

Continental Monthly, Vol. I, No. VI, June, 1862 eBook

Continental Monthly, Vol. I, No. VI, June, 1862

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THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

Literature and national policy.

Vol. I.—June, 1862.—No. VI.

* * * * *

THE CONSTITUTION AND SLAVERY.

There are two sections of the United States, the Free States and the Slave States, who hold views widely different upon the subject of Slavery and the true interpretation of the Constitution in relation to it. The Southern view, for the most part, is:

1. The Constitution recognizes slaves as strictly property, to her bought and sold as merchandise.
2. The Constitution recognizes all the territories as open to slavery as much as to freedom, except in those cases where it has been expressly interdicted by the Federal Government; and it secures the legal right to carry slaves into the territories, and any act of Congress, restricting this right to hold slaves in the territories, is unconstitutional and void.
3. Slavery is a natural institution, and not to be considered as local and municipal.

4. The Constitution is simply a compact or league between sovereign States, and when either party breaks, in the estimation of the other, this contract, it is no longer binding upon the whole, and the party that thinks itself wronged has a right, acting according to its own judgment, to leave the Union.

5. This contract between sovereign States has been broken to such an extent, by long and repeated aggressions upon the South by the North, that the slave States who have seceded from the Union, or who may secede, are not only right in thus doing, but are justified in taking up arms, to prevent the collection of revenue by the Federal Government.

These ideas are universally repudiated in the free States. It is not my purpose to discuss the social or moral relations of slavery, but simply to consider under what circumstances the Constitution originated, and what was the clear intent of those who adopted it as the organic or fundamental law of the country. The last assumption taken by the seceding States grows out of the first four, and therefore it becomes a question of vital interest, what did the framers of the Constitution mean? We must remember that

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while names remain the same, the things which they represent in time go through a radical change. Slavery is not the same that it was when the Constitution was formed, nor are the original slave States the same. If freedom at the North has made great strides, so also has slavery South. Our country now witnesses a mighty difference in free and slave institutions from what originally was seen. The stand-point of slavery and freedom has altogether changed, not from local legislation, but from natural causes, inherent in these two diverse states of society. New interests, new relations, new views of commerce, agriculture, and manufactures now characterize our country. It will not do then to infer, from the existing state of things, what was originally the respective condition of the slaveholding and the free States, or what was in fact the import of that agreement, called the Constitution, which brought about the Federal Union. The framers of the Constitution did not reason so much as to what they should do for posterity as for the generation then living. As fallible men, much as they would wish to legislate wisely for the future, yet their very imperfection of knowledge precluded them from knowing fully what fifty or a hundred years hence would be the development of slavery or freedom. Their actions must have reference to present wants, and consult especially existing conditions of society. While they intended that the Constitution should be the supreme law of the land, yet they wisely put into the hands of the people the power of amending it at any such time as circumstances might make it necessary. The question then at issue between the North and the South is not what the Constitution should read, not what it ought to be, to come up to the supposed interests of the country; but what it does read. How is the Constitution truly to be interpreted? All parties should acquiesce in seeking only to find out the literal import of the Constitution as originally framed, or subsequently amended, and abide by it, irrespective altogether of present interests or relations. The reason is, in no other way can the common welfare of the country be promoted. If the necessities of the people demand a change in the Constitution, they can, in a legal way, exercise the right, always remembering that no republic, no free institutions, no democratic state of society can exist that denies the great principle of the rule of the majority. It becomes us, then, in order that we may come to a right decision respecting the duties that grow out of our Federal Union, to consider what language the Constitution makes use of, in relation to slavery, and how was this instrument interpreted by the framers. The great question is, was slavery regarded as a political and moral evil, to be restricted and circumscribed within the States existing under the Constitution, or was it looked upon as a blessing, a social relation of society, proper to be diffused over the territories? It

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can be clearly shown that there was no such state of feeling, respecting slavery, as to lead the originators of our Constitution to look upon it as a thing in itself of natural right, useful in its operation, and worthy of enlargement and perpetuation. Rather, the universal sentiment respecting slavery, North and South, was, that as a great moral, social, and political evil, it should be condemned, and the widely prevalent impression was, that through the peaceful operation of causes that evinced the immeasurable superiority of free institutions, slavery would itself die out, and the whole country be consecrated to free labor. Never did it enter the minds of the framers of the Constitution, that slavery was a thing in itself right and desirable, or that it should be encouraged in the territories. It was looked upon as exclusively local in its character, the creature of State law, a relation of society that was to be regulated like any other municipal institution. It is not to be presumed that the authors of our government would, in the Declaration of Independence, assert the natural rights of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and then contradict this cardinal principle of the revolution in the Constitution. They found slavery existing in the Southern States; they simply left it as it was before the Revolution, with the idea that in time the local action of the State legislature would do away with the system. But so far as the extension of slavery was concerned, the predominant feeling, North and South, was hostile to it. The security of the country demanded the union of the States under one common Constitution. The dangers of foreign war, the exhausted finances of the different States, the evils of a great public debt, contracted during the Revolution, made it advisable, as soon as the consent of the States could be got, to have a Constitution that should command security at home and credit and respect abroad. It was regarded as indispensable for union, that slavery should be left as it was found in the States. The thirteen States that first formed our Union under the Constitution, with the great evils that grew out of war and debt, agreed, for their own mutual protection, that slavery should be permitted to exist in those States where it was sanctioned by the local government, as an evil to be tolerated, not as a thing good in itself, to be fostered, perpetuated, and enlarged. Seeing that union could not be had without slavery, it was recognized as an institution not to be interfered with by the free States; but not acknowledged, in the sense that it was right, a blessing that, like free labor, should be the normal condition of the whole people. There was no such indifference to slavery as a civil institution, as has been asserted. The reason is two-fold: first, the States could not be indifferent to slavery, if they wished; and secondly, they could not repudiate, in the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence. Thus the word 'slave'



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is not found in the Constitution. In the rendition of slaves, they simply spoke of persons held to service, and as union was impossible, if the free States were open to their escape, without the right being recognized of being returned, this provision was accordingly made; and yet by the provision that no person should be deprived of liberty or life, without due process of law, and that the free citizens of one State, irrespective of color, should have the same rights, while resident in any other State, as the citizens of that State, the framers of our Constitution declared, in language most explicit, the natural rights of all men. The question is not as to the consistency of their profession and practice, or how they could fight for their own independence, and yet deny freedom, for the sake of the Union, to the slaves; but the question is simply whether, in preparing the Constitution, they intended to engraft upon it the idea of the natural right of slavery, and recognize it as a blessing, to be perpetuated and enlarged. The question is simply, whether the Constitution was designed to be pro-slavery, or whether, like the instrument of the Declaration of Independence, it was intended to be the great charter of civil and religious freedom, although compelled, for the sake of union, not to interfere with slavery where it already existed? Great stress is put upon that clause enjoining the rendition of slaves escaping from their masters; but union was impossible without this provision. The necessity of union was thought indispensable for protection, revenue, and securing the dearly-bought blessings of independence. The question with them was not, ought slavery to be recognized as a natural right, and slaves a species of property like other merchandise? but simply, shall we tolerate this evil, for the sake of Union? Thus, as the indispensable condition of union, the provision was made for the rendition of persons held to labor in the slave States. Why is the language of the Constitution so guarded as not to have even the word 'slave' in it, and yet of such a character as not to interfere with local State legislation upon slavery? Simply to steer between the Charybdis of no union and the Scylla of the repudiation of the Declaration of Independence, teaching that all men are born free and equal, and that all have natural rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. And yet, in the slave States, the interpretation of the Constitution is such, that the free States are accused of violating it, unless they acknowledge that it recognizes slavery as a natural right, and an institution to be perpetuated and enlarged, and put upon the same level with the blessing of freedom, in the territories. Slavery virtually must be nationalized, and the Constitution be interpreted so as to carry it all over the territories now existing, or to be acquired, or the free States have broken the Constitution, and the slave States may leave the Union whenever it suits their pleasure.

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It is easy to see how time has brought about such a revolution of feeling and idea respecting slavery. It can be shown that circumstances have changed altogether the relations of slavery, and while names have remained the same, the things which they represent have assumed a radical difference. It can be shown that the introduction of the cotton-gin, and the increased profits of slave labor, have given an impetus to the domestic institution that brings with it an entire revolution of opinion. When slavery was unprofitable to the slaveholders; when, in the early days of the republic, the number of slaves was comparatively small; when, all over the country, the veterans of the Revolution existed to testify to the hardships they endured for national independence, and eulogize even the help of the negro in securing it, then slavery was regarded a curse, an evil to be curtailed and in time obliterated; then the local character of slavery, as the creature of municipal law, not to be recognized where such law does not exist, was the opinion universally of the people. But now, with the growing profits of slavery, with the increase of the power of this institution, other and far different language is held. Disguise it as we may, there do exist great motives that have silently yet powerfully operated within the last thirty or forty years, to change the popular current of feeling and opinion. Not only have the slave States held the balance of political power, but the spread of slavery has been gigantic. The fairest regions of the South have been opened up to the domestic institution, and Texas annexed, with Louisiana, Arkansas and Florida, making an immense area of country, to be the nursery of slavery. The political ascendancy of the slave States has ever given to the South a great advantage, in the extension of their favored institution, and the result has proved that what our ancestors looked upon as an evil that time would soon do away with, has grown into a monster system that threatens to make subservient to it the free institutions of the North.

Slavery has now come to be a mighty energy of disquietude all over the country, assuming colossal proportions of mischief, and mocking all the ordinary restraints of law. The question of the present day to be decided is not whether freedom and slavery shall exist side by side, nor whether slavery shall be tolerated as a necessary evil; but in reality, whether freedom shall be crushed under the iron hoof of slavery, and this institution shall obtain the complete control of the country. It has been said that the Constitution takes the position of complete indifference to slavery; but the history of the slave States does not lead us to infer that they were ever willing that slavery should be tested by its own merits, or stand without the most persistent efforts to secure for it the patronage of the Federal Government. Study the progress of slavery, the last forty years, and none can fail to see that it has ever aimed to secure first the

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supreme political control, and then to advance its own selfish interests, at the expense of free institutions. The great danger has always been, that while numerically vastly inferior to the North, slavery has always been an unit, with a single eye to its own aggrandizement; consequently, the history of the country will show that so far from the general policy of the government being adverse to slavery, that policy has been almost exclusively upon the side of slaveholders. The domestic institution has been ever the pet interest of the land.

In all that pertains to political power, the slaveholding interests have been in the ascendant. Even when Lincoln was elected, it was found that the Senate and House of Representatives, as well as the Judiciary, were numerically upon the side of slavery, so that he could not, even had it been his wish, carry out any measure inimical to the South. True, the South had not the same power as under Buchanan; they could not hope ever again to wield the resources of government to secure the ascendancy of slavery in Kansas; but for all that, Lincoln was powerless to encroach upon their supposed rights, even if thus disposed. Is it not, then, evident, that so far from the slaveholding States holding to the opinions of the framers of the Constitution, there has been within the last forty years a mighty change going on in the South, giving to slavery an essentially aggressive policy, and an extension never dreamed of by the authors of the Constitution? The ground of the Constitution respecting slavery, was simply non-interference in the States where it already existed. It left slavery to be curtailed, or done away with by the local legislature, but it used language the most guarded, to preclude the idea that slavery rested upon natural right, and that slaves, like other property, could be carried into the territories. It has been said, that the position of the Constitution is that of absolute indifference, both to freedom and slavery; that it advocated neither, but was bound to protect both. But how could the Constitution be indifferent to the very end for which it was made? Was not its great design to secure the liberty of the country, and promote its highest welfare? The Constitution simply tolerated the existence of slavery, and no more. As union was impossible without the provision for the rendition of persons held to labor, escaping from one state into another, it simply accommodated itself to an evil that was thought would be restricted, and in due process of time done away with in the slave States. To strain this provision to mean that it advocated the natural right of slavery, and recognized the slave as property, to be sold and bought like other merchandise, is simply to say that the framers of the Constitution were the greatest hypocrites in the world, originating the Declaration of Independence upon the basis of the natural right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and yet with full knowledge and purpose giving the lie to this instrument in the Constitution. Madison thought it wrong to admit in the Constitution the idea of property in man. The word 'service' was substituted for 'servitude,' simply because this last encouraged the idea of property.



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The constitutional provision for the rendition of slaves was simply a compromise between union and slavery. Of the two evils of *no union*, or *no slavery*, it was thought the former was the worse, and consequently the free States fell in with the measure. But could the patriots of the Revolution have foreseen the gigantic growth of slavery, and the use that would have been made of the provision recognizing it, no consideration would have induced them to adopt a course that has been prolific of so much misrepresentation and mischief to the country. They left the suppression of slavery to the States where it existed, but there was no intention to ingraft the idea of property in man in the Constitution, or to favor its extension beyond the original slave States in any way. John Jay, the first Chief-Justice, was preeminently qualified to judge respecting this. We have his testimony most explicitly denying the natural right of property in slaves, and declaring that the Constitution did not recognize the equity of its extension in the new States or Territories. Who was there more conversant with the genius of our country than Washington; and yet how full is his testimony to the evil of slavery; its want of natural right to support it, and the necessity of its speedy suppression and abolition? Is it possible that he, himself a slaveholder and an emancipationist, could utter such sentiments and enforce them by his example, if he regarded the Constitution as establishing the right of property in man, and the benefit of the indefinite expansion of slavery over the country? No, indeed! If we may consider the Constitution in relation to slaves an inconsistent instrument, we can not prove it an hypocritical and dishonest one. The hard necessities of the times wrung out of reluctant patriots the admission of the rendition of slaves, but they would not by any reasonable construction of language, assert the natural right of property in slaves, and the propriety or benefit of its toleration in new States and Territories. It was bad enough to tolerate this evil in the old slave States, but it would be infamous to hand down to posterity a Constitution denying the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence. Toleration is not synonymous with approval, or existence with right. There is a most subtle error in the assumption of the indifference of the Constitution to freedom and slavery—that it advocated neither, but protected both. Certainly the framers of the Constitution were not automatons, or this instrument the accident of the throw of the dice-box. The great purpose of this instrument was to raise the revenue, and defend the country. Its end was to protect the liberties and command the respect of civilized nations. The old Confederation was to give way to the Federal Constitution. The independence of the United States had been achieved at a heavy cost. To say nothing of frontiers exposed, country ravaged, towns burnt, commerce nearly

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ruined, the derangement of finances—the pecuniary loss alone amounted to one hundred and seventy million dollars, two thirds of which had been expended by Congress, the balance by individual States. The design of the Constitution was to preserve the fruits of the Revolution, to respect State sovereignty, and yet secure a powerful and efficient Union; to have a central government, and yet not infringe upon the local rights of the States. It will, therefore, be seen that while the subject of slavery was earnestly discussed, and presented at the outset a great obstacle to the union of the States, yet it was thought, upon the whole, best to leave to the slave States the business of doing away with this great evil in such a manner as in their judgment might best conduce to their own security and the preservation of the Union.

But no truth of history is more evident than that the authors of the Constitution regarded slavery as impossible to be sustained upon the ground of the natural rights of mankind, and deserving of no encouragement in the Territories, or States hereafter to come into the Union. It was thought that the best interests of the slave States would lead them to abolish slavery, and that before many years, the Republic would cease to bear the disgrace of chattel bondage. It is certainly proper that the acts and language of the authors of the Constitution, and those who chiefly were instrumental in achieving our independence, should be made to interpret that instrument which was the creation of their own toils and love of country. Because the circumstances of the present day have brought about a mighty change in the feelings and opinions of the slave States, it does not follow that the Constitution in its original intention and spirit should be accommodated to this new aspect of things. It is easy to get up a theory of the natural right of slavery, and then say that the Constitution meant that the slave States should carry slave property just where the free States carry their property; but when this ground is taken, the Constitution is made, to all intents, a pro-slavery instrument. It ceases to be the charter of a nation's freedom, and resolves itself into the most effective agent of the propagandism of slavery. The transition is easy from such a theory to the fulfillment of the boast of Senator Toombs, 'that the roll of slaves might yet be called at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument.' But no straining of the language of the Constitution can make it mean the recognition of the natural right of slavery, The guarded manner in which the provision was made for the rendition of slaves, and all the circumstances connected with the adoption of the Constitution, show conclusively that slavery was considered only a local and municipal institution, a serious evil, to be suppressed and curtailed by the slave States, and never by the General Government a blessing to be fostered and extended where it did not exist at the time the Union of the thirteen States was perfected.

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Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, in a speech at Atlanta, Georgia, said:

'Jefferson, Madison, Washington, and many others, were tender of the word slave, in the organic law, and all looked forward to the time when the institution of slavery should be removed from our midst as a trouble and a stumbling-block. The delusion could not be traced in any of the component parts of the Southern Constitution. In that instrument we solemnly discarded the pestilent heresy of fancy politicians, that all men of all races were equal, and we have made African inequality, and subordination, the chief corner-stone of the Southern Republic.'

Here we have the great idea of an essential difference in relation to the Constitution and slavery existing at the present day South, from that which did exist at the time of its ratification universally by the people of the thirteen States. The Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy frankly admits that slavery is its chief corner-stone; that our ancestors were deluded upon the subject of slavery; that the ideas contained in the Declaration of Independence respecting the equality of all men, and their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are only the pestilent heresy of fancy politicians; consequently that in the Southern Constitution all such trash was solemnly discarded. Can clearer proof be wanted to show that the stand-point of slavery and freedom has altogether changed since the days of Washington? Is it not true that our country at the present day presents the singular spectacle of two great divisions, one holding to the Constitution as interpreted by our ancestors North and South, the other openly repudiating such interpretation? Is it strange, with such a radical difference existing as to the import of the Constitution upon the subject of slavery, that we should have such frequent and ever persistent charges of Northern aggression? If the history of slavery be kept in mind, it will be seen that it has steadily had its eye upon one end, and that is national aggrandizement. Thus about two hundred thousand slaveholders wield all the political power of the South, and compel all non-slaveholders to acquiesce in their supremacy. But whatever the South may choose to do, the North is under obligation to give to slavery nothing more than what is guaranteed in the Constitution. If more than this is asked for, the North is bound by a just regard for its own interests and the prosperity of the country to refuse compliance. It has been seen that even admitting that a State has a just cause of complaint, or supposing as a matter of fact that the Constitution is violated, she can not set herself up to be exclusively the judge in this matter, and leave the Union at her convenience.



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The history of our country reveals two memorable cases where the question was decided that not the State, but the Federal Government was to be its own judge of what was constitutional, and act accordingly. First, the case of New-York; secondly, the course taken by Massachusetts in relation to the Embargo law of 1807, which was believed to be unconstitutional generally in New-England. In the case of New-York, there was, as has been said, the surrender of any right to secede from the Union at her pleasure; while in the Embargo law of 1807, which was brought up to the Supreme Court for decision, there was the acquiescence of New-England upon the simple point, who should be the final arbiter in the dispute. Massachusetts and all New-England assented to a decision of the Judiciary, not upon the ground that it was right, but that the Supreme Court had alone the authority to say what was right.

In this case there was a perfect refutation of the whole theory of secession; that theory falls back upon the idea that the State government is to be its own judge of what constitutes a violation of the Constitution, and act accordingly; but the Embargo law of 1807, when carried up to the Supreme bench, and the way New-England assented to a decision that was not believed to be in accordance with the Constitution, is a signal rebuke of the assumption of State sovereignty when arrayed against the General Government. The all-important question was not, Was the decision of the Judiciary right, but simply, Who had the authority to say what was right? Who should submit to that authority? No person can fail to see in these two cases, under circumstances so widely different, and with an end proposed in each directly the reverse of the other, that the point so important to establish was clearly made out, that the National Government reserves to itself alone the right to decide as to what should be the course taken in questions of dispute that arise between the States and the Federal authority.

It is mournful to see the finest country on the earth—a land peculiarly blessed with every element of material wealth, a land that has grown like a giant, and commanded the respect of the world—now in her central government made an object of contempt, and crippled in her strength by those very States who should, upon the principle of gratitude for favors granted, have been the last to leave the Union. While the Government at Washington has shown the utmost forbearance, they have manifested the greatest insolence, as well as disregard of the most sacred rights of the Union. An Absalom the most willful and impetuous of his father's family, and yet the most caressed and indulged, requites every debt of parental kindness by seeking through treachery and the prostitution of all his privileges to raise an insurrection in the household of David, and turn away through craft the hearts of the people from their rightful lord. So like Absalom, South-Carolina first unfurls the banner of treason and war among the sister States, desperately resolved to secure her selfish aggrandizement even at the price of the ruin of the country, but like Absalom, also, she is destined to experience a reverse as ignominious and as fatal.



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A STORY OF MEXICAN LIFE

VIII.

'My neighbor gazed at the stranger with bewilderment, and remained speechless. There was, nevertheless, nothing in his outward mien to give rise to so much emotion. He was a robust and rather handsome fellow, of about twenty-five, bold, swaggering, and free and easy in his deportment—a perfect specimen of the race of half-breeds so common in Mexico. His skin was swarthy, his features regular, and his beard luxuriant and soft as silk. His eyes were large and black as sloes, his teeth small, regular, and white as ivory, and his whole countenance, when in repose, wore an expression which won confidence rather than excited distrust. But when conversing, there was an indefinable craftiness in his smile, and a peculiar cunning in the twinkle of his eye, that often strikes the traveler in Mexico, as pervading all that class who are accustomed to making excursions into the interior. His costume, covered with dust, and torn in many places, led me to infer that he had only just returned from some long journey.

'After waiting, with great politeness, for some few seconds, to allow Arthur time to address him, and finding he waited in vain, the Mexican opened the conversation:

"I fear your excellency will scold me for delaying so long on the road; but how could I help it? I am more to be pitied than blamed—I lost three horses—at monte—and if it had not been by good luck that the ace turned up when I staked my saddle and bridle, I should not be here even now; but the ace won; I bought a fresh horse—and here I am.'

"What success?' inquired Arthur, with a look of intense anxiety; 'did you bring any?'

"Certainly,' replied Pepito, handing him very unconcernedly a small package; 'I brought more than you told me, and, in fact, I might have brought a mule-load if you had wanted so many.'

"Adele!' cried Mr. Livermore, overcome with delight, as he rushed into my room, '*Adele, he has found it!*'

Pepito followed Arthur with his sharp eye, and on beholding Adele, asked me, in a low tone:

"Who is that lady, Caballero?'

"I can not say; I myself never saw her until to-day,' said I; and noticing his gaze riveted on her in apparent admiration, I added:

"Do you think her pretty?'



"Pretty! Holy Virgin! she is lovely enough to make a man risk his salvation to win her.'

'Feeling that my presence might be one of those superfluities with which they would gratefully dispense, I was on the point of leaving, when there was a knock at the door. Again Adele sought refuge in my room, and again Arthur advanced to the door:

"Open, it is I,' said a voice from the outside; 'I have come to inquire after my friend Pepito.'

"Senor,' exclaimed Pepito, 'that must be my compadre, Pedro.'



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'On the door being opened, they flew to one another's arms, and gave a true Mexican embrace.

'The entrance of Pedro, which evidently annoyed Mr. Livermore, awakened in my mind strange suspicions. I resolved at the earliest opportunity I had of a private interview with him, to allude to what I had overheard on the Alameda. In the mean time I would keep an eye on these two cronies.

'Stand back, Pedro, and let me have a good look at you.'

'*There!* well, how do you think I look?'

'My dear fellow, you are growing decidedly coarse and fat.'

'Bah! but how do you like my new rig?'

'I can not admire the cut; but, of course, you bought them ready-made—one could see that with half an eye.'

'Well, Pepito, now that you are once more back in the city, I lack nothing to make me perfectly happy. You will spend the rest of the day with me?'

'Of course, my dear fellow.'

'Well, it is about dinner-time; let us be off.'

'Wait till I have first bid adieu to his excellency,' replied Pepito, turning toward Mr. Livermore. Then advancing a few steps, he whispered a few words to him, at the same time bowing very low. Arthur unlocked the drawer of his table and took out a roll of dollars, which he handed to the Mexican.

'Must you absolutely leave me so soon?' said he.

'Well, Caballero, after so long a journey, a man requires relaxation, and enjoys a social glass; so, with your permission, I will see you again to-morrow.'

'This answer was any thing but pleasing to Mr. Livermore, who turned to me, and addressing me in English, said:

'My dear sir, once more I must trespass on your good-nature. It is essential to the success of my plans, that these two men should not be left together. Will you, *can* you, tack yourself on to them, and keep close to Pepito until they separate?'

'Your request is as strange as it is difficult of execution; but I will do my best.'



"Gentlemen," said I, to the two Mexicans, as we all three were going down the stairs, 'you were speaking of dining—now I want to visit a real Mexican *fonda*; I am tired of these French cafes; will you favor me by taking me to a first-rate house, for I am not acquainted with this city.'

"If you will accompany us to the Fonda Genovesa, Caballero," said Pedro, 'I warrant you will have no cause to repent it.'

"I am infinitely indebted to you, and shall gladly accept your guidance.'

'The Fonda Genovesa was certainly one of the vilest establishments I ever visited, and the dinner was, of course, detestably bad. However, I treated my two worthies to a couple of bottles of wine, which being to them a rare luxury, they declared they had fared sumptuously.

"But, look here, Pepito," said Pedro, 'you have not yet alluded to your journey. Where have you been all this time?'



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"Where have I been? Oh! well, that is a secret.'

"A secret! what, from me, from your compadre Pedro?"

"Even so, my dear Pedro, even so; I have sworn not to mention the object of my journey nor my destination.'

"Oh! I dare say; but look here, what did you swear by—the holy Virgin of Guadalupe? No? Well, was it the cross?"

"No, neither by the one nor the other.'

"What is there binding, then? nothing else ought to keep you silent when I am in question?"

"I pledged my sacred honor.'

"Your sacred honor! Give me your hand, you always were a wag, but you humbugged me this time, I confess; well, that *is* a good one—the best joke I have heard for an age—excellent! well, go on, I am all attention, all ears.'

"Well, you won't hear much, for I am a man of honor, and bound not to speak; besides, I received a hundred dollars to keep mum.'

'Pedro for a moment appeared to be in a brown study; at last, gazing hard at his friend, he said:

"Would two hundred tempt you to speak?"

"If such a proposition were to come from a stranger, I might, perchance, accept it; but seeing it comes from you—never.'

"Why?"

"Because, when you offer me two hundred dollars for any thing, it must be worth far more than you offer.'

"Well, now, admit, just as a supposition, that I am interested in this matter, what harm will it do you, if we both turn an honest penny?"

"That is just the point; but I don't want you to turn ten pennies to my one.'

"Your scruples, my dear Pepito, display a cautious temperament, and evince deep acquaintance with human nature; you see through my little veil of mystery, and I own your sagacity; now I will be honest with you—with a man like you, lying is mere folly. It



is true, I am to have four hundred dollars if I can find out where you have been. I swear to you by the holy Virgin of Guadalupe, I am making a clean breast of it. Now, will you take that amount? Say the word, and I will go and fetch it right away.'

'This proposition seemed to embarrass the scrupulous Pepito extremely, and he remained some time lost in thought.

"But, if you only receive four hundred, and give me four hundred, what the deuce will you make out of such an operation?"

"Trust entirely to your generosity.'

"What! leave me to do what I like! I take you up—by Jupiter! Pedro, that is a noble trait in your character—I take you up.'

"Then it is a bargain. Will you wait here for me, or would you prefer to meet me at our usual Monte in the Calle de los Meradores?"

"I prefer the Monte.'

"You will swear on the cross, to relate fully and truly every particular relating to your journey?"

"Of course—every thing.'

"I will be there in a couple of hours.'



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'After his friend's departure, Pepito sat silent; his brow was knit, and yet a mocking sneer played around his lips; he seemed to be pursuing two trains of thought at once; suspicion and merriment were clearly working in his mind.

"This is a droll affair, Caballero; I can't clearly see the bottom of it'

"There is nothing very unusual in it that I see,' I replied, 'for every day men sacrifice honor for gold.'

"True, nothing more common, and yet this proposition beats all I ever met with.'

"In what respect?'

"Why, the interest that these folks who employ Pedro, take in this journey that I undertook for your friend, Senor Pride.'

"But, if this journey has some valuable secret object in view?'

"Valuable secret!' repeated Pepito, bursting into a fit of laughter; 'Yes, a valuable secret indeed! Oh! the joke of offering four hundred dollars for what, 'twixt you and me, is not worth a cent. But who can it be that is behind Pedro, in this matter? He must be some rival doctor, or else a naturalist, on the same scent.'

"Is Senor Pride,' I inquired, 'a doctor—are you sure of that?'

"Yes—he must be—but I don't know,' exclaimed Pepito; 'I am at my wits' end. If he is not, I have been working in the dark, and he has deceived me with a false pretext; I am at a loss—dead beat. But one thing is plain—I can make four hundred dollars, if I like.'

"And will you betray your employer?' said I indignantly.

"Time enough—never decide rashly, Caballero; I shall deliberate—nothing like sleeping on important affairs; to-morrow—who knows what to-morrow may bring forth?'

'So saying, Pepito arose, took his traveling sword under his arm, placed his hat jauntily on his head, cast an admiring eye at the looking-glass, and then brushed off some of the dust that still clung to his left sleeve.

"The smile of Heaven abide with you, Senor,' said he, with a most graceful bow. 'As for your friend's secret, do not be uneasy about it; I am not going to meet Pedro to-night. I shall take advantage of his absence to make a call on my lady-love. Pedro is a good fellow, but shockingly self-conceited; he fancies himself far smarter than I—perhaps he is—but somehow I fancy, this time he must be early if he catches me asleep.'



'On his departure, I paid the bill, which both my friends had overlooked, then walked out and seated myself on the Alameda, which at that hour was thronged with promenaders. Isolated, buried in thought, in the midst of that teeming throng, the various episodes in the drama of which my mysterious neighbor was the principal character, passed before my mind. I again and again reviewed the strange events which, by some freak of fortune, I had been a witness to. What was the basis on which my friend, with two sets of names, founded his dream of inexhaustible wealth, this mission he had intrusted to Pepito? What the mission which the agent laughed at, and which to gain a clue to, others were tempting him with glittering bribes? And again, why the deceit practiced on Pepito, by assuming the guise of a doctor? Each of these facts was a text on which I piled a mountain of speculation.



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'Vexed and annoyed at finding myself becoming entangled in this web of mystery, as well as piqued at my failure to unravel it, I determined to avoid all further connection with any of the actors; and full of this resolve, I wended my way homeward, to have a final and decisive interview with Mr. Livermore.

'The worthy Donna Teresa Lopez confronted me as I entered the inner door:

'Plenty of news, is there not?' she asked; 'I heard a good deal of squabbling, last night; that man in the cloak was noisy.'

'Yes; they had an interesting discussion.'

'You can not make me believe that was all. *Discussion*, indeed! When there is a pretty woman in the case, and two men talk as loudly as they did, it generally ends in a serious kind of discussion. 'When love stirs the fire, anger makes the blood boil.' Tell me, now, will they fight here, in the Senor Pride's room?'

'This question, which Donna Teresa put in the most matter-of-fact sort of way, staggered me considerably, and confirmed me in the resolution to avoid the whole business.

'I sincerely trust, Senora, that such an event is not probable. On what do you base your supposition?'

'There is nothing so very astounding in rivals fighting; but it is all the same to me. I only asked that I might take precautions.'

'Precautions! what, inform the police?'

'No, no! I thought it might be as well to take down the new curtains—the blood might spoil them.'

'Need I say I terminated my interview with my hostess, more impressed with admiration of her business qualities than of her sympathetic virtues? But let me do the poor woman justice; life is held so cheap, and the knife acts so large a part in Mexico, that violence and sudden death produce a mere transient effect.

IX.

'Instead of going to my own apartments, I went direct to Mr. Livermore's, intending thus to show him that I wished no longer to be looked upon as the man in the next room.

'We were dying with anxiety to see you,' he said, as I entered; 'walk into the other room, you will find Adele there.'



“Well, Mr. Rideau,” said she, with intense anxiety visible on her countenance, “what passed between those two men?”

“Little of importance. Pedro offered Pepito four hundred dollars if he would divulge the particulars of his journey; to which offer Pepito has acceded. That is about all.”

“I was far from anticipating the effect my answer would produce on my hearers. They were overwhelmed—thunderstruck. Adele was the first to recover.

“Fool! fool that I was,” she exclaimed, “why did I select in such an enterprise a man worn down by sickness and disease?”

“The look she cast on Arthur, rapid as it was, was so full of menace and reproach, that it startled me.

“Well, Arthur,” she said, laying her hand on his arm; “do you feel ill again?”



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'Roused by the sound of her voice, Arthur placed his hand on his heart, and mutely plead excuse for the silence which his sufferings imposed on him.

'As for me, I spoke no word, but mentally consigned my mysterious neighbors to a distant port, whence consignments never return.

"My dear sir,' I replied at length, 'Pepito's treachery, which appears so deeply to affect you, is not yet carried into execution, it is only contemplated. I will give you word for word what transpired.'

'When I had concluded my narrative, to which they listened with breathless attention, Adele exclaimed:

"Our hopes are not yet crushed, the case is not utterly desperate; but alas! it is evident our secret is suspected, if not known. Arthur,' she continued, 'now is the time to display all our energy. We have some enemy to dread, as I have long suspected. If we do not at once steal a march on him, then farewell forever to all our dreams of happiness, of wealth, or even of subsistence.'

"Sir,' said she, again addressing me; 'your honor alone has kept you in ignorance of our secret. You could easily have tempted and corrupted Pepito. We prefer you should learn it from us rather than from an accidental source. We merely request your word of honor that you will not use it to your own advantage, without our joint consent, nor in any way thwart our plans.'

"I am deeply sensible, madame, of the confidence you repose in me; but I must beg you will allow me to remain in ignorance.'

"You refuse, then, to give us the promise?' exclaimed Adele, 'I see it all! you will thwart us; you would preserve your liberty of action without forfeiting your word.'

'If you had known me longer, such a suspicion would not have crossed your mind. However, as I have no other means of proving it unjust, I will give the pledge you desire, I am now ready to hear whatever you have to communicate.'

'Mr. Livermore resumed the conversation:

"The secret which Adele imparted to me will, I dare say, appear at first very extravagant, but before you laugh at it, give me time to explain. It is the existence of a marvelous opal mine in the interior; the precise location of which is known to no one save Adele and myself.'

'In spite of the greatest effort, I could not suppress a smile of incredulity, at this announcement. Mexico is so full of strange stories of fabulous mines, that this



wondrous tale of opals looked to me like some new confidence game, and I felt sure my neighbors were duped or else trying to dupe me.

"Oh! I see you think we are deceived?"

"I admit," I replied, "it strikes me as possible that you have been the victims of some crafty scheme. Did you hear of this mine before or since your arrival in Mexico?"

"Before we left New-Orleans."

"And yet it is not known to the natives?"

"It was from a Mexican we had our information."



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"Why did not this Mexican himself take advantage of it?"

"He could not, for he was banished. He is now dead. But what do you think of these specimens?"

'He took from a drawer ten or twelve opals of rare size and brilliancy. I examined them with care; they were, beyond all doubt, of very considerable value. My incredulity gradually gave way to amazement.

"Are you certain these opals really came from the mine of which you speak?"

"Nothing can be more certain; you saw Pepito hand me a package; you heard his remark that he could have brought a mule-load; these are a few of what he did bring.'

"This mine then really exists?" I said, my incredulity giving way to the most ardent curiosity.

"Really exists! yes, my friend; if you listen, I will dispel all doubt of that.'

X.

"On arriving in this country, my first step was to procure a guide and the necessary equipage for reaching the opal mine. Although I felt sure of its existence, I could not dispel the fear that the story of its marvelous richness would prove false. Without loss of time, I started; for to me it was a question of life and death. I had, however, barely accomplished a third of the journey, when I was prostrated by fever. The fatigue of traveling in the interior of this magnificent but wretched country, combined with excitement and anxiety, preyed upon my mind, and brought on an illness, from which at one time I gave up all hope of recovering. I was compelled to return to Vera Cruz. The doctors were all of the opinion that several months of perfect repose would be necessary before I could undertake another such journey. Several months—oh! how those words fell on my ears; they sounded like the knell of all my hopes. A thousand expedients floated through my brain, and in adopting the course I eventually did, time alone will prove whether I followed the promptings of a good or evil genius. One evening, I explained to my attendant that I was a medical man, deeply interested in botanical and mineralogical discoveries; that my object in undertaking my recent journey was to collect certain rare herbs and a singular description of shell. I laid peculiar stress on the herbs, and added in relation to the shells, that I merely wanted a few specimens, as they were rare in my country. My attendant at once proffered his services, to go in search of them. I appeared at first to attach but little importance to his offer; but as he renewed it whenever the subject was alluded to, I at last employed him. The mine is situated on the margin of a little brook. One day's work of an active man will turn the stream into a fresh channel, and a few inches beneath its bed will be found, mixed with



the damp sand and loam, the shells, which, when polished, form the opal. I gave my servant the needful information as to localities and landmarks, and promised him a gratuity of a hundred dollars over and above his wages, in case he succeeded. Having given him instructions, I retained his services until I reached this city, where I determined to await his return, it being more healthy than Vera Cruz. Having selected my lodgings and given him the pass-word by which alone a stranger could obtain admittance to me, with an anxious heart I dispatched him on the mission.



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"For three months I had no tidings of him; night and day, I was the prey of doubt and fear. No words can portray the agony of suspense that I endured; the hours seemed days, the days months, and the bitterness of years was crowded into that short interval. At last, thanks be to heaven, my messenger returned.'

"Do you mean Pepito?" I exclaimed.

"The very man,' replied Arthur; 'his journey was successful. You have seen the specimens he brought. I was intoxicated with delight; but Adele did not share my joy. Nature has given woman a faculty of intuition denied to man. Alas! Adele's presentiment has been verified; your account of the interview between Pepito and his friend proves her fears were well-grounded.'

"In what way?"

"In *this* way; it shows we have an enemy who has an inkling of our secret, and is striving to snatch the prize from us. What course to take I am at a loss to know. Adele advises to make sure of Pepito, at any price.'

"And that strikes me as being your surest if not your only course.'

"Yes, the surest; but how to make *sure* of him?"

"By outbidding your competitors, and proving to him that in adhering to you he is best serving his own interests.'

"But he is base enough to take bribes from both sides, and betray each.'

"Oh! that I were a man!" exclaimed Adele, 'this fellow is the only one who knows our secret. One man ought not to stand in fear of another. Only *one* man crosses your path, Arthur.'

"Unless I murder him, how can he be silenced?"

"*Murder* him! It is not murder to kill a robber. Were *I* a man, I would not hesitate how to act.'

"The anxiety of Pedro,' I said, 'indicates you have an enemy. Have you any idea who he is?"

"I believe,' said Adele, 'that I know him.'

"Are you sure there is only one?"



"Why do you ask?" said the woman, fixing her eye upon me as though she would, in spite of every obstacle, read my inmost thoughts.

"Because I fancy there are *two*, for instance, Brown and Hunt.'

'At the mention of these names Adele started to her feet, exclaiming:

"On all sides there is treachery. I *demand*, sir, an explanation. What leads you to associate the name of that firm with this matter? Either you are our friend or you are not. Speak plainly!

"Madame, by the merest chance, I overheard Pedro mention those names, and since you have given me your confidence, I will give you some information which may put you on your guard, and help to guide your future plans.'

'I then briefly related the conversations I had overheard between General Valiente and Pedro, both on the Alameda and in the gaming-house in the Calle del Arco.

"Now, madame,' I continued, 'let me inquire whether the Mexican from whom you derived your information, had any connection with this firm?'



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"Yes, sir, he knew them," she replied; then, after a slight pause, she added: "We have already told you so much that it would be folly to conceal the way in which we became acquainted with the existence of this mine. Soon after my marriage, I met a veteran officer of the Mexican army, General Ramiro, then living in exile, at New-Orleans. For me he conceived a paternal affection, and many a time remonstrated with Mr. Percival, and entreated him to devote himself to his family, and abandon the course of life which was leading him to ruin. He often spoke of his desire to return to Mexico, and lived constantly in the hope of the decree being revoked, which had driven him into exile. One day he disclosed the chief cause of his desire to return, by revealing the secret we have imparted to you."

"Pardon me, madame," I said, "but tell me how General Ramiro gained his information? Exploring for opal mines is hardly part of the duties of a General, even in Mexico."

"I was about to explain that," replied the lady. "An Indian, convicted of murdering a monk, some three years previously, was condemned to death. On being taken, according to Mexican usage, on the eve of execution, to the confessional, he refused the slightest attention to the exhortations of the priests, affirming that he had written a letter to the Governor, which would secure his pardon."

"True enough, a party of dragoons arrived during the night, and took him away. The letter was addressed to General Ramiro, then acting as Governor, and contained promises of a revelation of the highest importance."

"When conducted to the General, the Indian proved, by a host of details, the existence of an opal mine, which he had accidentally discovered, and in return for the revelation, demanded a free pardon."

"I understand, perfectly, madame," I added, seeing Adele hesitate.

"I feel," she said, "a certain reluctance at this portion of my narrative, for it forces me to lay bare an act which General Ramiro ever after regretted, and which—" "Madame, I will spare you the recital; the fact is, the General gained the Indian's secret, and then—- unfortunately for the Indian—forgot to fulfill his promise."

"Alas! sir, you have rightly judged. Two hours after the interview, the Indian suffered the garrote, and General Ramiro became the sole possessor of this important secret. I will not attempt to justify my venerable friend. He sincerely lamented his sin, and retribution followed him with long, sad years of exile and poverty. We often sat together for hours, he talking of his wonderful mine, and longing for his recall to his native land. His enemies, however, held a firm hold of government, and growing weary of delay, he made overtures to this firm of Brown and Hunt, through their correspondents in New-Orleans. Being sadly in want of funds, he was even mad enough to give a hint of some kind, relative to an opal mine, which was to be worked by them on joint account."



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"Before any definite arrangement was perfected, an event occurred which is indelibly impressed on my memory. The General, after spending a portion of the afternoon with us, had returned to his home; and about eleven at night, a messenger begged my immediate attendance on him. He had been taken suddenly ill; and my husband, who was cognizant of the paternal affection the General felt for me, urged me to hasten to his bedside.

"I found him at the point of death; but my presence seemed to call him back to life. 'My child,' said he, placing in my hands a very voluminous letter, 'this is all I have to give you. Farewell, dear child, I am going. Farewell, forever.' In a few moments he was no more. I returned home a prey to the most intense grief, and for several days did not think of opening the letter I had received from my dying benefactor. It contained the most precise details of the situation of the opal mine, and advice as to the best means of reaching it.

"So you see, Mr. Rideau,' she added, after a slight pause, 'the secret is known only to three persons—Arthur, Pepito, and myself. What, under the circumstances, would you do?'

"I see but one course, madame—prompt action; by this means only can you hope to succeed. You should start without a day's delay.'

"And Pepito?'

"Take him with you.'

"Your advice would be excellent were it practicable; but the state of Mr. Livermore's health will not permit him to travel.'

"Oh! never fear, Adele; your presence and your care will keep me up. I shall gain strength by change of air and scene.'

'Adele was, probably, about to protest against such a proof of his attachment, when she was interrupted by a knock at the door.

'It is Pepito,' said I. My conjecture proved correct. Opening the door, the Mexican appeared, dressed in a new suit, and evidently not a little proud of his external improvements. He bowed politely to Mr. Livermore and myself, and then bending before Adele, took her hand and raised it with true Mexican grace, to his lips.

"You arrive, Pepito,' said Adele, 'at the very moment we are talking about you.'

'Pepito again bowed to the lady.

"Senora,' said he, 'to please you I would die; to obey you I would kill myself.'



'The exaggerated tone of Mexican politeness which prompted this reply did not surprise Adele, but it brought a smile to her lips.

'I trust my wishes will not lead to such disastrous results,' she replied. 'The fact is, Senor Pride thinks shortly of undertaking another journey; and as his health is delicate, we are anxious you should bear us company. I need not add, the zeal you have already shown, will not fail to secure our interest in your future welfare.'

'Indeed! does his excellency intend starting very soon? May I be allowed to ask where is he going?'

'To the same place,' said Arthur.



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"Oh! oh! I see; the herbs and shells I brought were not enough to answer his excellency's purpose; you want more of the shells—eh, Señor?"

'Yes, a few more,' said Arthur, with a deep sigh, for he felt acutely the ironical tone which the Mexican assumed.

"Well, what would you say, Señor Pride, if, instead of the few I handed you, I had brought a sack full—you would not feel angry, would you?"

"Scoundrel! you have not dared to thus deceive me?" exclaimed Mr. Livermore, starting to his feet and advancing toward Pepito, with an air of menace.

"Unfortunately, I did not; but you have proved to me what a fool I was, not to suspect their value. You evidently attach immense importance to them."

"Control your temper, Arthur," said Adele, in English, 'or you will ruin every thing.'

"After all," resumed Pepito, 'it is only a chance deferred, not a chance lost. With a good horse, I can soon make up for lost time.'

