain proportion are ill able to meet the expense which such a custom necessitates. Some have fought their own way through college. Some must have been fought through by their parents. To them I should think this elaborate and considerable outlay must be a very sensible inconvenience. The mere expense of books and board, tuition and clothing, cannot be met without strict economy and much parental and family sacrifice. And at the end of it all, when every nerve has been strained, and must be strained harder still before the man can be considered fairly on his feet and able to run his own race in life, comes this new call for entirely uncollegiate disbursements. Of course it is only a custom. There is no college by-law, I suppose, which prescribes a valedictory *symposium*. Probably it grew up gradually from small ice-cream beginnings to its present formidable proportions; but a custom is as rigid as a chain. I wondered whether the moral character of the young men was generally strong enough, by the time they were in their fourth collegiate year, to enable them to go counter to the custom, if it involved personal sacrifice at home,—whether there was generally sufficient courtliness, not to say Christianity, in the class, whether there was sufficient courtesy, chivalry, high-breeding, to make the omission of this party-giving unnoticeable or not unpleasant. I by no means say that the inability of a portion of the students to entertain their friends sumptuously should prevent those who are able from doing so. As the world is, some will be rich and some will be poor. This is a fact which they have to face the moment they go out into the world; and the sooner they grapple with it, and find out its real bearings and worth or worthlessness, the better. Boys are usually old enough by the time they are graduated to understand and take philosophically such a distinction. Nor do I admit that poor people have any right to be sore on the subject of their poverty. The one sensitiveness which I cannot comprehend, with which I have no sympathy, for which I have no pity, and of which I have no tolerance, is sensitiveness about poverty. I think it is an essentially vulgar feeling. I cannot conceive how a man who has any exaltation of life, any real elevation of character, any self-respect, can for a moment experience so ignoble a shame. One may be annoyed at the inconveniences and impatient of the restraints of poverty; but to

Page 138

be ashamed to be called poor or to be thought poor, to resort to shifts, not for the sake of being comfortable or elegant, but of seeming to be above the necessity of shifts, is an indication of an inferior mind, whether it dwell in prince or in peasant. The man who does it shows that he has not in his own opinion character enough to stand alone. He must be supported by adventitious circumstances, or he must fall. Nobody, therefore, need ever expect to receive sympathy from me in recounting the social pangs or slights of poverty. You never can be slighted, if you do not slight yourself. People may attempt to do it, but their shafts have no barb. You turn it all into natural history. It is a psychological phenomenon, a study, something to be analyzed, classified, reasoned from, and bent to your own convenience, but not to be taken to heart. It amuses you; it interests you; it adds to your stock of facts; it makes life curious and valuable: but if you suffer from it, it is because you have not basis, stamina; and probably you deserve to be slighted. This, however, is true only when people have become somewhat concentrated. Children know nothing of it. They live chiefly from without, not from within. Only gradually as they approach maturity do they cut loose from the scaffolding and depend upon their own centre of gravity. Appearances are very strong in school. Money and prodigality have great weight there, notwithstanding the democracy of attainments and abilities. If I live a thousand years, I do not believe I shall ever do a more virtuous deed than I did long ago in staying at home for the sake of a quarter of a dollar when the rest of the school went to see Tom Thumb, the late bewritten bridegroom. I call it virtuous, because I had the quarter and could have gone, and could not explain the reason why I did not go. And though a senior class in Harvard College may reasonably be supposed to be beyond the eminent domain of Tom Thumb and quarter-dollars, the principle is precisely the same,—only the temptation, I suppose, is much stronger, as the stake is larger. Have they self-poise enough to refrain from these festive expenses without suffering mortification? Have they virtue enough to refrain from them with the certainty of incurring such suffering? Have they nobility and generosity and largeness of soul enough, while abstaining themselves for conscience sake, to share in the plans and sympathize without servility in the pleasures of their rich comrades? to look on with friendly interest, without cynicism or concealed malice, at the preparations in which they do not join? Or do they yield to selfishness, and gratify their own vanity, weakness, self-indulgence, and love of pleasure, at whatever cost to their parents? Or is there such a state of public opinion and usage in college that this custom is equally honored in the breach and in the observance?

* * * * *

When the feasting was over, the most picturesque part of the day began. The college green put off suddenly its antique gravity, and became

Page 139

“Embrouded ... as it were a mede
Alle ful of fresshe floures, white and rede,”—

“floures” which to their gay hues and graceful outlines added the rare charm of fluttering in perpetual motion. It was a kaleidoscope without angles. To me, niched in the embrasure of an old upper window, the scene, it seemed, might have stepped out of the Oriental splendor of Arabian Nights. I think I may safely say I never saw so many well-dressed people together in my life before. That seems a rather tame fact to buttress Arabian Nights withal, but it implies much. The distance was a little too great for one to note personal and individual beauty; but since I have heard that Boston is famous for its ugly women, perhaps that was an advantage, as diminishing likewise individual ugliness. If no one was strikingly handsome, no one was strikingly plain. And though you could not mark the delicacies of faces, you could have the full effect of costumes,—rich, majestic, floating, gossamery, impalpable. Everything was fresh, spotless, and in tune. It scarcely needed music to resolve all the incessant waver and shimmer into a dance; but the music came, and, like sand-grains under the magnet, the beautiful atoms swept into stately shapes and tremulous measured activity,—

“A fine, sweet earthquake gently moved
By the soft wind of whispering silks.”

Then it seemed like a German festival, and came back to me the Fatherland, the lovely season of the Blossoming, the short, sweet bliss-month among the Blumenthal Mountains.

Nothing can be more appropriate, more harmonious, than dancing on the green. Youth and gayety and beauty—and in summer we are all young and gay and beautiful—mingle well with the eternal youth of blue sky and velvet sward and the light breezes toying in the tree-tops. Youth and Nature kiss each other in the bright, clear purity of the happy summer-tide. Whatever objections lie against dancing elsewhere must veil their faces there.

Yet I must confess I wish men would not dance. It is the most unbecoming exercise which they can adopt. In women you have the sweep and wave of drapery, gentle undulations, summer-cloud floatings, soft, sinuous movements, the fluency of pliant forms, the willowy bend and rebound of lithe and lovely suppleness. It is grace generic,—the sublime, the evanescent mysticism of motion, without use, without aim, except its own overflowing and all-sufficing fascination. But when a man dances, it reminds me of that amusing French book called “Le Diable Boiteux,” which has been or may be free-thinkingly translated, “The Devil on Two Sticks.” In saying this, I design to cast no slur on the moral character of masculine dancers. It is unquestionably above reproach; but let an angel put on the black coat and trousers which constitute the “full-dress” of a modern gentleman, and therein antic through the “Lancers,” and he would simply be ridiculous,—which

Page 140

is all I allege against Thomas, Richard, and Henry, Esq. A woman's dancing is gliding, swaying, serpentine. A man's is jerks, hops, convulsions, and acute angles. The woman is light, airy, indistinctly defined: airy movements are in keeping. The man is sombre in hue, grave in tone, distinctly outlined; and nothing is more incongruous, to my thinking, than this dancing, well portrayed in the contraband melody of

"Old Joe," *etc.*

The feminine drapery conceals processes and gives results. The masculine absence of drapery reveals processes and thereby destroys results.

