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# Wordsworth—His Character And Genius.



*Wm Wordsworth*

In a late article on Southey, we alluded to the solitary position of Wordsworth in that lake country where he once shone the brightest star in a large galaxy. Since then, the star of Jove, so beautiful and large, has gone out in darkness—the greatest laureate of England has expired—the intensest, most unique, and most pure-minded of our poets, with the single exceptions of Milton and Cowper, is departed. And it were lese-majesty against his mighty shade not to pay it our tribute while yet his memory, and the grass of his grave, are green.

It is singular, that only a few months have elapsed since the great antagonist of his literary fame—Lord Jeffrey (who, we understand, persisted to the last in his ungenerous and unjust estimate), left the bench of human, to appear at the bar of Divine justice. Seldom has the death of a celebrated man produced a

more powerful impression in his own city and circle, and a less powerful impression on the wide horizon of the world. In truth, he had outlived himself. It had been very different had he passed away thirty years ago, when the “Edinburgh Review” was in the plenitude of its influence. As it was, he disappeared like a star at midnight, whose descent is almost unnoticed while the whole heavens are white with glory, not like a sun going down, that night may come over the earth. One of the acutest, most accomplished, most warm-hearted, and generous of men, Jeffrey wanted that stamp of universality, that highest order of genius, that depth of insight, and that simple directness of purpose, not to speak of that moral and religious consecration, which “give the world assurance of a man.” He was the idol of Edinburgh, and the pride of Scotland, because he condensed in himself those qualities which the modern Athens has long been accustomed to covet and admire—taste and talent rather than genius—subtlety of appreciation rather than power of origination—the logical understanding rather than the inventive insight—and because his name *had* sounded out to the ends of the earth. But nature and man, not Edinburgh Castle, or the Grampian Hills merely, might be summoned to mourn in Wordsworth's departure the loss of one of their truest high-priests, who had gazed into some of the deepest secrets of the one, and echoed some of the loftiest aspirations of the other. [578]

To soften such grief, however, there comes in the reflection, that the task of this great poet had been nobly discharged. He *had* given the world assurance, full, and heaped, and running over, of what he meant, and of what was meant by him. While the premature departure of a Schiller, a Byron, or a Keats, gives us emotions similar to those wherewith we would behold the crescent moon, snatched away as by some “insatiate archer,” up into the Infinite, ere it grew into its full glory—Wordsworth, like Scott, Goethe, and Southey, was permitted to fill his full and broad sphere.

What Wordsworth's mission was, may be, perhaps, understood through some previous remarks upon his great mistress—Nature, as a poetical personage.

There are three methods of contemplating nature. These are the material, the shadowy, and the mediatorial. The materialist looks upon it as the great and only reality. It is a vast solid fact, for ever burning and rolling around, below and above him. The idealist, on the contrary, regards it as a shadow—a mode of mind—the infinite projection of his own thought. The man who stands *between* the two extremes, looks on nature as a great, but not ultimate or everlasting scheme of mediation, or compromise, between pure and absolute spirit and humanity—adumbrating God to man, and bringing man near to God. To the materialist, there is an altar, star-lighted heaven-high, but no God. To the idealist, there is a God, but no altar. He who holds the theory of mediation, has the Great Spirit as his God, and the universe as the altar on which he presents the gift of his poetical (we do not speak at present so much of his theological) adoration.

It must be obvious, at once, which of those three views of nature is the most poetical. It is surely that which keeps the two principles of spirit and matter distinct and unconfounded—preserves in their proper relations—the soul and the body of things—God within, and without the garment by which, in Goethe's grand thought, “we see him by.” While one party deify, and another destroy matter, the third impregnate, without identifying it with the Divine presence.

The notions suggested by this view, which is that of Scripture, are exceedingly comprehensive and magnificent. Nature becomes to the poet's eye “*a great sheet let down from God out of heaven,*” and in which there is no object “common or unclean.” The purpose and the Being above cast such a grandeur over the pettiest or barest objects, as did the fiery pillar upon the sand, or the shrubs of the howling desert of its march. Every thing becomes valuable when looked upon as a communication

from God, imperfect only from the nature of the material used. What otherwise might have been concluded discords, now appear only stammerings or whisperings in the Divine voice; thorns and thistles spring above the primeval curse, the “meanest flower that blows” gives

“Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

The creation is neither unduly exalted nor contemptuously trampled under-foot, but maintains its dignified position, as an ambassador from the Divine King. The glory of something far beyond association—that of a divine and perpetual presence—is shed over the landscape, and its golden-drops are spilled upon the stars. Objects the most diverse—the cradle of the child, the wet hole of the centipede, the bed of the corpse, and the lair of the earthquake, the nest of the lark, and the crag on which sits, half asleep, the dark vulture, digesting blood—are all clothed in a light the same in kind, though varying in degree—

“A light which never was on sea or shore.”