'His tone of defiance annihilated the self-possession even of Adele; while as for Arthur, he looked the very picture of despair. I, therefore, resolved to smooth matters over, and if possible, to bring Pepito to terms. At first he listened to me very unwillingly, and answered sulkily and laconically; but wearied at last by my pertinacity, he suggested that it was scarcely fair play for me to assume to sit as judge in a cause wherein I was an interested party.'

"You are strangely mistaken, Pepito," I said, in reply; 'I can swear to you on my honor, and by the holy Virgin of Guadalupe, that I am not in any way a party to this transaction; and that its success or its failure will not affect me to the extent of a real.'

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Caballero," muttered Pepito, on whom my adjuration by the holy Virgin of Guadalupe, had produced an unexpected effect. 'In that case I will trust to your advice; I rely on your honor. Now tell me—I know very well these shells are valuable—how much would a mule-load be worth—two thousand dollars?'

"Yes, and perhaps more."

"You speak frankly, like a man!" he exclaimed with delight; 'you don't seek to take advantage of my ignorance; you are a true gentleman. Tell me where I could sell these things.'

"You could find no one to buy them in this country; they must be sent either to Europe or New-York."



"The devil! that upsets my plans. I know no one in Europe, no one in New-York; besides, I can neither read nor write; I should be cheated on all hands. Is there no way to settle this business between ourselves? Listen, now: I will agree not only to accompany Senor Pride as his guide, but to do all the work when we arrive at our destination, on condition that he pays me two thousand dollars for every trip we make. What do you say to my proposition?"

"That it is Senor Pride who must answer you, not I."

XI.



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'Obeying the injunction laid upon him by Adele, Mr. Livermore affected to demur at the high price placed by Pepito on his cooperation, but finally appeared to yield to our joint solicitation.

"Well, then, the bargain is closed,' said Pepito, smiling. 'Now I can understand why Pedro was so anxious to have me betray my trust. Oh! how delighted I am to think he will find I have left him in the lurch.'

"Senor Pepito,' said Adele, with a most winning smile, 'do you happen to know a family residing some short distance from this city, who, in consideration of a liberal compensation, would not object to take a lady to board with them?'

"I do, Senora, at Toluca.'

"How far is it from here?'

"Twelve or fourteen leagues.'

"Are you intimate enough with the family to take me there to-morrow, without previously informing them of my intention?'

"Certainly; the lady I allude to is my sister.'

"Then to-morrow morning early, at seven, say. But Senor Pepito, I had forgotten to warn you that in escorting me you will run a great danger.'

"Oh! I am not afraid of the robbers on the road; they know me well, and never molest me.'

"It is not of robbers that I stand in dread.'

"Of what, then?'

"Of a man—an enemy who hates me with a deadly hatred, and who, I fear, seeks my life.'

"A man—*one* man—and he seeks your life; well, well, I should like to meet him face to face,' exclaimed Pepito.

"Then, Senor, you promise to protect me at any risk?'

"Protect you! yes,' replied he with vehemence, 'I pledge you my honor, my body, and my soul. I will face the bravest of the brave, to defend you from injury.'



"From my heart of hearts I thank you, Pepito," said Mr. Livermore, "you shall find me not ungrateful, and in return for the zeal and devotion you have shown, two hundred dollars shall be yours, on your return with tidings of madame's safe arrival."

"I will at once proceed to secure the necessary equipage, Senor. Senora, rely on my punctuality; at seven, I shall attend you."

"Are you related to Senor Pride?" asked Pepito, as we descended the stairs.

"In no way; I have known him only a few days."

"Well, Caballero, I own I am enchanted with his wife; I never met a woman of such matchless beauty, such fascinating manners; why, Senor, if she said to me, 'Pepito, kill your brother,' and I had a brother, which, luckily, I have not, I think I should kill him."

'These words were uttered with so much vehemence, that I deemed it advisable to turn the conversation.

"It seems strange to me," said I, "that you should be so intimate with Pedro, and yet be ever on the very verge of quarreling with him."



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"Well, it is perhaps astonishing to those who do not know us; but somehow Pedro is my best, in fact, my only friend. We were brought up in the same village, and are just like brothers. He is a good sort of fellow, but is abominably vain and self-conceited; then he is deucedly overbearing. He has no delicacy for his friend's feelings, and, in fact, has a thousand failings that no one else but I could tolerate. True, we have now and then a pretty rough time of it. The two gashes on his left cheek are mementoes of my regard, and I confess I have two ugly marks, one on my shoulder, the other on my right breast, which I owe to him. But what galls me most, he is always talking of his six dead ones, while I can claim only five; but then my five are all men, while two of his six are women.'

"Horrible!' I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is not a fair count; but then it shows his insatiable vanity. Vanity is one of the capital sins; it is hard to tell into what meanness it may not lead a man.' With this sententious denunciation, the Mexican, who had clearly misinterpreted my indignant ejaculation, raised his hat, with an air of extreme politeness, and departed.

'When I again entered Mr. Livermore's apartment, the conversation naturally turned on Pepito.

"Well, what think you of my cavalier?' said Adele.

"As you are aware, my acquaintance with him is of but recent date; but one thing speaks greatly in his favor: he has been for several months attached to Mr. Livermore's person, both as guide and as attendant while sick, and he has not attempted, as far as I have heard, either to assassinate or poison him. This I take to be a striking proof of meritorious moderation.'

"I fear, Adele, we are acting imprudently,' said Arthur, 'in intrusting you to the tender mercies of such an unprincipled scoundrel, a man you have seen but twice.

"Good heavens! dearest Arthur, would it be less imprudent for that man Percival to find me here? I shudder to think of ever again meeting him; and moreover, by flattering this Pepito and pretending to place entire confidence in him, I shall win him to a devoted submission to my every wish.'

'After a somewhat protracted but by no means important conversation, I retired, promising to see them in the morning, previous to Adele's departure.

XII.

'Shortly before the appointed hour, Pepito arrived, and announced that all his preparations had been made. His fair charge quickly made her appearance, dressed in complete Mexican costume. It suited her remarkably well, and I was not surprised to



observe the intense admiration with which Pepito gazed upon her, for her beauty was truly fascinating. Notwithstanding my suspicions of the absence of that inner spiritual beauty which should adorn all female loveliness, I myself could scarce resist the spell she exercised on my feelings, even in spite of my judgment.



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'Turning to Pepito, with a smile, she inquired gayly, 'Well, Senor, how do you like my change of costume?'

'The Mexican replied merely by putting his hand on his heart, and bowing almost reverentially.

'Having given Mr. Livermore an affectionate embrace, she exclaimed, in a firm, determined voice: 'Let us be off: time is precious.'

'It had been arranged that I should accompany them until they were out of the city. I therefore left Mr. Livermore alone, and followed the two travelers. On reaching the street, Adele took the Mexican's arm; but as they turned the corner of one of the streets running into the Cathedral Square, I noticed that she raised her hood and lowered the veil attached to it. Surprised at this apparently uncalled-for act of caution, I inquired the reason.

'Do you not see Mr. Percival?' she exclaimed, in Spanish.

'Who is he? Is that the man you said you dreaded? that melancholy-looking man, who is walking so moodily ahead of us?' exclaimed Pepito. 'I must have a good look at him.'

'Be cautious, I beseech you; if he sees me, all is lost.'

'Fear nothing, I will be discreet; I only want to get one good look at him.' So saying, Pepito increased his speed, and was soon walking beside the unconscious Percival.

'In a few minutes, Pepito turned suddenly down a narrow street, into which we followed, and there we found a carriage awaiting us.

'Senora, I shall know your enemy among a thousand,' was Pepito's remark, on again offering Adele his arm, to assist her in entering the vehicle.

'We were soon safely out of the city, and taking advantage of the first returning carriage we met, I returned with it, Adele thanked me with much apparent gratitude for my past services, and begged me to devote as much of my leisure as possible to cheering and advising her dear Arthur.

'On my return, I found him pacing his chamber with intense anxiety, and evidently prostrated by the excitement he had undergone.

'Well, what news?' said he, almost gasping for breath.

'Adele is beyond the reach of danger.'

'You met no one?'



“No one.’

”Heaven be praised; and yet I feel a presentiment I shall never see her again—never.’

”Pshaw! love is always timorous; it delights in raising phantoms.’

”This is no phantom; death is a reality, and, mark my words, on earth we shall meet no more.’

’Overcome by the violence of his emotions, he buried his face in his hands, and gave way to an outburst of intense grief. Yielding, finally, to my reiterated entreaties, he threw himself upon his bed, and, as I had some private business to settle, I left him to the care of our officious hostess, who was only too happy to find one on whom she could display her self-acquired knowledge of the healing art.



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'The next day, Arthur, though still feeble, was able to walk about his apartments. Toward dusk, a letter arrived from Adele. She announced her safe arrival at Toluca, spoke in terms of praise of Pepito's devotion and attention, and expressed herself agreeably surprised at the hospitality she had received from his sister. The receipt of this letter produced a marked improvement in my patient's health. In a postscript, reference was made to an accident which had happened to poor Pepito, who was prevented from being the bearer of this letter, by having sprained his ankle. This would retard his return to the city for a day or two; nevertheless, she begged her 'dear Arthur' not to be uneasy, as even this delay, annoying as it was, might prove of advantage, as it would give him time to recover from the effects of the excitement of the past few days.

'After Adele's departure, I again fastened up the door of communication, and although I saw him at least once every day, to some extent I carried out my determination of ceasing to be on such intimate terms with Mr. Livermore. I fell back into my former course of life, and yet I felt a certain envy of the colossal fortune upon which he had, as it were, stumbled. Though I sincerely wished my poor sick neighbor might succeed in his enterprise, I gradually grew restless and morose. The opal-mine became a painful and distasteful topic of conversation, and as Arthur invariably adverted to it in some way or other, I by degrees made my visits of shorter and shorter duration.

'In vain I strove to divert my mind from this one absorbing idea. I visited the theatres, attended cock-pits and bull-fights, in the hope that the excitement would afford me relief from the fascinating spell: but it was useless, I was a haunted man.

'One night, returning from the opera, at about ten o'clock, I was stopped by a large crowd at the corner of the Calle Plateros. From an officer near me, I ascertained that a foreigner, believed to be a heretic, had been stabbed, and was either dead or dying.

'The next morning, in the *Diario de Gobierno*, which Donna Teresa brought up with my chocolate, I learned that 'at about ten on the previous night, an American, named Percival, recently arrived from New-Orleans, was murdered in the Calle Plateros.' His watch and purse were missing; it was therefore inferred that robbery and not revenge had prompted the foul deed.

'I instantly summoned Donna Teresa, and requested her to take the paper, which I marked, to Mr. Livermore; and as soon as my breakfast was over, I hastened to make my usual call. I found him looking very sombre.

'"God is my witness!" he exclaimed, the instant I entered the room, 'that I did not seek this poor unfortunate man's death; but it relieves Adele from all fear. Have you heard any details of the event?'

'"I have not; but assassination is not so rare here that you need be under any fear about it. No suspicion can possibly attach to you.'



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"I have no fear, for I know my own innocence; but it is inexplicable to me. Poor Percival! he could have had no enemy in the city."

"Doubtless he was murdered for his money and his watch; but have you heard from Toluca?"

"Yes, and Adele informs me that I may expect Pepito in the course of the day. So I shall not delay my departure beyond to-morrow, perhaps to-night. But there is some one at the door; doubtless it is Pepito."

'Mr. Livermore opened the door; but instead of Pepito it was his friend, Pedro, who entered.

"My presence surprises you, Caballero," said Pedro, drawing a long sigh; "but alas! I have bad news."

"What! bad news? speak, speak, quick!" exclaimed Arthur, turning deadly pale.

'Pedro, before deigning to answer, drew forth a very soiled rag, which served him as a handkerchief, and proceeded to rub his eyes with no little vigor, a pantomime which was intended no doubt to convey the idea of tears having dimmed his eyes.

"Alas! Excellency," said he at length, in a lugubrious tone; "poor Pepito is in sad trouble."

"Have you been fighting again? Have you killed him?" I exclaimed.

"Killed him? / kill him!" he repeated indignantly; "how can you imagine such an outrage, Caballero? Kill my best friend! No, Senor; but poor Pepito has been pressed into a military company. To-morrow, they will uniform him and march him off to some frontier regiment."

"Is there no way of buying him off?" inquired Arthur.

"Nothing more easy, Caballero. You have simply to write to the General who commands the department, and state that Pepito is attached to your person, as a personal attendant, and that will suffice to set him at liberty. They never press people in service."

'Mr. Livermore lost no time in following Pedro's advice. As soon as the letter was handed to him, the latter waved it in triumph over his head, and rushed forth to effect the deliverance of his dear compadre, Pepito.

'The impressment of Pepito surprised me, for I had not heard of their taking any body who had reached the dignity of a pair of inexpressibles, and the luxury of a pair of shoes. The Indians in the neighborhood of the capital, besotted by drink and misery,



almost naked, and living or rather burrowing in caves, were usually the only victims of the recruiting sergeant. However, as the letter given by Arthur to Pedro could be of no use to the latter, I saw no reasonable ground to doubt the story.

'As it seemed probable that Mr. Livermore would shortly leave the city, I accepted his invitation, and promised to return and dine with him at five o'clock, adding that I hoped then to meet Pepito, and receive from him a full account of his adventures since we had parted.

XIII.

'About three o'clock, I returned home. I had ensconced myself, book in hand, in my rocking-chair, when groans which seemed to proceed from Mr. Livermore's room, attracted my attention. I listened at the door, and my fears were realized. The groans were assuredly uttered by my neighbor. I rushed into his room, and as I crossed toward his bed, a fearful spectacle met my gaze.



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'Lying across the bed, his face livid, every muscle in motion, a prey to the most violent convulsions, I saw my unfortunate fellow-countryman. No sooner, however, did the noise of my entrance fall upon his ear, than he summoned strength enough to rise, and seizing a pistol that was beside him, pointed it at me.

"Ah! it is you?" said he, lowering his weapon, and falling back, 'you have arrived just in time to see me die.'

"Take courage, my friend; for heaven's sake, be of good cheer. It is only one of your usual attacks, and will pass off; there is no danger.'

"No danger!" repeated the unfortunate sufferer, biting the sheet and striving to stifle the cry which agony drew from him; 'no danger? why, I am poisoned!'

"Poisoned! you must be mad," I exclaimed: but without loss of time, I summoned Donna Lopez, and sent instantly for a doctor, who fortunately lived within a few doors of our house.

'Once more alone with Arthur, I inquired, during a momentary cessation of his sufferings:

"What reason have you for thinking you are poisoned?"

"I am *sure* of it," he replied. 'About an hour since, I received a visit from the Mexican General who is superintendent of the recruiting service. He desired me to give him certain explanations relative to Pepito, which, of course, I did. It was very warm, and he asked for a glass of iced water. I offered him some claret to mix with it, and, at his request, joined him in the drink. But a few moments elapsed after I had taken my draught, when I felt a weakness steal over me; my eyelids grew heavy, my knees gave way, and an intolerable heat burned my veins. I was compelled to sit down upon my bed. At that moment, the General changed his tone, and imperiously demanded the key of my desk. 'I do not want your money,' he said, 'but I must have the papers relative to the opal-mine.' I can not express the effect these words produced upon me. 'To deal frankly with you,' continued the General, 'you are poisoned, and the Indian poison that is now coursing through your veins has no antidote. Ten minutes, and your strength will begin to fail; two hours, and your earthly career will end. If you do not at once give me your keys, I shall force the lock.' These words, which he doubtless thought would crush me, filled me with boundless rage, and for a few moments revived my sinking energies. I started to my feet, and seized my revolver.'

"'The devil! it seems the dose was not strong enough,' exclaimed my assassin, taking flight; 'but I will return, be sure of that.'"



'The doctor soon arrived. At the first glance at the patient, he knit his brow, and his countenance became overcast.

"How long have you been ill?" he inquired.

"I was poisoned, about an hour since."

"Ah! you know you have been poisoned?"

"Yes, doctor, and also the man who poisoned me. Tell me, I beseech you, how long I have to live? Speak! you need have no fear; I am prepared for the worst."



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'The doctor hesitated, and then said: 'I fear, my dear sir, another hour is all you can hope for.'

"I thank you, doctor, for your frankness. No antidote, then, can save me?"

"None. The poison you have taken, which the Indians call '*Leche de palo*,' is deadly. Your present sufferings will soon cease, and gradually you will sink, peacefully and painlessly, into the sleep of death.'

"Send instantly, then, for a magistrate. I at least will be revenged on my murderer," said Arthur, 'let me at once make my statement.'

"You will only be wasting your dying moments," interposed the doctor; 'day after day, I am called upon to witness the ravages of this insidious poison, but never yet has the scaffold punished the assassin. My dear friend, think not of your murderer; eternity is opening to receive you; in its solemn presence, mere human vengeance shrinks into utter nothingness.'

"Doctor, you speak wisely as well as kindly. Poor Adele," murmured Arthur, and his eyes closed, though his lips still moved.

'After the doctor's departure, I sent to the American Legation, urgently requesting some official to return with my messenger. I took a chair beside the bed, while Donna Teresa knelt in the adjoining room, and prayed and sobbed with much fervor. In a short while, Arthur rallied from the stupor into which he had fallen. His features became calm, his breathing regular though feeble, and the tranquil, almost happy, expression of his eye made me for a time half doubt the fearful prediction of the physician.

"Do you feel better?" I inquired.

"Much much; I am in no pain.'

"Let us hope, then, for the best. I will send for another doctor.'

"No, that would be useless. My lower extremities are swelling, and I can feel the hand of death clutching at my vitals. The doctor was right; death is not racking me with torture, it is gently embracing me. But I want your assistance; sit down.'

'I resumed my seat, and Arthur continued, in a feeble tone, but perfectly calm:

"How mean a thing is life! Good God! so mean, that at this moment I can not explain to my own soul why man should cling to it. What do we meet during our short career? Deceit, hypocrisy, and treachery. Ah! death reveals the hollowness of life.'



"My dear friend, you are exhausting yourself. Did you not say you wanted my assistance? Rely on my zeal, my fidelity, and my discretion.'

"Rely on you! How can I tell? You are only a man; perhaps avaricious and treacherous as your fellow-mortals. No matter; though you should forswear yourself; I, at least, will do what is right. Feel beneath my pillow, there is a key; take it, open my desk. In the small drawer on the left is a package of letters. Have you them? Good. Next to that there is a sealed letter. Now, read aloud the direction on each.'

"Papers to be burnt after my death,' said I, obeying his injunction.



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"Well, what do you intend doing with them?"

"Can you for one moment doubt?" I replied.

'What if I should tell you they contain the entire secret of my opal-mine!'

'I made no reply; but struck a match against the wall, and setting them on fire, resumed my seat.

"I could hardly have believed it; but you still have Pepito; from him you hope to learn the secret,' said the dying man.

"Shall I bind myself by an oath not to seek him?"

"No; I leave you at liberty. Act as you think best. I burned those papers because they were bought with blood, for no other reason.'

"Bought with blood?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; ten months ago, General Ramiro died at New-Orleans, by poison—poison administered by Adele. Do you wonder life has lost all charm for me? Oh! life is the bitterness, not death.'

'His voice momentarily grew fainter. I leaned closer, to catch his fading tones, till he ceased to speak. I gazed intently at his glassy eyes; the lids closed for a moment, then partially opened, the jaw fell, and he was no more.'

'I know not how long I had stood beside his lifeless body, pondering over the uncertainty of life, and the mystery of death, and the conflicting presentiments he had uttered: that he should live to achieve success, yet die without again seeing her who had lured him to his wretched end, when the door of the chamber suddenly opened, and five or six dragoons entered, accompanied by an officer in undress uniform.

"What! you here, General?" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" was the cool reply, 'I am in search of a deserter named Pepito, who, I was informed, was concealed here. I see he is not here; but doubtless by searching among the papers contained in this desk, I shall find some clue to him.'

"Your search, General, will be fruitless. The unfortunate young man whose corpse lies here, instructed me, before he expired, to burn all the papers in his possession, and I have obeyed his injunctions.'

"Curses on his infernal obstinacy!" exclaimed General Valiente, 'but look you, Senor, I tell you I will search this desk.'



"By what right?"

"By the right of might."

'Taking my stand in front of the desk, I was protesting against the lawless act of violence, when the Secretary of the American Legation fortunately arrived. Finding his plans defeated, Valiente, with commendable prudence, decided on beating a retreat, and with his followers, took rather an abrupt departure.

'The ordinary formalities of attaching the seals of the Legation having been performed, and having secured a faithful person to take charge of the remains of the unfortunate Livermore, I sallied forth to make arrangements to leave, as soon as possible, for Toluca.

The first person I met was Pedro. It is impossible to express the horror I felt of this villain. My hand was on my weapon before he had reached my side.



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"Have you heard the news, Caballero?" said he, in a low, mysterious tone.

"No."

"I was not fortunate enough to release Pepito; when I arrived with his master's letter, he had already escaped from the barracks."

"Tell me frankly, Pedro, did not General Valiente send you, this morning, for that letter?"

"Why? What makes you ask?" inquired Pedro, quite disconcerted by the abruptness of my question.

"Because Senor Pride is dead, and General Valiente has twice been to his rooms."

"Dead! Senor Pride dead!" echoed Pedro, in unfeigned astonishment. "Caballero, I must be off." And he instantly turned away, and was soon lost to my sight.

'Before another hour had passed I was on horseback and on the way to Toluca. The road was infested by gangs of robbers, but my pockets were empty, and my brain was full, so I gave those gentry not even a passing thought. The evening was fast closing in, and as the shadows gathered round me, the tragic event which I had just witnessed gradually receded from my mind. As I journeyed on, it grew more and more distant, until at last it faded into a dim memory of the past; and through the long miles of my lonely ride there went before me the glorious vision of an opal-mine of untold wealth—an opal-mine without an owner—a countless fortune, untold riches, waiting to fall into my hands.

XIV.

'It was past midnight when I reached Toluca. As it was too late to call on Adele, I alighted at a tavern, where I passed the night, pacing my chamber, and not closing my eyes. Soon after daybreak I sought the house of Pepito's sister; and notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, found Mrs. Percival standing at one of the windows.

"You here, Mr. Rideau!" she exclaimed, with surprise, on seeing me. "How did you find my retreat?"

"I was told of it by Mr. Livermore."

"Ah! 'tis he who sent you."

"Alas! not so, madame."

"Alas!—you say, alas! What do you mean? Have you ill news?"



'I have, indeed, madame.'

'Arthur is dead!' she cried. 'I know he is dead! But, tell me, I entreat you, tell me all. How—when did this happen?'

'I gave her a detailed account of Arthur's death, to which she listened with rapt attention.

'This opal-mine, like the Golden Fleece, brings misfortune to all who seek it,' she said, when I had finished, 'Poor Arthur! I loved him fondly, devotedly; and his image will live forever in my heart. But at such a crisis it is worse than folly—it is madness to waste time by giving way to grief. Reason teaches us to bow before the inevitable. It is idle to repine at the decrees of Fate. I am alone, now—alone, without a friend or a protector. No matter; I have a stout heart, and the mercy of Providence is above all. But to business: After the death of Mr. Livermore, what became of the papers?'



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"I burned them before his death, in obedience to his injunctions."

"You burned them! I will not believe it!" she exclaimed, in a loud voice, and with a penetrating glance.

"I felt the blood rush to my face; she noticed my anger, and at once added, in milder tone:

"Pardon me! pardon me! I knew not what I said; I am well-nigh crazy; I do believe you, I do indeed; forgive me, and think of the despair to which the loss of those papers reduces me. I have no copy, and with them my secret perishes. I am ruined—ruined irretrievably. The mine is known now only to Pepito!"

"Then, madame, on him you must hereafter rely."

"Explain to me, pray, how could Arthur, on his dying-bed, have been guilty of so cruel, so mean an act? How could he despoil the woman who had trusted him, and leave her not only forlorn, but destitute?"

"This question embarrassed me, and I was conning an answer, when Adele resumed:

"Let no false delicacy restrain you; speak out, Mr. Rideau; adversity has taught me endurance, if not courage."

"Since, madame, you absolutely extort it from me, I must admit that a few moments before he expired, Mr. Livermore—"

"Speak out, plainly; I beg of you, conceal nothing."

"Well, madame, the words he used were: 'I destroy these papers because they were bought with blood. Ten months ago General Ramiro died, at New-Orleans, by poison—poison administered by Adele!'"

"Poor Arthur! what agony he must have suffered—he must have been delirious. O Arthur! why was I not beside you? Poor Arthur!" As she uttered these words, she raised her streaming eyes to heaven; her lips moved as if in prayer, and a deadly pallor overspread her countenance.

"In a short time her fortitude returned, and turning toward me, she said, in a voice which betrayed no emotion:

"Let us turn from the past and look at the present. Difficulties surround and threaten to overwhelm me. Before I can determine how they are to be met, I have a proposition to make to you, Mr. Rideau, to which I must have an immediate answer. Will you become my partner in this business?"



“Have you enough confidence in me?”

”I have; and for this reason: you have not sought to meddle in this matter, but from the outset have striven to shun it; you have not obtruded yourself, but been drawn into it in spite of your wishes. Do you accept my proposition? Yes, or no?”

“I accept,” I replied, moderating my joyful feelings as well as I possibly could.

“Such being your decision, what course do you advise?”

“Immediate action, for minutes are precious.”

”I foresee we shall agree perfectly. To-day my host purposes starting for the capital; I shall accompany him. If you return without delay, the remainder of the day will suffice to prepare for the journey, and to-morrow we will start for the opal-mine.”



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"But where shall I meet you, madame?"

"At the Hotel de las Diligencias."

"And where shall I find Pepito?"

"At a tavern near the Barrier del Nino Perdido. But you will not, if you please, inform him of my address. For—well, it is an unpleasant matter to mention—but this Pepito seems to be—"

"Desperately in love with you."

"I hardly meant that—but his attentions are too oppressive to be quite agreeable."

"I fully understand you, madame. May I inquire if you have had any tidings of Mr. Percival?"

"Do not, I beg, Mr. Rideau, allude to that painful topic—all feelings of resentment are hushed in the grave."

"What! have you heard of his assassination?"

"Yes; the news reached me yesterday; I read it in the newspaper."

"I shortly afterward took my leave—the last words of my new copartner being:

"At five, then, at the Hotel de las Diligencias. Be sure you are punctual."

'Arrived in Mexico, my first thought was to seek for Pepito. Following the directions given me by Mrs. Percival, I soon found him; and repeating to him a portion of the interview I had with the lady, I finished by proposing to take the place of Mr. Livermore in the bargain that had been made between them.

"I ask nothing better," was the reply. "Here are my terms—two thousand dollars the very day we return to Mexico, and I to hold the shells till you hand over the money. That is fair, is it not?"

"Quite. When shall I see you again?"

"At eight to-night, on the Cathedral steps."

'Hastening home, I devoted the rest of the day to preparing for my journey, and a little before five started for the Hotel de las Diligencias. Mrs. Percival had not yet arrived. Twice again I called, but still in vain. The evening gradually wore away, and at eight I



paced the Cathedral Square, and for an hour loitered around the steps; but Pepito, also, failed to keep the rendezvous.

'As the next day was Sunday, I felt assured the most likely place to find Pepito, would be the bull-ring. On reaching it, I found a crowd assembled near one of the entrances, and pushing my way through, I beheld Pepito lying on the ground weltering in his blood. I rushed to him, and kneeling down, raised him in my arms.

'Ah! it is you, Senor,' said he, in a feeble tone. 'This is Pedro's work, but it was his last; for I have killed the traitor.'

'Pepito, tell me, for Heaven's sake, where did you find the shells?' I inquired; for avarice and cupidity reigned, I am ashamed to own, paramount within my breast.

'Those shells? In the plains of Chiapa—three days' journey from the sea—near the little river—in a brook—Ah! glory to God! here comes a priest!'

'At this moment a fat Franciscan friar pressed through the crowd.

'Absolution, padre! absolution!' cried Pepito, to whom the sight of the friar brought back new life.



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"Patience, my son, patience! I am very late—very late—and I must not be detained. Wait a little—and after the sports of the day are over, I will return.'

"But, padre, I shall be dead!"

"Well, then, be quick!"

"I have only two sins on my conscience: I have not attended mass for three weeks.'

"That is sad! very sad! Well, what next?"

"Three days ago I stabbed an *Inglez*—a heretic.'

"Well, my dear son, your sins are venial sins; I absolve you.'

"Pepito, how did that dagger come into your hands?" I exclaimed, for I was astonished to see in his belt the dagger I had lost on the night when Adele took refuge in my room.

"From my dear—Adele.'

"And the *Inglez*—the heretic you stabbed—who was he?"

"Her husband—she wished it—promised to be mine—and I obeyed. But, stand back—I want air—air.'

I turned away my head, sickened at the fearful revelation. When I again looked, my eyes fell on a corpse. I snatched the dagger, which was still wet with Pedro's blood, from his belt, and hurried almost frantic to the Hotel de las Diligencias. Mrs. Percival had been waiting for me about two hours.

'The violent emotions which raged within me must have been portrayed on my countenance, for on my entering the apartment, she started back in dismay.

"Mrs. Percival,' said I, striving to master the repulsive feeling which the mere sight of her excited, 'Pepito has, within the past hour, been murdered.'

"Murdered!" she repeated. 'And the secret—'

"Is dead—for *you*—forever! Madame, that infernal mine has for years been driving you to the blackest crime! It is time that the bait fell from the devil's hook.'

"What do you mean by this altered tone?"

"I mean, madame, that, thanks to Heaven, your crimes have been revealed to me. Shall I enumerate the list of your victims—General Ramiro, Arthur Livermore, Edward Percival, your husband, and last of all, Pepito? Your path, since you have sought this



mine, is marked at every step by treachery and crime. The boldest heart must shudder to look at the ghastly procession led on by the General you poisoned.'

"'Tis false! God help me, 'tis false!'

"False—*is* it false—that three days since your husband was murdered at your instigation, by Pepito? Stay—hear me! Look at this dagger! did you not steal it from my room and give it to Pepito to perpetrate the crime? Madame, pause, ere you dare to swear it is false.'

'She trembled, and falling on her knees, exclaimed:

"My God! my God! forgive me!'

"It is not, madame, for erring man to limit the infinite mercy of Heaven; but for such crimes as yours there must be a fearful retribution. Farewell; may you go and sin no more.'

'I left the room, but in a few moments heard a piercing shriek; and rushing back, found the wretched woman extended on the floor in the agonies of death. She had picked up the dagger which I had thrown away, and stabbed herself to the heart.



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* * * * *

'And the opal-mine?'

'I meant, at first, to leave the Nibelungen Hoard alone; but time tames all things except the love of gold. I went there; it was rich, but not inexhaustible. You have all had proof that I am neither poor nor parsimonious; but neither am I extravagant. I have all that I want—a cottage at Newport, a neat house in the Rue de la Paix, stocks, and real estate. The opal-mine started me; I have kept myself going very well ever since.

'Gentlemen, my tale is ended. I am sorry it has proved so long, and am grateful to you all for the attentive hearing you have given me. I have been constantly looking round expecting to detect some one of you falling into a gentle slumber; I therefore feel really flattered at finding you all still awake.'

'But what became of the child that Percival was seeking?' shouted one.

'Did you ever find out any thing about Adele's previous history?' asked another.

'And look here, Rideau, what did you—?'

'Gentlemen, take pity on me; while I have been spinning this long yarn, you have been smoking and imbibing; I am very willing to join you in both; but to-night I am tired out. The next time we meet, I shall be delighted to tell you what particulars I learned on my return to New Orleans, relative to Adele and her poor orphan child; but no more to-night.'

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Red was the lightning's flashing,
And down through the driving rain,
We saw the red eyes dashing
Of the merciless midnight train;
Soon many crowded together,
Under the lamp's red glow,
But I saw one figure only—
Ah! why did I tremble so?
The eyes that gazed in the darkness
After the midnight train,
Are red with watching and weeping,
For it brings none back again.
Clouds hang in the west like banners,
Red banners of war unfurled,



And the prairie sod is crimson
With the best blood of the world.

White faces are pressed to the window,
Watching the sun go down,
Looking out to the coming darkness,
That covers the noisy town.
White are the hands, too, and quiet,
Over the pulseless breast;
No more will the vision of parting
Disturb the white sleeper's rest.
Over sleeper, and grave, and tombstone,
Like a pitying mantle spread,
The snow comes down in the night-time,
With a shy and noiseless tread.

Blue smoke rolls away on the north-wind,
Blue skies grow dusk in the din,
Blue waters look dark with the shadow
That gathers the world within.
Rigid and blue are the fingers
That clutch at the fading sky;
Blue lips in their agony mutter:
'O God! let this cup pass by.'
Blue eyes grow weary with watching;
Strong hands with waiting to do;
While brave hearts echo the watchword:
'Hurrah! for the Red, White, and Blue.'



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MACCARONI AND CANVAS.

IV.

THE FAIR AT GROTTO FERRATA.

No matter how well and hearty you may be, if you are in Rome, in summer, when the *scirocco* blows, you will feel as if convalescent from some debilitating fever; in winter, however, this gentle-breathing south-east wind will act more mildly; it will woo you to the country, induce you to sit down in a shady place, smoke, and 'muse.' That incarnate essence of enterprise, business, industry, economy, sharpness, shrewdness, and keenness—that Prometheus whose liver was torn by the vulture of cent per cent—eternally tossing, restless DOOLITTLE, was one day seen asleep, during bank hours, on a seat in the Villa Madama. The *scirocco* blew that day: Doolittle fell.

At breakfast, one morning in the latter part of the month of March, Caper proposed to Roejean and another artist named Bagswell, to attend the fair held that day at Grotto Ferrata.

'What will you find there?' asked Roejean.

'Find?—I remember, in the *Bohemian Girl*, a song that will answer you,' replied Caper; 'the words were composed by the theatrical poet Bunn':

'Rank, in its halls, may not find
The calm of a happy mind;
So repair
To the Fair,
And they may be met with there.'

'Unsatisfactory, both the grammar and the sentiment,' said Bagswell; 'it won't work; it's all wrong. In the first place, rank, in its hauls, *may* find the calm of a happy mind: for instance, the captain of a herring-smack may find the calm of a very happy mind in his hauls of No. 1 Digbys; more joy even than the fair could afford him. Let us go!'

Bagswell was a 'funny' Englishman.

They went—taking the railroad. Dashing out of the station, the locomotive carried them, in half an hour, to the station at Frascati, whirling them across the Campagna, past long lines of ruined or half-ruined and repaired aqueducts; past Roman tombs; past *Roma Vecchia*, the name given to the ruins of an immense villa; landing them at the first slope of the mountains, covered at their base with vineyards, olive and fruit-trees, and corn-fields, while high over them gleamed glistening white snow-peaks.



The walk from Frascati to the Grotto, about three miles, was beautiful, winding over hills through a fine wood of huge old elms and plane-trees. In the warm sun-light, the butterflies were flitting, while the road-side was purple with violets, and white and blue with little flowers. From time to time, our three artists had glimpses of the Campagna, rolling away like the ocean, to dash on Rome, crowned by St. Peter's; the dome of which church towers above the surrounding country, so that it can be seen, far and wide, for thirty miles or more. The road was alive with walkers and riders; here a dashing, open carriage, filled with rosy English; there a *contadino*,



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donkey-back, dressed in holiday-suit, with short-clothes of blue woolen, a scarlet waistcoat, his coarse blue-cloth jacket worn on one shoulder, and in his brown, conical-shaped hat, a large carnation-pink. Then came more of the country-people, almost always called *villani*, (hence our word, villains!) These poor villains had sacks on their backs, or were carrying in their hands—if women, on their heads—loads of bacon, sides of bacon, flitches of bacon, hams, loaves of bread, cheese, and very loud-smelling *mortadella*; which they had bought and were bringing away from the fair.

'There was one task,' said Roejean, 'that Hercules declined, and that was eating that vile *mortadella*. He was a strong man; but that was stronger. Wait a moment, till I fill a pipe with caporal, and have a smoke; for if I meet another man with that delicacy, I shall have to give up the Grotto—unless I have a pipe under my nose, as counter-irritant.'

The three artists tramped along gayly, until they approached the town, when they assumed the proud, disdainful mood, assuring spectators that they who wear it are of gentle blood, and are tired of life and weary of traveling around with pockets filled with gold. They only looked coldly at the pens filled with cattle for sale; long-horned, mouse-colored oxen were there; groups of patient donkeys, or the rough-maned, shaggy-fetlocked, bright-eyed small horses of the Campagna; countless pigs, many goats; while above all, the loud-singing jackasses were performing at the top of their lungs. Here were knots of country-people, buying provisions or clothing; there were groups of carriages from Rome, which had rolled out the wealthy *forestieri* or strangers, drawn up by the way-side, in the midst of all sorts and kinds of hucksters. The road leading to the church, shaded by trees, was crowded with country-people, in picturesque costumes, busily engaged in buying and selling hams, bacon, bacon and hams, and a few more hams. Here and there, a cheese-stand languished, for pork flourished. Now a copper-smith exposed his wares, chief among which were the graceful-shaped *conche* or water-vessels, the same you see so carefully poised on the heads of so many black-eyed Italian girls, going to or coming from so many picturesque fountains, in—paintings, and all wearing such brilliant costumes, as you find at—Gigi's costume-class. Then came an ironmonger, whose wares were all made by hand, even the smallest nails; for machinery, as yet, is in its first infancy around Rome. At this stand, Roejean stopped to purchase a pallet-knife; not one of the regular, artist-made tools, but a thin, pliable piece of steel, without handle, which experience taught him was well adapted to his work. As usual, the iron-man asked twice as much as he intended to take, and after a sharp bargain, Roejean conquered. Then they came to a stand where there were piles of coarse crockery, and some of a better kind, of classical shape.



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Caper particularly admired a beautiful white jug, intended for a water-pitcher, and holding about two gallons. After asking its price, he offered a quarter of the money for it; to Bagswell's horror, the crockery-man took it, and Caper, passing his arm through the handle, was proceeding up the road, when Bagswell energetically asked him what he was going to do with it.

'Enter Rome with it, like Titus with the *spolia opima*,' replied Caper.

'Oh! I say, now,' said the former, who was an Englishman and an historical painter; 'you aren't going to trot all over the fair with that old crockery on your arm. Why, God bless me, they'll swear we are drunk. There comes the Duchess of Brodneck; what the deuce will she say?'

'Say?' said Caper, 'why, I'll go and ask her; this is not court-day.'

Without another word, with water-pitcher on arm, he walked toward the Duchess. Saluting her with marked politeness, he said:

'A countryman of yours, madame, has objected to my carrying this *objet de fantaisie*, assuring me that it would occasion remarks from the Duchess of Brodneck. May I have the good fortune to know what she says of it?'

'She says,' replied the lady, smiling and speaking slowly and quietly; 'that a young man who has independence enough to carry it, has confidence enough to—fill it.' She bowed, and passed on, Caper politely raising his hat, in acknowledgment of the well-rounded sentence. When he returned to Bagswell, he found the historical painter with eyes the size of grape-shot, at the sublime impudence of the man. He told him what she had said.

'Upon my honor, you Americans have a face of brass; to address a duchess you don't know, and ask her a question like that!'

'That's nothing,' said Caper, 'a little experience has taught me that the higher you fly, in England, the nearer you approach true politeness and courtesy. Believe me, I should never have asked that question of any Englishwoman whose social position did not assure me she was cosmopolitan.'

'Come,' said Bagswell, 'come, after such an adventure, if there is one drop of any thing fit to drink in this town, we'll all go and get lushy.'

They went. They found a door over which hung a green branch. Good wine needs no bush, therefore Italian wine-shops hang it out; for the wine there is not over good. But as luck was with our three artists, in the shop over the door of which hung the green bough, they found that the *padrone* was an old acquaintance of Roejean; he had married and moved to Grotto Ferrata. He had a barrel of Frascati wine, which was



bright, sparkling, sweet, and not watered. This the *padrone* tapped in honor of his guests, and at their urgent request, sat down and helped empty a couple of bottles. Moreover, he told them that as the town was overcrowded, they would find it difficult to get a good dinner, unless they would come and dine with him, at his private table, and be his guests; which invitation Roejean accepted, to the tavern-keeper's great joy, promising to be back at the appointed time.



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Our trio then sauntered forth to see the fair. Wandering among the crowded booths, they came suddenly on a collection of *Zingare*, looking like their Spanish cousins, the *Gitanas*. Wild black eyes, coarse black locks of hair, brown as Indians, small hands, small feet—the Gipsies, children of the storm—my Rommani pals, what are you doing here? Only one woman among them was noticeable. Her face was startlingly handsome, with an aquiline nose, thin nostrils, beautifully-arched eyebrows, and eyes like an eagle. She was tall, straight, with exquisitely-rounded figure, and the full drapery of white around her bosom fell from the shoulders in large hanging sleeves; over her head was thrown a crimson and green shawl, folded like the *pane* of the *ciociare*, and setting off her raven-black hair and rich red and swarthy complexion.

Roejean stood entranced, and Caper, noticing his rapt air, forbore breaking silence; while the gipsy, who knew that she was the admiration of the *forestieri*, stood immovable as a statue, looking steadily at them, without changing a feature.

'*Piu bellissima che la madonna!*' said Roejean, loud enough for her to hear. Then turning to Caper, 'Let's *andiammo*,' (travel,) said he, 'that woman's face will haunt me for a month. I've seen it before; yes, seen her shut up in the Vatican, immortal on an old Etruscan vase. Egypt, Etruria, the Saracen hordes who once overrun all this Southern Italy, I find, every hour, among live people, some trace of you all; but of the old Roman, nothing!'

'You find the old Roman cropping out in these church processions, festivals, shrines, and superstitions, don't you?' asked Caper.

'No! something of those who made the seal, nothing of the impression on the wax remains for me. Before Rome was, the great East was, and shall be. The Germans are right to call the East the Morning-Land; thence came light.... The longer you live along the wave-washed shore of the Mediterranean, the more you will see what a deep hold the East once had on the people of the coast. The Romans, after all, were only opulent tradesmen, who could buy luxuries without having the education to appreciate them. So utterly did they ignore the Etruscans, who made them what they were, that you seek in vain to find in Roman history any thing but the barest outline of the origin of a people so graceful and refined that the Roman citizen was a boot-black in comparison to one of them. The Saracens flashed light and life, in later days, once more into the Roman leaven. What a dirty, filthy page the whole Gothic middle-age is at best! It lies like a huge body struck with apoplexy, and only restored to its sensual life by the sharp lancet, bringing blood, of these same infidels, these stinging Saracens. Go into the mountains back of us, hunt up the costumes that still remain, and see where they all come from—the East. Look at the crescent earrings and graceful twisted gold-work, from—the East. All the commonest household ware, the agricultural implements, the manner of cooking their food, and all that is picturesque in life and religion—all from the East.'



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'Strikes me,' quoth Caper, 'that this question of food touches my weakest point; therefore, let us go and dine, and continue the lecture at a more un-hungry period. But where is Bagswell?'

'He is seeking adventures, of course.'

'Oh! yes, I sec him down there among the billy-goats; let's go and pick him up, and then for mine host of the Green Bough.'

Having found Bagswell, our trio at once marched to the Green Bough, which they saw was filled to overflowing with country-people, eating and drinking, sitting on rough benches, and stowing away food and wine as if in expectation of being very soon shipwrecked on a desert island, where there would be nothing but hard-shell clams and lemons to eat. The landlord at once took the trio up-stairs, where, at a large table, were half-a-dozen of his friends, all of the cleanly order of country-people, stout, and having a well-to-do look that deprecated any thing like famine. A young lady of twenty and two hundred, as Caper summed up her age and weight, was evidently the cynosure of all eyes; two other good-natured women, of a few more years and a very little less weight, and three men, made up the table. Any amount of compliments, as usual, passed between the first six and the last three comers, prefacing every thing with desires that they would act without ceremony; but Caper and Roejean were on a high horse, and they fairly pumped the spring of Italian compliments so dry, that Bagswell could only make a squeaking noise when he tried the handle. This verbifuge of our three artists put their host into an ecstasy of delight, and he circulated all round, rubbing his hands and telling his six friends that his three friends were *milordi*, in very audible whispers, *milordi* of the most genial, courtly, polite, complimentary, cosmopolitan, and exquisite description.

After all this, down sat our trio, and for the sake of future ages which will live on steam-bread, electrical beef, and magnetic fish, let us give them the bill of fare set before them:

ALL THE WINE THEY COULD DRINK.

Maccaroni (*fettucia*) a la Milanese—dish two feet in diameter, one foot and a half high.

Mutton-chops, with tomato-sauce, (*pomo d'oro*.)

Stewed celery, with Parmesan cheese.

Stewed chickens.

Mutton-chops, bird-fashion, (*Uccelli di Castrato*. They are made of pieces of mutton rolled into a shape like a bird, and cooked, several at a time, on a wooden spit. They are the *kibaubs* of the East.)



Baked pie of cocks' combs and giblets.