Once upon a time, long before the Flood, the clergyman of a country-village, possessed with such a zeal as Paul bore record of concerning Israel, conceived it his duty to "make a note" of sundry young members of his flock who had met for a drive and a supper, with a dance fringed upon the outskirts. The fame thereof being noised abroad, a sturdy old farmer, with a good deal of shrewd sense and mother-wit in his brains, and a fine, indirect way of hitting the nail on the head with a side-stroke, was questioned in a neighboring village as to the facts of the case. "Yes," he said, surlily, "the young folks had a party, and got up a dance, and the minister was mad,—and I don't blame him,—he thinks nobody has any business to dance, unless he knows how better than they did!" It was a rather different *casus belli* from that which the worthy clergyman would have preferred before a council; but it "meets my views" precisely as to the validity of the objections urged against dancing. I would have women dance, because it is the most beautiful thing in the world. I would have men dance, if it is necessary, in order to "set off" women, and to keep themselves out of mischief; but in point of grace, or elegance, or attractiveness, I should beg men to hold their peace—and their pumps.

From my window overlooking the green, I was led away into some one or other of the several halls to see the "round dances"; and it was like going from Paradise to Pandemonium. From the pure and healthy lawn, all the purer for the pure and peaceful people pleasantly walking up and down in the sunshine and shade, or grouped in the numerous windows, like bouquets of rare tropical flowers,—from the green, rainbowed in vivid splendor, and alive with soft, tranquil motion, fair forms, and the flutter of beautiful and brilliant colors,—from the green, sanctified already by the pale faces of sick and wounded and maimed soldiers who had gone out from the shadows of those sheltering trees to draw the sword for country, and returned white wraiths of their vigorous youth, the sad vanguard of that great army of blessed martyrs who shall keep forever in the mind of this generation how costly and precious a thing is liberty, who shall lift our worldly age out of the plough of its material prosperity into the sublimity of suffering and sacrifice,—from suggestions and fancies and dreamy musing and "phantasms sweet," into the hall, where, for flower-scented summer air were thick clouds of fine, penetrating dust, and for lightly trooping fairies a jam of heated human

beings, so that you shall hardly come nigh the dancers for the press; and when you have, with difficulty and many contortions and much apologizing, threaded the solid mass, piercing through the forest of fans,—what? An inclosure, but no more illusion.

Page 141

Waltzing is a profane and vicious dance. Always. When it is prosecuted in the centre of a great crowd, in a dusty hall, on a warm midsummer day, it is also a disgusting dance. Night is its only appropriate time. The blinding, dazzling gas-light throws a grateful glare over the salient points of its indecency, and blends the whole into a wild whirl that dizzies and dazes one; but the uncompromising afternoon, pouring in through manifold windows, tears away every illusion, and reveals the whole coarseness and commonness and all the repulsive details of this most alien and unmaidenly revel. The very *pose* of the dance is profanity. Attitudes which are the instinctive expression of intimate emotions, glowing rosy-red in the auroral time of tenderness, and justified in unabashed freedom only by a long and faithful habitude of unselfish devotion, are here openly, deliberately, and carelessly assumed by people who have but a casual and partial society-acquaintance. This I reckon profanity. This is levity the most culpable. This is a guilty and wanton waste of delicacy.

That it is practised by good girls and tolerated by good mothers does not prove that it is good. Custom blunts the edge of many perceptions. A good thing soiled may be redeemed by good people; but waltz as many as you may, spotless maidens, you will only smut yourselves, and not cleanse the waltz. It is of itself unclean.

There were, besides, peculiar *desagreements* on this occasion. How can people,—I could not help saying to myself,—how can people endure such proximity in such a sweltering heat? For, as I said, there was no illusion,—not a particle. It was no Vale of Tempe, with Nymphs and Apollos. The boys were boys, appallingly young, full of healthful promise, but too much in the husk for exhibition, and not entirely at ease in their situation,—indeed, very much *not* at ease,—unmistakably warm, nervous, and uncomfortable. The girls were pretty enough girls, I dare say, under ordinary circumstances,—one was really lovely, with soft cheeks, long eyelashes, eyes deep and liquid, and Tasso's gold in her hair, though of a bad figure, ill set off by a bad dress,—but Venus herself could not have been seen to advantage in such evil plight as they, panting, perspiring, ruffled, frowsy,—puff-balls revolving through an atmosphere of dust,—a maze of steaming, reeking human couples, inhumanly heated and simmering together with a more than Spartan fortitude.

It was remarkable, and at the same time amusing, to observe the difference in the demeanor of the two sexes. The lions and the fawns seemed to have changed hearts,—perhaps they had. It was the boys that were nervous. The girls were unquailing. The boys were, however, heroic. They tried bravely to hide the fox and his gnawings; but traces were visible. They made desperate feint of being at the height of enjoyment and unconscious of spectators; but they had much modesty, for all that. The girls threw themselves into it *pugnis et calcibus*,—unshrinking, indefatigable.

Page 142

There is another thing which girls and their mothers do not seem to consider. The present mode of dress renders waltzing almost as objectionable in a large room as the boldest feats of a French ballet-dancer. Not to put too fine a point on it, I mean that these girls' gyrations in the centre of their gyrating and centrifugal hoops make a most operatic drapery-display. I saw scores and scores of public waltzing-girls last summer, and among them all I saw but one who understood the art, or, at any rate, who practised the art, of avoiding an indecent exposure. In the glare and glamour of gas-light it is only flash and clouds and indistinctness. In the broad and honest daylight, it is not. Do I shock ears polite? I trust so. If the saying of shocking things might prevent the doing of shocking things, I should be well content. And is it an unpardonable sin for me to sit alone in my own room and write about what you go into a great hall, before hundreds of strange men and women, and do?

I do not speak thus about waltzing because I like to say it; but ye have compelled me. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. I respect and revere woman, and I cannot see her destroying or debasing the impalpable fragrance and delicacy of her nature without feeling the shame and shudder in my own heart. Great is my boldness of speech towards you, because great is my glorying of you. Though I speak as a fool, yet as a fool receive me. My opinions may be rustic. They are at least honest; and may it not be that the first fresh impressions of an unprejudiced and uninfluenced observer are as likely to be natural and correct views as those which are the result of many afterthoughts, long use, and an experience of multifold fascinations, combined with the original producing cause? My opinions may be wrong, but they will do no harm; the penalty will rest alone on me: while, if they are right, they may serve as a nail or two to be fastened by the masters of assemblies.

The funny part of Class-Day comes last,—not so very funny to tell, but amazingly funny to see,—only a wreath of bouquets fastened around the trunk of an old tree, perhaps eight or ten feet from the ground, and then the four classes range themselves around it in four circles with their hands fast locked together, the Freshman Class on the outside, the Senior Class within, grotesquely tricked out in vile old coats and “shocking bad hats.” Then the two alternate classes go one way around the tree and the two others the opposite, pell-mell, harum-scarum, pushing and pulling, down and up again, only keeping fast hold of hands, singing, shouting, cheering *ad libitum*, *ad throatum*, (theirs,) *ad earsum*, (ours,) and going all the time in that din and yell and crowd and crash dear to the hearts of boys. At a given signal there is a pause, and the Senior Class make sudden charge upon the bouquets, huddling and hustling and crowding and jumping at the foot of

Page 143

the old tree; bubbling up on each other's shoulders into momentary prominence and prospect of success, and immediately disappearing ignominiously; making frantic grasps and clutches with a hundred long arms and eager outstretched hands, and finally succeeding, by shoulders and fists, in bringing the wreath away piecemeal; and then they give themselves up to mutual embraces, groans, laments, and all the enginery of pathetic affection in the last gasping throes of separation,—to the doleful tearing of hair and the rending of their fantastic garments. It is the personification of legalized rowdyism; and if young men would but confine themselves to such rowdyism as may be looked at and laughed at by their mothers and sisters, they would find life just as amusing and a thousand times more pure and profitable.