In the poetry of the Hebrews, accordingly, the locusts are God's “great army;”—the winds are his messengers, the thunder his voice, the lightning a “fiery stream going before him,” the moon his witness in the heavens, the sun a strong man rejoicing to run his race—all creation is roused and startled into life through him—its every beautiful, or dire, or strange shape in the earth or the sky, is God's movable tent; the place where, for a season, his honor, his beauty, his strength, and his justice dwell—the tenant not degraded, and inconceivable dignity being added to the abode.

His mere “tent,” however—for while the great and the infinite are thus connected with the little and the finite, the subordination of the latter to the former is always maintained. The most magnificent objects in nature are but the mirrors to God's

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face—the scaffolding to his future purposes; and, like mirrors, are to wax dim; and, like scaffolding, to be removed. The great sheet is to be *received up* again into heaven. The heavens and the earth are to pass away, and to be succeeded, if not by a purely mental economy, yet by one of a more spiritual materialism, compared to which the former shall no more be remembered, neither come into mind. Those frightful and fantastic forms of animated life, through which God's glory seems to shine with a struggle, and but faintly, shall disappear—nay, the worlds which bore, and sheltered them in their rugged dens and eaves, shall flee from the face of the regenerator. “A milder day” is to dawn on the universe—the refinement of matter is to keep pace with the elevation of mind. Evil and sin are to be eternally banished to some Siberia of space. The word of the poet is to be fulfilled,

“And one eternal spring encircles all!”

The mediatorial purpose of creation, fully subserved, is to be abandoned, that we may see “eye to eye,” and that God may be “all in all.”

That such views of matter—its present ministry—the source of its beauty and glory—and its future destiny, transferred from the pages of both Testaments to those of our great moral and religious poets, have deepened some of their profoundest, and swelled some of their highest strains, is unquestionable. Such prospects as were in Milton's eye, when he sung,

“Thy Saviour and thy Lord  
Last in the clouds from heaven to be revealed,  
In glory of the Father to dissolve  
Satan with his perverted world; then raise  
From the confluent mass, purged and refined,  
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,”

may be found in Thomson, in his closing Hymn to the Seasons, in Coleridge's "Religious Musings," (in Shelley's "Prometheus" even, but perverted and disguised), in Bailey's "Festus" (cumbered and entangled with his religious theory); and more rootedly, although less theologically, than in all the rest, in the poetry of Wordsworth.

The secret of Wordsworth's profound and peculiar love for Nature, even in her meaner and minuter forms, may lie, perhaps, here. De Quincey seeks for it in a peculiar conformation of the eye, as if he actually did see more in the object than other men—in the rose a richer red, in the sky a deeper azure, in the broom a yellower gold, in the sun a more dazzling ray, in the sea a finer foam, and in the star a more sparkling splendor, than even Nature's own "sweet and cunning" hand put on; but the critic has not sought to explain the rationale of this peculiarity. Mere acuteness of vision it can not have been, else the eagle might have *felt*, though not written, "The Excursion"—else the fact is not accountable why many of weak sight, such as Burke, have been rapturous admirers of Nature; and so, till we learn that Mr. De Quincey has looked through Wordsworth's eyes, we must call this a mere fancy. Hazlitt again, and others since, have accounted for the phenomenon by association—but this fails, we suspect, fully to explain the deep, native, and brooding passion in question—a passion which, instead of being swelled by the associations of after life, rose to lull stature in youth, as "Tintern Abbey" testifies. One word of his own, perhaps, better solves the mystery—it is the one word "consecration"—

"The *consecration* and the poet's dream."

His eye had been anointed with eye-salve, and he saw, as his poet-predecessors had done, the temple in which he was standing, heard in every breeze and ocean billow the sound of a temple-service, and felt that the grandeur of the ritual, and of its recipient, threw the shadow of their greatness upon

every stone in the corners of the edifice, and upon every eft crawling along its floors. Reversing the miracle, he saw “trees as men walking”—heard the speechless sins, and, in the beautiful thought of “the Roman,” caught on his ear the fragments of a “divine soliloquy,” filling up the pauses in a universal anthem. Hence the tumultuous, yet awful joy of his youthful feelings to Nature. Hence his estimation of its lowliest features; for does not every bush and tree appear to him a “pillar in the temple of his God?” The leaping fish pleases him, because its “cheer” in the lonely tarn is of praise. The dropping of the earth on the coffin lid, is a slow and solemn psalm, mingling in austere sympathy with the raven's croak, and in his “Power of sound” he proceeds elaborately to condense all those varied voices, high or low, soft or harsh, united or discordant, into one crushing chorus, like the choruses of Haydn, or of heaven. Nature undergoes no outward change to his *eye*, but undergoes a far deeper transfiguration to his spirit—as she stands up in the white robes, and with the sounding psalmodies of her mediatorial office, between him and the Infinite I AM.