Roasted pig, a twelve-pounder.

Roast squashes, stuffed with minced veal.

Apples, oranges, figs, and *finocchio*.

Crostata di visciola, or wild-cherry pie, served on an iron plate the size of a Roman warrior's shield; the dish evidently having been one formerly.

MORE WINE!



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The stout young lady rejoicing in the name of Angelucia, or large angel, was fascinated by Roejean's conversational powers and Caper's attentions; the rest of the company, perfectly at ease on finding out that the *milordi* were not French—Roejean turning American to better please them—and that they were moreover full of fun, talked and laughed as if they were brother Italians. A jollier dinner Caper acknowledged he had never known. One of the Italians was farmer-general for one of the Roman princes; he was a man of broad views, and having traveled to Paris and London, came home with ultra-liberal sentiments, and to Bagswell's astonishment, spoke his mind so clearly on the Roman rulers, that our Englishman's eyes were slightly opened at the by no means complimentary expressions used toward the wire-workers of the Papal government. One Italy, and Rome its capital, was the only platform our princely farmer would take, and he was willing to stake his fortune, a cool one hundred thousand scudi, on regenerated Italy.

Conversation then fell on the fair; and one of the Italians told several stories which were broad enough to have shoved the generality of English and American ladies out of the window of the room. But Angelucia and the two wives of the stout gentlemen never winked; they had probably been to confession that morning, had cleared out their old sins, and were now ready to take in a new cargo. In a little while Roejean sent the waiter out to a cafe, and he soon returned with coffee for the party, upon which Caper, who had the day before bought some Havana cigars of the man in the Twelve Apostles, in the piazza Dodici Apostoli, where there is a government cigar-store for the sale of them, passed them around, and they were thoroughly appreciated by the diners. The farmer-general gave our three artists a hearty invitation to visit him, promising them all the horses they could ride, all the wine they could drink, and all the macaroni they could eat. The last clause was inserted for Roejean's benefit, who had played a noble game with the grand dish they had had for dinner, and at which Angelucia had made great fun, assuring Roejean he was Italian to the heart, *e piu basso*.

Then came good-by, and our artists were off—slowly, meditatively, and extremely happy, but, so far, quite steady. They walked to the castellated monastery of San Basilio, where in the chapel of Saint Nilus they saw the celebrated frescoes of Domenichino, and gazed at them tranquilly and not quite so appreciatingly as they would have done before dinner. Then they came out from the gloom and the air heavy with incense of the chapel to the bright light and lively scenes of the fair, with renewed pleasure. They noticed that every one wore in the hat or in the lappel of the coat, if men—in their hair or in their bosom, if women, artificial roses; and presently coming to a stand where such flowers were for sale, our trio bought half-a-dozen each, and then turned to where



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the crowd was thickest and the noise greatest. Three or four donkeys loaded with tinware were standing near the crowd, when one of them, ambitious of distinction, began clambering over the tops of the others in an insane attempt to get at some greens, temptingly displayed before him. Rattle, bang! right and left went the tins, and in rushed men and women with cudgels; but donkey was not to be stopped, and for four or five minutes the whole fair seemed gathered around the scene, cheering and laughing, with a spirit that set Caper wild with excitement, and induced him to work his way through the crowd and present one old woman who had finally conquered the donkey, with two large roses, an action which was enthusiastically applauded by the entire assembly.

'Bravo! bravo! well done, O Englishman!' went up the shout.

A little farther on they came to a large traveling van, one end of which was arranged as a platform in the open air. Here a female dentist, in a sea-green dress, with her sleeves rolled up and a gold bracelet on her right arm, held in both hands a tooth-extractor, bound round with a white handkerchief—to keep her steady, as Caper explained, while she pulled a tooth from the head of a young man who was down in front of her on his knees. Her assistant, a good-looking young man, in very white teeth and livery, sold some patent toothache drops: *Solo cinque baiocchi il fiasco, S'ignore.*

Caper having seen the tooth extracted, cried, '*Bravissima!*' as if he had been at the opera, and threw some roses at the *prima donna dentista*, who acknowledged the applause with a bow, and requested the Signore to step up and let her draw him out. This he declined, pleading the fact that he had sound teeth. The *dentista* congratulated him, in spite of his teeth.

'But come!' said Bagswell; 'look at that group of men and women in Albano costume; there is a chance to make a deuced good sketch.'

Two men and three women were seated in a circle; they were laughing and talking, and cutting and eating large slices of raw ham and bread, while they passed from one to another a three-gallon keg of wine, and drank out of the bung. As one of the hearty, laughing, jolly, brown-eyed girls lifted up the keg, Caper pulled out sketch-book and pencil to catch an outline sketch—of her head thrown back, her fine full throat and breast heaving as the red wine ran out of the barrel, and the half-closed, dreamy eyes, and pleasure in the face as the wine slowly trickled down her throat. One of the men noted the artist making a *ritratto*, and laughing heartily, cried out: 'Oh! but you'll have to pay us well for taking our portraits!' And the girl, slowly finishing her long draught, looked merrily round, shook her finger at the artist, laughed, and—the sketch was finished. Then Caper taking Roejean's roses, went laughingly up to the girl with brown eyes and fine throat, in Albano costume, and begged that

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she would take the poor flowers, and putting them next her heart, keep them where it is forever warm—as the young man on your left knows very well!’ he concluded. This speech was received amid loud applause and cheers, and thanks for the roses and an invitation to take a pull at the barrel. Caper waved them *Adio*, and as our trio turned Rome-ward from the fair, the last things he saw as he turned his head to take a farewell look, were the roses that the Italian girl had placed next her heart.

THE TOMBOLA.

The exceedingly interesting amusement known as the Tombola is nothing more than the game of Loto, or *Lotto*, ‘Brobdignagified,’ and played in the open air of the Papal States, in Rome on Sundays, and in the Campagna on certain saints’ days, come they when they may.

The English have made holiday from holy day, and call the Lord’s day Sunday; while the Italians call Sunday Lord’s day, or *Domenica*. Their way of keeping it holy, however, with tombolas, horse-races, and fire-works, strikes a heretic, to say the least, oddly.

The Roman tombola should be seen in the Piazza Navona democratically; in the Villa Borghese, if not aristocratically at least middle classically, or bourgeois-istically.

In the month of November, when the English drown themselves, and the Italians sit in the sun and smile, our friend Caper, one Sunday morning, putting his watch and purse where pick-pockets could not reach them, walked with two or three friends down to the Piazza Navona, stopping, as he went along, at the entrance of a small street leading into it, to purchase a tombola-ticket. The ticket-seller, seated behind a small table, a blank-book, and piles of blank tickets, charged eleven *baiocchi* (cents) for a ticket, including one *baiocco* for registering it. We give below a copy of Caper’s ticket:

No. 17 D’ORDINE, LETTERA C.

CARTELLA DA RITENERSI DAL GIUOCATORE.

8	12	32	87	60
20	4	76	30	11
45	3	90	55	63

The numbers on this ticket the registrar filled up, after which it was his duty to copy them in his book, and thus verify the ticket should it draw a prize.



The total amount to be played for that day, the tombola being for the benefit of the Cholera Orphans, was one thousand scudi, and was divided as follows:

Terno,.....	\$50
Quaterno,.....	100
Cinquina,.....	200
Tombola,.....	650

	\$1000

How many tickets were issued, Caper was never able to find out; but he was told that for a one thousand dollar tombola the number was limited to ninety thousand.



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The tickets, as will be seen above, are divided into three lines, with five divisions in each line, and you can fill up the fifteen divisions with any numbers running from one to ninety, that you may see fit. Ninety tickets, with numbers from one to ninety, are put in a revolving glass barrel, and after being well shaken up, some one draws out one number at random, (the slips of paper being rolled up in such manner that the numbers on them can not be seen.) It is passed to the judges, and is then read aloud, and exposed to view, in conspicuous figures, on a stand or stands; and so on until the tombola is won or the numbers all drawn.

Whoever has three consecutive figures on a line, beginning from left hand to right, wins the *Terno*; if four consecutive figures, the *Quaterno*; if five figures, or a full line, the *Cinquina*; and whoever has all fifteen figures, wins the Tombola. It often happens that several persons win the *Terno*, etc., at the same time, in which case the amount of the *Terno*, etc., is equally divided among them. These public tombolas are like too many thimble-rig tables, ostensibly started for charitable objects, and it is popularly whispered that the Roman nobility and heads of the Church purchase vast numbers of these tickets, and never fill them up; but then again, they are not large enough for shaving, and are too small for curl-papers; besides, six hundred and fifty *scudi*! Whew!

The Piazza Navona, bearing on its face, on week-days, the most terrible eruptions of piles of old iron, rags, paintings, books, boots, vegetables, crockery, jackdaws, contadini, and occasional dead cats, wore on the Sunday of the tombola—it was Advent Sunday—a clean, bright, and even joyful look. From many windows hung gay cloths and banners; the three fountains were making Roman pearls and diamonds of the first water; the entire length (seven hundred and fifty feet) and breadth of the square was filled with the Roman people; three bands of military music played uncensurable airs, since the public censor permitted them; and several companies of soldiers, with loaded guns, stood all ready to slaughter the *plebe*. It was a sublime spectacle.

But the curtain rose; that is to say, the tombola commenced. At a raised platform, a small boy, dressed in black, popularly supposed to be a cholera orphan, rolled back his shirt-cuffs—he had a shirt—plunged his hand into the glass barrel, and produced a slip of paper; an assistant carried it to the judges—one resembled Mr. Pecksniff—and then the crier announced the number, and, presto! on a large blackboard the number appeared, so that every one could see it.

Caper found the number on his ticket, and was marking it off, when a countryman at his side asked him if he would see if the number was on his ticket, as he could not read figures. Caper accordingly looked it over, and finding that it was there, marked it off for him.



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'*Padrone mio*, thank you,' said the man, evidently determined, since he had found out a scholar, to keep close by him.

'Seventeen!' called out the tombola-crier.

'C——o!' said the contadino, with joy in his face; 'seventeen is always my lucky number. My wife was seventeen years old when I married her. My donkey was killed by the railroad cars the other day, and he gave just seventeen groans before he died. I shall have luck to-day.'

We refrain from writing the exclamation the contadino prefaced his remarks with, for fear the reader might have a good Italian dictionary—an article, by the way, the writer has never yet seen. Suffice it to say, that the exclamations made use of by the Romans, men and women, not only of the lower but even the middling class, are of a nature exceedingly natural, and plainly point to Bacchic and Phallic sources. The *bestemmia* of the Romans is viler than the blasphemy of English or Americans.

It happened that the countryman had a seventeen on his ticket, and Caper marked it off, at the same time asking him how much he would take for his pantaloons. These pantaloons were made of a goat's skin; the long white wool, inches in length, left on and hanging down below the knees of the man, gave him a Pan-like look, and with the word *tombola*, suggested the lines of that good old song—save the maledictory part of it:

'Tombolin had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a goat's skin, to make him a pair.'

These breeches were not for sale; they were evidently the joy and the pride of the countryman, who had no heart for trade, having by this time two numbers in one line marked off, only wanting an adjoining one to win the *terno*.

'If you were to win the *terno*, what would you do with it?' Caper asked him.

'*Accidente!* I'd buy a barrel of wine, and a hog, and a—'

'Thirty-two!' shouted the crier.

'It's on your paper,' said Caper to him, marking it off; 'and you've won the *terno!*'

The eyes of the man gleamed wildly; he crossed himself, grasped the paper, and the next thing Caper saw was the crowd dividing right and left, as the excited owner of the goat-skin breeches made his way to the platform. When he had climbed up, and stepping forward, stood ready to receive the *terno*, the crowd jeered and cheered the *villano*, making fine fun of his goat-skin, and not a little jealous that a *contadino* should take the money out of the city.



'It's always so,' said a fat man next to Caper, 'these *villani* take the bread out of our mouths; but *ecco!* there is another one who has the *terno*; blessed be the Madonna, there is a third! Oh! *diavolo*, the *villano* will only have one third of the *terno*; and may he die of apoplexy!'

A vender of refreshments passing along, the fat man stopped him, and purchased a *baioccho*'s worth of—what?



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Pumpkin-seeds! These are extensively eaten in Rome, as well as the seeds of pine-cones, acorns, and round yellow chick-peas; these supply the place occupied by ground-nuts in our more favored land.

There is this excitement about the tombolas in the Piazza Navona, that occasionally a panic seizes the crowd, and in the rush of people to escape from the square, some have their pockets picked, and some are trampled down, never to rise again. Fortunately for Caper, no stampede took place on Advent Sunday, so that he lived to attend another grand tombola in the Villa Borghese.

This was held in the spring-time, and the promise of the ascension of a balloon added to the attractions of the lottery. To enter the Villa, you had to purchase a tombola-ticket, whereas, in the Piazza Navona, this was unnecessary. At one end of the amphitheatre of the villa, under the shade of the ilex-trees, a platform was erected, where the numbers were called out and the awards given.

Caper, Roejean, and another French artist, not of the French Academy, named Achille Legume, assisted at this entertainment. Legume was a very pleasant companion, lively, good-natured, with a decided penchant for the pretty side of humanity, and continually haunted with the idea that a princess was to carry him off from his mistress in spectacles, Madame Art, and convey him to the land of Cocaigne, where they never make, only buy, paintings—of which articles, in parenthesis, Monsieur Achille had a number for sale.

'Roejean,' said Legume, 'do you notice that distinguished lady on the platform; isn't she the Princess Faniente? She certainly looked at *me* very peculiarly a few minutes since.'

'It is the Princess,' answered Roejean, 'and I also noticed, a few minutes since, when I was on the other side of the circus, that she looked at *ME* with an air.'

'Don't quarrel,' spoke Caper, 'she probably regards you both equally, for —she squints.'

This answer capsized Achille, who having a small red rose-bud in his button-hole, hoped that at a distance he might pass for a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and had conquered something, say something noble.

A wandering cigar-seller, with *zigarri scelti*, next demanded their attention, and Roejean commenced an inspection of the selected cigars, which are made by government, and sold at the fixed price of one and a half *baiocchi* each; even at this low price, the stock of the tobacco-factory paid thirteen per cent under Antonelli's direction.

'Antonelli makes a pretty fair cigar,' said, 'but I wish he would wrap the ends a little tighter. I'm sorry to hear he is going out of the business.'



'Why, he would stay in,' answered Caper, 'but what with baking all the bread for Rome, and attending to all the fire-wood sold, and trying to make Ostia a seaport, and having to fight Monsieur About, and looking after his lotteries and big pawnbroker's shop, and balancing himself on the end of a very sharp French bayonet, his time is so occupied, he can not roll these cigars so well as they ought to be rolled.... But they have called out number forty-nine; you've got it, Legume, I remember you wrote it down. Yes, there it is.'



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'Forty-nine!'

'I wonder they dare call out '49 in this villa; or have the people forgotten the revolution already, forgotten that this spot was made ready for a battleground for liberty. The public censor knows his business; give the Romans bread, and the circus or tombola, they will be content—forever?'

'*Au diable* with politics,' interrupted Achille; 'what a very pretty girl that is alongside you, Caper. Look at her; how nicely that costume fits her, the red boddice especially. Where, except in Italy, do you ever see such fine black eyes, and such a splendid head of coal-black hair? This way of having Italian nurses dressed in the Albano costume is very fine. That little boy with her is English, certainly.'

'Och! master Jamey, come in out of that grane grass; d'yiz want ter dirty the clane pinafore I've put on yiz this blissed afternoon?'

 spoke the nurse.

'In the name of all that's awful, what kind of Italian is she speaking?' asked Legume of Caper.

'Irish-English,' he answered; 'she is not the first woman out of Old Ireland masquerading as an Albanian nurse. She probably belongs to some English family who have pretensions.'

'Ah bah!' said Legume, 'it's monstrous, perfectly atrocious, ugh! Let us make a little tour of a walk. The tombola is finished. An Irish dressed up as an Italian—execrable!'

EN AVANT!

O GOD! let us not live these days in vain,
This variegated life of doubt and hope;
And though, as day leads night, so joy leads pain,
Let it be symbol of a broader scope.

God! make us serve the monitor within;
Cast off the trammels that bow manhood down,
Of form or custom, appetite or sin,
The care for folly's smile or envy's frown.

Oh! that true nobleness that rises up,
And teaches man his kindredship to Thee;
Which wakes the slaveling from the poison cup
Of passion, bidding him be grandly free:

May it be ours, in these the evil days,
That fall upon our nation like a pall;



May we have power each one himself to raise,
And place God's signet on the brow of all!

Not race nor color is the badge of slaves;
'Tis manhood, after all, that makes men free;
Weakness is slavery; 'tis but mind that saves
God's glorious image as he willed it be.

Out of the shadows thick, will coming day
Send Peace and Plenty smiling o'er our land;
And the events that fill us with dismay,
Are but the implements in God's right hand.

Where patriot blood is poured as cheap as rain,
A newer freedom, phoenix-like, will spring;
Our Father never asks for us in vain:
From noble seed comes noble harvesting.

Then let, to-day, true nobleness be ours;
That we be worthy of the day of bliss,
When truth's, and love's, and freedom's allied powers
Shall bind all nations with fraternal kiss.

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Would we might see, as did the saint of old,
The heavens opening, and the starry throng
Listening to have our tale of peace be told,
That they may hymn man's resurrection song!

DESPERATION AND COLONIZATION.

As the war rolls on, and as the prospects of Federal victory increase, the greater becomes the anxiety to know what must be done to secure our conquests. How shall we reestablish the Union in its early strength? How shall we definitely crush the possibility of renewed rebellion? The tremendous taxation which hangs over us gives fearful meaning to these questions. And they must be answered promptly and practically.

The impossibility of Southern independence was from the first a foregone conclusion to all who impartially studied the geography of this country and the social progress of its inhabitants. The West, with its growing millions vigorously working out the problem of free labor, and of Republicanism, will *inevitably* control the Mississippi river and master the destinies of all soil above the so-called isothermal line, and probably of much below it. The cotton States, making comparatively almost no increase in population, receiving no foreign immigration, and desiring none, have precipitated, by war, their destined inferiority to the North. It has been from the beginning, only a question of time, when they should become the weaker, and goaded by this consciousness, they have set their all upon a throw, by appeal to wager of battle, and are losing. It is not a question of abolitionism, for it would have been brought on without abolition. It is not a question of Southern wrongs, for the South never had a *right* disturbed; and in addition to controlling our Government for years, and directly injuring our manufactures, it long swallowed a disproportionably great share of government appointments, offices, and emoluments. It is simply the last illustration in history of a smaller and rebellious portion of a community forced by the onward march of civilization into subordination to the greater. The men of the South were first to preach Manifest Destiny and the subjugation of Cuba and Mexico—forgetting that as regarded civilization, they themselves, on an average, only filled an intermediate station between the Spanish Creole and the truly *white* man of the North. Before manifest destiny can overtake the Mexican, it must first overtake the Southerner.

Despite all its external show of elan, courtesy, and chivalry, 'the South,' as it exists, is and ever must be, in the very great aggregate, inferior to the North in the elements of progress, and in nearly all that constitutes true superiority. They boast incessantly of their superior education and culture; but what literature or art has this education produced amid their thousands of ladies and gentlemen of taste and of leisure? The Northern editor of any literary magazine who has had any experience in by-gone days



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with the manuscripts of the chivalry, will shrug his shoulders with a smile as he recalls the reams of reechoes of Northern writers, and not unfrequently of mere 'sensation' third-rate writers at that, which he was wont to receive from Dixie. And amid all his vaunts and taunts, the consciousness of this intellectual inferiority never left the Southerner. It stimulated his hatred—it rankled in his heart. He might boast or lie—and his chief statistician, De Bow, was so notoriously convicted of falsifying facts and figures that the assertion, as applied to him, is merely historical—but it was of no avail. The Northern school and the Northern college continued to be the great fountain of North-American intellect, and the Southerner found himself year by year falling behind-hand intellectually and socially as well as numerically. As a last resort, despairing of victory in the *real*, he plunged after the wild chivalric dream of independence; of Mexican and Cuban conquest; of an endless realm and a reopened slave-trade—or at least of holding the cotton mart of the world. It is all in vain. We of the same continent recognize no right in a very few millions to seize on the land which belongs as much to our descendants and to the labor of all Europe and of the world as it does to them. They have *no right* to exclude white labor by slaves. A Doughface press may cry, Compromise; and try to restore the *status quo ante bellum*, but all in vain. The best that can be hoped for, is some ingenious temporary arrangement to break the fall of their old slaveholding friends. It is not as *we will*, or as *we or you would like*, that what the Southerners themselves term a conflict of races, can be settled. People who burn their own cities and fire their own crops are going to the dire and bitter end; and the Might which under God's providence is generally found in the long run of history to be the Right—will triumph at last.

As has been intimated in the foregoing passages, the antipathy of the South to the North is deeply seated, springing from such rancor as can only be bred between a claim to social superiority mingled with a bitter consciousness of inferiority in nearly all which the spirit of the age declares constitutes true greatness. It is almost needless to say, that with such motives goading them on, with an ignorant, unthinking mass for soldiers, and with unprincipled politicians who have to a want of principle added the newly acquired lust for blood, any prospect of conciliation becomes extremely remote. We may hope for it—we may and should proceed cautiously, so that no possible opportunity of restoring peace may be lost; but it is of the utmost importance that we be blind to no facts; and every fact developed as the war advances seems to indicate that we have to deal with a most intractable, crafty, and ferocious enemy, whom to trust is to be deceived.



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There can be no doubt that the ultimatum of the South is secession or death. We of the North can not contemplate such a picture with calmness, and therefore evade it as amiably as we can. We say, it stands to reason that very few men will burn their own homes and crops, yet every mail tells us of tremendous suicidal sacrifices of this description. The ruin and misery which the South is preparing for itself in every way is incalculable and incredible, and yet there is no diminution of desperation. The prosperity which made a mock of honest poverty is now, as by the retributive judgment of God, sinking itself into penury, and the planter who spoke of the Northern serf as a creature just one remove above the brute, is himself learning by bitter experience to be a mud-sill. Verily the cause of the poor and lowly is being avenged. Yet with all this there is no hint or hope of compromise; repeated defeats are, so far, of little avail. The Northern Doughfaces tell us over and over again, that if we will 'only leave the slave question untouched,' all will yet be right. 'Only spare them the negro, and they, seeing that we do not intend to interfere with their rights, will eventually settle down into the Union.' But what is there to guarantee this assertion? What *proof* have we that the South can be in this manner conciliated? None—positively none.

There is nothing which the Southern press, and, so far as we can learn, the Southern people, have so consistently and thoroughly disavowed since the war began, as the assertion that a restoration of the Union may be effected on the basis of undisturbed slavery. They have ridiculed the Democrats of the North with as great contempt and as bitter sarcasm as were ever awarded of old to Abolitionists, for continually urging this worn-out folly; for now that the mask is finally thrown off, they make no secret of their scorn for their old tools and dupes. Slavery is no longer the primary object; they are quite willing to give up slavery if the growing prosperity of the South should require it; their emissaries abroad in every *salon* have been vowing that manumission of their slaves would soon follow recognition; and it was their rage at failure after such wretched abasement and unprincipled inconsistency which, very naturally, provoked the present ire of the South against England and France. They, the proud, chivalrous Southrons, who had daringly rushed to battle as slave lords, after eating abundant dirt as prospective Abolitionists, after promising any thing and every thing for a recognition, received the cold shoulder. No wonder that ill-will to England is openly avowed by the Richmond press as one of the reasons for burning the cotton as the Northern armies advance.

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The only basis of peace with the North, as the South declares, is Disunion; and they do most certainly mean it. No giving up the slave question, no enforcing of fugitive slave laws; no, not the hanging of Messrs. Garrison and Phillips, or any other punishment of all Emancipationists—as clamored for by thousands of trembling cowards—would be of any avail. It is disunion or nothing—and disunion they can not have. There shall be no disunion, no settlement of any thing on *any* basis but the Union. Richmond papers, after the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, proposed peace and separation. They do not know us. The North was never so determined to push on as now; never so eager for battle or for sacrifices. If the South is in earnest, so are we; if they have deaths to avenge, so have we; if they cry for war to the knife, so surely as God lives they can have it in full measure. For thirty years the blazing straw of Southern insult has been heaped on the Northern steel; and now that the latter is red-hot, it shall scorch and sear ere it cools, and they who heated it shall feel it.

We may as well make up our minds to it first as last, that we must at every effort and at *any* cost, conquer this rebellion. There is no alternative. This done, the great question which remains to settle, is, how shall we manage the conquered provinces? There are fearful obstacles in the way; great difficulties, such as no one has as yet calmly realized; difficulties at home and abroad. We have a fierce and discontented population to keep under; increased expenses in every department of government; but it is needless to sum them up. The first and most apparent difficulty is that involved in the form of government to be adopted. As the rebellious States have, by the mere act of secession, forfeited all State rights, and thereby reduced themselves to territories, this question would seem to settle itself without difficulty, were it not that a vast body of the ever-mischief-making, ever-meddling, and never-contented politicians (who continue to believe that the millennium would at once arrive were Emancipation only extinguished) cry out against this measure as an infringement of those Southern rights which are so dear to them. They argue and hope in vain. Never more will the South come back to be served and toadied to by them as of old; never more will they receive contemptuous patronage and dishonorable honors. It is all passed. Those who look deepest into this battle, and into the future, see a resistance, grim and terrible, to the death; and one which will call for the strictest and sternest watch and ward. It will only be by putting fresh life and fresh blood into Secessia, that union can be practically realized. Out of the old Southern stock but little can be made. A great portion must be kept under by the strong hand; a part may be induced to consult its own interests, and reform. But the great future of the South, and the great hope of a revived and improved Union will be found in colonizing certain portions of the conquered territory with free white labor.

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A more important topic, and one so deeply concerning the most vital prosperity of the United States, was never before submitted to the consideration of her citizens. If entertained by Government and the people on a great, enterprising, and vigorous scale, as such schemes were planned and executed by the giant minds of antiquity, it may be made productive of such vast benefits, that in a few years at most, the millions of Americans may look back to this war as one of the greatest blessings that ever befell humanity, and Jefferson Davis and his coadjutors be regarded as the blind implements by which God advanced human progress, as it had never before advanced at one stride. But to effect this, it should be planned and executed as a great, harmonious, and centrally powerful scheme, not be tinkered over and frittered away by all the petty doughfaces in every village. In great emergencies, great acts are required.

It is evident that the only certain road to Union-izing the South is, to plant in it colonies of Northern men. Thousands, hundreds of thousands now in the army, would gladly remain in the land of tobacco or of cotton, if Government would only provide them with the land whereon to live. Were they thus settled, and were every slave in the South emancipated by the chances of war, there would be no danger to apprehend as to the future of the latter. Give a Yankee a fat farm in Dixie, and we may rely upon it that although a Southern nabob may not know how to get work out of a 'free nigger', the Northerner will contrive to persuade Cuffy to become industrious. We have somewhere heard of a Vermonter, who taught ground-hogs or 'wood-chucks' to plant corn for him; the story has its application. Were Cuffy ten times as lazy as he is, the free farmer would contrive to get him to work. And in view of this, I am not sorry that the Legislatures of the border wheat States are passing laws to prevent slaves from entering their territories. The mission of the black is to labor as a free man in the South, under the farmer, until capable of being a farmer on his own account.

The manner and method of colonizing free labor in the South deserves very serious consideration, and is, it may be presumed, receiving it at the hands of Government, in anticipation of further developments in this direction. We trust, however, that the Administration will *lead*, as rapidly as possible, in this matter, and that the President will soon make it the subject of a Message as significant and as noble as that wherein this country first stood committed by its chief officer to Emancipation, the noblest document which ever passed from president or potentate to the people; a paper which, in the eyes of future ages, will cast Magna Charta itself into the shade, and rank with the glorious manumission of the Emperor of Russia.

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The primary question would be, whether it were more expedient to scatter free labor all over the South, or simply form large colonies at such points as might serve to effectually break up and surround the confederacy. Without venturing to decide on the final merit of either plan, we would suggest that the latter would be, for a beginning, probably most feasible. Should Virginia, certain points on the Atlantic coast, embracing the larger cities and vicinity of forts, and Texas, be largely or strongly occupied by free men, we should at once throw a chain around the vanquished foe, whose links would grow stronger every year. With slavery abolished—and it is at present abolishing itself with such rapidity that it is almost time lost to discuss the subject—immigration from Europe would stream in at an unprecedented rate, and in a few years, all the old Southern system become entirely a tradition of the past, like that of the feudal chivalry which the present chivalry so fondly ape.

The enormous internal resources of Eastern Virginia, her proximity to free soil, the arrogance and insubordination of her inhabitants, render her peculiarly fitted for colonization. Not less attractive is Texas—a State which, be it remembered, is capable of raising six times as much cotton as is now raised in the whole South, and which, if only settled and railroaded-ed, would, in a few years, become the wealthiest agricultural State in America. But let our army once settle in the South, there will be little danger of its not retaining its possessions. He who can win can wear.

The country has thus far treated very gingerly the question of confiscation, which is, however, destined to thrust itself very prominently forward among the great issues of the day, and which is closely allied to colonization. That the South, after forcing upon us such a war as this, with its enormous losses and expenses, should be subjected to no penalty, is preposterous. Confiscation there must be—not urged inhumanly on a wholesale scale, but in such a manner as to properly punish those who were forward in aiding rebellion. When this war broke out, the South was unanimous in crying for plunder, in speaking of wasting our commerce and our cities on a grand scale. But it is needless to point out that punishment of the most guilty alone would of itself half cover the expenses of the war.

It may be observed that already, since the decree of emancipation in the District of Columbia, a fresh spirit of enterprise has manifested itself there. Within a few days after the signature of the President to that act, Northern men began to prepare for renewed industry and action in the old slave field. The tide of free labor which will rush into Virginia, after the chances of war or other action shall have emancipated that State, will be incalculable. Its worn-out plantations will become thriving farms, its mines and inexhaustible water-powers will call into play the incessant demand and supply of vigorous industry and active capital. We may hasten the movement or we may not, by direct legislation. For the present, it seems advisable to await the rapidly developing chances of war and their results; but the great rush of free labor will come, and that rapidly, and Virginia, disenthralled, become, in all probability, once more the first among the States.

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We have spoken of the desperation of the rebels, and of the idleness of expecting from them any peaceable compromise. Those who, in the South, will take the oath of allegiance, and who have probably acted only under compulsion, should be spared. But there is a vast number who are as yet under the dominion of a madness, for which nothing but the most vigorous measures can be of any avail. It is evident that at present, every where except in Halleck's department, government is too indulgent. Traitors flaunt and boast openly in the border States, and publicly scheme with their doughface allies, to defeat the Union cause in every possible way, too often with signal success. The more mercy they receive, the more insolent do they become, and yet every effort has been made, and is making, 'to conciliate.' Let Government be vigorous, and rely only on its strong hand, so far as the management of avowed traitors is concerned; such men hold to no faith, and keep no oaths. With such, a threat of confiscation will be found of more avail than all the lenity in the world.

We may quote, in this connection, from a letter to the *Salem Register*, from Captain Driver, who hoisted 'Old Glory' at Nashville, when our troops took possession of that city. After speaking of the immense amount of property being destroyed through the State, he asks:

'Is there one man North, who now expects to make peace, based on compromise with such men as lead here? Is there one who expects a lasting peace in this land, until the armed heel of freedom's soldiers marks every inch of slave soil? If there is, he knows little of the South or Southern men and women. One defeat of the Federal forces, and madness would be rampant here. In the hour of victory, they would destroy every Union family in the South. We live on a volcanic mass, which at any moment may upheave and blow us to glory without the benefit of the clergy, the most of whom are in the army of Dixie.' Our enemy is as bitter as death, as implacable as the savage of the forest; he will do any thing to gain his end. Twice has the 'Black Flag' been flaunted in our faces, and cheered by a portion of our citizens. Our women are more bitter than the men, and our children are taught to hate the North, in church, in school, and at the fireside. Our city still presents a sullen, silent front; it will take as long time to root treason out of Nashville as it did the household sins of Egypt out of Israel.' Had I my way, I would confiscate the property of all traitors, work the slaves three or four years under overseers, on the land of their masters, sell the crops thus raised, and pay the war debt; this would save the people from taxation. The fifth year's crop give to the slaves, and send them to Texas or elsewhere; give them a governance, buy up the slaves of the loyal men, and let them be sent to their brethren. The land confiscated, I would divide

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among the soldiers of the North and the widows and orphans of those deluded poor men of the South who fell victims to false notions of 'Southern Rights;' compel the Northern man to settle on his grant, or to send a settler of true, industrious habits, and give him no power to alienate his title for ten or more years. This will insure an industrious, worthy, patriotic people for the South. One man will make one bale of cotton, others ten; your spindles and looms will be kept running by free men, and slavery will cease forever, as it should do. Slavery is a curse, a crime, a mildew, and must end, or war will blast our fair heritage for all time to come.'

Such are the views of one who seems to know what a real Southern-sympathizing secessionist is made of. Let it not be forgotten that there are thousands of native Tennesseans, as of other borderers of intelligence, character, and influence, who have offered to raise regiments to fight for the Union; and this fact is urged by the doughface democrats as a reason for increased leniency to traitors. We confess we do not see what connection exists between the two. If these loyal borderers are sincere in their professions, they have certainly no sympathy for the wretches around them, who visit with death or pillage every friend of the Union. But it is idle to argue with traitors. Either we are at war, or we are not; and if the history of the past eighteen months has not taught the country the folly of procrastinating, nothing will do it. 'When you feel the knife in your heart, *then* wish that you had fought!'

THE EDUCATION TO BE.

II.

A right intellectual education presupposes three essential features: the selection of the most suitable subjects for study; the proper presentation of these, in the order of their dependence, and in view of the gradual growth of the pupil's powers of comprehension; and, not less important than either of these, the finding out and following of the best method and order of presenting the truths belonging to each subject to be studied. These are the problems with which, as something apart from Metaphysics or Logic, the possible but yet unachieved pedagogical science has to deal. To the first of these questions, What shall we teach? or, as he phrases it, 'What knowledge is of most worth?' Mr. Spencer (presuming the child already supplied with his bare implements, reading, spelling, and penmanship) is led, after a long discussion, to conclude that 'the uniform reply is, Science.' The 'counts' on which he bases this verdict, are, the purposes of self-preservation; the gaining of a livelihood; the due discharge of parental functions; qualification for political responsibilities; the production and enjoyment of art; and discipline, whether intellectual, moral, or religious. Taken at his own showing, Mr. Spencer seems to contemplate, as his model of an educated man, a prodigiously capable and efficient



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mute. But can he deny that the ability *to express* what one may know, and in speech, as well as in production, is at once the final proof, and in a very real sense the indispensable consummation of such knowing? *Language* is the counterpart and complement of *Science*. The two are but two sides, and either separately an incomplete one, of one thing; that one thing we may name *definite and practical knowledge*; and it is the only sort of knowledge that has real value. Language is yet larger than all the sciences proper which it embodies, namely, those clustering about Philology, Grammar, and Rhetoric. Of these, all deal with words, or those larger words—sentences; but under these forms they deal, in reality, with the objective world as perceived or apprehended by us, and as named and uttered in accordance with subjective aptitudes and laws. In language, then, there stands revealed, in the degree in which we can ascend to it, all that is yet known of the external world, and all that has yet evolved itself of the human mind. Can we decry the study of that which, whether as articulate breath, or through a symbolism of visible forms, mirrors to us at once all of nature and all of humanity? But if we yield this claim in behalf of language, noting meanwhile that the mathematics are already well represented in our courses of instruction, then much of Mr. Spencer's eloquent appeal is simply wasted by misdirection. All that he had really to claim is, that a disproportionate time is now surrendered to the studies of the symbols, as such, and too often to characteristics of them not yet brought in any way into scientific cooordination, nor of a kind having practical or peculiarly disciplinary value. If Mr. Spencer had insisted on a more just division of the school studies between the mathematical, physical, biological, and linguistic sciences, he would have struck a chord yielding no uncertain sound, and one finding response in a multitude of advanced and liberal minds. If he had gone yet deeper, and disclosed to his readers the fact that the fundamental need is, not that we study what in the more restricted sense is known as *Science*, but that we begin to study all proper and profitable subjects, as we now do hardly any of them, *in the true scientific spirit and method*, he would not merely seem to have said, but would have succeeded in saying, something of the deepest and most pressing import to all educators.

The volume of republished papers from Mr. Barnard's able *Journal of Education*—the first of a series of five under the general title of 'Papers for the Teacher'—will afford to those desirous of investigating the second of the problems above proposed, some useful material and hints. Especially will this be true, we think, of the first series of articles, by Mr. William Russell, on the 'Cultivation of the Perceptive, Expressive, and Reflective Faculties;' and of the second, by Rev. Dr. Hill, now President of Antioch College,



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upon the 'True Order of Studies.' In the outset of his first essay, (which appeared in March, 1859,) Dr. Hill takes it '*for granted* [postulating, we think, a pretty large ground, and one that analysis and proof would better have befitted] that there is a rational order of development in the course of the sciences, and that it ought to be followed in common education.' The order he finds is that of five great studies, Mathesis, [mathematics;] Physics, or Natural History; History; Psychology; and Theology. 'We also take it for granted,' he continues, 'that there is a natural order of development in the human powers, and that studies should be so arranged as to develop the powers in this order.' Here two very difficult problems are undertaken—the hierarchy of the sciences, and the analysis of the intellect—and though we seem to find in the elucidation of the subject traces of that 'harmony of results of the two lines of inquiry,' on which the author relies as one source of confirmation of the results themselves, yet we can not admit that the solutions given us remove all, nor even all the main difficulties of the case. While we regard the mathematics, physics, psychology, and theology as quite well individualized and distinct lines of scientific research, we can not help feeling that the day has hardly come for embracing *physiology* under either physics or psychology; the forming of the bile and the growing and waste of brain are yet, to our apprehension, too far removed from the gravitation of planets or the oxidation of phosphorus, on the one hand, as they are from the scintillations of wit or the severe march of reason on the other, for ready affiliation with either. We question decidedly whether Theology proper can, at the most, be more than a very restricted subject; and quite as decidedly whether the heterogeneous matters grouped under History, namely, Agriculture, Trade, Manufactures, the Fine Arts, Language, Education, Politics, and Political Economy, are or can be shown to be linked by any principle of essential unity. Most of these have their historical side; but their unhistorical and scientific side most interests the great body of learners. And this latter aspect of some of them, Education and Politics especially, belongs after, not before Psychology. Then, the great fact of expression—Language—has not adequate justice done it by the position it is here placed in. Want of space is the least among our reasons for forbearing to attempt here a classification of the sciences—a work which Ramus, D'Alembert, Stewart, Bentham, and Ampere successively essayed and left unfinished. But the principle that the faculties in their order are called out by the branches named in their order, is quite given up as the writer proceeds, and distinctly so in his Tabular View of the studies adapted to successive ages. In actual life, usually the first set teaching the infant receives is in language; and even though it previously is and

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should be getting its ideas of forms, colors, and other qualities, in the concrete, yet it remains far from true that we should 'pay our earliest attention to the development of the child's power to grasp the truths of space and time.' Dr. Hill has, however, taken in these papers a step in a needful direction; and perhaps the best we could at first expect, are hints and an approximation toward a much desired result.

We may fairly assume that Mr. Willson's answer to the question, What to teach? is in some good degree embodied in his elaborate series of 'School and Family Readers,' of which the first six of the eight contemplated volumes have already appeared. These Readers aim to replace in a good degree the more purely literary materials of most of their predecessors, with a somewhat systematic and complete view of the more generally useful branches of human knowledge. They begin, where the child is sure to be interested, with studies of animals, illustrated with good and often spirited drawings, and proceed through Physiology, Botany, Architecture, Physical Geography, Chemistry, etc., up at last, as is promised, to Mental and Moral Philosophy, Natural Theology, Rhetoric, Criticism, Logic, the Fine Arts, including that one of those arts, as we presume we may class it, with which pupils of the rural schools will have best cause to become acquainted, namely, Gardening! Readers on this plan have long been known in the schools of Prussia and Holland, and are even lately well received in England, in the form of Mr. Constable's popular series; though apparently, when finished, the American series will be more full and complete in topics and treatment of them than any preceding one. Of course, restricted space, and the range of maturity of talents addressed, compel the presentation in simplified form of scarcely more than 'a little learning' under the several heads; and the compiler sensibly tells us his aim is not to give a full exposition of any theme, but rather, 'to present a *pleasing introduction* to science.' We may grant, in the outset, that most pupils will really comprehend, in and through the reading of it, but a modicum of all the high and large fields of knowledge here intimated to them; but who that can now look on his school-days as in the past, does not remember how many grandiose sentences he was then called on to utter in cadence duly swelling or pathetic, but of the meaning of which he had not the most distant approach to a true comprehension? It was *ours* once to be of a class whose enunciative powers were disciplined by repeated goings 'through' of the 'Old English Reader,' and well do we remember how the accidental omission of the full pause after 'shows' in the quotation ending the piece entitled 'Excellency of the Holy Scriptures,' caused a certain teacher to understand(!) and direct us to read the whole sentence thus: 'Compared, indeed, with this, all other moral and theological wisdom

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'Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows' BEATTIE.'

Now, it is true, the whole sentence, in its best state, would have shown to our green understandings like enough to 'folly,' if we had once made the effort to find meaning of any sort in it; nor can it be considered the most profitable use of school time, thus to 'like folly show' to unknit juvenile brains the abstract and high thought of mature and great minds, who uttered them with no foolishness or frivolity in their intentions! We see reasons to expect substantial advantages from Mr. Willson's books; and we believe teachers will appreciate and use them. We could wish they had not gone so far to mechanicalize the pupil's enunciation; by too freely introducing throughout the points of inflection; but it is safe to predict that most pupils will take up with interest the simplified readings in science; that they will comprehend and remember a useful portion of what they read; that the lessons will afford both them and the teachers points of suggestion from which the mind can profitably be led out to other knowledge and its connections; and that they who go through the series can at least leave school with some more distinct ideas as to what the fields of human knowledge are, and what they embrace, than was ever possible under the *regime* of merely fine writing, of pathetic, poetic, and generally miscellaneous selections.

The educational interest that grew up in our country between the years 1810 and 1828, about the year 1835 gave place to a stagnation that has marked nearly the whole of the period intervening between the last-named and the present date. In the year 1858, the *New-York Teacher* was made the first medium of some thoughts in substance agreeing with those set forth in the earlier part of this paper, claiming the indispensableness to true education of a more true and liberal *work* on the part of the learner's intellectual faculties, and of a more true and logical *consecution* than has yet been attained, and one corresponding to the natural order of the intellectual operations, in the books and lessons through which the usual school studies are to be mastered. 'Make'—said the first of the articles setting forth this thought—the [form of the] facts and principles of any branch of study as simple as you choose, and unless the order of their presentation be natural—be that order, from observation to laws and causes, in which the mind naturally moves, whenever it moves surely and successfully—the child, except in the rare case of prodigies that find a pleasure in unraveling complexity, will still turn from the book with loathing. He will do so because he must. It is not in his nature to violate his nature for the sake of acquiring knowledge, however great the incentives or threatenings attending the process.' 'The child's mind ... with reference to all unacquired knowledge ... stands in precisely the attitude of the experimenters

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and discoverers of riper years. It is to come to results not only previously unknown, but not even conceived of. Because their nature and faculties are identical, the law of their intellectual action must be the same.' 'Study is research.' In subsequent articles, it was claimed that the law here indicated is for intellectual education, the one true and comprehensive law; and it was expressed more fully in the words: 'All true study is investigation; all true learning is discovery.'

We say, now, that when the first of these articles appeared, the leading thought it contained, namely, that our pupils can and should learn by a process of *re-discovery*, in the subjects they pursue, had not in distinct nor in substantial statement in any way appeared in the educational treatises or journals; and further, that it was not, so far as their uttered or published expressions show, previously occupying the attention of teachers or of educational writers, nor was it the subject or substance of remarks, speeches, or debates, in the meetings of Teachers' Associations. We say further, and because history and justice require it, that in our country, especially in the educational movements in the State of New-York, and in the several national associations of educators, a marked change and revolution in the course of much of the thought and discussion touching matters of education has, since the year 1858, become apparent, and that to the most casual participant or observer, and in the precise direction in which the thought above referred to points. The essential issue itself—the practicability and desirableness of casting our studies into the form of courses of re-discovery is somewhat distantly and delicately approached, incorporated into speeches by an allusion or in the way of *aperçu*, or thrown out as a suggestion of a partial or auxiliary method with the younger learners, all which is of a fashion highly patronizing to the thought, spite of the scruples about confessing who was the suggester of it. But other questions, which spring up in the train of this, which by themselves had received attention long since, but had been mainly dropped and unheard of among us during the past twenty-five years, have come again into full and unconcealed prominence. Such are the questions about the natural order of appearance of the faculties in childhood, as to what are the elementary faculties of the mind, as to the adaptation of the kinds and order of studies to these, *etc.* And thus, all at once, is disclosed that Education itself, which many had thought quite a 'finished' thing, well and happily disposed of, or at least so far perfected as to leave no work further save upon the veriest outskirts of details, is in truth a giant superstructure with foundations in sand, or so almost visibly lacking underneath it, that it threatens to fall. For, in the name of the simplest of all common sense, how are we to educate to the best, *not yet knowing*—and



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that is now acknowledged—*what are the FACULTIES of the very minds we are dealing with, nor what are the PROCESSES by which those minds begin and keep up their advance in knowledge?* So, also, those who in the most charitable mood could see in education only something too hum-drum and narrow for their better fancies, find it now rising and expanding into a new and large field for intellectual effort, full of interesting problems, and fraught with realizations as yet undreamed of.