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It occurs to me here that there is one subject on which I desire to “give my views,” though it is quite unconnected with Class-Day. But it is probable that in the whole course of my natural life it will never again happen to me to be writing about colleges, so I desire to say in this paper everything I have to say on the subject. I refer to the practice of “hazing,” which is an abomination. If we should find it among hinds, a remnant of the barbarisms of the Dark Ages, blindly handed down by such slow-growing people as go to mill with their meal on one side of the saddle and a stone on the other to balance, as their fathers did, because it never occurred to their loggerheads to divide the meal into two parcels and make it balance itself, we should not be surprised; but hazing occurs among boys who have been accustomed to the circulation of ideas, boys old enough and intelligent enough to understand the difference between brutality and frolic, old enough to know what honor and courage mean, and therefore I cannot conceive how they should countenance a practice which entirely ignores and defies honor, and whose brutality has not a single redeeming feature. It has neither wisdom nor wit, no spirit, no genius, no impulsiveness, scarcely the mirth of boyish frolic. A narrow range of stale practical jokes, lighted up by no gleam of originality, is transmitted from year to year with as much fidelity as the Hebrew Bible, and not half the latitude allowed to clergymen of the English Established Church. But besides its platitude, its one overpowering and fatal characteristic is its intense and essential cowardice. Cowardice is its head and front and bones and blood. One boy does not single out another boy of his own weight, and take his chances in a fair stand-up fight. But a party of Sophomores club together in such numbers as to render opposition useless, and pounce upon their victim unawares, as Brooks and his minions pounced upon Sumner, and as the Southern chivalry is given to doing. For sweet pity's sake, let this mode of warfare be monopolized by the Southern chivalry.

Page 144

The lame excuse is offered, that it does the Freshmen good,—takes the conceit out of them. But if there is any class in college so divested of conceit as to be justified in throwing stones, it is surely not the Sophomore Class. Moreover, whatever good it may do the sufferers, it does harm, and only harm, to the perpetrators; and neither the law nor the gospel requires a man to improve other people's characters at the expense of his own. Nobody can do a wrong without injuring himself; and no young man can do a mean, cowardly wrong like this without suffering severest injury. It is the very spirit of the slaveholder, a dastardly and detestable, a tyrannical and cruel spirit. If young men are so blinded by custom and habit that a meanness is not to them a meanness because it has been practised for years, so much the worse for the young men, and so much the worse for our country, whose sweat of blood attests the bale and blast which this evil spirit has wrought. If uprightness, if courage, if humanity and rectitude and the mind conscious to itself of right, are anything more than a name. Let the young men who mean to make time minister to life scorn and scotch and kill this debasing and stupid practice.

And why is not some legitimate and wholesome safety-valve provided by authority to let off superabundant vitality, that boys may not, by the mere occasions of their own natures, be driven into wickedness? Class-Day is very well, but it comes only once a year, and what is needed is an opportunity for daily ebullition, so that each night may square its own account and forestall explosion. Why should there not be, for instance, a military department to every college, as well as a mathematical department? Why might not every college be a military normal school? The exuberance and riot of animal spirits, the young, adventurous strength and joy in being, would not only be kept from striking out as now in illegitimate, unworthy, and hurtful directions, but it would become the very basis and groundwork of useful purposes. Such exercise would be so promotive of health and discipline, it would so train and harmonize and *limber* the physical powers, that the superior quality of study would, I doubt not, more than atone for whatever deficiency in quantity might result. And even suppose a little less attention should be given to Euclid and Homer, which is of the greater importance nowadays, an ear that can detect a false quantity in a Greek verse, or an eye that can sight a Rebel nine hundred yards off, and a hand that can pull a trigger and shoot him? Knowledge is power; but knowledge must sharpen its edges and polish its points, if it would be greatliest available in days like these. The knowledge that can plant batteries and plan campaigns, that is fertile in expedients and wise to baffle the foe, is just now the strongest power. Diagrams and first-aorists are good, and they who have fed on such meat have grown great, and done the State

Page 145

service in their generation; but these times demand new measures and new men. It is conceded that we shall probably be for many years a military nation. At least a generation of vigilance shall be the price of our liberty. And even of peace we can have no stronger assurance than a wise and wieldy readiness for war. Now the education of our unwarlike days is not adequate to the emergencies of this martial hour. We must be seasoned with something stronger than Attic salt, or we shall be cast out and trodden under foot of men. True, all education is worthy. Everything that exercises the mind fits it for its work; but professional education is indispensable to professional men. And the profession, *par excellence*, of every man of this generation is war. Country overrides all personal considerations. Lawyer, minister, what not, a man's first duty is the salvation of his country. When she calls, he must go; and before she calls, let him, if possible, prepare himself to serve her in the best manner. As things are now, college-boys are scarcely better than cow-boys for the army. Their costly education runs greatly to waste. It gives them no direct advantage over the clod who stumbles against a trisyllable. So far as it makes them better men, of course they are better soldiers; but for all of military education which their college gives them, they are fit only for privates, whose sole duty is to obey. They know nothing of military drill or tactics or strategy. The State cannot afford this waste. She cannot afford to lose the fruits of mental toil and discipline. She needs trained mind even more than trained muscle. It is harder to find brains than to find hands. The average mental endowment may be no higher in college than out; but granting it to be as high, the culture which it receives gives it immense advantage. The fruits of that culture, readiness, resources, comprehensiveness, should all be held in the service of the State. Military knowledge and practice should be imparted and enforced to utilize ability, and make it the instrument, not only of personal, but of national welfare. That education which gives men the advantage over others in the race of life should be so directed as to convey that advantage to country, when she stands in need. Every college might and should be made a nursery of athletes in mind and body, clear-eyed, stout-hearted, strong-limbed, cool-brained,—a nursery of soldiers, quick, self-possessed, brave and cautious and wary, ready in invention, skilful to command men and evolve from a mob an army,—a nursery of gentlemen, reminiscent of no lawless revels, midnight orgies, brutal outrages, launching out already attainted into an attainting world, but with many a memory of adventure, wild, it may be, and not over-wise, yet pure as a breeze from the hills,—banded and sworn



Page 146

"To serve as model for the mighty world,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words.
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

* * * * *

LOVE'S CHALLENGE.

I picked this trifle from the floor,
Unknowing from whose tender hand
It fell,—but now would fain restore
A thing which hath my heart unmanned.

I say unmanned, for 't is not now
A manly mood to dream of Love,
When each bold champion knits his brow,
And for War's gauntlet doffs his glove.

But we're exempt, and have no heart
Of wreak within us for the fray;
And therefore teach our souls the art
With life and life's concerns to play.

Yet, lady, trust me, 't is not all
In play that I proclaim intent,
When next thou lett'st thy gauntlet fall,
To take it as a challenge meant.

REPLY.

SIR CARPET-KNIGHT, who canst not fight,
Thy gallantries are not for me;
The man whom I with love requite
Must sing in a more martial key.

I have two brothers on the field,
And one beneath it,—none knows where;

And I shall keep my spirit steeled
To any save a soldier's prayer.

If thou have music in thy soul,
Yet hast no sinew for the strife,
Go teach thyself the war-drum's roll,
And woo me better with a fife!