Never must this feeling be confounded with Pantheism. All does not seem to him to be God, nor even (strictly speaking) divine; but all seems to be immediately *from* God—rushing out from him in being, to rush instantly back to him in service and praise. Again the natal dew of the first morning is seen lying on bud and blade, and the low voice of the first evening's song becomes audible again. Although Coleridge in his youth was a Spinozist, Wordsworth seems at once, and forever, to have recoiled from even his friend's eloquent version of that creedless creed, that baseless foundation, that system, through the *phenomenon* of which look not the bright eyes of Supreme Intelligence, but the blind face of irresponsible and infinite necessity. Shelley himself—with all the power his critics attribute to him of painting night, animating Atheism, and giving strange loveliness to annihilation—has failed in redeeming Spinoza's

theory from the reproach of being as hateful as it is false; and there is no axiom we hold more strongly than this—that the theory which can not be rendered poetical, can not be true. “Beauty is truth, and truth is beauty,” said poor Keats, to whom time, however, was not granted to come down from the first glowing generalization of his heart, to the particular creeds which his ripened intellect would have, according to *it*, rejected or received.

Nor, although Wordsworth is a devoted lover of Nature, down to what many consider the very blots—or, at least, dashes and commas in her page, is he blind to the fact of her transient character. The power he worships has his “dwelling in the light of setting suns,” but that dwelling is not his everlasting abode. For earth, and the universe, a “*milder day*” (words certifying their truth by their simple beauty) is in store when “the monuments” of human weakness, folly, and evil, shall “all be over-grown.” He sees afar off the great spectacle of Nature retiring before God; the ambassador giving place to the King; the bright toys of this nursery—sun, moon, earth, and stars—put away, like childish things; the symbols of the Infinite lost in the Infinite itself; and though he could, on the Saturday evening, bow before the midnight mountains, and midnight heavens, he could also, on the Sabbath morn, in Rydal church, bow as profoundly before the apostolic word, “All these things shall be dissolved.” [580]

With Wordsworth, as with all great poets, his poetical creed passes into his religious. It is the same tune with variations. But we confess that, in his case, we do not think the variations equal. The mediation of Nature he understands, and has beautifully represented in his poetry; but that higher mediation of the Divine Man between man and the Father, does not lie fully or conspicuously on his page. A believer in the mystery of godliness he unquestionably was; but he seldom preached it. Christopher North, many years ago, in “Blackwood,” doubted if there were so much as a Bible in poor Margaret's cottage (Excursion). We doubt

so, too, and have not found much of the “true cross” among all his trees. The theologians divide prayer into four parts—adoration, thanksgiving, confession, and petition. Wordsworth stops at the second. No where do we find more solemn, sustained, habitual, and worthy adoration, than in his writings. The tone, too, of all his poems, is a calm thanksgiving, like that of a long blue, cloudless sky, coloring, at evening, into the hues of more fiery praise. But he does not weep like a penitent, nor supplicate like a child. Such feelings seem suppressed and folded up as far-off storms, and the traces of past tempests are succinctly inclosed in the algebra of the silent evening air. And hence, like Milton's, his poetry has rather tended to foster the glow of devotion in the loftier spirits of the race—previously taught to adore—than like that of Cowper and Montgomery, to send prodigals back to their forsaken homes; Davids, to cry, “Against thee only have I sinned;” and Peters, to shriek in agony, “Lord, save us, we perish.”