It may be said, that the young mind had always learned what it did learn, by discoveries; we answer, our methods and our books have not in any sufficient degree recognized the fact, provided for it, nor taken advantage of it. It may be said, that writers had previously acknowledged that the mind learns well—some of them even, that it learns best—when it discovers: we answer, that nevertheless, no one had recorded it as a well-grounded, universal conclusion and positive law, that the mind only can learn, in all strictly scientific matters, as it discovers, and that hence, the canons of the method of discovery become rules for directing, in studies of this character, the education of the young. Aristotle and Bacon have recognized and enforced upon the adult mind its two master methods of advance by reasoning. But our children have their knowing also to attain to, their discoveries to make, their logic of proof, on occasions, to employ. Shall we lavish all the treasures of method on those who have passed the formative stage of mind, and acquired the bent of its activities? Rather, we think, the true intellectual method—combining both Baconian *induction* and Aristotelian *deduction*—yet waits to realize some of the best of the application and work for which its joint originators and their co-workers have been preparing it; and that perhaps one of the highest consummations of this one method of thought may yet appear in the carrying forward, with more of certainty, pleasure, and success in their attaining of knowledge, the lispings of philosophers of our school-rooms and our firesides.

From one source, disconnected latterly from those to which I have thus far called attention, there has arisen a decidedly progressive movement in the direction of right teaching, and one that, at least in geographical studies, promises soon to result in a consummation of great importance. Though Pestalozzianism, as further developed by the Prussian educators and schools, has never yet realized the completely inductive and consecutive character here contended for, it has been tending in a degree toward such a result; and this is perhaps seen in the most marked way in the method of teaching geography developed by Humboldt and Ritter, and represented in this country by their distinguished pupil, Professor Guyot. This method subordinates political to physical geography, proceeding from facts to laws, and by setting out with the grand natural features of the globe, leads the learner to



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comprehend not only the existence, boundaries, capitals, and strength of nations, but the reasons why these have come to be what they are. As tending in the same true direction, we should not fail to mention also the faithfully-executed series of raised or embossed maps of the late Mr. Schroeter, presenting not only the profile but the comparative elevations of the land-surfaces or continents and islands, and, in detail, of the several political divisions of the globe, thus at once making the ocular study of geography *real*, and not as formerly, leaving the right conception of the land-surfaces to the pupil's unaided imagination.

Among the decisive and important steps marking the revival of educational interest among us, is that looking to the introduction into our primary schools of the simple lessons for what is called the 'education of the senses,' and what is in fact the solicitation of the perceptive faculties, and the storing of them, with their proper ideas, through the avenues of sense. When employed about observing or finding and naming the parts or qualities and uses of objects, as *glass, leather, milk, wood, a tree, the human body, etc.*, this sort of teaching takes the name of 'Object Lessons;' when it rises to philosophizing in the more obvious and easy stages about natural phenomena, as *rain, snow, etc.*, or about parts of the system of nature, as *oceans, mountains, stars, etc.*, it is sometimes termed 'Lessons in Common Things.' In the year 1860, Mr. E.A. Sheldon, the enterprising superintendent of the schools of that city, first introduced with some degree of completeness and system, this sort of teaching into the primary schools of Oswego. In March, 1861, under the leadership also, as we infer, of their superintendent, Mr. William H. Wells, the Educational Board of the city of Chicago adopted a still more minutely systematized and more extensive course of instruction of this sort, arranged in ten successive grades, and intended to advance from the simple study of objects, forms, colors, *etc.*, gradually to the prosecution of the regular and higher studies. The greater naturalness, life-likeness, and interest of this kind of mental occupation for young learners, over the old plan of restricting them mainly to the bare alphabet, with barren spelling, reading, definitions, and so on, is at once obvious in principle and confirmed by the facts; and for the younger classes—a stage of the utmost delicacy and importance to the future habits of the learner—the fruits must appear in increased readiness of thought and fullness of ideas, and in a preparation for more true and enlarged subsequent comprehension of the proper branches of study; provided, we must add, that these also, when reached, be taught by a method best suited to their subject-matter and to the higher range of mental activity required to deal with it. Whether, now, the object-lesson system and plan is the one competent to carry on the learner through those later studies, is another and larger question, and one to which we shall presently recur.

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Under the recall of the minds of educators among us to fundamental principles of methods and tendencies in teaching, which we have pointed out, it was but natural to expect attempts to be made toward remedying the defects and supplying the needs that could not fail to be detected in our teaching processes. Naturally, too, such attempts would result in the bringing forward, sooner or later, of novelties in the topics and form of the school-books. What the pen—which, in the outset, proposed the necessity of molding the school-work into a course of re-discoveries of the scientific truths—should reasonably be expected to do toward supplying the want it had indicated; or what it may, in the interim, have actually accomplished toward furnishing the working implements requisite to realizing in practice the possible results foreshadowed by the best educational theories, it may be neither in place nor needful that we should here intimate. Sometimes, indeed, there is in our social movements evidence of a singular sort of intellectual *catalysis*; and a mute fact, so it *be* a fact, and even under enforced continuance of muteness, through influence of temporary and extraneous circumstances, may yet, like the innocent *platinum* in a mixture of certain gases, or the equally innocent *yeast-plant* vegetating in the 'lump' of dough, take effect in a variety of ways, as if by mere presence.

We shall remember how even Virgil had to write:

'Hos ego versiculos scripsi: tulit alter honores!'

And the veriest bumpkin knows the force of the adage about one's shaking the tree, for another to gather up the fruit. But Virgil was patient, and did well at the last; though the chronicles do not tell us how many pears ever came to the teeth of him that did the tree-shaking. At all events, it is satisfying to know that time spins a long yarn, and comes to the end of it leisurely and at his own wise motion!

The English object-lesson system being now fairly and successfully domesticated among us, and to such an extent as to call for the invitation and temporary residence among us, in the city of Oswego, of a distinguished lady-teacher from the English Training Schools, it is again but natural that the system should call forth books adapted to its purposes; and it was scarcely possible, under the circumstances we have now shown to exist, that such books should come forth without presenting a more conscious aim toward embodying something of the principle and order of *discovery* than has marked even their English prototypes. These anticipations we find exactly realized in the first book of the new pattern that has yet made its appearance—the 'Primary Object-Lessons' of Mr. Calkins. Of this book, issued June, 1861, the author thus states the motive: 'With an earnest desire to contribute something toward a general radical change in the system of primary education in this country—a change from the plan of exercising the memory chiefly to that of developing the observing powers—a change from an artificial to a natural plan, one in accordance with the philosophy of mind and its laws of development, the author commenced the following pages.'



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Acknowledging his indebtedness to the manuals of Wilderspin, Stow, Currie, the Home and Colonial School Society, and other sources, the author tells us that the plan of developing the lessons 'corresponds more nearly to that given in Miss Mayo's works than to either of the other systems;' and we understand him to claim (and the feature is a valuable one) that in this book, which is not a text-book, but one of suggestive or pattern lessons for teachers, he directs the teacher to proceed less by telling the child what is before it and to be seen, and more by requiring the child to find for itself what is present. Again, an important circumstance, the purpose of the book does not terminate in describing right processes of teaching, but on the contrary, *'in telling what ought to be done, it proceeds to show how to do it by illustrative examples,'* (*sic.*) Now, spite of some liberties with the President's English, which may properly be screened by the author's proviso that he does not seek 'to produce a faultless composition,' so much as to afford simple and clear examples for the teacher's use, we are compelled to inquire, especially as this is matter addressed to mature and not to immature minds, which it is the author really meant us to understand; that is, whether, in fact, the book 'proceeds to show *how to do it by illustrative examples;*' or whether, in reality, it does not aim *to show by illustrative examples how to do it*—that, namely, which ought to be done. If we still find Mr. Calkins's philosophy somewhat more faultless than his practice, perhaps that is but one of the necessary incidents of all human effort; and we can say with sincerity that, in some of its features, we believe this a book better adapted to its intended uses—the age it is designed to meet being that of the lowest classes in the primary schools, or say from four to seven or eight years—than any of its predecessors. It will not, we hope, therefore, be understood as in a captious spirit, that we take exception to certain details.

The author is clearly right in his principle that 'The chief object of primary education is the development of the faculties;' though doubtless it would have been better to say, *to begin* the development of the faculties; but then, he recognizes, as the faculties specially active in children, those of 'sensation, perception, observation, and simple memory,' adding, for mature years, those of 'abstraction, the higher powers of reason, imagination, philosophical memory, generalization,' *etc.* But that any one of all these is in the true psychological sense, a *faculty*—save, it may be, in the single instance of imagination—we shall decidedly question; and Mr. Calkins will see by the intent of his very lessons, that he does not contemplate any such thing as 'sensation' or 'observation,' as being a faculty: but, on the other hand, that he is so regarding certain individual powers of mind, by which we know in nature Color and Form and Number and Change and so on.



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We must question whether 'in the natural order of the development of the human faculties, the mind of the child takes cognizance first of the *forms* of objects.' Form is a result of particular *extensions*: evidently, extension must be known before form can be. But again, visibly, form is revealed through kinds and degrees of light and shade; in one word, through *color*. Evidently, then, color also must be appreciated before visible form can be. But this 'natural order of the development of the human faculties,' is a seductive thing. In phrase, it is mellifluous; in idea, impressively philosophical. It would be well if this book, while cautiously applying developing processes to the little learner, were to *dogmatise* less to the teacher. But when the development-idea is carried into the titles of the sections, it becomes, we think, yet more questionable. Thus, a section is headed, 'To develop the idea of straight lines.' First, would not the idea of a *straight line* come nearer to the thing actually had in view? Again, 'To develop the idea of right, acute, and obtuse angles.' 'The idea,' taking in all these things, must be most mixed and multifarious; it could not be *clear*, though that is a quality mainly to be sought. Is not the intention rather, to develop *ideas of the right, the acute, and the obtuse angle?* Instances of this sort, which we can not understand otherwise than as showing a loose way of thinking, are numerous. But then, again, it is assumed that the lessons *develop* all the ideas successively discoursed about. Far otherwise, in fact. In many instances, of course, a sharper, better idea of the object or quality discussed will be elicited in the course of the lesson. This is, at best, only a sort of quasi-development, individualizing an idea by turning it on all sides, comparing with others, and sweeping away the rubbish that partly obscured it. In others of the topics, the learner has the ideas before we begin our developing operations. But the great misfortune of the usage of the term here is, that *develop* properly implies to *unroll, uncover, or disclose* something that is infolded, complicate, or hidden away; but mark, something that is always THERE before the developing begins, and that by it is only brought into light, freedom, or activity! Thus, we may develop faculties, for they were there before we began; but we simply can not develop *objective ideas*, such as this book deals with, but must impart them, or rather, give the mind the opportunity to get them. First, then, this term thus employed is needlessly pretentious; secondly, it is totally misapplied. Would it not help both teacher and pupil, then, if we were to leave this stilted form of expression, and set forth the actual thing the lessons undertake, by using such caption as for for example, *To give the idea, of a triangle, or to insure, or to furnish the*



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idea of a curve? We think the misnomer yet greater and worse, when we come to such captions as 'To develop the idea of God, as a kind Father;' especially when the amount of the development is this: 'Now, children, listen very attentively to what I say, and I will *tell you* about a Friend that *you all have*, one who is kind to all of you, one who *loves you better* than your father or your mother does,' and so on. All this, and what precedes and follows, is 'telling,' as the author acknowledges; of course, then, it is not developing. How is the child here made to *find* and *know* that it has such a Friend?—that this Friend *is* kind to all?—that this Friend loves it better than do parents, or, in fact, at all? This is the way the nursery develops this and kindred ideas, and if the child be yet too young for its own comprehension of the most obvious truths of Natural Theology, then better defer the subject, or at least cease to call the nursery method by too swelling a name!

As to arrangement of topics, though the geographical lessons properly come late, as they stand, the idea of *place*, as well as those of *weight and size*, all belong earlier than the positions they are found in; and *number*, later. Such mental anachronisms as talking of *solids* before the attempt has been made to impart or insure the idea of a solid, should, where practicable, be avoided; and more notably, such as bringing a subsequent and complex idea, like that of 'square measure,' before scarcely any one of the elementary ideas it involves, such as *measure, standard, or even length or size*, is presented. As to the substance of the teaching, we will indicate a few points that raise a question on perusal of them. What will the little learner gain, if the teacher follows the book in this instance? 'Where is the skin of the apple? *On* its surface.' This is in the lesson for 'developing the idea' of surface. When, by and by, the young mathematician gets the true idea of a surface, as extension in two dimensions only, hence, without thickness, then will follow this surprising result, that the whole thickness of the apple-skin is *on*—outside—the apple's surface, and hence, is nowhere: a singular converse of the teaching of those smart gentlemen who waste reams of good paper in establishing, to their own satisfaction, that even the mathematical surface itself has thickness! In the lesson on 'perpendicular and horizontal,' the definition of perpendicular is correct; but all the developing, before and after, unfortunately confounds the *perpendicular* with the *vertical*—a bad way toward future accuracy of thought, or toward making scientific ideas, as they should be, definite as well as practically useful. If we judge by the brevity and incompleteness of the lesson on 'Developing ideas of Drawing'(!), ideas of that particular 'stripe' must be scarce. The Object Lessons at the close of



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the book we find generally very good models of such exercises, clear and to the purpose. Once in a while there is a *lapsus*, as in this: The criterion of a *liquid* is presented as being in the circumstances that it does not '*hold together*' when poured from a vessel, but 'forms drops.' Now, since it forms drops, it *has cohesion*, and the criterion is wrongly taken; In fact, the same thing appears in that the liquid, even in pouring out, does hold together in a stream, and a stream that experiments with liquid jets show it really requires considerable force to break up.

Finally, Mr. Calkins's book, in the hands of discerning and skillful teachers, can be made the instrument of a great deal of right and valuable discipline for primary classes; but without some guarding and help from the teacher's own thought, it will not always do the best work, nor in the best way. It is an approach to a good book for early mental development; but it is not the consummation to be desired. Many of its suggestions and patterns of lessons are excellent; but there is too large a lack of true consecution of topics, of accuracy of expression, and of really natural method of handling the subjects. We say this with no unkindly feeling toward the attempt or the author, but because, though no matter by how fortuitous circumstances, it comes to us as in this country the *first effort* toward a certain new style of books and subjects, and certain more rational teaching; and we hold it, as being the privilege of teachers whose time may be too much consumed in applying, to criticise minutely, as no less our right and duty, and that of every independent man, to recognize and point out wherein this new venture meets, or fails to meet, the new and positive demand of the pupils and the teachers in our time. If, in a degree, the working out shows defects such as we have named, is it not yet a question, whether we have in the book an illustration 'how this system of training may be applied to the entire course of common school education'?—to say nothing now of the question whether, even in its best form, it is a system that ought to be so applied.

After the author of a book for young learners is sure of the comprehensibility of his subjects, and the accuracy of his ideas and expressions of them, the highest need—and one the lack of which is fatal to true educative value—is that of a natural and true synthesis and consecution of the successive steps of fact and principle that are to be presented. We would not be understood that every successive lesson and every act of voluntary thinking must thus be consecutive: to say this, would be to confine the mind to one study, and to make us dread even relaxation, lest it break the precious and fragile chain of thought. Our growth in knowledge is not after that narrow pattern. We take food at one time, work at another, and sleep at a third: and so, the mind too has its variations of employment,



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and best grows by a like periodicity in them. This is our point—that it is a peculiarity and law of mind, growing out of the very nature of mind and of its knowings, that no truth or knowledge which is in its nature a *consequent* on some other truths or knowledge, can by any possibility be in reality attained by any mind until after that mind has first secured and rightly appreciated those *antecedent* truths or knowings. No later or more complex knowledge is ever comprehensible or acquirable, until after the elements of knowledge constituting or involved in it have first been definitely secured. To suppose otherwise, is precisely like supposing a vigorously nourishing foliage and head of a tree with neither roots nor stem under it; it is to suppose a majestic river, that had neither sufficient springs nor tributaries. Now, for the pupil, the text-book maker, the educator, no truth is more positive or profoundly important than this. He who fails of it, by just so much as he does so, fails to educate. Let the pupil, as he must, alternately study and not study—go even on the same day from one study to a second, though seldom to more than a third or fourth. By all this he need lose nothing; and he will tax and rest certain faculties in turn. But then, insist that each subject shall recur frequently enough to perpetuate a healthy activity and growth of the faculties it exercises, usually, daily for five days in a week, or every other day at farthest; that each shall recur at a stated period, so that a habit of mind running its daily, steady and productive round with the sun may be formed; and that in and along the material of every subject pursued, whether it be arithmetic, or grammar, or chemistry, or an ancient or modern language, the mind shall so be enabled to advance consecutively, clearly and firmly from step to step—from observation to law, from law to application, from analysis to broader generalization, and its application, and so on—that every new step shall just have been prepared for by the conceptions, the mental susceptibility and fibre, gotten during the preceding ones, and that thus, every new step shall be one forward upon new and yet sure ground, a source of intellectual delight, and a further intellectual gain and triumph. Need we say, this is the *ideal*? Practice must fall somewhat short of it; but Practice must first aim at it; and as yet she has scarcely conceived about the thing, or begun to attempt it. In truth, Practice is very busy, dashing on without a due amount of consideration, striving to project in young minds noble rivers of knowledge without their fountains; and building up therein grand trees of science, of which either the roots are wanting, or all parts come together too much in confusion.



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First, then, we are not to make the presentation of any topic or lesson, even to the youngest learner, needlessly inconsecutive; but with the more advanced learners—with those in the academic and collegiate courses—we should insist on the display, and in so doing best insure the increase of the true *robur* of the intellect, by positive requirement that all the topics shall be developed logically; that sufficient facts shall come before all conclusions; and rigid, sharp, and satisfactory analysis before every generalization or other synthesis. So, the more advanced mind would learn induction, and logic, and method, by use of them upon all topics; it would know by experience their possibilities, requirements, and special advantages; and it would be able to recognize their principles, when formally studied, as but the reflex and expression of its own acquired habitudes. Such a mind, we may safely say, would be *educated*. But secondly, the foregoing considerations show that we are not unnecessarily to jumble together the topics and lessons; to vacillate from one line of study to another; to wander, truant-like, among all sorts of good things—exploiting, now, a *color*; then *milk*; then in due time *gratitude* and *the pyramids*; then *leather*, (for, though ‘there’s nothing like leather,’ it may be wisest to keep it in its place;) then *sponge*, and *duty to parents*, *lying*, the *points of compass*, *etc.*! And here, for all ages above nine or ten years, is a real drawback, or at the least, a positive danger, of the Object-Lesson and Common-Things teaching. Just here is shadowed forth a real peril that threatens the brains of the men and women of the—we may say, ‘rising’ generation, through this fresh accession of the object-lesson interest in our country. *Objects*, now, are unquestionably good things; and yet, even objects can be ‘run into the ground.’

We had put the essential thought here insisted on into words, before object-lessons had acquired the impetus of the last and current year.

‘The ‘object lessons’ of Pestalozzi and his numerous followers, had, in a good degree, one needed element—they required WORK of the pupil’s own mind, not mere reciprocity. But they have [almost] wholly lacked another element, just as important—that of CONSECUTION in the steps and results dealt with. In most of the schools in our country—in a degree, in all of them—these two fundamental elements of all right education, namely, true work of the learner’s mind, and a natural and true consecution in not only the processes of each day or lesson, but of one day on another, and of each term on the preceding, are things quite overlooked, and undreamed of, or, at the best, imperfectly and fragmentarily attempted. But these, in so far as, he can secure their benefits, are just the elements that make the thinker, the scholar, the man of real learning or intellectual



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power in any pursuit.—*New-York Teacher*, December, 1859.

A like view begins to show itself in the writings of some of the English educationists. The object-teaching is recognized as being, in most instances, at least, too promiscuous and disorderly for the ends of a true discipline and development, and certainly, therefore, even for securing the largest amount of information. It too much excludes the later, systematic study of the indispensable branches, and supplants the due exercise of the reasoning powers, by too habitual restriction of the mind's activities to the channels of sense and perception. Isaac Taylor, in his *Home Education*, admits the benefits of this teaching for the mere outset of the pupil's course, but adds: 'For the rest, that is to say, whatever reaches its end in the bodily perceptions, I think we can go but a very little way without so giving the mind a bent toward the lower faculties as must divert it from the exercise of the higher.' This thought is no mere fancy. It rests on a great law of derivation, true in mind as in the body; that inanition and comparative loss of one set of powers necessarily follows a too habitual activity of a different set. Thus it is that, in the body, over-use of the nervous, saps the muscular energies, and excessive muscular exertion detracts from the vivacity of the mind. Logically, then, when carried to any excess over just sufficient to secure the needed clear perceptions and the corresponding names for material objects and qualities, the object-lesson system at once becomes the special and fitting education for the ditcher, the 'hewer of wood,' the mere human machine in any employment or station in life, where a quick and right taking to the work at the hand is desirable, and any thing higher is commonly thought to be in the way; but it is not the complete education for the independent mind, the clear judgment and good taste, which must grow out of habits of weighing and appreciating also thousands of *non-material* considerations; and which are characteristics indispensable in all the more responsible positions of life, and that in reality may adorn and help even in the humblest. In a recently published report or address on a recommendation respecting the teaching of Sciences, made by the English 'Committee of Council on Education,' in 1859, Mr. Buckmaster says:

'The object-lessons given in some schools are so vague and unsystematic, that I doubt very much if they have any educational or practical value. I have copied the following lessons from the outline of a large elementary school; Monday, twenty minutes past nine to ten, Oral Lesson—*The Tower of Babel*; Tuesday, *The Senses*; Wednesday, *Noah's Ark*; Thursday, *Fire*; Friday, *The Collect for Sunday*. What can come of this kind of teaching, I am at a loss to understand. Now, a connected and systematic course of lessons on any of the natural sciences, or on the specimens



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contained in one of Mr. Dexter's cabinets, would have been of far greater educational value, and more interesting to the children. *This loose and desultory habit of teaching encourages a loose and desultory habit of thought*; it is for this reason that I attach great value to *consecutive courses* of instruction. I think, it will not be difficult to show that the study of *almost any branch of elementary science* not only has a direct bearing on many of the practical affairs of every-day life, but also *supplies all the conditions necessary to stimulate and strengthen the intellectual faculties in a much greater degree* than many of the subjects now taught in our elementary schools.'

All the lines of our investigation, as well as the most competent testimony, thus converge in showing that the object-lesson and common-things teaching is but a partial and preliminary resource in the business of education; that, to avoid working positive harm, it must be restricted within due limits of age, capacity, and subject; that it is not, therefore, the real and total present desideratum of our schools; and that, subsequently to the completion of the more purely sensuous and percipient phase of the mind, and to the acquirement of the store of simpler ideas and information, and the degree of capacity, that ought to be secured during that period—hence, from an age not later than eleven, or according as circumstances may determine, thirteen years—all the true and desirable ends of education, whether they be right mental habits and tastes, discipline and power of the faculties, or a large information and practical command of the acquisitions made—all these ends, we say, are thenceforward most certainly secured by the systematic prosecution, in a proper method, of the usually recognized distinct branches or departments of scientific knowledge. Let then, 'common things,' *et id genus omne*, early enough give place to thorough-going study of the elements of Geometry, of Geography, Arithmetic, Language, (including Grammar,) of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Physiology, and something of their derivations and applications. Thus shall our schools produce a race not of mere curious *gazers*, but of conscious and purposive investigators; not a generation of intellectual truants and vagabonds, but one of definitely skilled cultivators of definite domains in handicraft, art, or science.

We are compelled to take issue, therefore, with Mr. Spencer's recommendation, indorsed in the Chicago Report, to the effect that object-lessons should, after a 'different fashion,' 'be extended to a range of things far wider, and continued to a period far later than now.' Not so: after any possible fashion. But let us, as early as the child's capacity and preparation will allow, have the individualized, consecutive studies, and the very manner of studying which shall be made to do *for the higher and the lower intellectual*

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faculties together, what well-conducted object-lessons can and now do perform, mainly for the lower. Of all school-method, this we conceive to be the true end and consummation. This would be the ultimate fruition of the Baconian philosophy, and of philosophy larger than the Baconian—by as much as the whole is greater than any part—in the school-life and work of every boy and girl admitted to the benefits of our courses of instruction.

Thus we have endeavored, with some particularity of examination and detail, to find and state not only what *are*, but what *should be*, the tendencies of educational thought and effort in our country and times. And we seem to find that those tendencies *are*, in spite of a stand-still conservatism or perplexed doubt in some quarters, and of a conflict of views and practices in others, largely in the direction in which the ends to be sought show that they *should be*. The *Education to be*, as far as the intellectual being is concerned, when time and study shall better have determined the conditions, and furnished the working instrumentalities, is to be, not in name merely, but in fact, an education by simply natural employment and development of all the perceiving, reasoning, originative, and productive faculties of the mind. It is to be such, because it is to insist on proceeding, after proper age, and then upon every suitable topic, by observation and investigation, and so, by discovery of the principles and results the mind is desired to attain; because it will be an education by rigidly consecutive, comprehended and firm lines of advance, employing processes analytic and synthetic, inductive and deductive, each in its requisite place and in accordance with the nature and stage of the topics under investigation. For the like reasons, it will have become, what we have long foreseen and desired that education should be, rightly progressive in form, and in character such as must develop, strengthen, and store the mind; such as must best fit, so far as the merely scholastic education can do this, for practical expression and use of what is learned, showing all our acquired knowledge in the light of its actual and various relationships, and conferring true serviceableness and the largest value, whether for enjoyment or execution.

Such an education would be *real* in its method as well as in its substance. We have fairly entered upon the era in which education must be, and, spite of any temporary recoil of timorous despotisms, must continue to be, popular and universal. But many are too apt to forget that, upon our planet, this thing of popular and universal education is comparatively a new and untried experience; that, so far as its mode and substance are concerned, it is, in truth, still in course of experiment. There is at present a very general and but too just complaint of the popular education, as tending to inflate rather than to inform; as prompting large numbers of young men especially



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to aim at scaling to positions above those in which the school found them, a thing that would be well enough were it not inevitable that, in the general scramble, the positions aspired to are at the same time too frequently those above their capabilities, and quite too full without them: as, in few words, inspiring youth with a disrelish for those less responsible pursuits to which a large majority should devote their lives, rather than with a desire to qualify themselves for their proper work. The tendency is admitted; and it has become, in overcrowded professions and commercial pursuits, the fruitful source of superficiality, of charlatanry, of poverty at once of pocket and of honor, of empty speculations, and of the worst crimes.

But, appreciating the unquestionable fact that universal education is to be henceforth the rule in the most advanced nations, and that, in spite of its apparent consequences or our fears, and remembering also that the experience is, for the world, a new one, is there not some hope left us in the thought that possibly the alarmists have been attributing to the *fact* of popular education itself what in truth is only a temporary consequence of a false, an abnormally-educating *method and procedure* on the part of our schools? Nay, more; does not the latter afford the true solution of the evil? We believe it has been shown that our teaching methods not only fail in great part, but in a degree positively mis-educate; that the very 'head and front' of this failure and non-developing appears in the want of bringing into just prominence the discriminating and the applicative powers of the mind, the judgment, and reason; in a word, the thinking as distinguished from the merely receptive and retentive powers. Now, what are we to expect from a people too many of whom are put in possession of stores of fact quite beyond the degree in which their capacities to discriminate clearly, to judge wisely, and to draw conclusions rationally have been strengthened and furnished with the requisite guiding principles? What but a shallow shrewdness that should run into all the evils we have above named? But discipline all to think and reason more and more justly and assuredly upon their facts, and to men so educated, the very thought of an inordinate crowding of the so-called genteeler avocations, to the neglect of the more substantial, *becomes appreciated in its true light, as absurd and unfortunate in every way, and, in all its bearings upon the individual as well as the social welfare.*

So, let us have popular education; and let a due proportion of fit minds enter the professions, the posts of office, and commercial pursuits; let a few even live by mere work of thought; but let all enjoy the luxury of a degree of thought and rationality that shall forbid their richest blessing turning to their rankest curse. That such must be the result of a *true* education, our faith in a wise Providence forbids us to doubt.



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Such an education being *real*, and appealing to all the faculties, does not eventuate in vain aspirings; but fits each for his place and work—fits for making that great and happy discovery, that the best talents and the most complete cultivation of them can not only find in every employment scope for real exercise, but in the commonest and simplest occupations will be more expert and successful than uncultured ignorance can possibly be. In this view, the true education tends not to *level* but to utilize, to make the most of every man's special aptitudes for his special field. Such an education monarchy and aristocracy might dread, and reactive tendencies have already, indeed, blighted the once pattern school-system of Prussia, while they are believed to threaten a like step in England. But the idea of such an education as we have striven to portray, harmonizes with the spirit and objects of a commonwealth, and if we mistake not, to the perpetuity and perfection of free institutions it may yet be found the condition precedent.

TRAVEL-PICTURES.

A QUIET COURT IN PARIS.

No lodging on a village street could be quieter than my room in Paris, and yet the court it opened upon was not more than an easy stone's throw from the gayest part of the Boulevards. Once within the great wooden gate and up the narrow lane conducting to the court, and you seemed to have left the great world as completely behind you as if it had been a dream. It was one of the smallest of Parisian courts, and—to me its chief recommendation—one of the neatest. With its two or three small stuccoed houses built around, it reminded one rather of inclosures that you see in provincial towns in France than of the damp, high-walled courts, so common in the capital. In one of these small houses, looking out upon the sunny, cheerful yard, I had my room, and as I often sat at the window, I began by degrees to take some interest in the movements of my neighbors, as we can hardly help doing when the same persons pass in and out before our eyes for many days in succession. The house was rented or owned by an elderly lady, who, with her niece and an old servant-woman, seemed to be its only occupants, with the exception of two American boys, attending school by day at one of the large *Pensions* so numerous in Paris. Kinder people can not be found any where, and fortunate indeed is the sojourner in a strange land who falls in with such good hearts. Their history was a singular one, and I did not really learn it till my return to Paris, after a long absence. They interested me very much, from the first day. The lady and her niece had seen better days, and were notable partisans of the Orleans family, whose memory they deeply revered. Politics, indeed, could make but little difference to them, passing, as they did, most of their lives in their quiet rooms; but such interest as they had in it clung to what they considered the model royal



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family of Europe, a family that carried its affections and virtues equally through the saddest and most splendid experiences. They could not sympathize with the oppressive and military character of the present dynasty and the crowd of time-serving adventurers that swarmed around it. The life of the younger lady was devoted to her aunt, and all the spare hours that remained to her from those occupied by the lessons she was compelled to give, to increase their scanty income, were passed in her society. I have seldom seen a life of such entire self-denial as that led by this refined and delicate woman. The third figure of this family group, the old servant, Marie, was a character peculiar to France. She seemed rather a companion than a servant, though she performed all the duties of the latter, keeping the rooms in neatest order, and making better coffee than I found at the most splendid restaurants. She had a clear blue eye, with one of the most faithful expressions I ever saw on human face, and seemed to take as much interest in me and the two American boys as if we had been her children. She was the housekeeper, buying all their little supplies; but when her labors were over, passing her leisure hours in the society of the ladies she had so long served. I soon saw that the connection between these three beings would be terminated only by death. The chief difference in the two ladies and their faithful old *bonne*, beyond the circumstance of better education and greater refinement, was that for the former the outer world no longer had much interest, while the old Marie still seemed to retain a keen relish for what was going on around her, and often amused me by the eagerness with which she would enter into trifling details of gossip and general news. After sight-seeing all day, and the experiences of a stranger in Paris, I was often glad to join the trio in their little parlor, and talk over the Paris of former days, during its revolutions and *fetes*, or answer their questions about my every-day ramblings or my American home. I felt, during these evenings, a relief from the general routine of places of amusement, enjoyed their home-like quiet, and knew I could always give pleasure by varying the monotony of these ladies' every-day life. So the three, so devoted to each other, lived quietly on, winning my respect and sympathy. I left them, with many regrets on their part and my own, and on my return, after an absence of nearly a year, one of my first visits was to these kind-hearted people. To my sorrow, I learned that death had removed the elder lady some months before. I could hardly imagine a death that would longer or more painfully affect a family group than this, for they had so few outward circumstances to distract their thoughts. They received me cordially; but grief for their irreparable loss was always visible in every subsequent interview I had with them. Meeting again one of the school-boys who had lodged there, he told me the following circumstances



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of the death of the lady, and of the relationship existing between them, which was so different from what I had always imagined. Madame de B—— was the widow of a French officer of high rank, during whose life she had been in affluent circumstances; but through various causes, she had lost most of the property left her at his death, and retained at last only enough to keep them in the humble style I have described. The manner of her death was very singular. In her better days, she had lived with her husband in a handsome house near the Champs Elysees. On the day of her death, she was walking with a gentleman from Boston, a friend of the two pupils I have mentioned, and was speaking to him of her more affluent days, when, as they were near the house where she had once lived, she proposed to walk on a little further, that she might point it out. He consented, and as they drew near to it, she exclaimed, '*Ah! nous l'apercevons,*' and, without another word, fell suddenly in a sort of apoplectic fit, not living more than half an hour longer. The circumstance of this lady dying suddenly so near the place where she had once lived, and which she so seldom visited, was certainly very singular. To my surprise, I learned that the younger lady was the daughter of old Marie, having been adopted and educated by the person she had always supposed to be her aunt; she having no children of her own. What made it more singular was, that the younger lady had herself been in possession of this family secret only a few years. It reminded me somewhat of Tennyson's Lady Clare, though in this case no one had been kept out of an estate by the fiction. It was merely to give the young lady the advantage of the supposed relationship. This, then, accounted for the strong affection existing between them, and lest any reader might think this conduct strange, I must again bear witness to the kindness and true affection always displayed toward the real mother. I would not narrate this true story, did I not feel how little chance there is of my humble pen writing any thing that would reach the ears of this family, living so obscurely in the great world of Paris.

Just opposite us, in the court, lived another lady, who has played many fictitious parts, as well as a somewhat prominent one, on the stage of real life. This was Madame George, the once celebrated actress; in her younger days, a famous beauty, and at one time mistress of the great Napoleon. Though long retired from regular connection with the stage, she still makes an occasional appearance upon it, almost always drawing a full audience, collected principally from curiosity to see so noted a personage, or to remark what portion of her once great dramatic power time has still left her. One of these appearances was made at the Odeon, while we were in Paris. Marie informed us of the coming event before it was announced on the bills, and seemed to take as much interest in it as if it had been the *debut* of a near relative.



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We had sometimes caught a glimpse of the great actress, tending her geraniums and roses at the window, or going out to drive. On the evening in question, a very large audience greeted the tragedienne, and she was received, with much enthusiasm. She appeared in a tragedy of Racine, in which she had once been preeminently distinguished. Magnificently dressed, and adorned with splendid jewels, trophies of her younger days, when her favors were sought by those who could afford to bestow such gifts, she did not look over thirty-five, though now more than twice that age. I am no admirer of French tragedy, but I certainly thought Madame George still showed the remains of a great actress, and in some passages produced a decided impression. Her tall, commanding figure, expressive eyes, and features of perfect regularity, must have given her every natural requisite for the higher walks of her profession. As I watched her moving with majestic grace across the stage, irrepressible though trite reflections upon her early career passed through my mind. What audiences she has played before, in the days of the first empire! How many soldiers and statesmen, now numbered with the not-to-be-forgotten dead, have applauded her delivery of the same lines that we applaud to-night. Napoleon and his brilliant military court, the ministers of foreign nations, students such as are here this evening, themselves since distinguished in various walks of life, have passed across the stage, and made their final exit, leaving Madame George still upon it. And the not irreproachable old character herself—what piquant anecdotes she could favor us with, would she but draw some memory-pictures for us! Women in Europe, in losing virtue, do not always lose worldly prudence, as with us, and go down to infamy and a miserable old age. Better, however, make allowance for the manners of the time—French manners at that—and contemplate the old lady from an historical point of view, regarding her with interest, as I could not help doing, as one of the few remaining links connecting the old Napoleon dynasty with the new. How strange the closing of a life like hers! Except for the occasional reappearance on the scene of her old triumphs, not oftener than once or twice a year, how quiet the life she now leads! what a contrast to the excitement and brilliancy that mark the career of a leading actress in the zenith of her reputation! *Then*, from the theatre she would drive in her splendid equipage through streets illuminated perhaps for some fresh victory gained by the invincible battalions of her imperial lover. *Now*, in a retired house, she probably sometimes muses over the past, pronouncing, as few with better reason can, 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,' such changes has she witnessed in the fortunes of the great actors by whom she was once surrounded. So here were the histories of two of the occupants of our court. The others may have had experiences no less strange; and in many another court in this great city, from the stately inclosures of the Rue de Lille to the squalid dens of the Faubourg St. Antoine, (if the names have not escaped me,) lives well worth the telling are passing away. Such is a great city.



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THE COUNTRY OF EUGENE ARAM

There is a little river in England called the Nidd, and on its high banks stand the ruins of a castle. There is much in this part of it to remind one of the Rhine; the banks rise up in bold, picturesque form; the river just here is broad and deep, and the castle enough of a ruin to lead us to invest it with some legend, such as belongs to every robber's nest on that famous river. No hawk-eyed baron ready to pounce on the traveler, is recorded as having lived here; all that seems to be remembered of it is, that the murderers of Thomas A Becket lay secreted here for a time after that deed of blood, ere they ventured forth on their pilgrimage, haunted by the accursed memory of it all their lives. This is something, to be sure, in the way of historic incident, but the real interest of this immediate region arises from the fact of its being the home and haunt of Eugene Aram. A great English novelist has woven such a spell of enchantment around the history of this celebrated criminal, that I could not help devoting a day to the environs of the little town of Knaresboro', in and around which the most eventful portion of Aram's life was passed. A famous dropping-well, whose waters possess the power of rapidly petrifying every object exposed to them, is one of the most noticeable things in the neighborhood. There are also one or two curious rockcut cells, high up on precipitous slopes, which were inhabited years ago by pious recluses who had withdrawn from the vanities of the world. Some were highly esteemed here in their lives, and here their bones reposed; and the fact of their remaining undiscovered sometimes for many years, was ingeniously used by Aram in his defense, to account for the discovery of the bones of his victim in the neighboring cave of St. Robert. This latter is one of the few places connected with Aram's history that can be pointed out with certainty. It lies about two miles below the castle before mentioned. It is even now a place that a careless pedestrian might easily pass without remarking, notwithstanding that its entrance is worn by many curious feet. The entrance is very narrow, and the cavern, like caverns in general, exceedingly dark. The river flows by more rapidly here than above; the grass grows long and wild, and there is a gloomy air about it that would make it an unpleasant place for a night rendezvous even without the horrid associations connected with it. The exact place where Clark's bones were discovered is pointed out, and probably correctly, as the space is too narrow to admit of much choice. Here they lay buried for years, while according to Bulwer, this most refined of murderers was building up a high name as a scholar and a stainless reputation as a man. A field not far off is pointed out as the place where were found the bones which led to the detection of Aram. Though but few places can now be indicated with certainty in connection with his tragic story,



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a vague outline of the character of the man before the discovery of his crime, is preserved in the neighborhood. As we read the true story of Eugene Aram, lately published by an apparently reliable person, our sense of the poetic is somewhat blunted; we feel that the lofty character drawn by Bulwer is in many respects a creation of the novelist, while the whole story of his love is demolished by the stern fact of his having a wife, of no reputable character, with whom he lived unhappily; but he was still a man of talent, of great mental, if not moral refinement, and of indomitable ardor in the pursuit of learning. The chief fault of his character until his one great crime was discovered, seems to have been recklessness in pecuniary transactions, by which he was often involved in petty difficulties. He seems to have had a tenderness amounting to acute sensibility, for dumb animals, and to have dreaded killing a fly more than many a man who could not, like him, be brought to kill a fellow-being. His mental acquirements, though remarkable for an unaided man of obscure origin, would not probably have attracted wide attention, had it not been for the notoriety caused by the detection of his crime. How many fair girls have shed tears over 'his ill-starred love' and melancholy fate, who little dreamed that he was a husband, in a very humble rank of life. Bulwer speaks of his favorite walks with Madeline, and of a rustic seat still called 'The Lovers' Scat.' It is not, I think, now pointed out, nor is the account of his love probably more than an imaginary one, but it may be founded upon fact, and some high-souled English girl may really, in his early life, or when separated as he was for a long time from his wife, have called forth all his better feelings and revealed glimpses of the beauty of the life of two affectionate and pure beings keeping no secrets of the heart from each other. How it must have tortured him to think that such a life never could be his, well fitted for it as in some respects he was, and ever haunted by the fear that the poor sham by which he was concealed must some day be torn away, and an ignominious fate be apportioned him! No situation can be more deplorable than that of a man of refined and lofty nature, who has made one fatal mistake connecting him with men far worse than himself, who are masters of his secret and ever ready to use it for their own base purposes. Are there not many men so situated—men near us now, who walk through life haunted by the dreadful spectres of past misdeeds hastily committed, bitterly repented—a phantom that can blast every joy, and from whose presence death comes as a friendly deliverer?

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

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We reached the Hospice about an hour after dark, somewhat stiff, and very wet from the rain and snow that commenced falling as we entered the region of clouds. We had passed unpleasantly near some very considerable precipices, and though unable to distinguish the ground below, knew they were deep enough to occasion us decided 'inconvenience' had we gone over them. The long, low, substantial-looking building finally loomed through the mist, and alighting, we were shown into a room with a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth, and were soon joined by a priest of cordial, gentlemanly manners and agreeable conversation. So this was the famous monastery of St. Bernard, which we had read of all our lives, and the stories of whose sagacious dogs had delighted our childish minds. A substantial supper was provided for us, to which was added some excellent wine, made in the valley below. Conversation was pretty general in French, and somewhat exclusive in Latin; two of our party understanding the dead language, but ignorant of the living, framed with great difficulty ponderous but by no means Ciceronian sentences, which they launched at our host, who replied with great fluency, showing that for conversational purposes, at least, his command of the language was much better than theirs. Being anxious to attend the early mass in the morning, and tired from our ride, we were soon shown to our rooms. Walking along the passages and viewing the different apartments, we saw the house would accommodate a great number of persons. The rooms were long and narrow, many of them containing a number of beds; but in this bracing mountain air there is no fear of bad ventilation. No crack of my window was open, but the wind blew furiously outside, and there was a decidedly 'healthy coolness' about the apartment. The room was uncarpeted and scantily furnished, but every thing was spotlessly clean, and in pleasant contrast with the dirty luxury of some of the Continental inns. A few small pictures of saints and representations of scriptural subjects graced the white walls and constituted the only ornaments of the room. Looking from my window I saw that the clouds had blown away, and the brilliant moon shone on the sharp crags of the hills and on the patches of snow that lay scattered about on the ground. The scene was beautiful, but very cold; the wind howled around the house, and yet this was a balmy night compared with most they have here. I thought of merciless snow-drifts overtaking the poor blinded traveler, benumbed, fainting, and uncertain of his path; of the terrors of such a situation, and then glancing around the plain but comfortable room, I could not but feel grateful to the pious founders of this venerable institution. Long may it stand a monument of their benevolence and of the shelter that poor wayfarers have so often found within its hospitable walls!



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At daybreak we made our way to the chapel, a large and beautiful room with many pictures and rich ornaments, gifts of persons who have shared the hospitality of the place. At the altar the brother who had welcomed us on our arrival was officiating in his priestly robes, assisted by several others. A few persons, servants of the establishment and peasants stopping for the night, with ourselves, composed the congregation. Two of the women present, we were told, were penitents; we asked no further of their history, but at this remote place the incident gave us cause for reflection and surmise. Heaven grant that in this sublime solitude their souls may have found the peace arising from the consciousness of forgiveness. I have never been more impressed with the Catholic service than I was this morning, when the voices of the priests blending with the organ, rose on the stillness of that early hour in one of the familiar chants of the Church. It seemed, indeed, like heavenly music. Here with the first dawn of morning on these lofty mountaintops, where returning day is welcomed earlier than in the great world below, men had assembled to pour forth their worship to God, here so manifest in his mighty works. The ever-burning lamp swung in the dim chapel, and it seemed a beautiful idea that morning after morning on these great mountains, the song of gratitude and praise should ascend to Him who fashioned them; that so it has been for years, while successive winters have beat in fury on this house, and the snows have again and again shut out all signs of life from nature. As my heart filled with emotion, I could not but think of the aptness to the present scene of those beautiful lines of our poet:

'At break of day as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Chanted the oft-repeated prayer.'