* * * * *

POLITICAL PROBLEMS, AND CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

The relations existing between the Federal Government and the several States, and the reciprocal rights and powers of each, have never been settled, except in part. Upon matters of taxation and commerce, and the diversified questions that arise in times of peace, the decisions of the Supreme Court have marked the boundary-lines of State and Federal power with considerable clearness and precision. But all these questions are superficial and trivial, when compared with those which are coming up for decision out of the great struggle in which we are now engaged. The Southern Rebellion, greater than any recorded in history since the world began, must necessarily call for the exercise of all the powers with which the Government is clothed. And we need not be surprised, if, in resorting to the new measures which the great exigency of the new condition seems to require, it shall be found, after the storm has ceased and the clouds have rolled away, that in some things the

Page 147

Government has transcended its legitimate powers, while in others it has suffered, because fearing to use those which it really possesses. It is dependent in many things upon the States; and yet it is supreme over them all. There can be no Senate, as a branch either of the executive or of the legislative department, without the action of the States; and yet the Government emanates directly from the people. In defending itself against an armed rebellion of nearly half the States themselves, struggling for self-preservation, it may rightfully, as in other wars, grasp all the means within its reach. War makes its own methods, for all of which necessity is a sufficient plea. But when the defence shall have been made, when the attack is repelled, and the Rebellion shall have been fully suppressed, then will come the questions, What are the best means of restoration? and, How shall a recurrence of the evil be prevented?

Though the Federal Government is one of limited powers, *the people possess all governmental powers*; and these are spoken of as powers *delegated* and powers *reserved*. So far as these are reserved to *the people*, they may be exercised either through the *Federal Government* or the *State*. And the Federal Government, though limited in its powers, is restricted in *the subjects upon which it can act*, rather than in the *quantum* of power it can exercise over those matters within its jurisdiction. Over those interests which are committed to its care it has all the powers incident to any other government in the world,—powers necessary by implication to accomplish the purpose intended. The construction of the grant in the Constitution is not to be critical and stringent, as if the people, by its adoption, were *selling* power to a *stranger*,—but liberal, considering that they were enabling *their own agents* to achieve a noble work for them.

We have been accustomed to extol the wisdom of our fathers, in framing and establishing such a form of government; but our highest praises have been too small. We have hitherto had but a partial conception of their wisdom. We knew not the terrible test to which their work was to be exposed. After the long discipline of the Revolutionary War, and the experience of the weakness and impending anarchy of the Confederation, they understood, far better than we, the dangers to which every government is liable, from within and from without. And we are just now beginning to see, that, in the Constitution they adopted, they not only provided for the interests of peace, but for the dangers and emergencies of war. Brief sentences, hardly noticed before, now throw open their doors like a magazine of arms, ready for use in the hour of peril. And while we shall come out of this struggle, and the political contest that will follow it, without impairing any of the rights of the States, the Federal Government *restored* will stand before the world in a majesty of strength of which we have before had no conception.

Page 148

The questions evolved by the war are already attracting public attention. It is well that they should do so. The peace and prosperity of the country in future years depend upon their solution. They are so interwoven that a mistake in regard to one may involve us in other errors. The power of the Government so to remove the cause of the present rebellion as to prevent its recurrence, if it have any such power, is one which it is imperatively bound to exercise,—else all the treasure and blood expended in quelling it will be wasted. Has it any such power? Can Slavery be exterminated? And can the Rebel States be held as conquests, and be restored only upon condition of being forever free? It is proposed briefly to discuss these questions.

EMANCIPATION.

There are those who believe that the President's Proclamation will cease to be of any force at the close of the war, and that no slaves will have any right to their freedom by it except such as may be actually liberated by the military authorities.

There are others, who hold that the Proclamation has the force of law,—that by it every slave within the designated territory has now a legal right to his liberty,—and that, if the military power does not secure that right to him *during the war*, he may successfully appeal to the civil power *afterwards*.

If the Proclamation is a law, it must be conceded, that, like all the laws of war, it will cease to be in force when the war is closed. But if, like a legislative act, it confers actual rights on the slaves, whether they are able to secure them in fact or not, then those *rights* are not lost, though the law cease to exist. On the other hand, if it confers no actual rights on any who are beyond its reach,—if it is merely an *offer* of freedom to all who can come and receive it,—then those only who do receive it while the offer continues will have any rights by it when it has ceased to be in force.

The position of Mr. Adams on this subject seems to have been misunderstood. When his remarks in Congress are carefully examined, it will be found that he did not claim that the proclamation of a military commander would operate, like a statute, to confer the right of freedom upon all the slaves in an invaded country. But he asserted a general principle of international law,—that the commander of an invading army is not bound to recognize the municipal laws of the country,—that he may treat all as freemen, though some are slaves. And he claimed, that, in case of a servile war in this country, our army would have a right to suppress the insurrection by giving freedom to the insurgents. In regard to the effect of such a proclamation upon those not liberated by the military power, he expressed no opinion.

The precedents usually cited are not any more satisfactory. In Hayti, and in the South-American republics, emancipation became an established fact by the action of the civil power. In each case a proclamation by the military power was the initial step; but the

consummation was attained by the fact that the same power afterwards became dominant in civil, as well as in military affairs.

Page 149

Conceding, then, that the Proclamation is but a declaration of the war-policy, designed and adapted to secure a still higher end,—the preservation and perpetuity of our free institutions,—it is still claimed that the Government has the right to pursue this policy until Slavery is abolished, *and forever prohibited*, within all the Rebel States.

Though we speak of the Rebellion as an “insurrection,” it has assumed such proportions that we are in a state of actual war. Nor does it make any difference that it is a *civil* war. It has just been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, *that we have the same rights against the people and States in rebellion*, by the law of nations, that we should have against *alien enemies*. The property of non-combatants is liable to confiscation, as *enemies’* property; and it makes no difference that some of them are *personally* loyal. All the inhabitants of the Rebel States have the rights of *enemies* only. The recent cases of the Brilliant, Hiawatha, and Amy Warwick settle this beyond all question. There was some difference of opinion among the judges, but only on the question whether this condition *preceded* the Act of Congress of July, 1861,—a majority holding that it did, commencing with the proclamation of the blockade. So that it cannot be denied that we may treat the Rebel States as *enemies*, and adopt all measures against them *which any belligerents engaged in a just war may adopt*.

And no principle of the law of nations is more universally admitted than this,—that the party in the right, after the war is commenced, may continue to carry it on until the enemy shall submit to such terms as will be a sufficient indemnity for all the losses and expenses caused by it, *and will prevent another war in the future*. And to this end he may conquer and hold in subjection people and territory, until such terms are submitted to. And until then, the state of war continues. The right to impose such terms as will *secure peace in the future* is one of the fundamental principles of international law.

“Of the absolute international rights of States,” says Mr. Wheaton, “one of the most essential and important, and that which lies at the foundation of all the rest, is *the right of self-preservation*. This right necessarily involves all other incidental rights which are essential as means to give effect to the principal end.”

“The end of a just war,” says Vattel, “is to avenge, *or prevent*, injury.”

“If *the safety of the State* lies at stake, our precaution and foresight cannot be extended too far. Must we delay to arrest our ruin until it has become inevitable?”

“Where the end is lawful, he who has the right to pursue that end has, of course, a right to employ all the means necessary for its attainment.”

“When the conqueror has totally subdued a nation, he undoubtedly may, in the first place, do himself justice respecting the object which had given rise to the war, and indemnify himself for the expenses and damages sustained by it; he may, according to the exigency of the case, subject the nation to punishment by way of example; and he

may, if prudence require it, render her incapable of doing mischief with the same ease in future."

Page 150

“Every nation,” says Chancellor Kent, “has an undoubted right to provide for its own safety, and to take due precaution against *distant*, as well as impending danger.”