To pass from the essential poetic element in a writer of genius, to his artistic skill, is a felt, yet necessary descent—like the painter compelled, after sketching the man's countenance, to draw his dress. And yet, as of some men and women, the very dress, by its simplicity, elegance, and unity, seems fitted rather to garb the soul than the body—seems the soul made visible—so is it with the style and manner of many great poets. Their speech and music without are as inevitable as their genius, or as the song forever sounding within their souls. And why? The whole ever tends to beget a whole—the large substance to cast its deep, yet delicate shadow—the divine to be like itself in the human, on which its seal is set. So it is with Wordsworth. That profound simplicity—that clear obscurity—that night-like noon—that noon-like night—that one atmosphere of overhanging Deity, seen weighing upon ocean and pool, mountain and mole-hill, forest and flower—that pellucid depth—that entireness of purpose and fullness of power, connected with fragmentary,

willful, or even weak execution—that humble, yet proud, precipitation of himself, Antæus-like, upon the bosom of simple scenes and simple sentiments, to regain primeval vigor—that obscure, yet lofty isolation, like a tarn, little in size, but elevated in site, with few visitors, but with many stars—that Tory-Radicalism, Popish-Protestantism, philosophical Christianity, which have rendered him a glorious riddle, and made Shelley, in despair of finding it out, exclaim,

“No Deist, and no Christian he,  
No Whig, no Tory.  
He got so subtle, that to be  
*Nothing* was all his glory,”—

all such apparent contradictions, but real unities, in his poetical and moral creed and character, are fully expressed in his lowly but aspiring language, and the simple, elaborate architecture of his verse—every stone of which is lifted up by the strain of strong logic, and yet laid to music; and, above all, in the choice of his subjects, which range, with a free and easy motion, up from a garden spade and a village drum, to the “celestial visages” which darkened at the tidings of man's fall, and to the “organ of eternity,” which sung pæans over his recovery.

We sum up what we have further to say of Wordsworth, under the items of his works, his life and character, his death; and shall close by inquiring, Who is worthy to be his successor?

His works, covering a large space, and abounding in every variety of excellence and style, assume, after all, a fragmentary aspect. They are true, simple, scattered, and strong, as blocks torn from the crags of Helvellyn, and lying there “low, but mighty still.” Few even of his ballads are wholes. They leave too much untold. They are far too suggestive to satisfy. From each poem, however rounded, there streams off a long train of thought: like the tail of a comet, which, while testifying its power, mars its

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aspect of oneness. The "Excursion," avowedly a fragment, seems the splinter of a larger splinter; like a piece of Pallas, itself a piece of some split planet. Of all his poems, perhaps, his sonnets, his "Laodamia," his "Intimations of Immortality," and his verses on the "Eclipse in Italy," are the most complete in execution, as certainly they are the most classical in design. Dramatic power he has none, nor does he regret the want. "I hate," he was wont to say to Hazlitt, "those interlocutions between Caius and Lucius." He sees, as "from a tower, the end of all." The waving lights and shadows, the varied loopholes of view, the shiftings and fluctuations of feeling, the growing, broadening interest of the drama, have no charm for him. His mind, from its gigantic size, contracts a gigantic stiffness. It "moveth altogether, if it move at all." Hence, some of his smaller poems remind you of the dancing of an elephant, or of the "hills leaping like lambs." Many of the little poems which he wrote upon a system, are exceedingly tame and feeble. Yet often, even in his narrow bleak vales, we find one "meek streamlet—only one"—beautifying the desolation; and feel how painful it is for him to become poor, and that, when he sinks, it is with "compulsion and laborious flight." But, having subtracted such faults, how much remains—of truth—of tenderness—of sober, eve-like grandeur—of purged beauties, white and clean as the lilies of Eden—of calm, deep reflection, contained in lines and sentences which have become proverbs—of mild enthusiasm—of minute knowledge of nature—of strong, yet unostentatious sympathy with man—and of devout and breathless communion with the Great Author of all! Apart altogether from their intellectual pretensions Wordsworth's poems possess a moral clearness, beauty, transparency, and harmony, which connect them immediately with those of Milton: and beside the more popular poetry of the past age—such as Byron's, and Moore's—they remind us of that unplanted garden, where the shadow of God united all trees of fruitfulness, and all flowers of beauty, into one; where the "large river," which

watered the whole, “ran south,” toward the sun of heaven—when compared with the gardens of the Hesperides, where a dragon was the presiding deity, or with those of Vauxhall or White Conduit-house, where Comus and his rabble rout celebrate their undisguised orgies of miscalled and miserable pleasure. [582]



Wordsworth's Home at Rydal Mount.