Time and place were the same, and the service seemed as beautiful and solemn as might have been that chanted over the stiff, frozen body of the high-souled but too aspiring boy. The service ended, and we were left alone in the chapel. In one corner of it is the box in which those who can, leave a contribution for the support of the establishment. No regular charge is made, but probably most persons leave more than they would at a hotel—and our party certainly did. I believe that the money is well applied; at any rate, for years the hospice afforded shelter before travel became a fashionable summer amusement, and in those days it expended far more than it received.

Our breakfast was very simple, and the Superior of the establishment confined himself to a small cup of coffee and morsel of bread. They have but one substantial meal a day. I was interested in observing our host. His appearance and manner were prepossessing and agreeable, but this morning something seemed to weigh anxiously on his mind. He was abstracted in manner, and once as I looked up suddenly, his lips were moving, and he half checked himself in an involuntary gesture. Had the confession of the penitents, perhaps, troubled him? I believe he was a sincere, self-sacrificing man, and I have often thought of his manner that morning.

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We were, of course, very anxious to see the dogs, but were told they are now becoming exceedingly scarce. They can not be kept very long in the piercing air of the mountains, its rarefaction being as injurious to them as to human beings. Most of them are therefore kept at Martigny, or some other place below. We were told, however, that two 'pups' were now at the hospice; and as we sallied out for a walk over the hills, we heard a violent scratching at an adjoining door, which being opened, out burst the pups. They were perfect monsters, though very young, with huge paws, lithe and graceful but compact forms, full of life and activity, and faces beaming with instinct. Darting out with us, they seemed frantic with joy, snuffed the keen air as they rushed about, sometimes tumbling over each other, and at times bursting against us with a force that nearly knocked us down. They reminded me of two young tigers at their gambols. I have never seen nobler-looking brutes. What fine, honest, expressive countenances they had! At times a peculiar sort of frown would ruffle the skin around their eyes, their ears would prick up, and every nerve seem to be quickened. The face of a noble dog appears to me to be capable of almost as great a variety of expression as the human countenance, and these changes are sometimes more rapid. The inquisitive and chagrined look when baffled in pursuit of prey, the keen relish of joy, the look of supplication for food, of conscious guilt for misdemeanor, the eyes beaming with intense affection for a master, and whining sorrow for his absence, the meek look of endurance in sickness, the feeble, listless air, the resigned expression of the glassy eye at the approach of death, blending even then with indications of gratitude for kindness shown! These dumb brutes can often teach us lessons of meek endurance and resignation as well as courage, and few things call forth more just indignation than to see them abused by men far more brutish than they.

Accompanying one of the younger brethren on an errand to the valley below, we watched them dashing along till the intervening rocks hid them from our view. In the extensive museum of the Monastery we found much to interest us. Many of the curiosities are gifts of former travelers, and some of them are of great value. There is also a small collection of antiquities found in the immediate neighborhood, where, I believe, are still traces of an ancient temple. The St. Bernard has been a favorite pass with armies, and is thought by many to have been that chosen by Hannibal.

Not very far from the house is the 'morgue' so often noticed by travelers, containing numerous bodies, which, though they have not decayed, are nevertheless repulsive to look upon. The well-known figures of the woman and her babe show that for once the warm refuge of a mother's breast chilled and fainted in the pitiless storm.

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After cordial well—wishes from the brethren, we left the hospice, bringing away remembrances of it as one of the most interesting places it has been our privilege to visit. It has, of course, changed character within half a century, and there is now less necessity for it than formerly. Many travelers complain of it as now wearing too much the appearance of a hotel; but we were there too late in the season to find it so; and even if true at other times, the associations with the Monastery and the Pass are so interesting, the scenery so bold, and the welcome one meets with so cordial, that he who regrets having made the ascent must have had a very different experience from ourselves.

A few hours' ride brought us to the valley, where we met peasants driving carts and bearing baskets piled up with luscious grapes. A trifle that the poorest traveler could have spared, procured us an ample supply.

THE HUGUENOTS OF STATEN ISLAND.

Staten Island, that enchanting sea-girt spot in the beautiful Bay of New-York, early became a favorite resort with the French Protestants. It should be called the Huguenot Island; and for fine scenery, inland and water, natural beauties, hill, dale, and streams, with a bracing, healthful climate, it strongly reminds the traveler of some regions in France. No wonder that Frenchmen should select such a spot in a new land, for their quiet homes. The very earliest settlers on its shores were men of religious principles. Hudson, the great navigator, discovered the Island, in 1609, when he first entered the noble river which bears his undying name. It was called by its Indian owners, *Aquehioneja*, *Manackong*, or *Eghquaous*, which, translated, means the place of *Bad Woods*, referring, probably, to the character of its original savage inhabitants. Among the very earliest patents granted for lands in New-Netherland, we find one of June 19th, 1642, to Cornelius Melyn, a Dutch burgomaster. He thus became a Patroon of Staten Island, and subsequently a few others obtained the same honor and privileges. They were all connected with the Dutch Reformed Church, in Holland; and when they emigrated to New-Netherland, always brought with them their Bibles and the '*Kranek-besoecker*,' or '*Comforter of the Sick*,' who supplied the place of a regular clergyman. Twice were the earliest settlers dispersed by the Raritan Indians, but they rallied again, until their progress became uninterrupted and permanent.

Between the Hollanders and the French Refugees, there existed an old and intimate friendship. Holland, from the beginning of the Middle Ages, had been the asylum for all the religious out-laws from all parts of Europe. But especially the persecuting wars and troubles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, brought hither crowds of exiles. Not less than thirty thousand English, who had embraced the Reformed faith, found here a shelter during the reign of Mary

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Tudor. Hosts of Germans, during the 'Thirty Years' War,' obtained on the banks of the Amstel and the Rhine, that religious liberty, which they had in vain claimed in their own country. But the greatest emigration was that of the *Walloons*, from the bloody tyranny of the Duke of Alba, and the Count of Parma. For a long period the Reformed faith had found adherents in the Provinces of the Low Countries. Here the first churches were *under the Cross, or in the Secret*, as it was styled, and they concealed themselves from the raging persecution, by hiding, as it were, their faith, under mystic names, the sense of which believers only knew. We will mention only a few. That of Tournay, '*The Palm-Tree*;' Antwerp, '*The Vine*;' Mons, '*The Olive*;' Lille, '*The Rose*;' Douay, '*The Wheat-Sheaf*;' and the Church of Arras had for its symbol '*The Hearts-Ease*.' In 1561, they published in French, their Confession of Faith, and in 1563, their Deputies, from the Reformed Communities of Flanders, Brabant, Artois, and Hainault, united in a single body, holding the first Synod of which we have any account. These regions were an old part of the French Netherlands, or Low Countries; and a small section of Brabant was called *Walloon*; and here were found innumerable advocates of the Reformed faith. The whole country would probably have become the most Protestant of all Europe, were it not for the torrents of blood poured out for the maintenance of the Roman religion by the Duke of Alba.

Welcomed by the States General, Walloon Colonies were formed from the year 1578 to 1589, at Amsterdam, Harlaem, Leyden, Utrecht, and other places. But new persecutions arising, the Reformed French retired to Holland, where new churches arose at Rotterdam, in 1605, Nimeguen, 1621, and Tholen, in 1658. It was natural, therefore, that the Huguenots of France should afterward settle in a country of so much sympathy for the Walloon refugees, whom they regarded as their brethren. When Henry III. commanded them to be converted to the Romish Church or to leave the kingdom in six months, many of them repairing to Holland, joined the Walloon communities, whose language and creed were their own. After the fall of La Rochelle, this emigration recommenced, and was doubled under Louis XIV., when he promulgated his first wicked and insane edict against his Protestant subjects. From that unfortunate period, during a century, the Western Provinces of France depopulated themselves to the benefit of the Dutch Republic. Many learned men and preachers visited these Walloon churches, while endeavoring to escape the persecuting perils of every kind, to which they were exposed. Among the ministers we may mention the names of Basnage, Claude, Benoit, and Saurin, who surpassed them all, by the superiority of his genius, who was the patriarch of 'The Refuge,' and contributed more than all the rest to prevail on the Huguenots to leave France.

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During the last twenty years of the seventeenth century, the French Protestant emigration into Holland rose to a political event, and the first '*Dragonades*' gave the signal in 1681. The Burgomasters of Amsterdam soon perceived the golden advantages which the Hollanders would derive from the fatal policy of Louis XIV. The city of Amsterdam announced to the refugees all the rights of citizenship, with an exemption from taxes for three years. The States of Holland soon followed the example of Amsterdam, and by a public declaration, discharged all refugees who should settle there, from all taxes for twelve years. In less than eight days all the Protestants of France were informed of this favorable proclamation, which gave impulse to new emigration. In all the Dutch provinces and towns collections were taken up for the benefit of the French refugees, and a general fast proclaimed for Wednesday, November 21st, 1685, and all Protestants were invited to thank God for the grace he gave them to worship Him in liberty, and to entreat him to touch the heart of the French King, who had inflicted such cruel persecutions on true believers.

The Prince of Orange attached two preachers to his person from the church of Paris, and the Huguenot ladies found a noble protectress in the Princess of Orange. Thanks to her most generous care, more than one hundred ladies of noble birth, who had lost all they possessed in France, and had seen their husbands or fathers thrown into dungeons, now found comfortable homes at Harlaem, Delft, and the Hague. At the Hague, the old convent of preaching monks was turned into an establishment for French women. At Nort, a boarding-house for young ladies of quality received an annual benefaction of two thousand florins from her liberal hands. Nor did she forget these pious asylums, after the British Parliament had decreed her the crown. Most of the refugees came from the Southern provinces—brave officers, rich merchants of Amiens, Rouen, Bourdeaux, and Nantes, artisans of Brittany and Normandy, with agriculturists from Provence, the shores of Languedoc, Roussillon, and La Guienne. Thus were transported into hospitable Holland, gentlemen and ladies of noble birth, with polished minds and refined manners, simple mechanics and ministers of high renown, and all more valuable than the golden mines of India or Peru. Thus Holland, of all lands, received most of the French refugees, and Bayle calls it 'the grand ark of the refugees.' No documents exist, by which their numbers can be correctly computed, but they have been estimated from fifty-five to seventy-five thousand souls, and the greatest number were to be found at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague. In 1686, there were not less than *sixteen* French pastors to the Walloon churches at Amsterdam.



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Thus intimately, by a common faith, friendship, and interest, did the Huguenots unite themselves with the people of Holland, who, about this period, commenced the establishment of New-Netherland in America. We have traced this union the more fully for the better understanding of our general subject. The Walloons and Huguenots were, in fact, the same people—oppressed and persecuted French Protestants. Of the former, as early as the year 1622, several Walloon families from the frontier, between Belgium and France, turned their attention to America. They applied to Sir Dudley Carleton, for permission to settle in the colony of Virginia, with the privilege of erecting a town and governing themselves, by magistrates of their own election. The application was referred to the Virginia Company,[1] but its conditions seem to have been too republican, and many of these Walloons looked, toward New-Netherland, where some arrived in 1624, with the Dutch Director, Minuit.

[1: Lond. Doc. 1, 24.]

At first, they settled on Staten Island, (1624,) but afterward removed to *Wahle Bocht* or the 'Bay of Foreigners,' which has since been corrupted into Wallabout. This settlement extended subsequently toward 'Breukelen,' named after an ancient Dutch village on the river Veght, in the province of Utrecht; so that Staten Island has the honor of having presented the first safe home, in America, and on her beautiful shores, to the Walloons or Huguenots. The name of Walloon itself is said to be derived either from Wall, (water or sea,) or more probably, the old German word *Wahle*, signifying a foreigner. It must be remembered that this is a part of the earliest chapter in the history of New-Netherland, which the 'West-India Company' now resolved to erect into a province. To the Chamber of Amsterdam the superintendence of this new and extensive country was committed, and this body, during the previous year, had sent out an expedition, in a vessel called the 'New-Netherland,' 'whereof Cornelius Jacobs of Hoorn was skipper, *with thirty families, mostly Walloons, to plant a colony there.*' They arrived in the beginning of May, (1623,) and the old document, from which we quote, adds:

'God be praised, it hath so prospered, that the honorable Lords Directors of the West-India Company have, with the consent of the noble, high, and mighty Lords States General, undertaken to plant some colonies,'[2] ... 'The Honorable *Daniel Van Krieckbeeck*, for brevity called *Beeck*, was commissary here, and so did his duty that he was thanked.'

[2: Wassemaer's *Historie Van Europa*, Amsterdam, 1621-1628.]



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In 1625, three ships and a yacht arrived at Manhattan, with more families, farming implements, and one hundred and three head of cattle. Hitherto the government of the settlement had been simple, but now, affairs assuming more permanency, a proper 'Director' from Holland was appointed, and Peter Minuit, then in the office, was instructed to organize a provincial government. He arrived in May, 1626, and to his unfading honor be it recorded, that his first official act was to secure possession of Manhattan Island, by fair and lawful purchase of the Indians. It was estimated to contain twenty-two thousand acres, and was bought for the sum of sixty guilders, or twenty-four dollars! Lands were cheap then, where our proud and princely metropolis now stands, with her millions, her churches, palatial stores, residences, and shipping.

As yet there was no clergyman in the colony, but two visitors of the sick, Sebastian Jansen Keol and Jan Huyck, were appointed for this important duty, and also to read the Scriptures, on Sundays, to the people. Thus was laid, more than two hundred years ago, the corner-stone of the Empire State, on the firm foundation of justice, morality, and religion. This historical fact places the character of the Dutch and French settlers in a most honorable light. They enjoy the illustrious distinction of fair, honest dealing with the aborigines, the natural owners of the lands.

The purchase of Manhattan, in 1626, was only imitated when William Penn, fifty-six years afterward, purchased the site of Philadelphia from the Indians, under the famous Elm Tree. The Dutch and Huguenot settlers of New-Netherland were grave, firm, persevering men, who brought with them the simplicity, industry, integrity, economy, and bravery of their Belgic sires, and to these eminent virtues were added the light of the civil law and the purity of the Protestant faith. To such we can point with gratitude and respect, for the beginnings of our western metropolis, and the works of our American forefathers.

The Rev. Joannes Megapolensis, as early as the year 1642, took charge of the Dutch Reformed Church in Albany, under the patronage of the Patroon of Rensselaerwick, and five years afterward became 'Domine' at Manhattan. In 1652, he selected for a colleague, Samuel Drissius, on account of his knowledge of French and English, and from his letters we learn that he went, once a month, to preach to the French Protestants on Staten Island. These were Vaudois or Waldenses, who had fled to Holland from severe persecutions in Piedmont, and by the liberality of the city of Amsterdam, were forwarded to settle in New-Netherland. We wish that more materials could be gathered to describe the history of this minister and his early Huguenot flock upon Staten Island. His ministry continued from 1652 to 1671, and I have recorded all that I can find respecting him and his people. About the year 1690, the New-York Consistory invited the Rev. Peter Daille, who had ministered among the Massachusetts Huguenots, to preach occasionally on Staten Island.



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In August, 1661, a number of Dutch and French emigrants from the Palatinate obtained grants of land on the south side of Staten Island, where a site for a village was surveyed. In a short time its population increased to twelve or fourteen families, and to protect them from the Indians, a block-house was erected and garrisoned with three guns and ten soldiers. Domine Drissius visited them, and from a letter of his to the Classis of Amsterdam, we learn the names of these early emigrants, and some are familiar ones[3], Jan Classen, Johannes Christoffels, Ryk Hendricks, Meyndert Evertsen, Gerrit Cornelissen, Capt. Post, Govert Lockermans, Wynant Peertersen, *etc.*, *etc.* Previous to this period, the island had been twice overrun by the savages and its population scattered; but now its progress became uninterrupted and onward. Crowds of people from Germany, Norway, Austria, and Westphalia had fled to Holland, and their number was increased by the religious troubles of the Waldenses and Huguenots. Several families of the latter requested permission to emigrate with the Dutch farmers to New-Netherland, at their own expense. They only asked protection for a year or two from the Indians; and the English, now in possession of the New-York colony, were most favorably disposed toward them. This transfer from the Dutch to the British rule took place in 1664. Fort Amsterdam became Fort James, and the city took its present name, imposed as it was upon its rightful owners. Staten Island was called Richmond County, and the province of New-Netherland New-York, the name of one known only in history as a tyrant and a bigot, the enemy of both political and religious freedom.

[3: Alb. Rec. xviii.]

From 1656 to 1663, some Protestant emigrants from Savoy came to Staten Island, and a large body of Rochelle Huguenots also reached New-York during the latter year. This fertile and beautiful spot, with its gentle hills and wide-spread surrounding waters, became a favorite asylum for the French refugees, and they arrived in considerable numbers about the year 1675, with a pastor, and erected a church near Richmond village. I have visited the place, but all that remains to mark the venerable and sacred spot is a single dilapidated grave-stone! The building, it is said, was burned down, and none of its records have been discovered. At that period, there were only five or six congregations in the province of New-York, and this must have been one of them. The Rev. David Bonrepos accompanied some of the French Protestants in their flight from France to this country, and in an early description of New-York, the Rev. John Miller says: 'There is a meeting-house at Richmond, Staten Island, of which Dr. Bonrepos is the minister. There are forty English, forty-four Dutch, and thirty-six French families.' In 1695-1696, letters of denization were granted to David Bonrepos and others. Among my autographs is a copy of his; he wrote a fair, clear hand.



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Under the tolerant rule of 'Good Queen Anne,' many French refugees obtained peaceful abodes in Richmond county. In their escape from their own land, multitudes had been kindly received in England, and afterward accepted a permanent and safe shelter in the Province of New-York. What a noble origin had the Staten Island Christian refugees! Their ancestors, the Waldenses, resided several centuries, as a whole people, in the South of France, and like the ancient Israelites of the land of Goshen, enjoyed the pure light of sacred truth, while Egyptian darkness spread its gloom on every side. In vain have historians endeavored to trace correctly their origin and progress. All, however, allow them a very high antiquity, with what is far better, an uncontaminated, pure faith. A very ancient record gives a beautiful picture of their simple manners and devotions:

'They, kneeling on their knees, or leaning against some bank or stay, do continue in their prayers with silence, as long as a man may say thirty or forty *paternosters*. This they do every day, with great reverence, being among themselves. Before meat, they say, '*Benedicite.*' etc. Then the elders, in their own tongue, repeat: 'God, which blessed the five loaves and two fishes, bless this table and what is set upon it. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.' After meat, they say: 'Blessing, and worship, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor, virtue, and strength, to God alone, for ever and ever. Amen. The Lord which has given us corporeal feeding, grant, us his spiritual life; and God be with us, and we always with him. Amen.' Thus saying grace, they hold their hands upward, looking up to heaven; and afterward they teach and exhort among themselves.'

To Staten Islanders it must be a pleasant reminiscence, that among their earliest settlers were these pious Waldenses.

Like their brethren in Utrecht, the descendants of the Huguenots on the Island sometimes occupy the same farms which their pious ancestors obtained more than a century and a half ago. The Disosways, the Guions, the Seguines, on its beautiful winding shores, are well-known examples of this kind. The Hollanders, Walloons, Waldenses, and the Huguenots here all intermarried, and the noble, spiritual races thus combined, ever have formed a most excellent, industrious, and influential population. Judges, Assemblymen, members of Congress, and ministers, again and again, in Richmond county, have been selected from these unions. During the Revolutionary struggle, the husband of Mrs. Colonel Disosway had fallen into the hands of the common enemy; she was the sister of the well-known and brave Captain Fitz-Randolph, or Randell, as commonly called, who had greatly annoyed the British. When one of their officers had consented to procure her husband's release, if she would persuade her brother to quit the American ranks, she indignantly replied: 'If I could act so dastardly a part, think you that General Washington has but one Captain Randolph in his army?'



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The early history of some of the emigrants is almost the reality of romance. Henri de La Tourette fled from La Vendee, after the Revolution, and to avoid suspicion, gave a large entertainment. While the guests were assembled at his house, he suddenly left, with his wife, for the sea-coast. This was not far off, and reaching it, he escaped on board a vessel bound for Charleston. The ship was either cast away upon the shores of Staten Island, or made a harbor in distress. Here La Tourette landed, and a long list of exemplary, virtuous people trace their origin to this source, and one of them has been pastor to the 'Huguenot,' a Dutch Reformed church on the Island, and is now a useful minister among the Episcopalians of the Western States. A branch of this family still exists at the chateau of La Tourette, in France, and some years since, one of them visited this country to obtain the 'Old Family Bible.' But he was unsuccessful, as the holy and venerable volume had been sent long before to a French refugee in Germany. But few of such holy books can now be found, printed in French, and very scarce; wherever met with, they should be carefully perused and preserved.

Dr. Channing Moore for a long time was the faithful pastor of St. Andrew's, the Episcopal Church at Richmond. Afterward he was consecrated the Bishop of Virginia. He was connected by marriage with an old Huguenot family of the Island, and his son, the Rev. David Moore, D.D., succeeded him here, living and dying, a striking example of fidelity to his most important duties. That eloquent divine, the late Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, was a Staten Islander by birth, and of the same French origin on the maternal side.

His son is the present Bishop Bedell of Ohio. There are scarcely any of the original Richmond county families but claim relationship to the French Protestants either on the father or mother's side. In all the official records are to be found such names as Disosway, Fontaine, (Fountain,) Reseau, Bedell, Rutan, Poillon, Mercereau, La Conte, Britten, Maney, Perrin, (Perrine,) Larselene, Curse, De Puy, (Depuy,) Corssen, Martineau, Morgane, (Morgan,) Le Guine, (Leguine,) Journey, Teunise, Guion, Dubois, Andronette, Winant, Totten, La Farge, Martling, De Decker, (Decker very numerous,) Barton, Ryers, Menell, Hillyer, De Groot, Garretson, Vanderbilt, *etc.*, *etc.*

Few communities are blest with a better population than Richmond county, moral, industrious, thrifty, and religious, and they should ever cherish the remembrance of their virtuous and noble origin. The island is not more than twelve or fourteen miles long, and about three wide, with some thirty thousand inhabitants; and within these small limits there are over thirty churches, of various denominations, each having a regular pastor; and most of the official members in these congregations are lineal branches of the first settlers, the French Protestants. What a rich and glorious, harvest, since the handful of Holland, Walloon, Waldenses, and Huguenot emigrants, two centuries and a half ago, first landed upon the wilderness shores of Staten Island!



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RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

The appearance of the first volume of the long-expected *Life of Washington Irving* has excited an interest which will not be satisfied until the whole work shall have been completed. Its author, Pierre M. Irving, sets forth with the announcement that his plan is to make the patriarch of American literature his own biographer. It is nothing new that this branch of letters is beset with peculiar difficulties. Some men suffer sadly at the hand of their chronicler. Scott misrepresents Napoleon, and Southey fails equally in his *Memoirs of Cowper* and of the Wesleys. Friendship's colors are too bright for correct portraiture, and prejudice equally forbids accuracy. Mr. Pierre M. Irving, though an admirer of his distinguished kinsman, (and who that knew him could fail of admiration?) avoids the character of a mere eulogist, while at the same time he exhibits none of the obsequiousness of a Boswell, fluttering like a moth about a huge candle. Being a man of independent mind and of high culture, he brings out the character he portrays in aspects true to life, and not exaggerated by excess of tone, while he fully exhibits its exquisite finish.

Among the many incidents of deep interest which are contained in this volume, the episode of Matilda Hoffman stands forth in most striking relief. While lifting the veil which for a half-century covered the most pathetic event in Irving's life, his biographer touches with a scrupulous delicacy a theme so sacredly enshrined in a life-long memory. In referring to this affair, which gave a tender aspect to Irving's subsequent career, and in fact changed its whole tenor, we may remark that the loves of literary men form a most interesting and, in some cases, moving history. Some, like Petrarch, Earl Surrey, Burns, and Byron, have embalmed the objects of their affection in the effusions of their muse, while others have bequeathed that duty to others. Shakspeare says but little about his sweetheart, while Milton, who was decidedly unsuccessful in matters of the heart, seems to have acted on the motto, 'The least said, the soonest mended.' Poor Pope, miserable invalid though he was, nervous, irritable, and full of hate and spleen, was not beyond the power of the tender passion, and confessed the charms of the lonely Martha Blount, who held the wretched genius among her conquests. Swift, although an ogre at heart, had his chapter of love matters, which never fail to give us the horrors when we bring them to mind, and the episodes of Stella and Vanessa are among the minor tragedies in life's great drama. Johnson had a great heart, and was born to love, though, like the lion, he needed to have his claws pared, to fit him for female society. What a tender attachment was that which he bore 'Tetty,' and with what solemn remembrance he preserved her as his own, even after death had robbed him of her presence!

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The loves of these men exercised the strongest influence on their destinies, while, on the other hand, disappointment and consequent celibacy have done the same to their victims. To the bachelor list of modern days, which can boast of Charles Lamb and Macaulay, America adds the proud name of Washington Irving, whose early disappointment made him an author.

My impressions of Irving's boyhood and youth are alive with the freshness of an early memory, which conserves along with him the Crugers, Clintons, Livingstons, Ogdens, and other old and honored names of New-York. The biography which inspires this reminiscence gives a sketch of the early history of the family, and as its author has thus opened the subject, it will not, we presume, be considered an intrusion if I pursue the thread of domestic incident a little farther than he has done.

The Irving homestead, in William street, was, in its day, a place of some pretension, when contrasted with the humble dwellings which surrounded it. The street on which it stood was miserably built, but here, in the suburb of the city, was a house whose appearance corresponded with the solid and high-toned character of its owner. Old Mr. Irving was, at the time to which I refer, a hale citizen of about three-score and ten, of grave and majestic bearing, and a form and expression which, when once fixed in the mind, could not easily be forgotten. As I remember him, his countenance was cast in that strong mould which characterized the land of his birth, but the features were often mellowed by a quiet smile. He was a man of deep piety, and was esteemed a pillar in the Brick Church, then the leading Presbyterian church of the city.

His mode of conducting family worship was peculiarly beautiful, and even to his last days he maintained this service. On such occasions, it was a most touching spectacle to see the majestic old man, bowed and hoary with extreme age, leaning upon his staff, as he stood among his family and sung a closing hymn, generally one appropriate to his condition, while tears of emotion ran down his checks. One of these hymns we well remember. It runs in these lines,

'Death may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my moments move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

'With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of my Lord;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.'

In a few years, the words of this exquisite hymn were fulfilled; the old man fell asleep, full of years and of honors, going to the grave like a shock of corn in its season. His



funeral was one of imposing simplicity, and he was buried just at the entrance of that church where he had been so long a faithful attendant.

Mrs. Irving, who survived him several years, was of a different type of character, which, by its peculiar contrast, seemed to perfect the harmony of a well-matched union. She was of elegant shape, with large English features, which were permeated by an indescribable life and beauty. Her manners were full of action, and her conversational powers were of a high order. All of these graces appeared in the children, and were united with the vigor of intellect which marked the character of the father.

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It would have been surprising if the offspring of such a union should not have been distinguished, and it is only the peculiar relation which the biographer sustains to it which prevents him from bringing this feature out more prominently.

It was, however, acknowledged, at an early day, that the family of William Irving had no equal in the city, and when we consider its number, its personal beauty, its moral excellence, its varied talents, without a single deficient or unworthy member, we can not wonder at the general admiration which it commanded. From the eldest son, William, and Ann, the eldest daughter, whom her father fondly termed Nancy, to Washington, the youngest, all were endowed with beauty, grace, amiability, and talent, yet in the latter they seemed to effloresce with culminating fullness. Nancy Irving was the cynosure of William street, concerning whose future destiny many a youth might have confessed an impassioned interest. Her brother William had become connected commercially with a young revolutionary soldier, (General Dodge,) who had opened a trading-station on the Mohawk frontier, and the latter bore away the sister as his bride. The union was one of happiness, and lasted twenty years, when it was terminated by her death. Of this, Washington thus speaks, in a letter in 1808: 'On the road, as I was traveling in high spirits, with the idea of home to inspire me, I had the shock of reading an account of my dear sister's death, and never was a blow struck so near my heart before.... One more heart lies cold and still that ever beat toward me with the warmest affection, for she was the tenderest, best of sisters, and a woman of whom a brother might be proud.' Little did the author of this letter then dream of that more crushing blow which within one year was to fall upon him, and from whose weight he was never wholly to recover.

William Irving, the brother of the biographer, was a model of manly beauty, and early remarkable for a brilliant and sparkling intellect, which overflowed in conversation, and often bordered on eloquence. Had he been bred to the law, he would have shone among its brightest stars; but those gifts, which so many envied, were buried in trade, and though he became one of the merchant-princes of the city, even this success could not compensate for so great a burial of gifts. As one of the contributors to *Salmagundi*, he exhibits the keenness of a flashing wit, while, in subsequent years, he represented New-York in Congress, when such an office was a distinction.

Peter Irving, like his brother, united personal elegance with talents, and conducted the *Morning Chronicle*, amid the boisterous storms of early politics. This journal favored the interests of Burr; but it must be remembered that at that time Burr's name was free from infamy, and that, as a leader, he enjoyed the highest prestige, being the centre of the Democracy of New-York. Burr's powers of fascination were peculiarly great, and he had surrounded



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himself with a circle of enthusiastic admirers. Indeed, such was his skill in politics, that in 1800 he upset the Federalists, after a pitched battle of three days, (the old duration of an election,) which was one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. Horatio Gates, of Saratoga fame, was one of his nominees for the State Legislature, (Gates was then enjoying those undeserved laurels which posterity has since taken away,) and it was surprising to see the veterans of the Revolution abandoning their party to vote for their old comrade and leader. The result was, that the Federalists were most thoroughly worsted, and the party never recovered from the blow. Such were the exciting events which identified the young politicians of the metropolis, and which inspired their speeches and their press. Burr's headquarters were at Martling's Tavern, 87 Nassau street. On being torn down, the business was removed to Tammany Hall, which has inherited a political character from its predecessor. Besides this, he used to meet his friends in more select numbers at a Coffee-house in Maiden Lane. His office was Number 30 Partition street, (now Fulton,) and his residence was at Richmond Hill. This place has lately been pulled down; it stood far away from the city, in a wild, secluded neighborhood, and in bad going was quite an out of the way spot, though now it would be in the densest part of the city. As there were no public vehicles plying in this direction, except the Chelsea (Twenty-eighth street) stage, which was very unreliable, one either had to hire a coach or else be subjected to a walk of two miles. But such as had the *entree* of this establishment would be well rewarded, even for these difficulties, by an interview with Theodosia Burr, the most charming creature of her day. She was married early, and we saw but little of her. From the interest which the Irvings felt in Burr's fortunes, it might have been expected that they should sympathize with him in his subsequent reverses.

The biographer presents Washington Irving as an attendant at the famous trial at Richmond, where his indignation at some of Burr's privations are expressed in a most interesting letter. This sympathy is the more touching from the fact that Washington was a Federalist, and in this respect differed from his brothers. We have an idea that his youthful politics were in no small degree influenced by those of that illustrious personage for whom he was named. Another of the sons was John T., who became a successful and wealthy jurist, and for many years presided at New-York Common Pleas, while Ebenezer was established in trade at an early day. Such was the development of that family, which in rosy childhood followed William Irving to the old Brick Church, and whose early progress he was permitted to witness. The biographer passes lightly over the scenes of boyhood, and there was hardly any need for his expatiating on that idolatry which surrounded the youngest. He was no doubt the



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first child ever named after the father of his country, and the touching incident of Lizzie's presenting the chubby, bright-eyed boy to Washington, is hit off in a few touches. It was, however, in itself a sublime thing. Nearly seventy years afterward, that child, still feeling the hand of benediction resting upon him, concludes his *Life of Washington* by a description of his reception in New-York, of which he had been a witness. Why does he not (it would have been a most pardonable allusion) bring in the incident referred to above? Ah! modesty forbade; yet, as he penned that description, his heart must have rejoiced at the boldness of the servant who broke through the crowd and presented to the General a boy honored with his name. Glorious incident indeed!

As the family grew up, the young men took to their different professions, which we have briefly designated. Peter read medicine, and hence received the title of 'doctor;' though he hated and finally abjured it, yet, as early as 1794, he had opened an office at 208 Broadway. This, however, was more a resort for the muses than for Hygeia, notwithstanding its sign, 'Peter Irving, M.D.' In 1796, William Irving, who had been clerk in the loan office, established himself in trade in Pearl—near Partition—street, and from his energy and elegance of manners, he became immediately successful, while farther up the street, near Old Slip, John T. opened a law office, which was subsequently removed to Wall street, near Broadway. We mention these facts to show that Irving entered life surrounded by protecting influences, and that the kindness which sheltered him from the world's great battle had a tendency to increase his natural delicacy and to expose him to more intense suffering, when the hand of misfortune should visit him. One who had 'roughed it' with the world would have better borne the killing disappointment of his affections; but he was rendered peculiarly sensitive to suffering by his genial surroundings.

This fact sets off in remarkable contrast, the noble resolution with which such an one as he, when he had buried all the world held in the tomb with the dead form of his beloved, rose above his sorrows. It is well observed by his biographer, that 'it is an affecting evidence how little Mr. Irving was ever disposed to cultivate or encourage sadness, that he should be engaged during this period of sorrow and seclusion in revising and giving additional touches to his *History of New-York*.' Those who may smile at the elegant humor which pervades the pages of that history, will be surprised to learn that they were nearly complete, yet their final revision and preparation for the press was by one who was almost broken of heart, and who thus cultivated a spirit of cheerfulness, lest he should become a burden to himself and others. As he writes to Mrs. Hoffman: 'By constantly exercising my mind, never suffering it to prey upon itself, and resolutely determining to be cheerful, I have, in a manner, worked myself into a very enviable state of serenity and self-possession.'

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How truly has Wordsworth expressed this idea:

'If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.'

We are glad to know that in time Irving sought a better consolation.

But to return from this digression, or rather anticipation of our subject. At the time of which we now write, New-York was comparatively a small town; true, it was the chief commercial city in America, and yet its limits proper could be described by a line drawn across the island some distance below Canal street. Yet even then New-York was full of life, and seemed to feel the promise of subsequent greatness. Her streets echoed to the footsteps of men whom the present generation, with all its progress, can not surpass. At Number 26 Broadway, might have been daily seen the light-built but martial and elegant form of Alexander Hamilton, while his mortal foe, Aaron Burr, as we have stated, held his office in Partition street. John Jacob Astor was just becoming an established and solid business man, and dwelt at 223 Broadway, the present site of the Astor House, and which was one of the earliest purchases which led to the greatest landed estate in America. Robert Lenox lived in Broadway, near Trinity Church, and was building up that splendid commerce which has made his son one of the chief city capitalists. De Witt Clinton was a young and ambitious lawyer, full of promise, whose office (he was just elected Mayor) was Number 1 Broadway. Cadwallader D. Colden was pursuing his brilliant career, and might be found immersed in law at Number 59 Wall street. Such were the legal and political magnates of the day; while to slake the thirst of their excited followers, Medcef Eden brewed ale in Gold street, and Janeway carried on the same business in Magazine street; and his empty establishment became notorious, in later years, as the 'Old Brewery.'

About this time young Irving was developing as one of the most interesting youth of the city. His manners were soft without being effeminate, his form finely molded, and his countenance singularly beautiful. To this might be added the general opinion that he was considerably gifted in the use of the pen. Yet with all these promising features, the future was clothed with shadows, for his health was failing, and his friends considered him too lovely a flower to last. Little did his brothers and sisters think that that delicate youth would, with one exception, outlive the whole family. It was at this time that he first went abroad; and his experiences of travel are given by Pierre Irving in the sparkling letters which he wrote to his brothers.

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In 1807 I used to meet him once more in social gatherings in the city, for he had returned in full restoration of health, his mind expanded, and his manners improved by intercourse with the European world, while *Salmagundi* had electrified the city and given him the first rank among its satirists. The question of profession crowded on him, and he alternated between the law and the counting-room, in either of which he might find one or more of his brothers. The former of these was a road to distinction, the latter was one to wealth; but feeling the absence of practical business gifts, he shrank from trade, and took refuge in the quiet readings of an office. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, of whose daughter so much has recently been written, was a family friend, as well as a lawyer of high character. He lived first at Number 68 Greenwich street, but afterward moved up-town, his office being in Wall street, first Number 47, and afterward Number 16. Young Irving finished his studies with Mr. Hoffman, and immediately took office with his brother John, at Number 3 Wall street. To these two was soon added the presence of Peter, who was still connected with the press, and thus might have been found for a short time a most interesting and talented, as well as fraternal trio.

Washington was still, to a considerable degree an *habitué* of Mr. Hoffman's office, and it seems quite amusing that one who was so dull at reading law that he makes merry with his own deficiencies, should have a connection with two offices. But the name of Matilda was the magnet which drew him to one where he vainly struggled to climb Alp on Alp of difficulties in hope of love's fruition, while at the other he might smile at the bewilderments of Coke, brush away the cobwebs from his brain, and recreate himself with the rich humors of *Salmagundi*.

The place and time where this remarkable attachment had its inception, are not known; but like all such affairs, it arose, no doubt, from felicitous accident. In one of his sketches, Irving speaks of a mysterious footprint seen on the sward of the Battery, which awoke a romantic interest in his breast. This youthful incident comes to our mind when we remember that Mr. Hoffman lived at Number 68 Greenwich street, not a stone's throw from the Battery, and we have sometimes thought that the mysterious footprint might have been Matilda's. At any rate, the Battery was at that day a place of fashionable resort, and hence the fair but fragile form of Matilda Hoffman could almost any day have been seen tripping among bevvies of city girls in pursuit of health or pleasure. But whatever be the history of its origin, the attachment became one of mutual strength; and while young Irving was surrounded by piles of lawbooks and red tape, his hope of success was identified with the name of Matilda. My remembrance of Matilda (her name was Sarah Matilda, but the first was dropped in common intercourse) revives a countenance of great sweetness,



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and an indescribable beauty of expression. Her auburn hair played carelessly in the wind, and her features, though not of classic outline, were radiant with life. Her eye was one of the finest I have ever seen—rich, deep-toned, and eloquent, speaking volumes in each varying expression, and generally suggestive of pensive emotion. Irving was about eight years her senior, and this difference was just sufficient to draw out that fond reliance of female character which he has so beautifully set forth in the sketch of 'The Wife.' The brief period of this courtship was the sunny hour of his life, for his tender and sensitive nature forbade any thing but the most ardent attachment. What dreams of future bliss floated before his intoxicated vision, soon to change to the stern realities of grieving sorrow!

In 1809, Mr. Hoffman removed to a suburban residence in Broadway, (corner of Leonard street,) and the frequent walks which the young lover took up that sequestered avenue may have suggested some of the descriptions of the same street in the pages of the *History of New-York*, and his allusions to the front-gardens so adapted to ancient courtship. While at this mansion, amid all the blandishments of hope, Matilda's health began to fail beyond the power of restoratives, and the anxious eye both of parent and betrothed, marked the advance of relentless disease. The maiden faded away from their affections until both stood by her bed and saw her breathe her last.

The biographer informs us that after Mr. Irving's death, there was found in a repository of which he always kept the key, a memorial of this affair, which had evidently been written to some friend, in explanation of his single life. Of the memorial the following extract is given:

'We saw each other every day, and I became excessively attached to her. Her shyness wore off by degrees. The more I saw of her the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent, but I, in a manner, studied her excellence. Never did I meet more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought, or action, than in this young creature. I am not exaggerating; what I say was acknowledged by all who knew her. Her brilliant little sister used to say that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part, I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy and purity, as if I was a coarse, unworthy being, in comparison.' This passion was terribly against my studies. I felt my own deficiency, and despaired of ever succeeding at the bar. I could study any thing else rather than law, and had a fatal propensity to belles-lettres. I had gone on blindly like a boy in love, but now I began to open my eyes and be miserable. I had



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nothing in purse or in expectation. I anticipated nothing from my legal pursuits, and had done nothing to make me hope for public employment, or political elevation. I had begun a satirical and humorous work, (*The History of New-York,*) in company with one of my brothers; but he had gone to Europe shortly after commencing it, and my feelings had run in so different a vein that I could not go on with it. I became low-spirited and disheartened, and did not know what was to become of me. I made frequent attempts to apply myself to the law; but it is a slow and tedious undertaking for a young man to get into practice, and I had, unluckily, no turn for business. The gentleman with whom I studied saw the state of my mind. He had an affectionate regard for me—a paternal one, I may say. He had a better opinion of my legal capacity than it merited. He urged me to return to my studies, to apply myself, to become well acquainted with the law, and that in case I could make myself capable of undertaking legal concerns, he would take me into partnership with him and give me his daughter. Nothing could be more generous. I set to work with zeal to study anew, and I considered myself bound in honor not to make farther advances with the daughter until I should feel satisfied with my proficiency with the law. It was all in vain. I had an insuperable repugnance to the study; my mind would not take hold of it; or rather, by long despondency had become for the time incapable of any application. I was in a wretched state of doubt and self-distrust. I tried to finish the work which I was secretly writing, hoping it would give me reputation and gain me some public employment. In the mean time I saw Matilda every day, and that helped distract me. In the midst of this struggle and anxiety, she was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first, but she grew rapidly worse, and fell into a consumption. I can not tell you what I suffered. The ills that I have undergone in this life have been dealt out to me drop by drop, and I have tasted all their bitterness. I saw her fade rapidly away—beautiful and more beautiful, and more angelic to the very last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural, and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying-struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died. All the family were assembled around her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. I have told you as briefly as I could, what, if I were to tell with all the incidents and feelings that accompanied it, would fill volumes. She was but seventeen years old when she died.



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'I can not tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually on my mind that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bedroom of my brother, as if the having of a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts.' Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone, but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its final catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and threw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. When I became more calm and collected, I applied myself, by way of occupation, to the finishing of my work. I brought it to a close as well as I could, and published it; but the time and circumstances in which it was produced rendered me always unable to look upon it with satisfaction. Still, it took with the public, and gave me celebrity, as an original work was something remarkable and uncommon in America. I was noticed, caressed, and for a time elevated by the popularity I had gained. Wherever I went, I was overwhelmed with attentions. I was full of youth and animation, far different from the being I now am, and I was quite flushed with this early taste of public favor. Still, however, the career of gayety and notoriety soon palled upon me. I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on. It would continually revert to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamed of her incessantly.'

The fragment of which the above is an extract, is doubly interesting as not only clearing up a mystery which the world has long desired to penetrate, but also as giving Irving's experience in his own words. It proves how deeply he felt the pangs of a rooted sorrow, and how impossible it was, amid all the attractions of society, for him to escape the power of one who had bidden to all earthly societies an everlasting farewell. That his regrets over his early bereavement did not arise from overwrought dreams of excellence in the departed, is evident from the character she bore with others; and this is illustrated by the following extract from a faded copy of the *Commercial Advertiser*, which reads as follows:

'OBITUARY,



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'Died, on the 26th instant, in the eighteenth year of her age, Miss Sarah Matilda Hoffman, daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. Thus another youthful and lovely victim is added to the ravages of that relentless and invincible enemy to earthly happiness, the *consumption*. In the month of January we beheld this amiable and interesting girl in the glow of health and spirits, the delight of her friends, the joy and pride of her family; she is now cold and lifeless as the clod of the valley. So falls the tender flower of spring as it expands its bosom to the chilling blight of the morning frost. Endowed by nature with a mind unusually discriminating, and a docility of temper and disposition admirably calculated to reap profit from instruction, Miss Hoffman very early became an object of anxious care and solicitude to the fondest of fathers. That care and solicitude he soon found richly rewarded by the progress she made in her learning, and by every evidence of a grateful and feeling heart. After completing the course of her education in a highly respectable seminary in Philadelphia, she returned to her father's house, where she diligently sought every opportunity to improve her mind by various and useful reading. She charmed the circle of her friends by the suavity of her disposition and the most gentle and engaging manners. She delighted and blessed her own family by her uniformly correct and affectionate conduct. Though not formed to mingle and shine in the noisy haunts of dissipation, she was eminently fitted to increase the store of domestic happiness, to bring pleasure and tranquillity to the fireside, and to gladden the fond heart of a parent.' Religion, so necessary to our peace in this world and to our happiness in the next, and which gives so high a lustre to the charms and to the virtues of woman, constantly shed her benign influence over the conduct of Miss Hoffman, nor could the insidious attempts of the infidel for a moment weaken her confidence in its heavenly doctrines. With a form rather slender and fragile was united a beauty of face, which, though not dazzling, had so much softness, such a touching sweetness in it, that the expression which mantled over her features was in a high degree lovely and interesting. Her countenance was indeed the faithful image of a mind that was purity itself, and of a heart where compassion and goodness had fixed their abode. To the sweetest disposition that ever graced a woman, was joined a sensibility, not the fictitious creature of the imagination, but the glowing offspring of a pure and affectionate soul.' Tenderness, that quality of the heart which gives such a charm to every female virtue, was hers in an eminent degree. It diffused itself over every action of her life. Sometimes blended with a delicate and happy humor, characteristic of her nature, it would delight the social circle; again, with the most assiduous offices of affection,



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it would show itself at the sick couch of a parent, a relative, or a friend. In this manner the writer of this brief memorial witnessed those soothing acts of kindness which, under peculiar circumstances, will ever be dear to his memory. Alas! little did she then dream that in one short year she herself would fall a sacrifice to the same disease under which the friend to whom she so kindly ministered, sunk to the grave.'