Our rights as *belligerents*, therefore, are ample for our security in time to come. The Rebel States will not cease to be enemies by being defeated and exhausted and disabled from continuing active hostilities. They have invoked the laws of war, and they must abide the decision of the tribunal to which they have appealed. We may hold them as *enemies* until they submit to such reasonable terms of peace as we may demand. Whether we shall require any indemnity for the vast expenditures and losses to which we have been subjected is a question of great magnitude; but it is of little importance compared with that of guarding against a recurrence of the Rebellion, by removing *the cause* of it. It would be worse than madness to restore them to all their former rights under the government they have done their utmost to destroy, and at the same time permit them to retain a system that would surely involve us or our children in another struggle of the same kind.

Slavery and freedom cannot permanently coexist under the same government. There is an inevitable, perpetual, irrepressible conflict between them. The present rebellion is but the culmination of this conflict, long existing,—transferred from social and political life to the camp and the battle-field. *In the new arena, we have all the rights of belligerents in an international war.* Slavery has taken the sword; let it perish by the sword. If we spare it, its wickedness will be exceeded by our folly. As victors, the world concedes our right to demand, for our own future peace, as the only terms of restoration, not only the abolition of Slavery in all the Rebel States, but its prohibition in all coming time. It cannot be, that, with the terrible lessons of these passing years, we shall be so utterly destitute of wisdom and prudence as to leave our children exposed to the dangers of another rebellion, after entailing upon them the vast burdens of this, by our national debt.

It has been said, that, if Slavery should be abolished, the States could afterwards reestablish it. This is claimed, on the ground that every State may determine for itself the character of its own domestic institutions. The right to do so has been conceded to some of the new States.

But it should be remembered that this right has been, to establish Slavery *by bringing in slaves from the old States*,—not by taking *citizens of the United States*, and reducing *them* to slavery. If one such citizen can be enslaved, then can any other; and the very foundations of the Federal Government can be overturned by a State. For a government that cannot protect *its own citizens* from loss of citizenship by being chattellized is no government at all.

Page 151

Citizenship is a reciprocal relation. The citizen owes allegiance; the government owes protection. When a person is naturalized, he takes the oath of allegiance. Does he get nothing in return? Can a State annul all the rights which the Federal Government has conferred? Then, indeed, would it be better for those who come to our shores to remain citizens of the old nations; for *they* could protect them, but *we* cannot. Then, to be a citizen of the United States—a privilege we had thought greater than that of Roman citizenship when that empire was in its glory—is a privilege which any State may annul at its pleasure!

The power and position of a nation depend upon the number, wealth, intelligence, and power of its citizens. And the nation, in order to employ and develop its resources, must have free scope for the use of its powers. No State has a right to block the path of the United States, or in any way to “retard, impede, or burden it, in the execution of its powers.” For this reason, if a citizen is wealthy enough to lend money to the Federal Government, a State cannot *tax his scrip* to the amount of one cent. But, if the doctrine contended for by some is sound, then it may take *the citizen himself*, confiscate the whole of his property, blot out his citizenship, and make a chattel of him, and the Federal Government can afford him no protection! Among all the doctrines that Slavery has originated in this country, there is none more monstrous than this.

But this is not a question of any practical importance at this time. There is no danger that Slavery will ever be tolerated where it has been once abolished. It may go into new fields; it seldom returns to those from which it has been driven. The institutions of learning and religion that follow in the path of freedom, if they find a congenial soil, are not likely to be supplanted by the dark and noxious exotics of ignorance and barbarism.

And besides, as we have already seen, it is our right, as one of the conditions of restoration, to provide for the *perpetual prohibition* of Slavery within the Rebel States. This, like the Ordinance of 1787, will stand as an insurmountable barrier in all time to come. And the security it will afford will be even more certain. For, while there may be a difference of opinion in regard to the effect of a law of Congress relating to existing Territories, there is no doubt that conditions imposed at the time upon the admission of new States, or the restoration of the Rebel States, will be of perpetual obligation.

RIGHTS OF REBEL STATES.

On this subject there are two theories, each of which has advocates among our most eminent statesmen.

By some it is claimed that the Rebels have lost all rights as citizens of States, and are in the condition of the inhabitants of unorganized territories belonging to the United States, —and that, having forfeited their rights, they can never be restored to their former position, except by the consent of the Federal Government. This consent may be given

by admitting them as new States, or restoring them as old,—the Government having the right in either case to annex terms and conditions.

Page 152

There are others who contend that the Rebel States, though in rebellion, have lost none of their rights as States,—that the moment they submit they may choose members of Congress and Presidential electors, and demand, and we must concede, the same position they formerly held. This theory has been partially recognized by the present Administration, but not to an extent that precludes the other from being adopted, if it is right.

If the people of the States which have seceded, as soon as they submit, have an absolute right to resume their former position in the Government, with their present constitutions upholding Slavery, it certainly will be a great, if not an insurmountable, obstacle to the adoption of those measures which may be necessary to secure our peace in the future. That they have no such right, it is believed may be made perfectly clear.

If we triumph, we shall have all the rights which, by the laws of nations, belong to conquerors in a just war. In a civil war, the rights of conquest may not be of the same nature as in a war between different nations; but that there are such rights in all wars has already been stated on the highest authority. If a province, having definite constitutional rights, revolts, and attempts to overthrow the power of the central government, it would be a strange doctrine, to claim, that, after being subdued, it had risked and lost nothing by the undertaking. No authority can be found to sustain such a proposition. A rebellion puts everything at risk. Any other doctrine would hold out encouragement to all wicked and rebellious spirits. If they revolt, they know that everything is staked upon the chances of success. Everything is lost by defeat. By the laws of war, long established among the nations,—laws which the Rebel States have themselves invoked,—if they fail, they will have no right to be restored, except upon such terms as our Government may prescribe. The right to make war, conferred by the Constitution, carries with it all the rights and powers incident to a war, necessary for its successful prosecution, and essential to prevent its recurrence.

But without resorting to the extraordinary powers incident to a state of war, the same conclusion, in regard to the effect of a rebellion by a State Government, results from the relations which the States sustain to the Federal Government. Though they cannot escape its jurisdiction, their position, *as States*, is one which may be forfeited and lost.

It has been objected that this doctrine is equivalent to a recognition of the right of Secession, because it concedes the power of any one State to withdraw from the Union. But the fallacy of this objection is easily demonstrated.

Page 153

The Federal Government does not emanate from the States, but directly from the people. The relation between them is that of *protection* on the one hand and *allegiance* on the other. This relation cannot be dissolved by either party, unless by voluntary or compulsory expatriation. It subsists alike in States and Territories, not being dependent upon any local government. The Rebels claim the right to dissolve this relation, and to become free from and independent of the Federal Government, though retaining the same territory as before. We deny any such right, and hold, that, though they may forfeit their rights as a *State*, they are still bound by, and under the jurisdiction of, the Federal Government. This jurisdiction, though absolute in all places, is not the same in all.

In the District of Columbia, and in all unorganized territories, the jurisdiction of the Federal Government is exclusive in its *extent*, as well as in its *nature*. It must protect the inhabitants in *all* their rights,—for there is no other power to protect them. They owe allegiance to it, and to no other.

The inhabitants of the *organized* territories, though under the general jurisdiction of the Federal Government, are, to some extent, under the jurisdiction of the Territorial Governments. Each is bound to protect them in certain things; they are bound to support and obey each in certain things.

The people of a State are also under the absolute jurisdiction of the Federal Government in all matters embraced in the Constitution. They owe it unqualified allegiance and support in those things. But they are also, in some matters, under the jurisdiction of the State Government, and owe allegiance to that. There are many matters over which both have jurisdiction, and in which the citizens have a right to look to each, or both, for protection. The courts of each issue writs of *habeas corpus*, and give the citizens their liberty, unless there is legal cause for their custody or restraint.

Now, if a State Government forfeits all right to the allegiance and support of its citizens, they are not thereby absolved from their allegiance to the Federal Government. On the contrary, the jurisdiction of the Federal Government is thereby enlarged; for it is then the only Government which the citizens are bound to obey. Take, for illustration, the State of Arkansas. By seceding, the State Government forfeited all claim to the obedience of the citizens. The inhabitants no longer owe it any allegiance. If loyal, they will not obey it, except as compelled by force. But they still owe allegiance to the United States Government. And there being no other Government which they are bound to obey, they are in the same condition as before the State was admitted into the Union, or any Territorial Government was organized.

The same is true of South Carolina. For, though it was an independent State before the Constitution was adopted, its citizens voluntarily yielded up that position, and became subject to the Federal Government, claiming the privileges and assuming the liabilities of a higher citizenship. And if, by reason of its rebellion, their State Government has

forfeited its claim upon them, and its right to rule over them, they owe no allegiance to any except the Government of the United States.

Page 154

But it is argued by some, that a State, once admitted into the Union, cannot forfeit its rights as a State under the Constitution, because it cannot, as such, be guilty of treason; that the inhabitants may all be traitors, and the State Government secede, and engage in a war against the Republic, and yet retain all its rights intact.

A State, in the meaning of public law, has been defined to be a body of persons *united together* in one community, for the defence of their rights. They do not constitute a State until *organized*. If the organization ceases to exist, they are no longer a State. If the State organization becomes despotic, and the inhabitants overthrow it by a revolution, it then ceases to exist. The people are remitted to their original rights, and must organize a new State.

A State, as such, may be guilty of treason. Crimes may be committed by organized bodies of men. Corporations are often convicted, and punished by fines, or by a forfeiture of all corporate rights. And though we have no provision for putting a State on trial, it may, as a State, be guilty. Treason is defined by the Constitution to be "levying war against the United States." This is just what South Carolina, as a State, is doing. Not only the people, but *the State Government*, has revolted. The people owe it no allegiance. It is their duty, not to support, but to *oppose* it. The Federal Government owes it no recognition. It has the right to destroy and exterminate it. A State Government in rebellion has no rights under the Constitution. *It is itself a rebellion*, and must necessarily cease to exist when the rebellion is suppressed.

And when the State Government which has revolted shall be conquered and overthrown, there will then be no South Carolina in existence. If there were loyal people enough there, bond or free, to rise up and overthrow it, they would be no more bound to revive the old Constitution, with its tyrannical provisions, than were our fathers to return to the British Government. Such a revolution is inaugurated in that State, by loyal men, to overthrow the despotic power of the State Government. If the State Government had remained loyal, it might have called on the Federal Government. But by seceding it has justified the Federal Government in aiding or organizing a revolution against it, for its utter overthrow and extinction.

It is true, indeed, the idea prevails that there is still, somehow, a State of South Carolina, besides that which is in rebellion. But the State must exist *in fact*, or it has no existence. There is no such thing as a merely theoretical State, separate and different from the actual. The revolted States are the same States that were once loyal. And when some loyal citizens in each of them, with the aid of the Federal Government, have overthrown and destroyed them, the ground will be cleared for the formation of new States, or the *reorganization* of the old; and they may be admitted or restored, upon such conditions as may be deemed wise and prudent, to promote and secure the future peace and welfare of the whole country.

Page 155

There is no evidence that loyal persons in the Rebel States claim or desire to uphold the existence of those States, under their present constitutions, with the system of Slavery. But if there are any such persons, their wishes are not to override the interests of the Republic. It is their misfortune to reside in States that have revolted; and all their losses, pecuniary and political, are chargeable to those States, and not to the Federal Government. If they are so blind as to suppose that their losses will be increased by emancipation, *that*, also, will be chargeable to the rebellion of those States. *Their* loyalty does not save those States from being treated as enemies; it does not prevent *their own* condition from being determined by that of their States. As it is well known, a portion of their property has been confiscated by an Act of Congress, on the ground that they are, in part, responsible for the rebellion of those States. The theory, therefore, that such loyal men constitute loyal States, still existing, in distinction from the States that have rebelled, is utterly groundless. On this point we cannot do better than quote from the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in a case already referred to, sustaining the belligerent legislation of Congress.

“In organizing this rebellion, *they have acted as States*, claiming to be sovereign over all persons and property within their respective limits, and claiming the right to absolve their citizens from their allegiance to the Federal Government. Several of these States have combined to form a new Confederacy, claiming to be acknowledged by the world as a sovereign State. Their right to do so is now being decided by wager of battle. The ports and territory of each of these States are held in hostility to the General Government. It is no loose, unorganized insurrection, having no defined boundary or possession. It has a boundary, marked by lines of bayonets, and which can be crossed only by force. South of this line is enemy’s territory, because it is claimed and held in possession by an organized, hostile, and belligerent power. All persons residing within this territory, whose property may be used to increase the revenues of the hostile power, are in this contest liable to be treated as enemies.”

It is not to be presumed that Congress will do anything unnecessarily to add to the misfortunes of loyal men in the South. On the contrary, all that is being done is more directly for their benefit than for that of any other class of men. The vast expenditure of treasure and blood in this war is for the purpose of protecting them first of all, and restoring to them the blessings of a good government. And if it shall be found practicable to indemnify them for all losses, whether by emancipation or otherwise, no one will object.

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Page 156

The object of this article is to prove that the Government possesses ample power, according to the law of nations, to suppress the Rebellion, and secure the country against the danger of another, by Emancipation, through the military power; that, though Emancipation is a *policy*, and not a *law*, the war may be prosecuted until this end is accomplished, and Slavery in future forever prohibited; that, by secession and rebellion, the revolted States have forfeited all right to the allegiance of their citizens, who are thereby remitted to the condition and rights of citizens solely of the United States; and that the Federal Government, as well *under the Constitution as by right of conquest*, may impose such terms upon the reorganization and restoration of those States as may be necessary to secure present safety, and avert danger in time to come. These views are presented in as brief and simple terms as possible, with the hope that they may be adopted by the people and by the Government. It is confidently believed, that, if the President and Congress will act in accordance with them, their acts will be fully sustained by the Supreme Court,—and that, the element and source of discord being at last entirely removed from the country, a career of peace and prosperity will then begin which shall be the admiration of the world.

At this time we present a humiliating spectacle to other nations: nearly half of our national temple in ruins,—the work of blind folly and mad ambition. The people of the North claimed no right to tear it down, or even to repair it. But since the people of the South have risen in rebellion, let us believe that there is now an opportunity, nay, an imperative *necessity*, to remove from its foundations the rock of Oppression, that was sure to crumble in the refining fires of a Christian civilization, and establish in its place the stone of LIBERTY,—unchanging and eternal as its Author. Let us rejoice in the hope, already brightening into fruition, that out of these ruins our temple shall rise again, in a fresher beauty, a firmer strength, a brighter glory,—and above it again shall float the old flag, every star restored, henceforth to all, of every color and every race, the flag of the free.