This testimony to departed worth bears the impress of deep sincerity, and its freedom from the fulsome praise, which so often varnishes the dead, seems to add to its force. Peter Irving, also, pays a tribute to her character in the following utterance, in a letter to his bereaved brother: 'May her gentle spirit have found that heaven to which it ever seemed to appertain. She was too spotless for this contaminated world.'

The biographer states that 'Mr. Irving never alluded to this event, nor did any of his relatives ever venture in his presence to introduce the name of Matilda,' 'I have heard,' he adds, 'of but one instance in which it was ever obtruded upon him, and that was by her father, nearly thirty years after her death, and at his own house. A granddaughter had been requested to play for him some favorite piece on the piano, and in extricating her music from the drawer, she accidentally brought forth a piece of embroidery with it. 'Washington,' said Mr. Hoffman, picking up the faded relic, 'this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship.' The effect was electric. He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before, but he sunk at once into utter silence, and in a few moments got up and left the house. It is evidence with what romantic tenderness Irving cherished the memory of this early love, that he kept by him through life the Bible and Prayer-Book of Matilda. He lay with them under his pillow in the first days of keen and vivid anguish that followed her loss, and they were ever afterward, in all changes of climate and country, his inseparable companions.'

The scene at the house of Mr. Hoffman, to which the biographer alludes, took place after Irving's second return from Europe, and after an absence of nearly twenty years from his native land. During this time he had become famous as an author, and had been conceded the position of the first American gentleman in Europe. He had been received at Courts as in his official position (Secretary of Legation) and had received the admiration of the social and intellectual aristocracy of England. Returning full of honors, he became at once the lion of New-York, and was greeted by a public dinner at the City Hotel. How little could it have been imagined, that amid all this harvest of honors, while he stood the cynosure of a general admiration, he should still be under the power of a youthful attachment, and that outliving all the glories of his splendid success, a maiden, dead thirty years, held him with undying power. While others thought him the happy object of a nation's popularity, his heart was stealing away from noise and notice to the hallowed ground where Matilda lay.



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'Oh! what are thousand living loves To that which can not quit the dead?'

The biographer observes that 'it is in the light of this event that we must interpret portions of 'Rural Funerals,' in the *Sketch-Book*, and 'Saint Mark's Eve,' in *Bracebridge Hull*.' From the former of these, we therefore make an extract, which is now so powerfully illustrated by the experience of its author:

'The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who in the hour of agony would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed, in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No; the love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.... But the grave of those we love, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and goodness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the dying scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye turned upon us even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!'

How truly is this passage 'to be interpreted in the light of the event in Irving's history', when it is evident from a comparison of it with the memoranda, that it is a sketch of that scene which wrecked his brightest hopes, and that here he is renewing in this unequalled description of a dying-bed, the last hours of Matilda Hoffman. The highly-wrought picture presents a complete detail to the eye, and yet still more powerful is that simple utterance in the memoranda: '*I was the last one she looked upon.*'



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St. Mark's Eve,' to which reference is also made, was written several years subsequently, and as may be gathered from its tone, under circumstances of peculiar loneliness. It was while a solitary occupant of his lodgings, a stranger in a foreign city, that he felt the inspiration of precious memories, and improved his lonely hours by this exquisite production. 'I am alone,' he writes, 'in my chamber; but these themes have taken such hold upon me that I can not sleep. The room in which I sit is just fitted to foster such a state of mind. The walls are hung with tapestry, the figures of which are faded and look like unsubstantial shapes melting away from sight.... The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.' It was a fitting time to yield to the power of that undying affection which abode with him under all changes, and the serene presence of one snatched from him years ago must at such times have invested him as with a spell. Thus he writes:

'Even the doctrines of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.... Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied; strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been surrounded; and there is none of the whole circle of visionary creeds that could more delightfully elevate the imagination or more tenderly affect the heart.... What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows while we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours?—that beauty and innocence which had languished in the tomb yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein they live over again the hours of past endearments?.... There are departed beings that I have loved as I never shall love again in this world—that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.'

The use of the plural in the above extract obviated that publicity of his especial bereavement which would have arisen from a reference to *one*, and it is to be explained by the deaths of three persons to whom he sustained the most endearing though varied relations of which man is capable: his mother,



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his sister Nancy, and his betrothed. The first two had become sacred memories, and were enshrined in the sanctuary of his soul; but the latter was a thing of life, whose existence had become identified with his own, and was made sure beyond the power of disease and mortality. Who, indeed, would have been so welcome to the solitary tourist on that weird midnight as she whose Bible and Prayer-Book accompanied his wanderings, whose miniature was his treasure, and of whom he could say: 'She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful.'

That a reunion with all the beloved of earth was a controlling thought in his mind, and one bearing an especial reference to this supreme bereavement, is manifest from the following, from the same sketch:

'We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few moments, and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other. Or granting that we dwell together for the full season of this mortal life, the grave soon closes its gates between us, and then our spirits are doomed to remain in separation and *widowhood* until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul will dwell with soul in blissful communion, and there will be neither death, nor absence, nor any thing else to interrupt our felicity.'

Such was the view which cheered the life of one thus early stripped of promised and expected happiness, and to which he clung during all changes of time and place. Amid the infirmities of advancing years, while surrounded by an endearing circle of relatives, who ministered to him with the most watchful affection, there was one that abode in still closer communion with his heart. While writing in his study at Sunnyside, or pacing, in quiet solitude, the streets of New-York, at all times, a fair young form hovered over him and beckoned him heavenward. Years passed on, until a half-century had been told. All things had changed, the scenes and characters of early life had passed away. The lover had become a kindly old man. The young essayist had become a great author and an heir of fame. The story of life was complete. The hour of his departure was at hand, when suddenly the same hand which had separated the lovers reunited them forever. Who shall say that the last image which flitted across his mind at the awful moment of dissolution, was not that fresh and lovely form which he had cherished in unchanging affection for fifty years?

I have stated my opinion that it was Irving's disappointment which made him the great American author, and to this opinion I now return with increased confidence. Had the plans of his youth been carried out; had he become a partner of Mr. Hoffman, and had the hands of the lovers been united, the whole tenor of his life would have been changed. He would have published some fine things, in addition to the Knickerbocker



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history, and would have ranked high as a gentleman of elegant humor; but where would have been his enduring works? We sympathize with the disappointed lover; but we feel thankful that from his sorrow we gather such precious fruit. The death of Matilda led him abroad—to Spain, where he compiled his *Columbus* and gathered material for his *Alhambra*—and to England, where the *Columbus* was finished and published, and where his name became great, in spite of national prejudice. Beside this, the sorrow which cast its sacred shadow upon him gave his writings that endearing charm which fascinates the emotional nature and enabled him to touch the hidden chords of the heart.

If Ogilvie could congratulate him on the bankruptcy which drove him from the details of trade to the richer fruition of literary promise, we may consider it a beneficent working of Providence, which afforded to Irving a still earlier emancipation from the law, cheered as it might have been by the kindness of Mr. Hoffman and the society of Matilda.

Such being the remarkable chain which unites the names of the author and his love, we can not but consider her as a part of his character through the best years of his life and amid all the splendid success of his literary career. Indeed, through coming generations of readers, the names of Irving and Matilda will be united in the loveliest and most romantic of associations.

I have prolonged this reminiscence to an unexpected length, and yet can not close without a few additional thoughts which grow out of the perusal of the biography. Perhaps the chief of these is the nationality of Irving's character, particularly while a resident of Europe. Neither the pungent bitterness of the British press nor the patronage of the aristocracy could abate the firmness with which he upheld the dignity of his country. He was not less her representative when a struggling author in Liverpool or London than when Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James, or Ambassador at Madrid. His first appearance abroad was at a time of little foreign travel, and an American was an object of remark and observation. His elegant simplicity reflected honor upon his native land, and amid all classes, and in all places, love of country ruled him. This high tone pervaded his views of public duty. A gross defaulter having been mentioned in his presence, he replied, that 'next to robbing one's father it is, to rob one's country.'

It is also worthy of note that while Irving lived to unusual fullness of years, yet he never was considered an old man. We do not so much refer to his erect and vigorous frame as to the freshness of his mind. It is said that Goethe, on being asked the definition of a poet, replied: 'One who preserves to old age the feelings of youth.' Such was a leading feature in Mr. Irving's spirit, which, notwithstanding his shadowed hours, was so buoyant and cheerful. His countenance was pensive when in repose, and allegro in action,

and these graces clung to him even in life's winter, like the flower at the base of the glacier.



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Among the varied elements which constituted Irving's popularity, one of them might have been the beauty of his name, whose secret is revealed by the laws of prosody. Washington is a stately *dactyl*; Irving is a sweet and mellow *spondee*, and thus we have a combination which poets in ancient and modern days have sought with sedulous care, and which should close every line of hexameter verse. Hence a measure such, as that found in 'Washington Irving' terminates every line in *Evangeline*, or the works of Virgil, thus:

'Saying a sad farewell, *Evangeline went from the mission,*
When, over green ways, by long and *perilous marches,*
She had attained at length the depth of the *Michigan forest.*'

or

'Supplicia hausorem ecopulis: et *nomine Dido,*
Et *recidiva manu posuissem Pergama vetis.*'

It will be readily perceived that the name of the American author can be substituted for the feet italicized above, without injuring the measure, while in some of Moore's finest stanzas beautifully alternates the same verse, thus:

'Oh! fair as the sea-flower, *close to thee growing,*
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came!
Like the wind of the South, o'er a *summer lute blowing,*
And hushed all its music, and withered its flame.'

At the close of his last great work, Mr. Irving sought for rest. He laid aside his pen, even from correspondence, and felt that his work was done. When in New-York, he was often to be found at the Astor Library, of which he was a trustee; but his visits to the city became few, and he seemed to realize that his time was come. To one who kindly remarked, 'I hope you will soon be better,' He calmly replied, in an earnest tone: 'I shall never be better.' The words came true too soon, and amid an unequalled pomp of unaffected sorrow, they bore him to a place of rest, by the side of his parents and all of his kin who had gone before him.

BYRONIC MISANTHROPY.

He has a grief he can not speak;
He wears his hat awry;
He blacks his boots but once a week;
And says he wants to die!

NEW-ENGLAND'S ADVANCE.



Hurrah! for our New-England,
When she rose up firm and grand,
In her calm, terrific beauty,
With the stout sword in her hand;
When she raised her arm undaunted,
In the sacred cause of Right,
Like a crowned queen of valor,
Strong in her faith and might.

Hurrah! for our New-England!
When the war-cry shook the breeze,
She wore the garb of glory,
And quaffed the cup of ease;
But I saw a look of daring
On her proud features rise,
And the fire of will was flashing
Through the calm light of her eyes.

From her brow serene, majestic,
The wreath of peace she took,
And war's red rose sprang blooming,
And its bloody petals shook
On her heaving, beating bosom;
And with forehead crowned with light,
Transfigured, she presented
Her proud form to the fight.



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Hurrah! for our New-England!
What lightning courage ran
Through her brave heart, as she bounded
To the battle's fearful van;
O'er her head the starry banner;
While her loud, inspiring cry,
'Death or Freedom for our Nation,'
Rang against the clouded sky.

I saw our own New-England
Dealing blows for Truth and Right,
And the grandeur of her purpose
Gave her eyes a sacred light;
Ah! name her 'the Invincible,'
Through rebel rank and host;
For Justice evermore is done,
And Right comes uppermost.

Hurrah for our New-England!
Through the battle's fearful brunt,
Through the red sea of the carnage,
Still she struggles in the front;

And victory's war-eagle,
Hovering o'er the fiery blast,
On her floating, starry standard.
Is settling down at last.

There is glory for New-England,
When Oppression's strife is done,
When the tools of Wrong are vanquished,
And the cause of Freedom won;
She shall sit in garments spotless,
And shall breathe the odorous balm
Of the cool green of contentment,
In the bowers of peace and calm.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to many it is *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.—*Goethe*.



'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—*Webster's Dictionary*.

CHAPTER I.

The little village of Burnsville, in Connecticut, was thrown into a state of excitement by the report that Hiram Meeker was about to remove to the city of New-York. Two or three elderly maiden ladies with whom Hiram was an especial favorite, declared there was not a word of truth in the ridiculous rumor. The girls of the village very generally discredited it. The young men said Hiram was not such a fool; he knew on which side his bread was buttered; he knew when to let well enough alone, and so forth. Still the report was circulated. To be sure, nobody believed it, yet it spread all the faster for being contradicted. I have said that the young ladies of Burnsville put no faith in the story. Possibly Sarah Burns was an exception, and Sarah, it was well understood, was an interested party, and would be apt to know the truth. She did not contradict the statement when made in her presence, and once, when appealed to for her opinion, she looked very serious, and said it might be so for all she knew. At length there were two parties formed in Burnsville. One on whose banner was inscribed: 'Hiram Meeker is going to New-York.' The other with flag bearing in large letters: 'No such thing: Hiram is not going.'



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It would have been easy, one would suppose, to settle the important controversy by a direct appeal to Hiram Meeker himself. Strange to say, this does not appear to have been done, both sides fearing, like experienced generals, to risk the result on a single issue. But numerous were the hints and innuendoes conveyed to him, to which he always gave satisfactory replies—satisfactory to both parties—both contending he had, by his answers, confirmed their own particular view of the case.

This state of things could not last forever. It was brought suddenly to an end one Friday afternoon.

Hiram Meeker was a member, in regular standing, of the Congregational Church in Burnsville. The Preparatory Lecture, as it is called, that is, the lecture delivered prior to 'Communion-Sabbath,' in the church, was always on the previous Friday, at three o'clock P.M. On a pleasant day toward the end of April, Hiram Meeker and Sarah Burns went in company to attend this lecture. The exercises were especially interesting. Several young people, at the close of the services, who had previously been propounded, were examined as to their 'experience,' and a vote was separately taken on the admission of each. This over, the clergyman spoke as follows: 'Brother Hiram Meeker being about to remove from among us, desires to dissolve his connection with the Congregational church in Burnsville, and requests the usual certificate of membership and good standing. Is it your pleasure that he receive it? Those in favor will please to signify it.' Several 'right hands' were held up, and the matter was concluded. A young man who sat nearly opposite Sarah Burns, observed that on the announcement, her face became very pale.

When the little company of church-members was dismissed, Hiram Meeker and Sarah Burns walked away together as they came. No, not as they came, as the following conversation will show.

'Why did you not tell me, Hiram?'

'Because, Sarah, I did not fully decide till the mail came in this very afternoon. I had only time to speak to Mr. Chase, and there was no opportunity to see you, and I could not tell you about it while we were walking along so happy together.'

Hiram Meeker lied.

Sarah Burns could not disbelieve him; it was not possible Hiram would deceive her, but her heart *felt* the lie, nevertheless.

Hiram Meeker is the hero of this history. It is, therefore, necessary to give some account of him previous to his introduction to the reader on the afternoon of the preparatory lecture. At the date of the commencement of the narrative, he was already twenty-two years old. He was the youngest of several children. His father was a highly



respectable man, who resided in Hampton, about fifteen miles from Burnsville, and cultivated one of the most valuable farms in the county. Mr. and Mrs. Meeker both had the reputation of being excellent people. They were exemplary members of the church, and brought



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up their children with a great deal of care. They were in every respect dissimilar. He was tall, thin, and dark-complexioned; she was almost short, very fair, and portly in appearance. Mr. Meeker was a kind-hearted, generous, unambitious man, who loved his home and his children, and rejoiced when he could see every body happy around him. He was neither close nor calculating. With a full share of natural ability, he did not turn his talents to accumulation, quite content if he made the ends of the year meet.

Mrs. Meeker was a woman who never took a step from impulse. She had a motive for every act of her life. Exceedingly acute in her judgments of people, she brought her shrewdness to bear on all occasions. She was a capital housekeeper, a most excellent manager, a pattern wife and mother. I say, 'pattern wife and mother,' for she was devoted to her husband's interests, which, to be sure, were equally her own; she made every thing very comfortable for him indoors, and she managed expenditures with an economy and closeness which Mr. Meeker was quite incapable of. She looked after her children with unremitting care. They were sent to better schools, and their associations were of a better description than those of her neighbors. She took personal pains with their religious culture. Although they were sent to Sunday-school, she herself taught them the Catechism, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount, beside a great variety of Gospel hymns and Bible-stories. But along with these excellent teachings they were taught—what is apt to be taught in almost every family, to almost every child—to regard appearances, to make the best possible show to the world, to *seem* what they ought to *be*; apparently a sort of short-cut to goodness, but really a turnpike erected by the devil, which leads any where rather than to the desired point. Mrs. Meeker was a religious woman, scrupulous and exact in every outward observance; in this respect severe with herself and with all around her. Yet this never prevented her having an eye to the 'main chance,' which was, to get on in the world. Indeed, to attempt to do so, was with her a fundamental duty. She loved to pray the Lord to bless 'our basket and our store.' She dwelt much on the promise of 'a hundred-fold' in this world in addition to the 'inheritance of everlasting life.' She could repeat all the practical maxims which abound in the book of Proverbs, and she was careful, when she feared her husband was about to give way to a generous impulse in favor of a poor relation or neighbor, to put him in mind of his own large and increasing household, solemnly cautioning him that he who looked not well after it, was 'worse than an infidel.' In short, being fully convinced by application of her natural shrewd sense that religion was the safest thing for her here and hereafter, she became religious. In her piety there was manifested but one idea—self. Whatever she did, was from a sense of duty, and she did her duty because it was the way to prosperity and heaven.



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I have remarked how different were husband and wife. They lived together, however, without discord, for Mr. Meeker yielded most points of controversy when they arose, and for the rest his wife was neither disagreeable nor unamiable. But the poor woman had experienced through life one great drawback; she had half-a-dozen fine children. Alas! not one of them resembled her in temper, character, or disposition. All possessed their father's happy traits, which were developed more and more as they grew older, despite their mother's incessant warnings and teachings.

Frank, the first-born, exhibited fondness for books, and early manifested an earnest desire for a liberal education with a view to the study of medicine. His father resolved to gratify him. His mother was opposed to it. She wanted her boy a merchant. 'Doctors,' she said, 'were mostly a poor set, who were obliged to work very hard by day and by night, and got little for it. If Frank would only be contented to go into her cousin's store, in New-York, (he was one of the prominent wholesale dry-goods jobbers,) why, there would be some hope of him, that is, if he could cure himself of certain extravagant notions; but to go through college, and then study medicine! Why couldn't he, at least, be a lawyer, then there might be a chance for him.'

'But the boy has no taste for mercantile life, nor for the law,' said Mr. Meeker.

'Taste—fiddlesticks,' responded his wife, 'as if a boy has a right to have any taste contrary to his parents' wish.'

'But, Jane, it is not contrary to *my* wish.'

Mrs. Meeker looked her husband steadily in the face. She saw there an unusual expression of firmness; something which she knew it to be idle to contend with, and with her usual good sense, she withdrew from the contest.

'Have it your own way, Mr. Meeker. You know my opinion. It was my duty to express it. Make of Frank what you like. I pray that he may be prospered in whatever he undertakes.'

So Frank was sent to college, with the understanding that, after graduating, he was to pursue his favorite study of medicine.

A few months after he entered, Mrs. Meeker gave birth to her seventh child—the subject of the present narrative. Her disappointment at Frank's destination was severe. Besides, she met with daily evidences that pained her. None of her children were, to use her expression, 'after her own heart.' There were two other boys, George and William, who she was accustomed to say, almost bitterly, were 'clear father.' The three girls, Jane, Laura, and Mary, one would suppose might represent the mother's side; but alas! they were 'clear father' too.



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In her great distress, as Mrs. Meeker often afterward declared, she resolved to 'call upon the Lord.' She prayed that the child she was soon to give birth to might be a boy, and become a joy and consolation to his mother. She read over solicitously all the passages, of Scripture she could find, which she thought might be applicable to her case. As the event approached, she exhibited still greater faith and enthusiasm. She declared she had consecrated her child to God, and felt a holy confidence that the offering was accepted. Do not suppose from this, she intended to devote him to the ministry. *That* required a special call, and it did not appear such a call had been revealed to her. But she prayed earnestly that he might be chosen and favored of the Most High; that he might stand before kings; that he might not be slothful in business; but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. The happy frame of mind Mrs. Meeker had attained, at length became the subject of conversation in the neighborhood. The clergyman was greatly interested. He even made allusion to it in the weekly prayer-meeting, which, by the by, rather scandalized some of the unmarried ladies present.

Mr. Meeker took all this in good part. The truth is, he regarded it as a very innocent whim, which required to be indulged in his wife's delicate situation; so he always joined in her hopeful anticipations, and endeavored to sympathize with them. It was under these auspicious circumstances that Hiram Meeker first saw the light. All his mother's prayers seemed to have been answered. The boy, from the earliest manifestation of intelligence, exhibited traits which could belong only to her. As he advanced into childhood, these became more and more apparent. He had none of the openness of disposition which was possessed by the other children. He gave much less trouble about the house than they ever did, and was more easily managed than they had been at his age. It must not be inferred that because he was his mother's favorite, he received any special indulgence, or was not subject to every proper discipline. Indeed, the discipline was more severe, the moral teachings more unremitting, the practical lessons more frequent than with any of the rest. But there could not exist a more tractable child than Hiram. He was apparently made for special training, he took to it so readily, as if appreciating results and anxious to arrive at them. When he was six years old, it was astonishing what a number of Bible-verses and Sunday-school hymns he had committed to memory, and how much the child *knew*. He was especially familiar with the uses of money. He knew the value of a dollar, and what could be purchased with it. So of half a dollar, a quarter, ten cents, and five cents. He had already established for himself a little savings bank, in which were placed the small sums which were occasionally presented to him. He could tell the cost of each of his playthings



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respectively, and, indeed, of every article about the house; he learned the price of tea, sugar, coffee, and molasses. This information, to be sure, formed a part of his mother's course of instruction; but it was strange how he took to it. Systematically and unceasingly, she pursued it. Oh! how she rejoiced in her youngest child. How she thanked God for answering her prayers. I had forgotten to state that there was considerable difficulty in deciding what name to give the boy. Mrs. Meeker had an uncle, a worthy minister, by the name of Nathaniel. Mr. Meeker suggested that the new-comer be called after him. His wife did not like to object; but she thought Nathaniel a very disagreeable name. Her cousin, the rich dry-goods merchant in New-York, who had four daughters and no sons, was named Hiram. Hiram was a good name, not too long and very expressive. It sounded firm and strong. It was a Bible-name, too, as well as the other. In fact, she liked it, and she thought her cousin would be gratified when he learned that she had named a child for him. There were advantages which might flow from it, it was not necessary to specify, Mr. Meeker could understand to what she alluded Mr. Meeker did not understand; in fact, he did not trouble his head to conjecture; but it was settled Hiram should be the name, and our hero was baptized accordingly. He was a good boy; never in mischief, never a truant, never disobedient, nor willful, nor irritable, nor obstinate. 'Too good for this world;' that is what folks said. 'Such an astonishing child—too wise to live long.' So it was prophesied; but Hiram survived all these dismal forebodings, until the people gave up and concluded to let him live.

We pass over his earlier days at school. At twelve, he was sent to the academy in the village, about a mile distant. He was to receive a first-rate English education, 'no Latin, no Greek, no nonsense,' to use his mother's language; but the real substantial. Hiram proved to be an excellent scholar. He was especially good in figures. When he came to study bookkeeping, he seemed as happy as if he were reading a romance. He mastered with ease the science of single and double entry. He soon became fascinated with the beauties of his imaginary business. For his instructor had prepared for him a regular set of books, and gave him problems, from day to day, in mercantile dealings, which opened up to the youth all the mysteries of 'Dr.' and 'Cr.' Out of these various problems, he constructed quite a little library of account-books, which he numbered, and which were representations of various descriptions of trade, and marked with the name of some supposed company, and labeled 'Business Successful,' or 'Business Unsuccessful,' as the case might be.

We must now turn from Hiram, engaged in diligently pursuing his studies, and enter on another topic.

CHAPTER II.



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Mrs. Meeker had been a church-member from the time she was fourteen years old. There was an extensive revival throughout the country at that period, and she, with a large number of young people of both sexes, were, or thought they were, converted. She used to speak of this circumstance very often to her children, especially when any one of them approached the age which witnessed, to use her own language, 'her resignation of the pomps and vanities of life, and her dedication to the service of her Saviour.' Still, notwithstanding her prayers and painstaking, not one of them had ever been under 'conviction of sin;' at least, none had ever manifested that agony and mental suffering which she considered necessary to a genuine change of heart. She mourned much over such a state of things in her household. What a scandal that not one of *her* children should give any evidences of saving grace! What a subject for reproach in the mouths of the ungodly! But it was not her fault; no, she often felt that Mr. Meeker was too lax in discipline, (she had had fears of *him*, sometimes, lest he might become a castaway,) and did not set that Christian example, at all times, which she could desire. For instance, after church on Sunday afternoon, it was his custom, when the season was favorable, frequently with a child holding each hand, to walk leisurely over his fields, humming a cheerful hymn and taking note of whatever was pleasant in the scene, perhaps the fresh vegetation just bursting into life, or the opening flowers, or it might be the maturing fruit, or the ripening yellow grain. On these occasions, he would endeavor to impress on his children how good God was; how seed-time and harvest always came; how the sun shone on the evil as well as on the good, and the rain descended both on the just and on the unjust. He, too, would inculcate lessons of diligence and industry, agreeable lessons, after quite a different model from those of his wife. He would repeat, for example, not in an austere fashion, but in a way which interested and even amused them, the dramatic description of the sluggard, from the hook of Proverbs, commencing:

'I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man, void of understanding;

'And lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.'—

It is a memorable fact that Hiram was never in the habit of accompanying his father on these Sunday-excursions. Not that his mother positively interdicted him. She was too judicious a person to hold up to censure any habitual act of her husband, whatever might have been her own opinion, or however she might have remonstrated with him in private. She had no difficulty in keeping Hiram by her side on Sunday afternoons, and the little fellow seemed instinctively to appreciate why. Indeed, I doubt if the green fields and pleasant meadow, with the pretty brook running through it, had any charms for him even then. At any rate, he was satisfied with his mother's reason, that it was not good for him; he had better stay at home with her.



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At fourteen, Hiram was to become 'pious.' So Mrs. Meeker fervently hoped, and to this end her prayers were specially directed. Her son once secure and safe within the pale of the church, she could be free to prosecute for him her earthly plans, which could not be sanctioned or blessed of Heaven, so long as he was still in the gall of sin and bonds of iniquity. So she labored to explain to him how impossible it was for an unconverted person to think an acceptable thought or do a single acceptable act in the sight of God. All his labor was sin, while he was in a state of sin, whether it was at the plow, or in the shop, or store, or office, or counting-room. She warned him of the wrath to come, and she explained to him with minute vividness the everlasting despair and tortures of the damned. Hiram was a good deal affected. He began to feel that his position personally was perilous. He wanted to get out of it, especially as his mother assured him if he should be taken away—and he was liable to die that very night—then alas! his soul would lie down in everlasting burnings. At last, the youth was thoroughly alarmed. His mother recollected she had continued just one week under conviction, before light dawned in on her, and she considered that a proper period for her son to go through. She contented herself, at first, by cautioning him against a relapse into his old condition, for then seven other spirits more wicked than the first would have possession of him, and his last state would be worse than the first. Besides, he would run great risk of sinning away his day of grace. It was soon understood in the church that Hiram was under concern of mind. Mrs. Meeker, on the fourth day, withdrew him from school, and sent for the minister to pray with him. He found him in great distress, I might say in great bodily terror; for he was very much afraid when he got into bed at night, he might awake in hell the next morning. The clergyman was a worthy and a sincere man. He was anxious that a true repentance should flow from Hiram's present distress, and the lively agony of the child awakened his strongest sympathy. He talked very kindly to him, explained in a genuine, truthful manner, what was necessary. He dwelt on the mercy of our heavenly Father, and on his love. He prayed with the lad earnestly, and with many affectionate counsels he went away. Hiram was comforted. Things began to look in a pleasanter light than ever before. He had only to repent and believe, and it was his duty to repent and believe, and all would be well. So it happened that when the week was out, Hiram felt that he had cast his burden on the Lord, and was accepted by him.



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There were great rejoicings over this event. Mrs. Meeker exclaimed, while tears streamed from her eyes, that she was ready to depart in peace. Mr. Meeker, who had by no means been indifferent to his son's state of mind, and who had sought from time to time to encourage him, (rather, it must be confessed, to his wife's annoyance,) was thankful that he had obtained relief from the right source. The happy subject himself became an object of a good deal of interest in the congregation. There was not the usual attention, just then, to religious matters, and Hiram's conversion was seized on as a token that more fruits were to be gathered in from the same field, that is, among the young. In due course he was propounded and admitted into the church. It happened on that day that he was the only individual who joined, and he was the observed of all observers. Hiram Meeker was a handsome boy, well formed, with an interesting face, blight blue eyes, and a profusion of light hair shading a forehead indicative of much intelligence. All this was disclosed to the casual observer; indeed, who would stop to criticise the features of one so young—else you would have been struck by something disagreeable about the corners of his mouth, something repulsive in the curve of those thin lips, (he had his mother's lips,) something forbidding in a certain latent expression of the eye, while you would remark with pain the conscious, self-possessed air with which he took his place in the broad aisle before the pulpit, to give his assent to the church articles and confession of faith. The good minister preached from the text, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' and in the course of his sermon held up Hiram as an example to all the unconverted youth of his flock. On Monday he returned to school, prosecuting his studies more diligently than ever. He felt that he had secured the true salvation, and was safe now in whatever he undertook. He was very careful in the observance of all his religious exercises, and so far as I can ascertain, never neglected any of them. Thus happily launched, Hiram continued at school till he was nearly seventeen. He had, for the last two years, been sent to Newton Institute, one of the best institutions in the State, where his advantages would be superior to those of the academy in his native town. There he learned the higher branches of mathematics, and studied with care mercantile and descriptive geography with reference to the different products of the earth. During this time his proficiency was excellent, and his conduct always most exemplary.

At length his course was completed, and Mrs. Meeker felt that her cousin, the wholesale dry-goods jobber in New-York, would be proud of such an acquisition in his establishment. He had been duly apprised that the boy was named for him, and really appeared to manifest, by his inquiries, a good deal of interest in Hiram. Although they generally met once or twice a year, Mrs. Meeker did not apprise her cousin of her plans, preferring to wait till her son should have finished his academical course before making them known. Her first idea was to send him to New-York with a letter, in which she would fully explain her hopes and wishes. On second thought, she concluded to write first, and await her cousin's reply. It will be seen, from the perusal of it, she took the proper course.



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Here it is:

'New-York, May 15th, 18—.

'DEAR COUSIN: Your letter of May 12th is before me. I am glad to hear you are all well at Hampton. We are much obliged for your kind invitation for the summer. I think you may count confidently on a visit from my wife and myself some time during the season, and I have no doubt one of the girls will come with us. I know I shall enjoy it for one, and I am sure we all shall.' As to my namesake, I am glad to hear so good an account of him. Now, cousin, I really take an interest in the lad, and beg you will not make any wry faces over an honest expression of my opinion. If you want the boy to make a first-rate merchant, and SUCCEED, don't send him to me at present. Of course, I will receive him, if you insist upon it. But, in my opinion, it will only spoil him. I tell you frankly, I would not give a fig for a city-bred boy. But I will enter into this compact with you: I will undertake to make a first-class merchant of Hiram, if you will let me have my own way. If you do not, I can not answer for it. What I recommend is, that you put him into one of the stores in your own village. If I remember right, there are two there which do a regular country trade, and have a general stock of dry goods, groceries, crockery, clothing, stationery, *etc., etc., etc.* Here he will learn two things—detail and economy—without a practical knowledge of which, no man can succeed in mercantile business. I presume you will consider this a great falling off from your expectations. Perhaps you will think it petty business for your boy to be behind a counter in a small country store, selling a shilling's worth of calico, a cent's worth of snuff, or taking in a dozen eggs in exchange, but there is just where he ought to be, for the present. I repeat, he will learn detail. He will understand the value of all sorts of merchandise; he will get a real knowledge of barter and trade. When he learns out there, put him in another retail store of more magnitude. Keep him at this three or four years, and then I agree to make a merchant of him. I repeat, don't be disappointed at my letter. I tell you candidly, if I had a son, that's just what I would do with him, and it is just what I want you to do with Hiram. I hope you will write me that you approve of my plan. If you do, you may rely on my advice at all times, and I think I have some experience in these matters.

'We all desire to be remembered to your husband and family.

'Very truly, your cousin,

'HIRAM BENNETT.'

He had added, from habit, '& Co.,' but this was erased.

The letter was a heavy blow to the fond mother; but she recovered from it quickly, like a sensible woman. In fact, she perceived her cousin was sincere, and she herself appreciated the good sense of his suggestions. Her husband, whom she thought best



to consult, since matters were taking this turn, approved of what her cousin had written, and so it was decided that Hiram should become a clerk of Mr. Jessup, the most enterprising of the two 'store—keepers' in Hampton. How he got along with Mr. Jessup, and finally entered the service of Mr. Burns, at Burnsville, must be reserved for a separate chapter.



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MONROE TO FARRAGUT.

By brutal force you've seized the town,
And therefore the flag shall not come down.
And having told you that it shan't,
Just let me show you why it can't.
The climate here is very queer,
In the matter of flags at this time of year.
If a Pelican touched the banner prized,
He would be *immediately* paralyzed.
I'm a gentleman born—though now on the shelf,
And I think you are almost one yourself.
For from my noble ancestry,
I can tell the *elite*, by sympathy.
Had you lived among *us*, sir, now and then,
No one can say what you might have been.
So refrain from any sneer or quiz,
Which may wound our susceptibilities.
For my people are all refined—like me,
While yours are all low as low can be.
As for shooting women or children either,
Or any such birds of the Union feather,
We shall in all things consult our ease,
And act exactly as we please.
For you've nothing to do with our laws, you know,
Yours, merely 'respectfully, JOHN MONROE.'

AMONG THE PINES.

Alighting from the carriage, I entered, with the Colonel, the cabin of the negro-hunter. So far as external appearance went, the shanty was a slight improvement on the 'Mills House,' described in a previous chapter; but internally, it was hard to say whether it resembled more a pig-sty or a dog-kennel. The floor was of the bare earth, covered in patches with loose plank of various descriptions, and littered over with billets of 'lightwood,' unwashed cooking utensils, two or three cheap stools, a pine settee—made from the rough log and hewn smooth on the upper-side—a full-grown blood-hound, two younger canines, and nine dirt-encrusted juveniles, of the flax-head species. Over against the fire-place three low beds afforded sleeping accommodation to nearly a dozen human beings, (of assorted sizes, and dove-tailed together with heads and feet alternating,) and in the opposite corner a lower couch, whose finer furnishings told plainly it was the peculiar property of the 'wee-ones' of her family—a mother's tenderness for the youngest thus cropping out even in the midst of filth and degradation—furnished quarters for an unwashed, uncombed, unclothed, saffron-hued little fellow about fifteen months old, and—the dog 'Lady.'



The dog was of a dark hazel-color—a cross between a setter and a gray-hound—and one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw. Her neck and breast were bound about with a coarse cotton cloth, saturated with blood, and emitting a strong odor of bad whisky; and her whole appearance showed the desperate nature of the encounter with the overseer.



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The nine young democrats who were lolling about the room in various attitudes rose as we entered, and with a familiar but rather deferential 'Howdy'ge,' to the Colonel, huddled around and stared at me with open mouths and distended eyes, as if I were a strange being dropped from some other sphere. The two eldest were of the male gender, as was shown by their clothes—cast-off suits of the inevitable reddish-gray—much too large, and out at the elbows and the knees; but the sex of the others I was at a loss to determine, for they wore only a single robe, reaching, like their mother's, from the neck to the knees. Not one of the occupants of the cabin boasted a pair of stockings, but the father and mother did enjoy the luxury of shoes—coarse, stout brogans, untanned, and of the color of the legs which they encased.

'Well, Sandy, how is Lady?' asked the Colonel, as he stepped to the bed of the wounded dog.

'Reckon she's a goner, Cunnel; the d——d Yankee orter swing fur it.'

This intimation that the overseer was a 'countryman' of mine, took me by surprise, nothing I had observed in his speech or manners having indicated it, but I consoled myself with the reflection that Connecticut had reared him—as she makes wooden hams and nutmegs—expressly for the Southern market.'

'He *shall* swing for it, by ——. But are you sure the dog will die?'

'Not shore, Cunnel, but she can't stand, and the blood *will* run. I reckon a hun'red and fifty ar done for thar, sartin.'

'D—— the money—I'll make that right. Go to the house and get some ointment from Madam—she can save her—go at once,' said my host.

'I will, Cunnel,' replied the dirt-eater, taking his broad-brim from the wooden peg where it was reposing, and leisurely leaving the cabin. Making our way over the piles of rubbish and crowds of children that cumbered the apartment, the Colonel and I then returned to the carriage.

'Dogs must be rare in this region,' I remarked, as we resumed our seats.

'Yes, well-trained bloodhounds are scarce every where. That dog is well worth a hundred and fifty dollars.'

'The business of nigger-catching, then, is brisk, just now?'

'No, not more brisk than usual. We always have more or less runaways.'

'Do most of them take to the swamps?'



'Yes, nine out of ten do, though now and then one gets off on a trading-vessel. It is almost impossible for a strange nigger to make his way by land from here to the free States.'

'Then why do you Carolinians make such an outcry about the violation of the Fugitive Slave Law?'

'For the same reason that dogs quarrel over a naked bone. We should be unhappy if we couldn't growl at the Yankees,' replied the Colonel, laughing heartily.

'We, you say; you mean by that, the hundred and eighty thousand nabobs who own five sixths of your slaves?'[4]

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[4: The statistics given above are correct. That small number of slaveholders sustains the system of slavery, and has caused this terrible rebellion. They are, almost to a man, rebels and secessionists, and we may cover the South with armies, and keep a file of soldiers upon every plantation, and not smother this insurrection unless we break down the power of that class. Their wealth gives them their power, and their wealth is in their slaves. Free their negroes by an act of Emancipation, or Confiscation, and the rebellion will crumble to pieces in a day. Omit to do it, and it will last till doomsday. The power of this dominant class once broken; with landed property at the South more equally divided, a new order of things will arise there. Where now, with their large plantations, not one acre in ten is tilled, a system of small farms will spring into existence, and the whole country be covered with cultivation. The six hundred thousand men who have gone there to fight our battles, will see the amazing fertility of the Southern soil—into which the seed is thrown and springs up without labor into a bountiful harvest—and many of them, if slavery is crushed out, will remain there. Thus a new element will be introduced into the South, an element that will speedily make it a loyal, prosperous, and *intelligent* section of the Union. I would interfere with no one's rights, but a rebel in arms against his country has no rights; all that he has 'is confiscate.' Will the loyal people of the North submit to be ground to the earth with taxes to pay the expenditures of a war brought upon them by these Southern oligarchists, while the traitors are left in undisturbed possession of every thing, and even their slaves are exempted from taxation? It were well that our legislators should ask this question now, and not wait till it is asked of them by THE PEOPLE.]

'Yes, I mean them, and the three or four millions of poor whites—the ignorant, half-starved, lazy vermin you have just seen. *They* are the real basis of our Southern oligarchy, as you call it,' continued the Colonel, still laughing.

'I thought the negro was the serf, in your feudal system?'

'Both the negro and the poor whites are the serfs, but the white trash are its real support. Their votes give the small minority of slave-owners all their power. You say we control the Union. We do, and we do it by the votes of these people, who are as far below our niggers as the niggers are below decent white men. Who that reflects that this country has been controlled for fifty years by such scum, would give a d—— for republican institutions?'

'It does speak very badly for *your* institutions. A system that reduces one half of a white population to the level of slaves can not stand in this country. The late election shows that the power of your 'white trash' is broken.'



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'Well, it does, that's a fact. If the States should remain together, the West would in future control the Union. We see that, and are therefore determined on dissolution. It is our only way to keep our niggers.'

'You will have to get the consent of that same West to that project. My opinion is, your present policy will, if carried out, free every one of your slaves.'

'I don't see how. Even if we are put down—which we can not be—and are held in the Union against our will, Government can not, by the Constitution, interfere with slavery in the States.'

'I admit that, but it can confiscate the property of traitors. Every large slaveholder is to-day, at heart, a traitor. If this movement goes on, you will commit overt acts against the Government, and in self-defense it will punish treason by taking from you the means of future mischief.'

'The Republicans and Abolitionists might do that if they had the power, but nearly one half of the North is on our side, and will not fight us.'

'Perhaps so; but if I had this thing to manage, I'd put you down without fighting.'

'How would you do it—by preaching Abolition where even the niggers would mob you? There's not a slave in South-Carolina but would shoot Garrison or Greeley on sight.'

'That may be, but if so, it is because you keep them in ignorance. Build a free-school at every cross-road, and teach the poor whites, and what would become of slavery? If these people were on a par with the farmers of New-England, would it last for an hour? Would they not see that it stands in the way of their advancement, and vote it out of existence as a nuisance?'

'Yes, perhaps they would; but the school-houses are not at the cross-roads, and, thank God, they will not be there in this generation.'

'The greater the pity; but that which will not nourish alongside of a school-house, can not, in the nature of things, outlast this century. Its time must soon come.'

'Enough for the day is the evil thereof, I'll risk the future of slavery, if the South, in a body, goes out of the Union.'

'In other words, you'll shut out schools and knowledge, in order to keep slavery in existence. The Abolitionists claim it to be a relic of barbarism, and you admit it could not exist with general education among the people.'

'Of course it could not. If Sandy, for instance, knew he were as good a man as I am—and he would be if he were educated—do you suppose he would vote as I tell him, go



and come at my bidding, and live on my charity? No sir! give a man knowledge, and, however poor he may be, he'll act for himself.'

'Then free-schools and general education would destroy slavery?'

'Of course they would. The few can not rule when the many know their rights. But the South, and the world, are a long, way off from general education. When it comes to that, we shall need no laws, and no slavery, for the millennium will have arrived.'



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'I'm glad you think slavery will not exist during the millennium,' I replied, laughing; 'but how is it that you insist the negro is naturally inferior to the white, and still admit that the 'white trash' are far below the black slaves?'

'Education makes the difference. We educate the negro enough to make him useful to us, but the poor white man knows nothing. He can neither read nor write, and not only that, he is not trained to any useful employment. Sandy, here, who is a fair specimen of the tribe, obtains his living just like an Indian, by hunting, fishing, and stealing, interspersed with nigger-catching. His whole wealth consists of two hounds and their pups; his house—even the wooden trough his miserable children eat from—belongs to me. If he didn't catch a runaway nigger once in a while, he wouldn't see a dime from one year to another.'

'Then you have to support this man and his family?'

'Yes, what I don't give him, he steals. Half-a-dozen others poach on me in the same way.'

'Why don't you set them at work?'

'They can't be made to work. I have hired them time and again, hoping to make something of them, but I never got one to work more than half-a-day at a time. It's their nature to lounge and to steal.'

'Then why do you keep them about you?'

'Well, to be candid, their presence is of use in keeping the blacks in subordination, and they are worth all they cost me, because I control their votes.'

'I thought the blacks were said to be entirely contented?'

'No, not contented. I do not claim that. I only say that they are unfit for freedom. I might cite a hundred instances in which it has been their ruin.'

'I have never heard of one. It seems strange to me that a man who can support another can not support himself.'

'Oh! no, it's not at all strange. The slave has hands, and when the master gives him brains, he works well enough; but to support himself he needs both hands and brains, and he has only hands. I'll give you a case in point: At Wilmington, N.C., some years ago lived a negro by the name of Jack Campbell. He was a slave, and he was employed, before the river below the town was deepened so as to admit of the passage of large vessels, in lightering cargoes up to the city. He hired his time of his master, and carried on business on his own account. Every one knew him, and his character for honesty, sobriety, and punctuality stood so high that his word was considered among



merchants as good as that of the first business-men of the place. Well, Jack's wife and children were free, and he finally took it into his head to be free himself. He arranged with his master to purchase himself within a specified time, at eight hundred dollars, and was to deposit his earnings, till they reached the required sum, in the hands of a certain merchant. He went on, and in three years had accumulated nearly seven hundred



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dollars, *when his master failed*. As the slave has no right to property, Jack's earnings belonged by law to his master, and they were attached by the creditors, and taken to pay the master's debts. Jack then 'changed hands,' received a new owner, who also consented to his buying himself, at about the price previously agreed on. Nothing discouraged, he went to work again. Night and day, he toiled, and it surprised every one to see so much energy and fixedness of purpose in a negro. At last, after four more years of labor, he accomplished his purpose, and received his free-papers. He had worked seven years—as long as Jacob toiled for Rachel—for his freedom, and like the old patriarch found himself cheated at last. I was present when he received his papers from his owner, a Mr. William H. Lippitt—who still resides at Wilmington—and I shall never forget the ecstasy of joy which he showed on the occasion; he sung and danced and laughed and wept, till my conscience smote me for holding my own niggers, when freedom might give them so much happiness. Well, he went off that day and treated some friends, and then, for three days afterward, lay in the gutter, the entreaties of his wife and children having no effect on him. He swore he was free, and would do as he 'd —d pleased.' He had previously been a class-leader in his church, but after getting free-papers, he forsook his previous associates, and spent his Sundays and evenings in a bar-room. He neglected his business; people lost confidence in him, and step by step he went down, till in five years he stink into a wretched grave. That was the effect of freedom on *him*, and it would be so on all his race.'

'It is clear,' I replied, 'he could not bear freedom, but that does not prove he might not have 'endured' it if he had never been a slave. His overjoy at obtaining liberty, after so long a struggle for it, led to his excesses and his ruin. According to your view, neither the black nor the poor white is competent to take care of himself. The Almighty, therefore, has laid upon *you* a triple burden; you not only have to provide for yourself and your children, but for two races beneath you, the black and the clay-eating white man. The poor nigger has a hard time, but it seems to me you have a harder one.'

'Well, it's a fact, we do. I often think that if it wasn't for the color and the odor, I'd be glad to exchange places with my man Jim.'

The Colonel made this last remark in a half-serious, half-comic way, that excited my risibilities amazingly, but before I could reply, the carriage stopped, and Jim, opening the door, announced:

'We's h'ar, massa, and de prayin' am gwine on.'

Had we not been absorbed in conversation, we might have discovered the latter fact some time previous to our arrival at the church-door, for the preacher was shouting at the top of his lungs. He evidently thought the good Lord either a long way off, or very hard of hearing. Not wishing to disturb the congregation at their devotions, we loitered

near the doorway until the prayer was over, and in the mean time I glanced around the premises.



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The 'meeting-house,' of large unhewed logs, was a story and a half in height, and about large enough to seat comfortably a congregation of two hundred persons. It was covered with shingles, with a roof projecting some four feet over the wall, and was surmounted at the front gable by a tower, about twelve feet square. This also was built of logs, and contained a bell 'to call the erring to the house of prayer,' though, unfortunately, all of that character thereabouts dwelt beyond the sound of its voice. The building was located at a cross-roads about equally distant from two little hamlets, (the nearest nine miles off,) neither of which was populous enough to singly support a church and a preacher. The trees in the vicinity had been thinned out, so that carriages could drive into the woods, and find under the branches shelter from the rain and the sun, and at the time of my visit, about twenty vehicles of all sorts and descriptions, from the Colonel's magnificent barouche to the rude cart drawn by a single two-horned quadruped, filled the openings. There was a rustic simplicity about the whole scene that charmed me. The low, rude church, the grand old pines that towered in leafy magnificence around it, and the soft, low wind, that sung a morning hymn in the green, wavy woods, seemed to lift the soul up to Him who inhabiteth eternity, but who also visits the erring children of men.

The preacher was about to 'line out' one of Watts' psalms, when we entered the church, but he stopped short on perceiving us, and, bowing low, waited till we had taken our seats. This action, and the sycophantic air which accompanied it, disgusted me, and turning to the Colonel, I asked jocosely:

'Do the chivalry exact so much obsequiousness from the country clergy'? Do you require to be bowed up to heaven?'

In a low voice, but high enough, I thought, for the preacher to hear, for we sat very near, the Colonel replied:

'He's a renegade Yankee—the meanest thing on earth.'

I said no more, but entered into the services as seriously as the strange gymnastic performances of the preacher would allow me to do, for the truth is, he was quite as amusing as a circus clown.

With the exception of the Colonel's and a few other pews in the vicinity of the pulpit, all of the seats were mere rough benches, without backs, and placed so closely together as to interfere uncomfortably with the knees of the sitters. The house was full, and the congregation as attentive as any I ever saw. All classes were there; the black serving-man away off by the doorway, the poor white a little higher up, the small turpentine-farmer a little higher still, and the wealthy planter, of the class to which the Colonel belonged, on 'the highest seats of the synagogue,' and in close proximity to the preacher.

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The 'man of prayer' was a tall, lean, raw-boned, angular-built individual, with a thin, sharp, hatchet-face, a small sunken eye, and long, loose hair, brushed back and falling over the collar of a seedy black coat. He looked like nothing in the world I have ever seen, and his pale, sallow face, and cracked, wheezy voice, were in comic keeping with his discourse. His text was: 'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.' And addressing the motley gathering of poor whites and small-planters before him as the 'chosen people of God,' he urged them to press on in the mad course their State had chosen. It was a political harangue, a genuine stump-speech, but its frequent allusion to the auditory as the legitimate children of the old patriarch, and the rightful heirs of all the promises, struck me as out of place in a rural district of South-Carolina, however appropriate it might have been in one of the large towns, before an audience of merchants and traders, who are, almost to a man, Jews.

The services over, the congregation slowly left the church. Gathered in groups in front of the 'meeting-house,' they were engaging in a general discussion of the affairs of the day, when the Colonel and I emerged from the doorway. The better class greeted my host with considerable cordiality, but I noticed that the well-to-do, small planters, who composed the greater part of the assemblage, received him with decided coolness. These people were the 'North county folks' on whom the overseer had invoked a hanging. Except that their clothing was more uncouth and ill-fashioned, and their faces generally less 'cute' of expression, they did not differ materially in appearance from the rustic citizens who may be seen on any pleasant Sunday gathered around the doorways of the rural meeting-houses of New-England.

One of them, who was leaning against a tree, quietly lighting a pipe, was a fair type of the whole, and as he took a part in the scene which followed, I will describe him. He was tall and spare, with a swinging, awkward gait, and a wiry, athletic frame. His hair, which he wore almost as long as a woman's, was coarse and black, and his face strongly marked, and of the precise color of two small rivulets of tobacco-juice that escaped from the corners of his mouth. He had an easy, self-possessed manner, and a careless, devil-may-care way about him, that showed he had measured his powers, and was accustomed to 'rough it' with the world. He wore a broadcloth coat of the fashion of some years ago, but his waistcoat and nether garments of the common, reddish homespun, were loose and ill-shaped, as if their owner did not waste thought on such trifles. His hat, as shockingly bad as Horace Greeley's, had the inevitable broad brim, and fell over his face like a calash-awning over a shop-window. As I approached him he extended his hand with a pleasant 'How are ye, stranger?'

'Very well,' I replied, returning his grasp with equal warmth, 'how are you?'



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'Right smart, right smart, thank ye. You're—' the rest of the sentence was cut short by a gleeful exclamation from Jim, who, mounted on the box of the carriage, which was drawn up on the cleared plot in front of the meeting-house, waved an open newspaper over his head, and called out, as he caught sight of the Colonel:

'Great news, massa, great news from Charls'on!'

(The darky, while we were in church, had gone to the post-office, some four miles away, and got the Colonel's mail, consisting of letters from his New-York and Charleston factors, the Charleston *Courier* and *Mercury* and the New-York *Journal of Commerce*. The latter sheet, at the date of which I am writing, was in wide circulation at the South, its piety (!) and its politics being then calculated with mathematical precision for secession latitudes.)

'What is it, Jim?' shouted his master. 'Give it to us.'

The darky had somehow learned to read, but holding the paper at arm's length, and throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, he belched out, with any amount of gesticulation, the following:

'De news am, massa, and gemmen and ladies, dat de ole fort fore Charls'on hab hen devacuated by Major Andersin and de sogers, and dat dey hab stole 'way in de dark night and gone to Sumter, whar dey can't be took; and dat de ole Gubner hab got out a procdemation dat all dat don't lub de Aberlishen Yankees shill cum up dar and clar 'em out; and de paper say dat lots ob sogers hab cum from Gorgia and Al'bama and 'way down Souf, to help 'em. Dis am w'at de *Currer* say,' he continued, holding the paper up to his eyes and reading: 'Major Andersin, ob United States army hab 'chieved de 'stinction ob op'ning de cibil war 'tween American citizens; he hab deserted Moulfrie, and by false fretexs hab took de ole Garrison and all his millinery stores to Fort Sumter.'

'Get down, you d——d nigger,' said the Colonel, laughing, and mounting the carriage-box beside him. 'You can't read. Old Garrison isn't there—he's the d——d Northern Abolitionist.'

'I knows dat, Cunnel, but see dar,' holding the paper out to his master, 'don't dat say he'm dar? It'm him dat make all de trubble. P'raps dis nig' can't read, but ef dat ain't readin' I'd like to know it!'

'Clear out,' said the Colonel, now actually roaring with laughter; 'it's the soldiers that the *Courier* speaks of, not the Abolitionist.'

'Read it yourself, den, massa, I don't seed it dat way.'



Jim was altogether wiser than he appeared, and while he was equally as well pleased with the news as the Colonel, he was so for an entirely different reason. In the crisis which these tidings announced, he saw hope for his race.

The Colonel then read the paper to the assemblage. The news was received with a variety of manifestations by the auditory, the larger portion, I thought, hearing it, as I did, with sincere regret.



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'Now is the time to stand by the State, my friends,' said my host as he finished the reading. 'I hope every man here is ready to do his duty by old South-Carolina.'

'Yes, *sar!* if she does *har* duty by the Union. We'll go to the death for *har* just so long as she's in the right, but not a d——d step if she *arn't*,' said the long-legged native I have introduced to the reader.

'And what have *you* to say about South-Carolina? What does, she owe to *you*?' asked the Colonel, turning on the speaker with a proud and angry look.

'More, a darned sight than she'll pay, if ye cursed 'ristocrats run her to h—— as ye'r doing. She owes me, and 'bout ten as likely niggers as ye ever seed, a living, and we've d——d hard work to get it out on her *now*, let alone what's comin'.

'Don't talk to me, you ill-mannered cur,' said my host, turning his back on his neighbor, and directing his attention to the remainder of the assemblage.

'Look *har*, Cunnel,' replied the native, 'if ye'll jest come down from thar and throw 'way yer shootin'-irons, I'll give ye the all-firedest thrashing ye ever did get.'

The Colonel gave no further heed to him, but the speaker mounted the steps of the meeting-house and harangued the natives in a strain of rude and passionate declamation, in which my host, the aristocrats, and the Secessionists came in for about equal shares of abuse. Seeing that the native (who, it appeared, was quite popular as a stump-speaker) was drawing away his audience, the Colonel descended from the driver's seat, and motioning for me to follow, entered the carriage. Turning the horses homeward, we rode off at a brisk pace.

'Not much Secession about that fellow, Colonel,' I remarked, after a while.

'No,' he replied, 'he's a North-Carolina 'corn-cracker,' one of the meanest specimens of humanity extant. They're as thick as fleas in this part of the State, and about all of them are traitors.'

'Traitors to the State, but true to the Union. As far as I've seen, that is the case with the middling class throughout the South.'

'Well, it may be, but they generally go with us, and I reckon they will now, when it comes to the rub. Those in the towns—the traders and mechanics—will, certain; it's only these half-way independent planters that ever kick the traces. By the way,' continued my host, in a jocose way, 'what did you think of the preaching?'

'I thought it very poor. I'd rather have heard the stump-speech, had it not been a little too personal on you.'



'Well, it was the better of the two,' he replied, laughing, 'but the old devil can't afford any thing good, he don't get enough pay.'

'Why, how much does he get?'

'Only a hundred dollars.'

'That is small. How does the man live?'

'Well, he teaches the daughter of my neighbor, Captain Randall, who believes in praying, and gives him his board. Randall thinks that enough. The rest of the parish can't afford to pay him, and I *won't*.'



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'Why won't you?'

'Because he's a d——d old hypocrite. He believes in the Union with all his heart—at least, so Randall, who's a sincere Union man, says—and yet, he never sees me at meeting but he preaches a red-hot secession sermon.'

'He wants to keep you in the faith,' I replied.

A few more miles of sandy road took us to the mansion, where we found dinner in waiting. Meeting 'Massa Tommy'—who had staid at home with his mother—as we entered the doorway, the Colonel asked after the overseer.

'He seems well enough, sir; I believe he's coming the possum over mother.'

'Ill bet on it, Tommy; but he won't fool you and me, will he, my boy?' said his father, slapping him affectionately on the back.

After dinner I went with my host to the room of the wounded man. His head was still bound up, and he was groaning piteously, as if in great pain; but I thought there was too fresh a color in his face to be entirely natural in one who had lost so much blood, and been so severely wounded as he affected to be.

The Colonel mentioned our suspicions to Madam P——, and suggested that the shackles should be put on him.

'Oh! no, don't do that; it would be inhuman,' said the lady; 'the color is the effect of fever. If you fear he is plotting to get away, let him be watched.'

The Colonel consented, but with evident reluctance, to the arrangement, and retired to his room to take a *siesta*, while I lit a cigar, and strolled out to the negro-quarters.

Making my way through the woods to the scene of the morning's jollification, I found about a hundred darkies gathered around Jim, on the little plot in front of Old Lucy's cabin. Jim had evidently been giving them the news. Pausing when I came near, he exclaimed:

'Har's Massa K——, he'll say dat I tells you de trufh;' then turning to me, he said: 'Massa K——, dese darkies say dat Massa Andersin am an ab'lisherner, and dat none but de ab'lisherners will fight for de Union; am dat so, sar?'

'No, I reckon not, Jim; I think the whole North would fight for it if it were necessary.'

'Am dat so, massa? am dat so?' eagerly inquired a dozen of the darkies; 'and am dar great many folks at de Norf—more dan dar am down har?'



'Yas, you fools, didn't I tell you dat?' said Jim, as I, not exactly relishing the idea of preaching treason, in the Colonel's absence, to his slaves, hesitated to reply. 'Hain't I tole you,' he continued, 'dat in de big city ob New-York dar'm more folks dan dar am in all Car'lina? I'se been dar, and I knows; and Massa K——'ll tell you dat dey—'most on 'em—feel mighty sorry for de brack man.'

'No he won't,' I replied, 'and besides, Jim, you should not talk in this way before me; I might tell your master.'

'No! you won't do dat; I knows you won't, massa. Scipio tole us he'd trust his bery life wid *you*.'



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'Well, perhaps he might; it's true I would not injure *you*.' Saying that, I turned away, though my curiosity was greatly excited to hear more.

I wandered farther into the woods, and a half-hour found me near one of the turpentine distilleries. Seating myself on a rosin barrel, I quietly finished my cigar, and was about lighting another, when Jim made his appearance.

'Beg pardon, Massa K——,' said the negro, bowing very low, 'but I wants to ax you one or two tings, ef you please, sar.'

'Well,' I replied, 'I'll answer any thing that I ought to.'

'Der yer tink, den, massa, dat dey'll git to fightin' at Charls'on?'

'Yes, judging by the tone of the Charleston papers you've read to-day, I think they will.'

'And der yer tink dat de rest ob de Souf will jine wid Souf Car'lina, if she go at it fust?'

'Yes, Jim, I'm inclined to think so.'

'I hard you say to massa, dat ef dey goes to war, 'twill free all de niggers—der you raily b'lieve dat, sar?'

'*You* heard me say that; how did you hear it?' I exclaimed, in surprise.

'Why, sar, de front winder ob de carriage war down jess a crack, and I hard all you said.'

'Did you let it down on purpose?'

'P'r'aps so, massa. Whot's de use ob habin' ears, ef you don't h'ar?'

'Well, I suppose not much; and you tell all you hear to the other negroes?'

'I reckon so, massa,' said the darky, looking very demure.

'That's the use of having a tongue, eh?' I replied, laughing.

'Dat's it 'zaxly, massa.'

'Well, Jim, I do think the slaves will be finally freed; but it will cost more white blood to do it than all the niggers in creation are worth. Do you think the darkies would fight for their freedom?'

'Fight, sar!' exclaimed the negro, straightening up his fine form, while his usual good-natured look—passed from his face and gave way to an expression that made him



seem more like an incarnate fiend than a human being; 'FIGHT, sar; gib dem de chance, and den see.'

'Why are you discontented? You have been at the North, and you know the blacks are as well off as the majority of the poor laboring men there.'

'You say dat to me, Massa K——; you don't say it to de *Cunnel*. We are not so well off as de pore man at de Norf! You knows dat, sar. He hab his wife and children, and his own home; what hab we, sar? No wife, no children, no home; all am de white man's. Der yer tink we wouldn't fight to be free?' and he pressed his teeth together, and there passed again over his face the same look it wore the moment before.

'Come, come, Jim, this may be true of your race; but it don't apply to yourself. Your master is kind and indulgent to *you*.'

'He am kind to me, sar; he orter be,' said the negro, the savage expression coming again into his eyes. For a moment he hesitated; then, taking a step toward me, he placed his face down to mine, and hissed out these words, every syllable seeming to come from the very bottom of his being. 'I tell you he orter be, sar, FUR I AM HIS OWN FATHER'S SON!'



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'Your brother!' I exclaimed, springing to my feet, and looking at him in blank amazement. 'It can't be true.'

'It am true, sar—as true as there's a hell! His father had my mother: when he got tired of her, he sold her Souf. *I was too young den eben to know her!*'

'This is horrible, too horrible!' I said.

'It am slavery, sar! Shouldn't we be contented?' replied the negro with a grim smile. Drawing, then, a large spring-knife from his pocket, he waved it above his head, adding: 'Ef I had all de white race dar—right dar under dat knife, don't yer tink I'd take all dar lives—all at one blow—to be FREE!'

'And yet you refused to run away when the Abolitionists tempted you, at the North. Why didn't you go then?'

'Cause I had promised, massa.'

'Promised the Colonel before you went?'

'No, sar, he neber axed me; but *I* can't tell you no more. P'raps Scipio will, ef you ax him.'

'Oh! I see; you're in that league, of which Scip is a leader. You'll get into trouble, *sure*,' I replied, in a quick, decided tone, which startled him.

'You tole Scipio dat, sar, and what did *he* tell you?'

'That he didn't care for his life.'

'No more do I, sar,' said the negro, as he turned on his heel with a proud, almost defiant gesture, and started to go.

'A moment, Jim. You are very imprudent; never say these things to any other mortal; promise me that.'

'You'se bery good, massa, bery good. Scipio say you's true, and he'm allers right. I ortent to hab said what I hab; but sumhow, sar, dat news brought it all up *har*,' (laying his hand on his breast,) 'and it wud come out.'

The tears filled his eyes as he said this, and turning away without another word, he passed from my sight behind the trees.

I was almost stunned by this strange revelation, but the more I reflected on it, the more probable it appeared. Now, too, that my thoughts were turned in that direction, I called



to mind a certain resemblance between the Colonel and the negro that I had not heeded before. Though one was a high-bred Southern gentleman, claiming an old and proud descent, and the other a poor African slave, they had some striking peculiarities which might indicate a common origin. The likeness was not in their features, for Jim's face was of the unmistakable negro type, and his skin of a hue so dark that it seemed impossible he could be the son of a white man, (I afterward learned that his mother was a black of the deepest dye,) but it was in their form and general bearing. They had the same closely-knit and sinewy frame, the same erect, elastic step, the same rare blending of good-natured ease and dignity—to which I have already alluded as characteristic of the Colonel—and in the wild burst of passion that accompanied the negro's disclosure of their relationship, I saw the same fierce, unbridled temper, whose outbreaks I had witnessed in my host.



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What a strange fate was theirs! Two brothers—the one the owner of three hundred slaves, and the first man of his district—the other, a bonded menial, and so poor that the very bread he ate, the clothes he wore, were another's! How terribly on him had fallen the curse pronounced on his race!

I passed the remainder of the afternoon in my room, and did not again meet my host until the family assembled at the tea-table. Jim then occupied his accustomed seat behind the Colonel's chair, and my host was in more than his usual spirits, though Madam P——, I thought, wore a sad and absent look.

The conversation rambled over a wide range of subjects, and was carried on mainly by the Colonel and myself; but toward the close of the meal the lady said to me:

'Mr. K——, Sam and young Junius are to be buried this evening. If you have never seen a negro funeral, perhaps you'd like to attend.'

'I will be happy to accompany you, Madam, if you go,' I replied.

'Thank you,' said the lady.

'Pshaw! Alice, you'll not go into the woods on so cold a night as this!'

'Yes, I think I ought to. Our people will expect me.'

* * * * *

It was about an hour after nightfall when we took our way to the burial-ground. The moon had risen, but the clouds which gathered when the sun went down, covered its face, and were fast spreading their thick, black shadows over the little collection of negro-houses. Near two new-made graves were gathered some two hundred men and women, as dark as the night that was setting around them. As we entered the circle the old preacher pointed to the seats reserved for us, and the sable crowd fell back a few paces, as if, even in the presence of death, they did not forget the difference between their race and ours.

Scattered here and there among the trees, torches of lightwood threw a wild and fitful light over the little cluster of graves, and revealed the long, straight boxes of rough pine that held the remains of the two negroes, and lit up the score of russet mounds beneath which slept the dusky kinsmen who had gone before them.

The simple head-boards that marked these humble graves chronicled no bad biography or senseless rhyme, and told no false tales of lives that had better not have been, but 'SAM, AGE 22;' 'POMPEY;' 'JAKE'S ELIZA;;' 'AUNT SUE;' 'AUNT LUCY'S TOM;' 'JOE;' and other like inscriptions, scratched in rough characters on those unplanned boards, were all the records there. The rude tenants had passed away and 'left no sign;' their



birth, their age, their deeds, were alike unknown—unknown, but not forgotten; for are they not written in the book of His remembrance—and when He counteth up his jewels, may not some of them be there?

The queer, grotesque dress, and sad, earnest looks of the black group; the red, fitful glare of the blazing pine, and the white faces of the tapped trees, gleaming through the gloom like so many sheeted-ghosts gathered to some death-carnival, made up a strange, wild scene—the strangest and the wildest I had ever witnessed.



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The covers of the rude coffins were not yet nailed down, and when we arrived, the blacks were one by one passing before them, taking a last look at the faces of the dead. Soon, Junius, holding his weeping wife by the hand, approached the smaller of the two boxes, which held all that was left of their first-born. The mother kneeling by its side, kissed again and again the cold, shrunken lips, and sobbed as if her heart would break; while the strong frame of the father shook convulsively, as, choking down the great sorrow which welled up in his throat, he turned away from his boy forever. As he did so, old Pompey said:

'Don't grebe, June, he'm whar de wicked cease from trubbling, whar de weary am at rest.'

'I knows it; I knows it, Uncle. I knows de Lord am bery good to take 'im 'way; but why did he take de young chile, and leab de ole man har?'

'De little sapling dat grow in de shade may die while it'm young; de great tree dat grow in de sun must lib till de ax cut him down.'

These words were the one drop wanting to make the great grief which was swelling in the negro's heart overflow. Giving one low, wild cry, he folded his wife in his arms, and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

'Come now, my chil'ren,' said the old preacher, kneeling down, 'let us pray.'

The whole assemblage then knelt on the cold ground, while the old man prayed, and a more sincere, heart-touching prayer never went up from human lips to that God 'who hath made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth.' Though clothed in rags, and in feeble old age, a slave, at the mercy of a cruel task-master, that old man was richer far than his master. His simple faith, which looked through the darkness surrounding him into the clear and radiant light of the unseen land, was of far more worth than all the wealth and glory of this world. I know not why it was, but as I looked at him in the dim, red light which fell on his upturned face, and cast a strange halo around his bent form, I thought of Stephen, as he gazed upward and saw heaven open, and 'the Son of Man seated at the right hand of the throne of God.'

Rising from his knees, the old preacher turned slowly to the black mass that encircled him, and said:

'My dear bredderin and sisters, de Lord say dat 'de dust shill return to de earth as it war, and de spirit to Him who gabe it,' and now, 'cordin' to dat text, my friends, we'm gwine to put dis dust (pointing to the two coffins) in de groun' whar it cum from, and whar it shill lay till de blessed Lord blow de great trumpet on de resumrection mornin'. De spirits of our brudders har de Lord hab already took to hisseff. 'Our brudders,' I say, my chil'ren,

'case ebery one dat de Lord hab made am brudders to you and to me, whedder dey'm bad or good, white or brack.



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'Dis young chile, who hab gone 'way and leff his pore fader and mudder suffrin' all ober wid grief, *he* hab gone to de Lord, *shore*. *He* neber did no wrong; he allers 'bey'd his massa, and he neber said no hard word, nor found no fault, not eben w'en de cruel, bad oberseer put de load so heaby on him dat it kill him. Yes, my bredderin and sisters, *he* hab gone to de Lord; gone whar dey don't work in de swamps; whar de little chil'ren don't tote de big shingles fru de water up to dar knees. No swamps am dar; no shingles am cut dar; dey doan't need 'em, 'case dar hous'n haint builded wid hands, for dey'm all built by de Lord, and gib'n to de good niggers, ready-made, and for nuffin'. De Lord don't say, like as our massa do, 'Pomp, dar's de logs and de shingles,' (dey'm allers pore shingles, de kine dat woant sell; but he say, '*dey'm* good 'nuff for niggers, ef de roof do leak.) De Lord doan't say: 'Now, Pomp, you go to work and build you' own house; but mine dat you does you task all de time, jess de same!' But de Lord—de bressed Lord—He say, w'en we goes up dar, 'Dar, Pomp, dar's de house dat I'se been a buildin' for you eber sence 'de foundation ob de worle.' It'm done now, and you kin cum in; your room am jess ready, and ole Sal and de chil'ren dat I tuk 'way from you eber so long ago, and dat you mourned ober and cried ober as ef you'd neber see dem agin, *dar dey am, all on 'em, a waiting for you*. Dey'm been fixin' up de house 'spressly for you all dese long years, and dey'be got it all nice and comfible now.' Yas, my frens, glory be to Him, dat's what our Heabenly massa say, and who ob you wouldn't hab sich a massa as dat? a massa dat don't set you no hard tasks, and dat gibs you 'nuff to eat, and time to rest and to sing and to play. A massa dat doan't keep no Yankee oberseer to foller you 'bout wid de big free-lashed whip; but dat leads you hisseff round to de green pastures and de still waters; and w'en you'm a-faint and a-tired, and can't go no further, dat takes you up in his arms, and carries you in his bosom. What pore darky am dar dat wudn't hab sich a massa? What one ob us, eben ef we had to work so hard as we does now, wudn't tink hisseff de happiest nigger in de hull worle, ef he could hab sich hous'n to lib in as dem? dem hous'n 'not made wid hands, eternal in de heabens!'

'But glory, glory to de Lord! my chil'ren, wese all got dat massa, ef we only knowd it, and he'm buildin' dem housn up dar, now, for ebery one ob us dat am tryin' to be good and to lub one anoder. *For ebery one ob us*, I say, and we kin all git de fine hous'n ef we try.



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'Recolember, too, my brudders, dat our great Massa am rich, bery rich, and He kin do all he promise. *He* won't say, w'en wese worked ober time to git some little ting to comfort de sick chile, 'I knows, Pomp, you'se done de work, and I did 'gree to gib you de pay; but de fact am, Pomp, de frost hab come so sudden dis yar, dat l'se loss de hull ob de sebenfh dippin', and l'se pore, so pore, de chile must go widout dis time.' No, no, brudders, de bressed Lord He neber talk so. He neber break, 'case de sebenfh dip am shet off, or 'case de price of turpentine gwo down at de Norf. He neber sell his niggers down Souf, 'case he lose his money on de hoss-race. No, my chil'ren, our HEABENLY Massa am rich, RICH, I say. He own all dis worle, and all de odor worles dat am shinin' up dar in de sky. He own dem all; but he tink more ob one ob you, more ob one ob you—pore, ignorant brack folks dat you am—dan ob all dem great worles! Who wouldn't belong, to sich a Massa as dat? Who wouldn't be his nigger—not his slave—He don't hab no slaves—but his chile; and 'ef his chile, den his heir, de heir ob God, and de joint heir wid Christ.' O my chil'ren! tink of dat! de heir ob de Lord ob all de earth and all de sky! What white man kin be more'n dat?

'Don't none ob you say you'm too wicked to be His chile; 'ca'se you an't. He lubs de wicked ones de best, 'ca'se dey need his lub de most. Yas, my brudders, eben de wickedest, ef dey's only sorry, and turn roun' and leab off dar bad ways, he lub de bery best ob all, 'ca'se he'm all lub and pity.

'Sam, har, my children, war wicked, but don't we pity him; don't we tink he had a hard time, and don't we tink de bad oberseer, who'm layin' dar in de house jess ready to gwo and answer for it—don't we tink he gabe Sam bery great probincation?'

'Dat's so,' said a dozen of the auditors.

'Den don't you 'spose dat de blessed Lord know all dat, and dat He pity Sam too? If we pore sinners feel sorry for him, an't de Lord's heart bigger'n our'n, and an't he more sorry for him? Don't you tink dat ef He lub and pity de bery worse whites, dat He lub and pity pore Sam, who warn't so bery bad, arter all? Don't you think He'll gib Sam a house? P'r'aps 'twon't be one ob de fine hous'n, but won't it be a comfible house, dat hain't no cracks, and one dat'll keep out de wind and de rain? And don't you s'pose, my chil'ren, dat it'll be big 'nuff for Jule, too—dat pore, repentin' chile, whose heart am clean broke, 'ca'se she hab broughten dis on Sam—and won't de Lord—de good Lord—de tender-hearted Lord—won't He touch Sam's heart, and coax him to forgib Jule, and to take her inter his house up dar? I knows he will, my chil'ren. I knows—'

Here the old negro paused abruptly; for there was a quick swaying in the crowd—a hasty rush—a wild cry—and Sam's wife burst into the open space around the preacher, and fell at the old man's feet. Throwing her arms wildly around him, she shrieked out:



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'Say dat agin, Uncle Pomp! for de lub ob de good Lord, oh! say dat agin!'

Bending down, the old man raised her gently in his arms, and folding her there, as he would have folded a child, he said, in a voice thick with emotion:

'It am so, Juley. I knows dat Sam will forgib you, and take you wid him up dar.'

Fastening her arms frantically around Pompey's neck, the poor woman burst into a paroxysm of grief, while the old man's tears fell in great drops on her upturned face, and many a dark cheek near was wet, as with rain.

The scene had lasted a few minutes, and I was turning away to hide the emotion that was fast filling my eyes, and creeping up, with a choking feeling, to my throat, when the Colonel, from the farther edge of the group, called out:

'Take that d——d —— away—take her away, Pomp!'

The old negro turned toward his master with a sad, grieved look, but gave no heed to the words.

'Take her away, some of you, I say,' again cried the Colonel. 'Pomp, you mustn't keep these niggers all night in the cold.'

At the sound of her master's voice the metif woman fell to the ground as if struck by a Minie-ball. Soon several negroes lifted her up to bear her away; but she struggled violently, and rent the woods with her wild cries for 'one more look at Sam.'

'Look at him, you d——d ——, then go, and don't let me see you again.'

She threw herself on the face of the dead, and covered the cold lips with her kisses; then rose, and with a weak, uncertain step, staggered out into the darkness.

'The system' that had so seared and hardened that man's heart, must have been begotten in the lowest hell.

The old preacher said no more, but four stout negro men stepped forward, nailed down the lids, and lowered the rough boxes into the ground. Turning to Madam P——, I saw her face was red with weeping. She rose to go just as the first earth fell, with a dull, heavy sound, on the rude coffins; and giving her my arm, I led her from the scene.

As we walked slowly back to the house, a low wail—half a chant, half a dirge—rose from the black crowd, and floated off on the still night air, till it died away amid the far woods, in a strange, wild moan. With that sad, wild music in our ears, we entered the mansion.



As we seated ourselves by the bright wood-fire on the library hearth, obeying a sudden impulse which I could not restrain, I said to Madam P——:

'The Colonel's treatment of that poor woman is inexplicable to me. Why is he so hard with her? It is not in keeping with what I have seen of his character.'

'The Colonel is a peculiar man,' replied the lady. 'Noble, generous, and a true friend, he is also a bitter, implacable enemy. When he once conceives a dislike, his feelings become even vindictive; and never having had an ungratified wish, he does not know how to feel for the sorrows of those beneath him. Sam, though a proud, headstrong, unruly character, was a great favorite with him; he felt his death much; and as he attributes it to Jule, he feels terribly bitter toward her. She will have to be sold to get her out of his way, for he will *never* forgive her.'



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It was some time before the Colonel joined us, and when he at last made his appearance, he seemed in no mood for conversation. The lady soon retired; but feeling unlike sleep, I took down a book from the shelves, drew my chair near the fire, and fell to reading. The Colonel, too, was deep in the newspapers, till, after a while, Jim entered the room:

'I'se cum to ax ef you've nuffin more to-night, Cunnel?' said the negro.

'No, nothing, Jim,' replied his master; 'but, stay—hadn't you better sleep in front of Moye's door?'

'Dunno, sar; jess as you say.'

'I think you'd better,' returned the Colonel.

With a 'Yas, massa,' the darky left the apartment.

The Colonel shortly rose, and bade me 'good night.' I continued reading till the clock struck eleven, when I laid the book aside and went to my room.

I slept, as I have said before, on the lower floor, and was obliged to pass by the door of the overseer's apartment as I went to mine. Wrapped in his blanket, and stretched at full length on the ground, Jim lay there, fast asleep. I passed on, thinking of the wisdom of placing a tired negro on guard over an acute and desperate Yankee.

I rose in the morning with the sun, and had partly donned my clothing, when I heard a loud uproar in the hall. Opening my door, I saw Jim pounding vehemently at the Colonel's room, and looking as pale as is possible with a person of his completion.

'What the d—I is the matter?' asked his master, who now, partly dressed, stepped into the hall.

'Moye hab gone, sar; he'm gone and took Firefly (my host's five-thousand-dollar thorough-bred) wid him.'

For a moment the Colonel stood stupified; then, his face turning to a cold, clayey white, he seized the black by the throat, and hurled him to the floor. Planting his thick boot on the man's face, he seemed about to dash out his brains with its ironed heel, when, at that instant, the octoroon woman rushed, in her night-clothes, from his room, and with desperate energy pushed him aside, exclaiming: 'What would you do? remember WHO HE IS!'

The negro rose, and the Colonel, without a word, passed into his apartment. What followed will be the subject of another chapter.



PICAYUNE BUTLER.

'General Butler was a barber,'
So the Pelicans were raving;
Now you've got him in your harbor,
Tell us how you like his shaving?

LITERARY NOTICES.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE. Delivered at the royal Institution of Great Britain in April, May, and June, 1861. By MAX MULLER, Fellow of All Souls College, etc. From the second London edition, revised. New-York: Charles Scribner, Boston: A.K. Loring. 1862.



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Within the memory of man one could in England or America be 'very well educated,' as the word went, and yet remain grossly ignorant of the simplest elements of the history of language. In those days Latin was held by scholars to be derived from Greek—where the Greek came from nobody knew or cared, though it was thought, from Hebrew. German was a jargon, Provençal a '*patois*,' and Sanscrit an obsolete tongue, held in reverence by Hindoo savages. The vast connections of language with history were generally ignored. Hebrew was assumed, as a matter of course, to have been the primeval language, and it was wicked to doubt it. Then came Sir William Jones, Carey, Wilkins, Forster, Colebrooke, and the other Anglo-Indian scholars, and the world learned what it ought to have learned from the Jesuits, that there was in the East a very ancient language—Sanskrit—'of wonderful structure, more perfect than Greek, more copious than Latin, more exquisitely refined than either; bearing to both a strong affinity,' and stranger still, containing a vast amount of words almost identical with many in all European and many Oriental tongues. This was an apocalypse of truth to many—but a source of grief to the orthodox believers that Greek and Latin were either aboriginal languages, or modifications of Hebrew. Hence the blind, and in some cases untruthful warfare made on the Sanscrit discoveries, as in the case of Dugald Stewart.

'Dugald Stewart was too wise not to see that the conclusions drawn from the facts about Sanscrit were inevitable. He therefore *denied the reality of such a language as Sanscrit altogether*, and wrote his famous essay to prove that Sanscrit had been put together, after the model of Greek and Latin, by those arch forgers and liars, the Brahmins, and that the whole of Sanscrit literature was an imposture.'

But it was all of no avail. In 1808 Frederick Schlegel's work, *On the Language and Wisdom of the Indians*, first 'boldly faced the facts and conclusions of Sanscrit scholarship, and became,' with all its faults, the 'foundation for the science of language.' Its great result may be given in one sentence—it embraced at a glance the languages of India, Persia, Greece, Italy, and Northern Europe, and riveted them by the simple name 'Indo-Germanic.' Then in this school, begun by English industry and shaped by German genius, came Franz Bopp, with his great comparative grammar of the Indo-Germanic tongues, and the enormous labors of Lassen, Rosen, Burnouf, and W. von Humboldt—a man to whose incredible ability of every kind, as to his secret diplomatic influence, history has never done justice. Grimm, and Rask—the first great Zend scholar—were among these early explorers, who have been followed by so many scholars, until some knowledge not merely of Greek and Latin, but of the relations of *all* languages, has become essential to a truly good education.



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Yet after all, Sanscrit, it was soon seen, was not the parent, but '*the elder sister*' of the Indo-Germanic languages. Behind Greek, Latin, and Sanscrit, Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic tongues, lurks a lost language—the mysterious Aryan, which, reechoed through the tones of those six remaining Pleiades, its sisters, speaks of a mighty race which once, it may be, ruled supreme over a hundred lands, or perchance sole in the Caucasus. It is strange to see philologists slowly reconstructing, here and there, fragments of the Aryan,

'And speak in a tongue which man speaks no more.'

Among the many excellent elementary and introductory works on philology which have appeared of late years, this of Mueller's is on several accounts the best. It is clearly written, so as to be within the comprehension of any reader of ordinary intelligence, and we can hardly conceive that any such person would not find it an extremely entertaining book. Its author is a *genial* writer—he writes with a relish and with real power—he loves knowledge, and wishes others to share it with him. Language, he holds—though the idea is not new with him—springs from a very few hundred roots, which are the *phonetic types* produced by a power inherent in human nature. Every substance has its peculiar *ring* when struck—man, under the action of certain laws, must develop first onomato-poietic sounds, and finally language. With this we take leave of this excellent work, trusting that the public will extend to it the favor which it so amply deserves.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By his Nephew, PIERRE M. IRVING.

Vol. I. New-York: G.P. Putnam. Boston: A.K. Loring. 1862.

This work has a strong, we might say an extraordinary claim to the interest of the most general reader, in its very first paragraph, since in it we are told that Washington Irving, on committing to his nephew Pierre the vast mass of papers requisite to his biography, remarked: 'Somebody will be writing my life when I am gone, and I wish you to do it. You must promise me that you will.' So with unusual wealth of material, gathered together for the purpose by the subject of the biography himself, the work has been begun, by the person whom Irving judged best fitted for it.

And a delightful work it is, not a page without something of special relish, as might be anticipated in the chronicle of a life which is thickly studded with personal association or correspondence with almost every intellectual eminence either of Europe or America during the past half-century. But apart from this, there is a racy Irving-y flavor from the very beginning, long before the wide world had incorporated Irving into its fraternity of great men, in the details of life, of home travel and of homely incident, as set forth in extracts from his letters, which is irresistibly charming. Full as this portion of the life is, we can not resist the hope that it will be greatly



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enlarged in subsequent editions, and that more copious extracts will be given from those letters, to the humblest of which the writer invariably communicates an indefinable fascination. In them, as in his regular 'writings,' we find the simplest incident narrated always without exaggeration—always as briefly as possible, yet told so quaintly and humorously withal, that we wonder at the piquancy which it assumes. It is the trouble with great men that they are, for lack of authentic anecdotes and details of their daily life, apt to retire into myths. Such will not be the case with Irving. The *reality*, the life-likeness of these letters, and of the *ana* drawn from them, will keep him, Washington Irving the New-Yorker, alive and breathing before the world to all time. In these chapters a veil seems lifted from what was growing obscure in our knowledge of social life in the youth of our fathers. Our only wish, in reading, is for more of it. But the life gathers interest as it proceeds. From America it extends to Europe, and we meet the names of Humboldt, De Stael, Allston, Vanderlyn, Mrs. Siddons, as among his associates even in early youth. So through Home Again and in Europe Again there is a constant succession of personal experience and wide opportunity to know the world. Did our limits permit, we would gladly cite largely from these pages, for it is long since the press has given to the world a book so richly quotable. But the best service we can render the reader is to refer him to the work itself, which is as well worth reading as any thing that its illustrious subject ever wrote, since in it we have most admirably reflected Irving himself; the best loved of our writers, and the man who did more, so far as intellectual effort is concerned, to honor our country than any American who ever lived.

BEAUTIES SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS DE QUINCKY. With a Portrait.

Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

We are not sure that this is not the very first book of other than pictorial beauties which we ever regarded with patience. Books of literary 'beauties' are like musical matinees—the first act of one opera—the grand dying-scene from another—all very pretty, but not on the whole satisfactory, or entitling one to claim from it alone any real knowledge of the original whole. Yet this volume we have found fascinating, have flitted from page to page, backwards and forwards, [it is a great advantage in a book of 'unconnections' that one may *conscientiously* skip about,] and concluded by thanking in our heart the judicious Eclectic, whoever he may be—who mosaicked these bits into an enduring picture of De Quincey-ism. For really in it, by virtue of selection, collection, and recollection, we have given an authentic cabinet of specimens more directly suggestive of the course and soul-idioms of the author than many minds would gather from reading *all* that he ever wrote. Only one thing seems needed—the great original commentary or essay on De Quincey, which these Beauties would most happily illustrate. It seems to rise shadowy before us—a sort of dead-letter ghost of a glorious book which craves life and has it not. We trust that our suggestion may induce some admirer of the Opium-

Eater to have prepared an interleaved copy of these Beauties, and perfect the suggestion.



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THE CHURCH IN THE ARMY; OR THE FOUR CENTURIONS. By Rev. WM. A. SCOTT, D.D.,
of San Francisco. New-York: Carleton, No. 413 Broadway. Boston:
Crosby and Nichols. 1862.

Since every one is doing their 'little utmost' for the army, Mr. Scott hath contributed his mite in a work on the four captains of hundreds mentioned in the Bible—the first whereof was he of Capernaum; the second, the one commanding at the crucifixion; the third, that of Cesarea; and the fourth, Julius, the centurion who had Paul in charge during his voyage to Rome. We are glad to learn, from the close researches and critical acumen of Rev. Mr. Scott, that there is very good ground for concluding that all of these centurions were so impressed by the thrilling scenes which they witnessed, and the society with which they mingled, as to have eventually been converted and saved, a consummation which may possibly have escaped the observation of most readers, who, absorbed in their contemplation of the great *dramatis personae*, seldom give thought as to what the effect on the minor characters must have been. It is worth observing that our author is thoroughly earnest in his exhortations—at times almost naively so. If he be often rather over-inclined to threaten grim damnation to an alarming majority, and describe with a relish the eternal horrors which hang around the second death, in good old-fashioned style, still we must remember that he sincerely means what he says, and is a Puritan of the ancient stamp.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

There is something intensely American in such phrases as 'manifest destiny,' 'mission,' and 'call,' and we may add, something very vigorous may be found in the character of him who uses them. They are expressions which admit no alternative, no second possibility. The man of a 'mission,' or of a 'manifest destiny,' may be a fanatic, but he will be no flincher; he will strive to the bitter end, and fall dead in the traces; *but he will succeed.*

We are glad to learn that there is growing up in the army, and of course from it in all the homes of the whole country, a fixed impression that the South is inevitably destined to be 'Northed' or 'free-labored,' as the result of this war. The intelligent farmer in the ranks, who has learned his superiority to 'Secesh,' as a soldier, and who *knows* himself to be superior to any Southern in all matters of information and practical creative *power*, looks with scorn at the worn-out fields, wasteful agriculture, and general shiftlessness of the natives, and says, with a contemptuous laugh: 'We will get better crops out of the land, and manage it in another fashion, when we settle down here.' Not less scornfully does the mechanic look down on the clumsy, labor-wasting contrivances of the negro or negro-stupified white man, and agree with his mate that 'these people will never be of much account until we take them in hand.'