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REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-39. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Those who remember the “Journal of a Residence in America,” of Frances Anne Kemble, or, as she was universally and kindly called, Fanny Kemble,—a book long since out of print, and entirely out of the knowledge of our younger readers,—will not cease to wonder, as they close these thoughtful, tranquil, and tragical pages. The earlier journal was the dashing, fragmentary diary of a brilliant girl, half impatient of her own success in an art for which she

Page 157

was peculiarly gifted, yet the details of which were sincerely repugnant to her. It crackled and sparkled with *naïve* arrogance. It criticized a new world and fresh forms of civilization with the amusing petulance of a spoiled daughter of John Bull. It was flimsy, flippant, laughable, rollicking, vivid. It described scenes and persons, often with airy grace, often with profound and pensive feeling. It was the slightest of diaries, written in public for the public; but it was universally read, as its author had been universally sought and admired in the sphere of her art; and no one who knew anything of her truly, but knew what an incisive eye, what a large heart, what a candid and vigorous mind, what real humanity, generosity, and sympathy, characterized Miss Kemble.

The dazzling phantasmagoria which life had been to the young actress was suddenly exchanged for the most practical acquaintance with its realities. She was married, left the stage, and as a wife and mother resided for a winter on the plantations of her husband upon the coast of Georgia. And now, after twenty-five years, the journal of her residence there is published. It has been wisely kept. For never could such a book speak with such power as at this moment. The tumult of the war will be forgotten, as you read, in the profound and appalled attention enforced by this remarkable revelation of the interior life of Slavery. The spirit, the character, and the purpose of the Rebellion are here laid bare. Its inevitability is equally apparent. The book is a permanent and most valuable chapter in our history; for it is the first ample, lucid, faithful, detailed account, from the actual head-quarters of a slave-plantation in this country, of the workings of the system,—its persistent, hopeless, helpless crushing of humanity in the slave, and the more fearful moral and mental dry-rot it generates in the master.

We have had plenty of literature upon the subject. First of all, in spirit and comprehension, the masterly, careful, copious, and patient works of Mr. Olmsted. But he, like Arthur Young in France, was only an observer. He could be no more. “Uncle Tom,” as its “Key” shows, and as Mrs. Kemble declares, was no less a faithful than the most famous witness against the system. But it was a novel. Then there was “American Slavery as it is,” a work of authenticated facts, issued by the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1839, and the fearful mass of testimony incessantly published by the distinctively Abolition papers, periodicals, books, and orators, during the last quarter of a century. But the world was deaf. “They have made it a business. They select all the horrors. They accumulate exceptions.” Such were the objections that limited the power of this tremendous battery. Meanwhile, also, it was answered. Foreign tourists were taken to “model plantations.” They shed tears over the patriarchal benignity of this venerable and beautiful provision of Divine Providence

Page 158

for the spiritual training of our African fellow-creatures. The affection of “Mammy” for “Massa and Missis” was something unknown where hired labor prevailed. Graver voices took up the burden of the song. There was no pauperism in a slave-country. There were no prostitutes. It had its disadvantages, certainly; but what form of society, what system of labor has not? Besides, here it was. It was the interest of slaveholders to be kind. And what a blessing to bring the poor heathen from benighted Africa and pagan servitude to the ennobling influences of Slavery, as practised among Southwestern Christians in America, and “professors” in South Carolina and Georgia! See the Reverend Mr. Adams and Miss Murray *passim*. This was the answer made to the statements of the actual facts of the system, when it was found that the question had gone before public opinion, and would be decided upon its merits by that tribunal, all the panders, bullies, assassins, apologists, and chaplains of Slavery to the contrary notwithstanding. In fact, when that was once clearly perceived, the issue was no less visible; only whether it were to be reached by war or peace was not so plain.

Yet in all this tremendous debate which resounds through the last thirty years of our history, rising and swelling until every other sound was lost in its imperious roar, one decisive voice was silent. It was precisely that which is heard in this book. General statements, harrowing details from those who had been slaveholders, and who had renounced Slavery, were sometimes made public. Indeed, the most cruel and necessary incidents, the hunting with blood-hounds, the branding, the maiming, the roasting, the whipping of pregnant women, could not be kept from knowledge. They blazed into print. But the public, hundreds of miles away, while it sighed and shuddered a little, resolved that such atrocities were exceptional. 'Twas a shocking pity, to be sure! Poor things! Women, too! Tut, tut!

Now, at last, we have no general statement, no single, sickening incident, but the diary of the mistress of plantations of seven hundred slaves, living under the most favorable circumstances, upon the islands at the mouth of the Altamaha River, in Georgia. It is a journal, kept from day to day, of the actual ordinary life of the plantation, where the slaves belonged to educated, intelligent, and what are called the most respectable people,—not persons imbruted by exile among slaves upon solitary islands, but who had lived in large Northern cities and the most accomplished society, subject to all the influences of the highest civilization. It is the journal of a hearty, generous, clear-sighted woman, who went to the plantation, loving the master, and believing, that, though Slavery might be sad, it might also be mitigated, and the slave might be content. It is the record of ghastly undeceiving,—of the details of a system so wantonly, brutally, damnably unjust, inhuman, and degrading, that it blights the

Page 159

country, paralyzes civilization, and vitiates human nature itself. The brilliant girl of the earlier journal is the sobered and solemnized matron of this. The very magnitude of the misery that surrounds her, the traces of which everywhere sadden her eye and wring her heart, compel her to the simplest narration. There is no writing for effect. There is not a single “sensational” passage. The story is monotonous; for the wrong it describes is perpetual and unrelieved. “There is not a single natural right,” she says, after some weeks’ residence, “that is not taken away from these unfortunate people; and the worst of all is, that their condition does not appear to me, upon further observation of it, to be susceptible of even partial alleviation, as long as the fundamental evil, the Slavery itself, remains.”

As the mistress of the plantation, she was brought into constant intercourse with the slave-women; and no other account of this class is so thorough and plainly stated. So pitiful a tale was seldom told. It was a “model plantation”; but every day was darkened to the mistress by the appeals of these women and her observation of their condition. The heart of the reader sickens as hers despaired. To produce “little niggers” for Massa and Missis was the enforced ambition of these poor women. After the third week of confinement they were sent into the fields to work. If they lingered or complained, they were whipped. For beseeching the mistress to pray for some relief in their sad straits, they were also whipped. If their tasks were unperformed, or the driver lost his temper, they were whipped again. If they would not yield to the embrace of the overseer, they were whipped once more. How are they whipped? They are tied by the wrists to a beam or the branch of a tree, their feet barely touching the ground, so that they are utterly powerless to resist; their clothes are turned over their heads, and their backs scarred with a leathern thong, either by the driver himself, or by father, brother, husband, or lover, if the driver choose to order it. What a blessing for these poor heathen that they are brought to a Christian land! When a band of pregnant women came to their master to implore relief from overwork, he seemed “positively degraded” to his wife, as he stood urging them to do their allotted tasks. She began to fear lest she should cease to respect the man she loved; “for the details of slaveholding are so unmanly, letting alone every other consideration, that I know not how any one with the spirit of a man can condescend to them.” The master gives a slave as a present to an overseer whose administration of the estate was agreeable to him. The slave is intelligent and capable, the husband of a wife and the father of children, and they are all fondly attached to each other. He passionately declares that he will kill himself rather than follow his new master and leave wife and children behind. Roused by the storm of grief, the wife

Page 160

opens the door of her room, and beholds her husband, with his arms folded, advising his slave “not to make a fuss about what there is no help for.” The same master insists that there is no hardship or injustice in whipping a woman who asks his wife to intercede for her, but confesses that it is “disagreeable.” At last he tells her that she must no longer fatigue him with the “stuff” and “trash” which “the niggers,” who are “all d——d liars,” make her believe, and henceforward closes his ears to all complaint.