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Master-mechanic, master-farmer, *you are right*. These people *are* your inferiors; with all their boasts and brags of 'culture,' you could teach them, by your shrewder intelligence, at a glance, the short cut to almost any thing at which their intellects might be employed; and you indulge in a very natural feeling, when, as conquerors, in glancing over their Canaan, you involuntarily plan what you will do some day, *if* a farm should by chance be your share of the bounty-money, when the war is over. For it is absurd to suppose that such a country will continue forever a prey to the wasting and exhaustive disease of the plantation-system, or that the black will always, as at present, inefficiently and awkwardly fulfill those mechanic labors which a keen white workman can better manage. Wherever the hand of the Northman touches, in these times, it shows a superior touch, whether in improvising a six-action cotton-gin, in repairing locomotives, or in sarcastically seizing a 'Secesh' newspaper and reediting it with a storm of fun and piquancy such as its doleful columns never witnessed of old. In this and in a thousand ways, the Northern soldier realizes that he is in a land of inferiors, and a very rich land at that. At this point, his speculations on manifest destiny may very appropriately begin. There is no harm in suffering this idea to take firm hold. Like ultimate emancipation, it may be assumed as a fact, all to be determined in due time, according to the progress of events, as wisely laid down by President Lincoln, without hurry, without feverish haste, simply guided by the firm determination that eventually it must be.

We can not insist too strongly on this great truth, that when a nation makes up its mind that a certain event *must* take place, and acts calmly in the spirit of perfect persuasion, very little is really needed to hasten the wished-for consummation. Events suddenly spring up to aid, and in due time all is accomplished. Those who strive to hurry it retard it, those who work to drag it back hasten it. Never yet on earth was a real conviction crushed or prematurely realized. So it is, so it will be with this 'Northing' of the South. Let the country simply familiarize itself with the idea, and the idea will advance as rapidly as need be. In it lies the only solution of the great problem of reconciling the South and the North; the sooner we make up our minds to the fact, the better; and, on the other hand, the more deliberately and calmly we proceed to the work, the more certain will its accomplishment be. Events are now working to aid us with tremendous power and rapidity—faith, a judicious guiding of the current as it runs, is all that is at present required to insure a happy fulfillment.

* * * * *



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The degree to which a vindictive and malignant opposition to every thing for the sake of 'the party' can be carried, has been well illustrated in the amount and variety of slander which has been heaped by the Southern-rights, sympathizing Democratic press on the efforts of those noble-hearted women who have endeavored to do something to alleviate the condition of the thousands of contrabands, who are many without clothes, employment, or the slightest idea of what they are to do. It would be hard to imagine any thing more harmless or more perfectly free from any thing like sinister or selfish motives than have been the conduct and motives of the noble women who have assumed this mission. Florence Nightingale undertook nothing nobler; and the world will some day recognize the deserts of those who strove against every obstacle to relieve the sufferings and enlighten the ignorance of the blacks—among whom were thousands of women and little children. Such being the literal truth, what does the reader think of such a paragraph as the following, which we find going the rounds of the Boston Courier and other journals of the same political faith?

'*On dit*, that some of the schoolmarms who went to South-Carolina several weeks ago, are not so intent upon 'teaching the young ideas how to shoot,' as upon flirting with the officers, in a manner not entirely consistent with morality. General Hunter is going to send some of the misbehaving misses home.'

If there is a loathsome, cowardly, infamous phrase, it is that of *on dit*, 'they say,' 'it is said,' when used to assail the virtue of women—above all, of women engaged in such a cause as that in question. We believe in our heart, this whole story to be a slander of the meanest description possible—a piece of as dirty innuendo as ever disgraced a Democratic paper. The spirit of the viper is apparent in every line of it. Yet it is in perfect keeping with the storm of abuse and falsehood which has been heaped on these 'contraband' missionaries, teachers, and nurses, since they went their way. They have been accused of pilfering, of lying, of doing nothing, of corrupting the blacks, of going out only to speculate, and, as might have been expected, we have at last the unfailing resort of the lying coward—a dirty hint as to breaking the seventh commandment—all according to the devilish old Jesuit precept of, '*Calumniare fortiter aliquis koerebit*'—'Slander boldly, something will be sure to stick.' And to such a depth of degradation—to the hinting away the characters of young ladies because they try to teach the poor contrabands—can *men* descend 'for the sake of the *party*'!

* * * * *

Of late years, those soundest of philanthropists, the men of common-sense who labor unweariedly to facilitate exchanges between civilized nations, have endeavored to promote in every possible manner the adoption of the same system of currency, weights and measures among civilized nations. It has been accepted as a rule beyond all debate, that if such mediums of business could be adopted—nay, if a common language even were in use, industry would receive an incalculable impulse, and the production of capital be enormously increased.

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Not so, however, thinks John M. Vernon, of New-Orleans, who, stimulated by the purest secession sentiments, and urged by the most legitimate secession and 'State rights' logic, has developed a new principle of exclusiveness by devising a new system of decimal currency, which he thus recommends to the rebel Congress:

'We are a separate and distinct people, influenced by different interests and sentiments from the vandals who would subjugate us. Our manners and customs are different; our tastes and talents are different; our geographical position is different; and in conformity with natural laws, nature and instinct, our currency,—weights and measures, should be different.' The basis of integral limit of value proposed for our currency, is the star, which is to be divided into one hundred equal parts, each part to be called a centime, namely: 10 centimes—1 tropic; 10 tropics—1 star; 10 stars—1 sol.' These denominations for our currency have been selected for three reasons: first, they are appropriate to ourselves as a people; second, they are emblems of cheerfulness, honor, honesty of purpose, solidity, and stability; and third, the words used are simple, easily remembered, and are common to several languages. I will, in addition, observe that similar characteristics distinguish the proposed tables of weights and measures.'

'Stars'—'centimes'—'tropics,' and 'sols.' Why these words should be more significant of cheerfulness, honor, honesty, and solidity, than dollars and dimes, cents and mills, is not, as yet, apparent. As set forth in this recommendation, it would really appear that the root of all evil would have its evil properties extracted by giving the radical a different name. To be sure, the wages of sin thus far in the world's history, have generally been found equivalent to death, whether they are termed guineas, francs, thalers, cobangs, pesos, sequins, ducats, or dollars. But in Dixie—happy Dixie!—they only need another name, and lo! a miracle is to be wrought at once.

There is something in this whole proposition which accurately embodies the whole Southern policy. While the rest of the world is working to assimilate into civilization, they are laboring to get away and apart—to be different from everybody else—to remain provincial and 'peculiar.' It is the working of the same spirit which inspires the desire to substitute 'State rights' or individual will, or, in plain terms, lawlessness and barbarism for enlightenment and common rights. It is a craving for darkness instead of light, for antiquated feudal falsehood instead of republican truth; and it will meet with the destiny which awaits every struggle against the great and holy cause of humanity.

KYNG COTEN.

A 'DARK' CONCEIT.

(Being an ensample of a longe poeme.)



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O muse! that did me somedeal favour erst,
Whereas I piped my silly oaten reede,
And songs in homely guise to mine reherst,
Well pleased with maiden's smilings for my meed;
Sweet muse, do give my Pegasus good speede,
And send to him of thy high, potent might,
Whiles mortalls I all of my theme do rede,
Thatte is the story of a doughty knight,
Who eftsoons wageth war, Kyng COTEN is he hight.

Kyng Coten cometh of a goodly race,
Though black it was, as records sothly tell;
But thatte is nought, which only is the face,
And ne the hart, where alle goode beings dwell;
For witness him the puissant Hannibal,
Who was in veray sooth a Black-a-Moor;
And Cleopatra, Egypt's darksome belle,
And others, great on earth, a hundred score;
Howbeit, ilke kyng was white, which doth amaze me sore.

Kyng Coten cometh of a goodly race,
As born of fathers clean as many as
The sands thatte doe the mighty sea-shore grace,
But black, as sayde, as dark is Erebus.
His rule the Southron Federation was,
Thatte was a part of great Columbia,
Which was as fayre a clyme as man mote pass;
And situate where Vesper holds his swaye,
But habited wilome by men of salvage fray.

Farre in the North he had an enimie,
Who certes was the knight's true souveraine,
Who liked not his wicked slaverie,
Which 'cross God's will was counter-wisely laine,
Whiles he himself, it seemeth now right playne,
Did seek to have a kyngdom of his kynde,
Where he, as tyrant-like, mote lonly raine;
So to a treacherie he fetched his mynde,
Which soon was rent in four, and sent upon each wynde.

His enimie thatte liveth in the North,
Who, after all, was not his enimie,
Ydeemed he was a gentilman of worth,
Too proud to make so vile a villianie,



And, therefore, did ne tent his railerie,
But went his ways, as was his wont wilome;
Goliah, he turned out eftsoons, ah! me,
Who leaned upon his speare when David come,
And laughed to scorn the sillie boy his threat'ning doom.

But when his stronghold in ye Southron land,
Of formidable front, Forte Sumter hight,
Did fall into Kyng Coten's rebell hand,
Who coward-wise did challenge to the fight,
Some several men again his host of might;
Then Samuel, for so was he yclipt,
Begun in batail's gear himself to dight,
As being fooled by him with whom he sippt,
And hied him out, loud crying, 'Treason must be nippt!'

O ye who doe the crusades' musters tell,
In wise that maketh myndes incredulous,
And paynte how like Dan Neptune's sweeping swell
The North bore down on the perfidious!
Ne nigh so potent thatte as was with us;
Where men, like locusts, darkened all the land,
As marched they toward the place that's treacherous,
And shippes, that eke did follow the command,
Like forests, motion-got, doe walk along the strand.



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Fierce battails ther were fought upon the ground,
Thatte rob'd the heavens alle in ayer dunne;
And shoke the world as doth the thunder's sound,
Till, soth to say, it well-nigh was undone:
But of them alle, ther is an one
That frayle pen dispairs for to describe,
Which mortalls call the Battail of Bull Run;
But why I mote ne tell, as I'm alive,
Unless it haply he ther *running* did most thrive.

LAWRENCE MINOT.

'Our Orientalist' appears this month with

EGYPT IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

BY A FAST TRAVELER.

'You ought to go to the East,' said Mr. Swift, with a wave of his hand; 'I've been there, and seen it under peculiar circumstances.'

'Explain, O howaga! Give us the facts.

'Immediately. Just place the punch-pitcher where I can reach it easily. That's right! Light another Cabanas. So; now for it. In 1858, month of December, I was settled in comfortable quarters in the Santa Lucia, Naples, and fully expected to winter there at my ease, when, to my disgust, I received letters from England, briefly ordering me by first steamer to Alexandria, thence per railroad to Cairo, there to see the head of a certain banking-house; transact my business, and return to Naples with all possible dispatch. No sooner said than done; there was one of the Messagerie steamers up for Malta next day; got my passport visaed, secured berth, all right. Next night I was steaming it past Stromboli, next morning in Messina; then Malta, where I found steamer up for Alexandria that night; in four days was off that port, at six o'clock in the morning, and at half-past eight o'clock was in the cars, landing in Cairo at four o'clock in the afternoon. Posted from the railroad-station to the banker's, saw my man, arranged my business, was to receive instructions at seven o'clock the next morning, and at eight o'clock take the return train to Alexandria, where a steamer was to sail next day, that would carry me back to Naples, *presto!* as the jugglers say.

'There, breathe a little, and take another glass of punch, while I recall my day in the East.

'Through at the banker's, he recommended me to the Hotel —, where I would find a good table, clean rooms, and none of my English compatriots. I love my native land



and my countrymen *in it*, but as for them out of it, and as Bohemians—ugh! I am too much of a wolf myself to love wolves. Arrived at the hotel, with my head swimming with palm-trees, railroad, turbans, tarbooshes, veiled women, camels, pipes, dust, donkeys, oceans of blue calico, groaning water-wheels, the Nile, far-off view of the Pyramids, *etc.*, I at once asked the headwaiter for a room, water, towels; he passed me into the hands of a very tall Berber answering to the name of Yusef, who was dressed in flowing garments and tarboosh, and who



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was one of the gentlest beings entitled to wear breeches I have ever seen; he had feet that in my recollection seem a yard long, and how he managed to move so noiselessly, unless both pedals were soft-shod, worries me to the present time. Well, at six o'clock the gong sounded for dinner, and out I went over marble floors to the dining hall, where I found only three other guests, who saluted me courteously when I entered, and at a signal from Yusef, a compromise between a bow and a salaam, we seated ourselves at table. Of the three guests, one was particularly a marked man, apart from his costume, that of a cavalry officer in the Pacha's service; there was something grand in his face, large blue eyes, full of humor and *bonhomie*, a prominent nose, a broad forehead, burned brown with the sun, his head covered with the omnipresent tarboosh, a mustache like Cartouche's; such was my *vis-a-vis* at the hotel-table.

'In conversation with this officer, it turned up that one of my most intimate friends was his cousin, and so we had a bottle of old East-India pale sherry over that; then we had another to finally cement our acquaintance; I said finally—I should say, finally for dinner.

'I have seen the interiors of more than three hundred hotels in Europe, Africa, and America; but I have yet to see one that appeared so outrageously romantic as that of the Hotel ——, at Cairo, after that second bottle of sherry! The divans on which we reposed, the curious interlacing of the figures on the ceiling, the raised marble floor at the end of the room overlooking the street, the arabesques on the doors, and finally the never-ending masquerade-ball going on in the street under the divans where we sat and smoked.

'I can't tell you how it happened, but after very small cups of very black coffee and a *pousse cafe*, in the officer's room, of genuine kirschwasser and good curacoa, I was mounted on a bay horse; there was a dapple-gray alongside of me; and running ahead of us, to clear the way, the officer's *sais* afoot, ready to hold our horses when we halted. We were quickly mounted and off like the wind, past turbans, flowing bournouses, tarbooshes, past grand old mosques, petty cafes, where the faithful were squatting on bamboo-seats, smoking pipes or drinking coffee-grounds, while listening to a storyteller, possibly relating some story in the *Arabian Nights*; then we were through the bazaars, all closed now and silent; then up in the citadel, and through the mosque of Yusef; then down and scouring over the flying sand among the grand old tombs of the Mamelukes and of the caliphs; then off at break-neck speed toward the Mokatamma mountains, from a rise on the lower spur of one of which we saw, in the shadow of the coming night, the Pyramids and the slow-flowing Nile.

'Again we were in Cairo, and now threading narrow street after street, the fall of our horses' hoofs hardly heard on the unpaved ways, as we were passing under overhanging balconies covered with lace-work lattices. As it grew darker, our *sais*

preceded us with lighted lantern, shouting to pedestrians, blind and halt, to clear the road for the coming effendis.



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'*Halte la!*

'My foaming bay was reined in with a strong hand, I leaped from the saddle, and found the *sais* at hand to hold our horses, while we saw the seventh heaven of the Koran, and by no means *al Hotama*.

'With a foresight indicating an old campaigner, the officer produced a couple of bottles of sherry from the capacious folds of the *sais'* mantle, and unlocking the door of the house in front of which we stood, invited me to enter. Two or three turns, a court-yard full of rose-bushes, and an enormous palm-tree, a fountain shooting up its sparkling waters in the moonlight, a clapping of hands, *chibouks*, sherry cooled in the fountain.

'Then, in the moonlight, the gleam of white flowing garments, the nervous thrill breathed in from perfumes filling the evening air; the great swimming eyes; the kiss; the ah!—other bottles of sherry. The *fingans* of coffee, the pipe of *Latakiah* tobacco, the blowing a cloud into dreamland, while *Fatima* or *Zoe* insists on taking a puff with you.

'But as she said, '*Hathih al-kissah moaththirah*, which, in the vernacular, is. 'This history is affecting,' so let us pass it by. We finished those two bottles of sherry, and if Mohammed, in his majesty, refuses admittance to two *Peris* into paradise, because they drank sherry that night, let the sins be on our shoulders, WE are to blame.

* * * * *

'Next morning, at seven o'clock, I was at the banker's, and received his orders, and at six o'clock that evening was steaming out of Alexandria, bound to Naples *via* Malta. A little over twenty-four hours, and I had SEEN THE ORIENT THROUGH SHERRY—pale, golden, and serenely beautiful!

'Pass the punch.'

* * * * *

Very welcome is our pleasant contributor—he who of late discoursed on 'honeyed thefts' and rural religious discipline—and now, in the present letter, he gives us his views on meals, feeds, banquets, symposia, or by whatever name the reader may choose to designate assemblies for the purpose of eating.

Please make room at this table, right here, for me. Surely at a table of such dimensions, there should be plenty of room. Many a table-scene do I now recall, in days gone by, 'all of which I saw, and part of which I was,' but nothing like this. Tables of all sorts and sizes, but never a CONTINENTAL table before. I suppose the nearest approach to it was *the* picnic dinner the wee youngsters used to eat off the *ground!* A CONTINENTAL table! The most hospitable idea imaginable. Give place! Do you demand my credentials, my card, my ticket? Here we have it all; a little note from mine

host, Mr. LELAND, inviting the bearer to this monthly repast, and requesting, very properly—it was the way we always did, when we used to get up picnics—that the receiver of the note bring some sort of refreshments



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along. Thank you. This seat is very comfortable. What more appropriate, at such a time, than the discussion of *the Meal*? I protest I am no glutton; in fact, I despise the man whose meal-times are the epochs of his life; yet I frankly confess to emotions of a very positive character, in contemplating the associations of the table, and I admit farther, that I take pleasure in the reality as well as in the imagination. I like to be 'one of the company,' whether in palace or in farm-house. I always brighten up when I see the dining-room door thrown open to an angle hospitably obtuse, and am pleased alike with the politely-worded request, 'Will the ladies and gentlemen please walk out and partake of some refreshments?' or the blunt, kindly voice of mine host, 'Come, friends; dinner's ready.' Still I assert my freedom from any slavish fondness for the creature comforts. It is not the bill of fare that so pleases me. In fact, some of the best meals of which I have ever partaken, were those the materials of which I could not have remembered twenty minutes after. Exquisite palatal pleasures, then, are not a *sine qua non* in the enjoyment of table comforts. No, indeed. There is a condiment which is calculated to impart a high relish to the humblest fare; but without this charmed seasoning, every banquet is a failure. Solomon was a man of nice observation, even in so humble a matter as a meal. Let him reveal the secret in his own words: 'Better is a dinner of herbs, where LOVE is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' By a merciful arrangement of Providence, man is so constituted that he may think, talk, and eat, all at one and the same time. Hence, the table is often the scene of animated and very interesting conversations, provided *love is there*. Many of our Saviour's most interesting and instructive discourses were delivered while 'sitting at meat,' and the 'table-talk' of some authors is decidedly the most meritorious of all their performances. But the truth is, there are not many meals where *love is* entirely absent. Cheerfulness is naturally connected with eating; eating begets it probably. It is difficult for a man to eat at all, if he is in a bad humor. Quite impossible, if he is in a rage; especially if he is obliged to sit down to his dinner in company with the man he hates. There are so many little kind offices that guests must perform for each other at table, so many delicate compliments may be paid to those we love or revere, by polite attentions to them, and so necessary, indeed, have these become to our notion of a satisfactory repast, that to banish such amiable usages from our tables would be not only to degrade us to the level of the brute, but would deprive us of a most humanising and refining means of enjoyment. How beautiful and necessary, then, is the arrangement by which, morning, noon, and night, (I pity folks



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who only eat twice a day,) the members of the household are brought together in such kindly intercourse around the family board! How seldom would they assemble thus pleasantly, were it not for the meal! The little wounds and scratches which the sharp edges of our characters will inflict upon each other, when brought together in the necessary contact of daily intercourse, would otherwise be suffered to fret and vex us sorely; but before they have had time to fester and inflame, meal-time comes, and brings with it the magic, mollifying oil. It is meet, then, (we spell the word with two e's, mind you,) that, on any occasion of public rejoicing, the banquet should be an indispensable accompaniment. The accomplishment of some important public enterprise, the celebration of the birth-days of great and good men, a nation's holidays, the reunions of friends engaged in a common cause, are occasions in which the dinner, very properly, constitutes one of the leading features. And what can be more exhilarating than the innocent mirthfulness, the unaffected kindnesses, the witty speeches, the sprightly conversations which are universally incident to such occasions? No wonder Lycurgus decreed that the Spartans should eat in public. Ostensibly, it was for the sake of the grave conversations of the elders at such times, but really, I imagine, it was to keep the citizens (who had been at swords' points with each other) in a good humor, by bringing them around a common table. He knew that if any thing would soften their mutual asperities and cultivate mutual good feeling, such a measure would. Would it not be well for modern times to take a hint here? Had I been appointed architect of the Capitol, I think I could have saved the feuds which long ago sprang up, and which have resulted in, and will yet bring about, alas! we know not how much bloodshed. I would have constructed a couple of immense dining-rooms, with all the necessary appurtenances. Just to think how different would have been the aspect of things in the chamber where Sumner once lay bleeding, and in the hall where a gentleman, in a melee, '*stubbed his toe and fell!*' There would have been Mr. Breckinridge, in a canopied seat at the head of one of the tables, rapping the Senate to order with his knife-handle, and Mr. Orr at the head of the other, uncovering an immense tureen, with the remark that '*the House will now proceed to business!*' How strange it would be to hear any angry debate at such a time! Imagine a Congressman helping himself to a batter-cake and at the same time calling his brother-member a liar! or throwing down his napkin, by way of challenge to '*the gentleman on the opposite side of the table!*' Think of Keitt politely handing Grow the cream-pitcher, and attempting to knock him down before the meal was dispatched. Had the discussion of the Lecompton Constitution been carried on simultaneously with



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that of a couple of dozen roast turkeys, I sometimes think we might have avoided this war. Not only in public but in private rejoicings, is the table the scene of chief enjoyment. When was it that the fatted calf was killed? On what occasion was the water turned into wine? What better way to rejoice over the return of a long-absent one than to meet him around the hospitable table? Ye gods! let your mouths water! There's a feast ahead for our brave soldiers, when they come home from this war, that will make your tables look beggarly. I refer to that auspicious moment when the patriot now baring his bosom to the bloody brunt of war, shall sit down once more to the table, in his own dear home, however humble, and partake of the cheerful meal in peace, with his wife and his little ones about him. Oh! for the luxury of that first meal! I almost feel as if I could endure the hardships of the fierce campaign that precedes it. There is no memory so pleasant to me as that of the annual reunion of my aunts and uncles, with their respective troops of cousins, at the house of my dear grandmother of blessed memory. It was pleasant to watch the conveyances one by one coming in, laden with friends who had traveled many a weary mile to be present on the great occasion. It was pleasant to witness the mutual recognitions of brothers and sisters with their respective wives and husbands; to observe the transports of the little fellows, in their hearty greetings, after a twelve months' separation, and to hear their expressions of mingled surprise and delight on being introduced to the strange *little* cousins, whose presence increased the number considerably above the preceding census. But the culminating point was yet to come. That was attained when all the brothers and sisters had gathered around the great long table, just as they did when they were children, with their dear mother at the head, surveying the scene in quiet enjoyment, and one of the 'older boys' at the foot, to ask a blessing. There were the waffle-cakes, baked in the irons which had furnished every cake for that table for the last quarter of a century. There was the roast-turkey, which grandma had been putting through a generous system of dietetics for weeks, preparatory to this occasion. It rested on the same old turkey-plate, with its two great birds sitting on a rose-bush, and by its side was the great old carving-knife, which had from time immemorial been the instrument of dissection on such occasions. And there was maple-molasses from Uncle D——'s 'sugar-camp,' and cheese from Aunt N——'s press, and honey from Uncle T——'s hives, and oranges which Aunt I——, who lived in the city, had provided, and all contained in the old-fashioned plates and dishes of a preceding generation. I discover I am treating my subject in a very desultory manner. Perhaps I should have stated that under the head of the complete genus,



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meal, there are three distinct species, public, social, and private. That the grand banquet, celebrating some great man's birth, or the success of some noble public enterprise, with its assemblages of the great and the good from every part of the country; the Fourth of July festival, in honor of our nation's independence, with its speeches, its drums, its toasts, and its cannon; the '*table d'hote*,' or in plain English, the hotel dinner-table, so remarkable for the multitude of its dishes and the meagreness of their contents; the harvest-feast, the exact opposite of the last-named, even to the mellow thirds and fifths that come floating over the valleys from the old-fashioned dinner-horn, calling in the tired laborers; its musical invitation in such striking contrast with the unimagined horrors of the gong that bellows its expectant victims to their meals; the family repast, where one so often feels gratified with the delicate compliment of a mother, a sister, or a wife, in placing some favorite dish or flower near his plate; the annual gatherings of jolly alumni; the delightful concourse of relatives and friends; the gleesome picnic lunch, with its grassy carpet and log seats; the luxurious oyster-supper, with its temptations 'to carry the thing too far;' the festival at the donation-party, which, in common parlance, would be called a dish of 'all sorts;' the self-boarding student's desolate corn-cake, baked in a pan of multifarious use: all these are so many modifications under their respective species. Let me remark, in conclusion, that there are some meals from which I pray to be delivered. There is the noisy dinner of the country-town *tavern* or railroad station, where each individual seems particularly anxious that number *one* should be provided for, and where, in truth, he is obliged often to make pretty vigorous efforts, if he succeeds. Again, have you ever observed how gloomy is the look of those who for the first time gather around the table, after the departure of a friend? The breakfast was earlier than usual, and the dishes were suffered to stand and the beds to go unmade, and housemaid, chamber-maid, cook, and seamstress, all engaged in the *melee* of packing up, and of course came in for their share of 'good-bys.' After the guests were fairly off, 'things took a stand-still' for a while. All hands sat down and rested, and looked very blank, and didn't know just where to begin. Slowly, confusion began to relax *his* hold, and order, by degrees, resumed *her* sway; (for the life of me, I can't bring myself to determine the genders in any other way.) But when, at last, the dinner-hour came, how strangely silent were the eaters! Ah! if the departed one have gone to his long home, how *solemn* is this first meeting of the family, after their return to their lonely home! It may be the sire whose place at the head of the table is now vacant, and whose silvery voice we



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no longer hear humbly invoking the divine blessing; or perhaps the mother, and how studiously we keep our eye away from the seat where her generous hand was wont to pour our tea. Perhaps the little one, the idol of the household, whose chirruping voice was wont to set us all laughing with droll remarks, expressed in baby dialect. How we miss the little high-chair that was always drawn up 'close by papa!' How our eyes will swim and our hearts swell up and choke us when we see it pushed back into the corner, now silent and vacant! Hast thou not wept thus? Be grateful. Thou hast been spared one of life's keenest pangs.

Thou speakest well. Dr. Doran has pleased us with his *Table Traits*, but a great book yet remains to be written on the social power of meals. The immortals were never so lordly as when assembled at the celestial table, where inextinguishable laughter went the rounds with the nectar. The heroes of Valhalla were most glorious over the ever-growing roast-boar and never-failing mead. Heine suggests a millennial banquet of all nations, where the French are to have the place of honor, for their improvements in freedom and in cookery, and Master Rabelais could imagine nothing more genial than when in the *Moyen de Parvenir*, he placed all the gay, gallant, wise, brave, genial, joyous dames and demoiselles, knights, and scholars of all ages at one eternal supper. Ah! yes; it matters but little what is 'gatherounded,' as a quaint Americanism hath it, so that the wit, and smiles, and good-fellowship be there.

* * * * *

It is stated in the newspapers—we know not on what authority—that Charles A. Dana, late of the New-York *Tribune*, will probably receive an important appointment in the army. A man of iron will, of indomitable energy, undoubted courage, and of an inexhaustible genius, which displays itself by mastering every subject as by intuition, Dana is one whom, of all others, we would wish to see actively employed in the war. We have described him in by-gone days as one who was 'an editor by destiny and a soldier by nature,' and sincerely trust that his career will yet happily confer upon him military honors. No man in America—we speak advisedly—has labored more assiduously, or with more sterling honest conviction in politics, than Charles A. Dana. The influence which he has exerted has been immense, and it is fit that it be recognized. Men who, like him, combine stern integrity with vigorous practical talent, have a claim to lead.

* * * * *

Among the most striking songs which the war has brought forth, we must class that grim Puritanical lyric, 'The Kansas John Brown,' which appeared originally in the *Kansas Herald*, and which is, as we are informed, extensively sung in the army. The words are as follows:

THE KANSAS JOHN BROWN SONG.



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Old John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
While the bondmen all are weeping whom he ventured for to save;
But though he lost his life a-fighting for the slave,
His soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

John Brown was a hero undaunted, true and brave,
And Kansas knew his valor when he fought her rights to save;
And now, though the grass grows green above his grave,
His soul is marching on.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so few,
And frightened Old Virginia till she trembled through and through;
They hung him for a traitor—themselves a traitor crew,
But his soul is marching on.

John Brown was John the Baptist of the Christ we are to see;
CHRIST, who of the bondmen shall the Liberator be;
And soon through all the South the slaves shall all be free,
For his soul goes marching on.

John Brown he was a soldier—a soldier of the LORD;
John Brown he was a martyr—a martyr to the WORD;
And he made the gallows holy when he perished by the cord,
For his soul goes marching on.

The battle that John Brown begun, he looks from heaven to view,
On the army of the Union with its flag, red, white and blue;
*And the angels shall sing hymns o'er the deeds we mean to do,
As we go marching on!*

Ye soldiers of JESUS, then strike it while you may,
The death-blow of Oppression in a better time and way,
For the dawn of Old John Brown is a-brightening into day,
And his soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.



There! if the soldiers of Cromwell and of Ireton had any lyric to beat *that*, we should like to see it. Among its rough and rude rhymes gleams out a fierce fire which we supposed was long since extinct. Verily, old Father Puritan is *not* dead yet, neither does he sleep; and to judge from what we have heard of the effects of this song among the soldiers, we should say that grim Old John Brown himself, far from perishing, is even now terribly alive. There is something fearful in the inspiration which can inspire songs like this.

* * * * *

'GALLI VAN T' is welcome, and will be 'welcomer' when he again visits us in another letter like *this*:

DEAR CONTINENTAL: I have a friend who is not an artful man, though he be full of art; and yesterday evening he told me the following:

'In my early days, when I took views of burly farmers and their bouncing daughters in oil, and painted portraits of their favorite horses for a very moderate *honorarium*, and in short, was the artist of a small country town—why, then, to tell the truth, I was held to be one of the greatest painters in existence. Since studying abroad, and settling down in New-York—'

'And getting your name up among the first,' I added.



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'Never mind that—I'm not 'the greatest painter that ever lived' here. But in Spodunk, I was. Folks 'admired to see me.' I was a man that 'had got talent into him,' and the village damsels invited me to tea. There were occasional drawbacks, to be sure. One day a man who had heard that I had painted Doctor Hewls's house, called and asked me what I would charge to paint his little 'humsted.' I offered to do it for twenty dollars.

'He gave me a shrewd gimlet-look and said:

'Find your own paint—o' course?'

"Of course,' I replied.

"What color?'

"Why, the same color you now have,' was my astonished answer.

"Wall, I don't know. My wife kind o' thinks that turtle-color would suit our house better than Spanish brown. You put on two coats, of course?'

'I now saw what he meant, and roaring with laughter, explained to him that there was a difference between a painter of houses and a house-painter.

'One morning I was interrupted by a grim, Herculean, stern-looking young fellow—one who was manifestly a man of facts—who, with a brief introduction of himself, asked if I could teach 'the pictur business.' I signified my assent, and while talking of terms, continued painting away at a landscape. I noticed that my visitor glanced at my work at first as if puzzled, and then with an air of contempt. Finally he inquired:

"'S *that* the way you make your pictures?'

"That is it,' I replied.

"Do you have to keep workin' it in, bit by bit, *slow*—like as a gal works woosted-patterns?'

"Yes, and sometimes much slower, to paint well.'

"How long 'll it take to learn your trade?'

"Well, if you've any genius for it, you may become a tolerable artist in two years.'



"Two—*thunder!* Why, a man could learn to make shoes, in that time!"

"Very likely. There is not one man in a hundred, who can make shoes, who would ever become even a middling sort of artist."

"*Darn paintin'!*" was the reply of my visitor, as he took up his club to depart—his hat had not been removed during the whole of the visit. '*Darn paintin'!* I thought you did the thing with stencils, and finished it up with a comb and a scraper. Mister, I don't want to hurt your feeling—but 'cordin' to *my way o' thinkin'*, paintin' as *you* do it, an't a trade at all—it's nothin' but a darned despicable *fine art!*" And with this candid statement of his views, my lost pupil turned to go. I burst out laughing. He turned around squarely, and presenting an angry front not unlike that of a mad bull, inquired abruptly, as he glared at me:

"Maybe you'd like to paint my portrit?"



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'I looked at him steadily in the eyes, as I gravely took up my spatula, (I knew he thought it some deadly kind of dagger,) and answered:

"I don't paint animals.

'He gave me a parting look, and 'abscondulated.' When I saw him last, he was among the City Fathers! GALLI VAN T.'

* * * * *

A SONG OF THE PRESENT.

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

Not to the Past whose smouldering embers lie,
Sad relics of the hopes we fondly nursed,
Not to the moments that have hurried by,
Whose joys and griefs are lived, the best, the worst.

Not to the Future, 'tis a realm where dwell
Fair, misty ghosts, which fade as we draw near,
Whose fair mirages coming hours dispel,
A land whose hopes find no fruition here.

But to the Present: be it dark or bright,
Stout-hearted greet it; turn its ill to good;
Throw on its clouds a soul-reflected light;
Its ills are blessings, rightly understood.

Prate not of failing hopes, of fading flowers;
Whine not in melancholy, plaintive lays,
Of joys departed, vanished sunny hours;
A cheerful heart turns every thing to praise.

Clouds can not always lower, the sun must shine;
Grief can not always last, joy's hour will come;
Seize as you may, each sunbeam, make it thine,
And make thy heart the sunshine's constant home.

Nor for thyself alone, a sunny smile
Carries a magic nothing can withstand;
A cheerful look may many a care beguile,
And to the weary be a helping hand.



Be brave—clasp thy great sorrows in thy arms;
Though eagle-like, they threat, with lifted crest,
The dread, the terror which thy soul alarms,
Shall turn a peaceful dove upon thy breast.

* * * * *

A STRANGE STORY—ITS SEQUEL.

PREFACE.

The often expressed wish of the American Press for an explanation of the meaning of 'A Strange Story,' shall be complied with. It is purely and simply this: Many novels, most of them, in fact, treat of the World; the rest may be divided into those vaguely attempting to describe the works of the Flesh and the Devil. This division of subjects is fatal to their force; there was need to write a novel embracing them all; therefore 'A Strange Story' was penned. Mrs. Colonel Poyntz personated the World, Doctor Fenwick the Flesh, and Margrave, *alias* Louis Grayle, certainly, I may be allowed to say, played the Devil with marked ability. To give a fitting *morale* to all, the character of Lilian Ashleigh was thrown in; the good genius, the conqueror of darkness, the positive of the electrical battery meeting the negative and eliciting sparks of triumphant light—such was the heroine.



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Man, conscious of a future life, and endowed with imagination, is not content with things material, especially if his brain is crowded with the thoughts of the brains of ten thousand dead authors, and his nervous system is over-tasked and over-excited. In this condition he rushes away—away from cool, pure, and lovely feature—burying himself in the hot, spicy, and gorgeous dreams of Art. He would adore Cagliostro, while he mocked Doctor Watts! Infatuated dreamer! Returning at last, by good chance—or, rather, let me say, by the directing hand of Providence—from his evil search of things tabooed, to admiration of the Real, the Tangible, and the True; he will show himself as Doctor Fenwick does in this sequel, a strong, sensible, family-man, with a clear head and no-nonsense about him.

CHAPTER I.

'I think,' said Faber, with a sigh, 'that I must leave Australia and go to other lands, where I can make more money. You remember when that Egyptian woman bore the last—positively the last—remains of Margrave, or Louis Grayle, to the vessel?'

'I do,' quoth Doctor Fenwick.

'Well, a pencil dropped from the pocket of the inanimate form. I picked it up, and on it was stamped in gilded letters:

'FABER, No. 4.'

I believe it may belong to one of my family—lost, perhaps, in the ocean of commerce.'

'Who knows? We will think of this anon; but hark! the tea-bell is rung; let us enter the house.'

CHAPTER II.

'Good gracious! Doctor Faber, I am so glad to see you. Sit right down in this easy-chair. We've muffins for tea, and some preserves sent all the way from dear Old England. Now, Allen, be lively to-night, and show us how that cold chicken should be carved.'

Thus Lilian, Doctor Fenwick's wife, rattled on. She had grown very stout in the five years passed since 'A Strange Story' was written, and now weighed full thirteen stone, was red-cheeked and merry as a cricket. Mrs. Ashleigh, too, had grown very stout and red-cheeked, and was bustling around when the two doctors entered the room.

'How much do you think I weigh?' asked Fenwick of Doctor Faber.



'About fifteen stone,' answered the old doctor, while he dissected a side-bone of the chicken. 'I think you did well to begin farming in earnest. There is nothing like good hard work to cure the dyspepsia and romantic dreams.'

'Indeed, dear doctor, and you have reason, to be sure,' said Mrs. Ashleigh. 'And pray, don't you think, now, that Lilian is a great deal more comely since she has given up worsted-work and dawdling, and taken to filling her duties as housewife?'

'To be sure I do.'

The doctor here passed the muffins to Lilian. She helped herself to a brown one, remarking:

'It is such a blessed thing to have a fine appetite, and be able to eat half-a-dozen muffins for tea! Oh! by the way, Allen, I wish you would buy three or four more barrels of pale ale—we are nearly out.'



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CHAPTER III.

'Here ye are, gen-till-men! This fine de-tersive soap—on-ly thrippence a tab-let—takes stains out of all kinds of things. Step up while there air a few tab-lets left of this in-im-a-table art-tickle unsold.'

'Who's that guy in the soap-trade?' asked one policeman of another one as they passed along Lowther Arcade and saw the man whose conversation is reported above.

'He's a deep one, hi know,' said the one asked. 'Is name is Grayle, Louis Grayle. There's hodd stories 'bout 'im, werry hodd. 'E tries to work a werry wiry dodge on the johnny-raws, bout bein' ha 'undred hand ten years hold. Says 'e's got some kind o' water wot kips hun' from growink hold, My heye! strikes me if 'e 'ad, 'e wouldn't bein' sellin' soap 'bout 'ere. Go hup to 'im hand tell 'im to move hon, 'e's ben wurkin this lay long enough, I *ham* thinkin'.

Such, gentle reader, was the condition of Louis Grayle when I last saw him. By the assistance of confederates and other means, he had imposed on our good friend Doctor Fenwick, in former years, and nearly driven that poor gentleman crazy during his celibacy, especially as the doctor in all this period would smoke hasheesh and drink laudanum cocktails—two little facts neglected to be mentioned in 'A Strange Story.' Now, he was poor as a crow, this Louis Grayle, and was only too glad to turn the information he had learned of Haroun of Aleppo, to profitable account—the most valuable knowledge he had gained from that Oriental sage being the composition of a soap, good to erase stains from habits.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Colonel Poyntz having rendered herself generally disagreeable to even the London world of fashion, by her commanding presence, has been quietly put aside, and at latest accounts, every thing else having failed, had taken up fugitive American secessionists for subjects, and reports of revolvers and pokers (a slavish game of cards) were circulated as filling the air she ruled.

CHAPTER V.

Doctor Fenwick is now the father of four small tow-headed children, who poss the long Australian days teasing a tame Kangaroo and stoning the loud-laughing great kingfisher and other birds, catalogue of which is mislaid. His wife has not had a single nervous attack for years, and probably never will have another. Doctor Faber married Mrs. Ashleigh!



Doctor Fenwick, it is needless to say, has thrown his library of Alchemists, Rosicrucianists, Mesmerists, Spiritualists, Transcendentalists, and all other trashy lists into the fire, together with several pounds of bang, hasheesh, cocculus indicus, and opium. He at this present time of writing, is an active, industrious, intelligent, and practical man, finding in the truthful working out THE great problem, Do unto others as you would have others do unto you, an exceeding great reward.



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THE END.

* * * * *

WHAT THEN?

BY J. HAL. ELLIOT.

God's pity on them! Human souls, I mean,
Crushed down and hid 'neath squalid rags and dirt,
And bodies which no common sore can hurt;
All this between
Those souls, and life—corrupt, defiled, unclean.

And more—hard faces, pinched by starving years.
Cold, stolid, grimy faces—vacant eyes,
Wishful anon, as when one looks and dies;
But never tears!
Tears would not help them—battling constant jeers.

Forms, trained to bend and grovel from the first,
Crouching through life forever in the dark,
Aimlessly creeping toward an unseen mark;
And no one durst
Deny their horrid dream, that they are curst.

And life for them! dare we call life its name?
O God! an arid sea of burning sand,
Eternal blackness! death on every hand!
A smothered flame,
Writhing and blasting in the tortured frame.

And death! we shudder when we speak the word;
'Tis all the same to them—or life, or death;
They breathe them both with every fevered breath;
When have they heard,
That cool Bethesda's waters might be stirred!

They live among us—live and die to-day;
We brush them with our garments on the street,
And track their footsteps with our dainty feet;
'Poor common clay!'
We curl our lips—and that is what we say.



God's pity on them! and on us as well:
They live and die like brutes, and we like men:
Both go alone into the dark—what then?
Or heaven, or hell?
They suffered in this life! Stop! Who can tell?

* * * * *

The last stranger who visited Washington Irving, before his death, was Theodore Tilton, who published shortly afterward an account of the interview. Mr. Tilton wrote also a private letter to a friend, giving an interesting reminiscence, which he did not mention in his published account. The following is an extract from this letter, now first made public:

As I was about parting from Mr. Irving, at the door-step, he held my hand a few moments, and said:

'You know Henry Ward Beecher?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'he is an intimate friend.'

'I have never seen him,' said he, 'tell me how he looks.'

I described, in a few words, Mr. Beecher's personal appearance; when Mr. Irving remarked:

'I take him to be a man always in fine health and cheery spirits.'

I replied that he was hale, vigorous, and full of life; that every drop of his blood bubbled with good humor.

'His writings,' said Knickerbocker, 'are full of human kindness. I think he must have a great power of enjoyment.'

'Yes,' I added, 'to hear him laugh is as if one had spilt over you a pitcher of wine.'



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'It is a good thing for a man to laugh well,' returned the old gentleman, smiling. He then observed:

'I have read many of your friend's writings; he draws charming pictures; he inspires and elevates one's mind; I wish I could once take him by the hand.'

At which I instantly said:

'I will ask him to make you a visit.'

'Tell him I will give him a Scotch welcome; tell him that I love him, though I never have seen his face.'

These words were spoken with such evident sincerity, that Sunnyside will always have a sunnier place in my memory, because of the old man's genial tribute to my dear friend.

I am ever yours,
THEODORE TILTON.

* * * * *

The following paragraph from the *Boston Traveller*, contains a few facts well worth noting:

'The secession sympathizers in the North have two favorite dodges for the service of their friends, the enemy. The first is, to magnify the numbers of the rebel forces, placing them at 500,000 men, whereas they never have had above half as many men in the field, all told, and counting negroes as well as white men. The other is, to magnify the cost of the war on the side of the Federalists. They tell us that our public war-debt, by the close of the current fiscal year, June 30, 1862, will be \$1,200,000,000, (twelve hundred million dollars.) They know better than this, for that debt will, at the date named, be not much above \$620,000,000, which would be no greater burden on the country than was that which it owed in 1815, perhaps not so great a burden as that was. People should not allow themselves to be frightened by the prophecies of men who, if they could be sure of preserving slavery in all its force, would care for nothing else.'

It is always easy to make up a gloomy statement, and this has been done of late to perfection by the demo-secessionists among us. It is an easy matter to assume, as has been done, the maximum war expenditure for one single day, and say that it is the average. It is easy, too, to say that 'You can never whip the South,' and point to Richmond 'bounce' in confirmation. It will all avail nothing. Slavery is going—of *that*



rest assured—and the South is to be thoroughly Northed with new blood. *Delenda est Dixie.*

Our 'private' readers in the army—of whom we have enough, we are proud to say, to constitute a pretty large-sized public—may rest assured that accounts will not be settled with the South without very serious consideration of what is due to the soldier for his services 'in snatching the common-weal from the jaws of hell,' as the Latin memorial to Pitt, on the Dedham stone hath it. It has been said that republics are ungrateful; but in this instance the adage must fall to the ground. The soldier will be as much needed after the war, to settle the South, 'North it,' and preserve the Union by his intellect and his industry, as he now is to reestablish it by his bravery.

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We find the following in the *Boston Courier* of March 29th:

'Our attention has been called to a statement in the *CONTINENTAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE*, to the effect, that certain interesting 'Notes on the Gulf States,' which have recently appeared in this paper were reproductions, with certain alterations, of letters which were printed in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* several years ago. The statement made is not positive, but made with such qualifications as might lead to the inference that the comparison was not very carefully made. We can only say, that we have had no opportunity to confer with our distant correspondent, who handed us the whole series of 'Notes' together, in manuscript, for publication; nor had we any reason to believe that they were ever printed before, either in whole or in part. We can say nothing further, until we know more about the grounds for the intimation of the *CONTINENTAL MONTHLY*.'

We were guarded in our statement, not having at hand, when we wrote the paragraph referred to, more than three or four numbers of the *Courier* containing the Gulf States articles, and not desiring to give the accusation a needlessly harsh expression, knowing well that the best informed editor may have at times old literary notes passed upon him for new ones. What we *do* say, is simply that several columns of the articles which appeared as original in the *Boston Courier*, were *literal reprints* from a series which appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1847.

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