Yet this was a model plantation, and this was probably not a hard master, as masters go. “These are the conditions which can only be known to one who lives among them. Flagrant acts of cruelty may be rare, but this ineffable state of utter degradation, this really *bestly* existence, is the normal condition of these men and women; and of that no one seems to take heed, nor had I ever heard it described so as to form any adequate conception of it, till I found myself plunged into it.... Industry, man’s crown of honor elsewhere, is here his badge of utter degradation; and so comes all by which I am here surrounded,—pride, profligacy, idleness, cruelty, cowardice, ignorance, squalor, dirt, and ineffable abasement.”

And yet this is the system which we have been in the habit of calling patriarchal, because the model masters said it was so, and trade was too prosperous to allow any difference with them! And these are the model masters, supported in luxury by all this unpaid labor and untold woe, these women-whippers and breeders of babies for sale, who have figured in our talk and imaginations as “the chivalry” and “gentlemen”! These are they to whom American society has koo-too’d, and in whose presence it has been ill-bred and uncourteous to say that every man has rights, that every laborer is worthy of his hire, that injustice is unjust, and uncleanness foul. No wonder that Russell, coming to New York, and finding the rich men and the political confederates of the conspirators declaring that the Government of the United States could not help itself, and that they would allow no interference with their Southern friends, sincerely believed what he wished to, and wrote to John Bull, whose round face was red with eager desire to hear it, that the Revolution was virtually accomplished. No wonder that the haughty slaveholders, smeared with sycophantic slime, at Newport, at Saratoga, in the “polite” and “conservative” Northern circles, believed what Mr. Hunter of Virginia told a Massachusetts delegate to the Peace Congress,—that there would be no serious trouble, and that the Montgomery Constitution would be readily adopted by the “conservative” sentiment of the North.

Mrs. Kemble’s book shows what the miserable magic is that enchants these Southern American citizens into people whose philosophy of society would disgrace the Dark Ages, and whose social system is that of Dahomey.

Page 161

The life that she describes upon the model plantation is the necessary life of Slavery everywhere,—injustice, ignorance, superstition, terror, degradation, brutality; and this is the system to which a great political party—counting upon the enervation of prosperity, the timidity of trade, the distance of the suffering, the legal quibbles, the moral sophisms, the hatred of ignorance, the jealousy of race, and the possession of power—has conspired to keep the nation blind and deaf, trusting that its mind was utterly obscured and its conscience wholly destroyed.

But the nation is young, and of course the effort has ended in civil war. Slavery, industrially and politically, inevitably resists Christian civilization. The natural progress and development of men into a constantly higher manhood must cease, or this system, which strives to convert men into things, must give way. Its haughty instinct knows it, and therefore Slavery rebels. This Rebellion is simply the insurrection of Barbarism against Civilization. It would overthrow the Government, not for any wrong the Government has done, for that is not alleged. It knows that the people are the Government,—that the spirit of the people is progressive and intelligent,—and that there is no hope for permanent and expansive injustice, so long as the people freely discuss and decide. It would therefore establish a new Government, of which this meanest and most beastly despotism shall be the chief corner-stone. In a letter to C.G., in the appendix of her book, Mrs. Kemble sets this truth in the clearest light. But whoever would comprehend the real social scope of the Rebellion should ponder every page of the journal itself. It will show him that Slavery and rebellion to this Government are identical, not only in fact, but of necessity. It will teach him that the fierce battle between Slavery and the Government, once engaged, can end only in the destruction of one or the other.

This is not a book which a woman like Mrs. Kemble publishes without a solemn sense of responsibility. A sadder book the human hand never wrote, nor one more likely to arrest the thoughts of all those in the world who watch our war and are yet not steeled to persuasion and conviction. An Englishwoman, she publishes it in England, which hates us, that a testimony which will not be doubted may be useful to the country in which she has lived so long, and with which her sweetest and saddest memories are forever associated. It is a noble service nobly done. The enthusiasm, the admiration, the affection, which in our day of seemingly cloudless prosperity greeted the brilliant girl, have been bountifully repaid by the true and timely words now spoken in our seeming adversity by the grave and thoughtful woman.

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An Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers. Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, August 14, 1862. By GEORGE LIVERMORE. Third Edition. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Page 162

This Historical Research is one of the most valuable works that have been called out by the existing Rebellion. It is a thorough and candid exposition of the opinions of the founders of the Republic on negroes as slaves, as citizens, and as soldiers, and has done more, perhaps, than any other single essay to form the public opinion of the present time in respect to the position that the negro should rightfully hold in our State and our army. It has, therefore, and will retain, a double interest, as exhibiting and illustrating the opinions prevalent during the two most important periods of our history. It was first printed, several months since, for private distribution only. More than a thousand copies were thus distributed by its public-spirited author. By this means the attention of persons in positions of influence was more readily secured than it could have been, had the essay been published in the ordinary way. The manner in which the research was conducted, the evidence afforded by every page of the author's conscientious labor, impartial selection, and exhaustive investigation, won immediate confidence in his statements, while his obvious candor, fairness of judgment, and love of truth secured respect for his conclusions. The interest excited by the work extended to a wider circle than could be satisfied by any private issue, while its value became more and more evident, so that, after its publication in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the permission of the author was obtained by the New-England Loyal Publication Society to issue the work in a form for general circulation.

We are glad to assist, by our hearty commendation, the extension of the influence of this essay. It forms, as now issued, a handsome pamphlet of two hundred pages, with a full Table of Contents and a copious Index, and is for sale at a price which brings it within the means of every one who may wish to obtain it. It is a book which should be in the reading-room of every Loyal League throughout the country, and of every military hospital. Editors of the loyal press should be provided with it, as containing an arsenal of incontrovertible arguments with which to meet the false assertions by which the maligners of the negro race and the supporters of Slavery too often undertake to maintain their bad cause.

Exhibiting, as Mr. Livermore's book does, the contrast between the opinions of the founders of the Republic and those professed by the would-be destroyers of the Republic, and showing, as it does, how far a large portion even of the people of the North have fallen away from the just and generous doctrine of the earlier time, it must lead every thoughtful reader to a deep sense of the need of a regeneration of the spirit of the nation, and to a confirmed conviction of the incompatibility of Slavery with national greatness and virtue. The Rebellion has taught us that the Republic is not safe while Slavery is permitted

Page 163

to exercise any political power. It ought to teach us also, that, as long as Slavery exists in any of the States, it will not cease to exercise political power, and that the only means to make the nation safe is utterly to abolish and destroy Slavery, wherever it is found within its limits. Nor is this all; the lesson of the Rebellion is but half learned, unless we resolve that henceforth there shall be no fatal division between our consciences, our principles, our theories, and our treatment of the black race, and unless we acknowledge their inalienable right to that justice by which alone the most ancient heavens and the most sacred institutions are fresh and strong.

There is no better textbook for enforcing these lessons than Mr. Livermore's Research.

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RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

"Christopher North." A Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Compiled from Family-Papers and other Sources. By his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. With an Introduction by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L., Editor of the "Noctes Ambrosianae," *etc.* Complete in One Volume. New York. W.J. Widdleton. 8vo. pp. xii., 484. \$2.00.

Alphabetical Army-Register; giving the Names, Date of Present and Original Commissions, Rank, Place of Nativity, and from whence Appointed, of all the Officers of the United States Army, as shown by the Official Army-Register, May, 1863. New York. D. Van Nostrand. 8vo. paper, pp. 64. 50 cts.

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