To write a great poem demands years—to write a great undying example, demands a lifetime. Such a life, too, becomes a poem—higher far than pen can inscribe, or metre make musical. Such a life it was granted to Wordsworth to live in severe harmony with his verse—as it lowly, and as it aspiring, to live, too, amid opposition, obloquy, and abuse—to live, too, amid the glare of that watchful observation, which has become to public men far more keen and far more capacious in its powers and opportunities, than in Milton's days. It was not, unquestionably, a perfect life, even as a man's, far less as a poet's. He did feel and resent, more than beseemed a great man, the pursuit and persecution of the hounds, whether “gray” and swift-footed, or whether curs of low degree, who dogged his steps. His voice from his woods sounded at times rather like the moan of wounded weakness, than the bellow of masculine wrath. He should, simply, in reply to his

opponents, have written on at his poems, and let his prefaces alone. "If they receive your first book ill," wrote Thomas Carlyle to a new author, "write the second better—so much better as to shame them." When will authors learn that to answer an unjust attack, is, merely to give it a keener edge, and that all injustice carries the seed of oblivion and exposure in itself? To use the language of the masculine spirit just quoted, "it is really a truth, one never knows whether praise be really good for one—or whether it be not, in very fact, the worst poison that could be administered. Blame, or even vituperation, I have always found a safer article. In the long run, a man *has*, and *is*, just what he *is* and *has*—the world's notion of him has not altered him at all, except, indeed, if it have poisoned him with self-conceit, and made a *caput mortuum* of him."

The sensitiveness of authors—were it not such a *sore* subject—might admit of some curious reflections. One would sometimes fancy that Apollo, in an angry hour, had done to his sons, what fable records him to have done to Marsyas—*flayed* them alive. Nothing has brought more contempt upon authors than this—implying, as it does, a lack of common courage and manhood. The true son of genius ought to rush before the public as the warrior into battle, resolved to hack and hew his way to eminence and power, not to whimper like a schoolboy at every scratch—to acknowledge only home thrusts—large, life-letting-out blows—determined either to conquer or to die, and, feeling that battles should be lost in the same spirit in which they are won. If Wordsworth did not fully answer this ideal, others have sunk far more disgracefully and habitually below it.

In private, Wordsworth, we understand, was pure, mild, simple, and majestic—perhaps somewhat austere in his judgments of the erring, and, perhaps, somewhat narrow in his own economics. In accordance, we suppose, with that part of his poetic system, which magnified mole-heaps to mountains, *pennies* assumed the importance of *pounds*. It is ludicrous, yet

characteristic, to think of the great author of the "Recluse," squabbling with a porter about the price of a parcel, or bidding down an old book at a stall. He was one of the few poets who were ever guilty of the crime of worldly prudence—that ever could have fulfilled the old paradox, "A poet has built a house." In his young days, according to Hazlitt, he said little in society—sat generally lost in thought—threw out a bold or an indifferent remark occasionally—and relapsed into reverie again. In latter years, he became more talkative and oracular. His health and habits were always regular, his temperament happy, and his heart sound and pure.

We have said that his life, *as a poet*, was far from perfect. Our meaning is, that he did not sufficiently, owing to temperament, or position, or habits, sympathize with the on-goings of society, the fullness of modern life, and the varied passions, unbeliefs, sins, and miseries of modern human nature. His soul dwelt apart. He came, like the Baptist, "neither eating nor drinking," and men said, "he hath a demon." He saw at morning, from London bridge, "all its mighty heart" lying still; but he did not at noon plunge artistically into the thick of its throbbing life; far less sound the depths of its wild midnight heavings of revel and wretchedness, of hopes and fears, of stifled fury and eloquent despair. Nor, although he sung the "mighty stream of tendency" of this wondrous age, did he ever launch his poetic craft upon it, nor seem to see the *witherward* of its swift and awful stress. He has, on the whole, stood aside from his time—not on a peak of the past—not on an anticipated Alp of the future, but on his own Cumberland highlands—hearing the tumult and remaining still, lifting up his life as a far-seen beacon-fire, studying the manners of the humble dwellers in the vales below—"piping a simple song to thinking hearts," and striving to waft to brother spirits, the fine infection of his own enthusiasm, faith, hope, and devotion. Perhaps, had he been less strict and consistent in creed and in character, he might have attained greater breadth,

blood-warmth, and wide-spread power, have presented on his page a fuller reflection of our present state, and drawn from his poetry a yet stronger moral, and become the Shakspeare, instead of the Milton, of the age. For himself, he did undoubtedly choose the "better part;" nor do we mean to insinuate that any man ought to contaminate himself for the sake of his art, but that the poet of a period will necessarily come so near to its peculiar sins, sufferings, follies, and mistakes, as to understand them, and even to feel the force of their temptations, and though he should never yield to, yet must have a "fellow-feeling" of its prevailing infirmities.

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The death of this eminent man took few by surprise. Many anxious eyes have for a while been turned toward Rydal mount, where this hermit stream was nearly sinking into the ocean of the Infinite. And now, to use his own grand word, used at the death of Scott, a "trouble" hangs upon Helvellyn's brow, and over the waters of Windermere. The last of the Lakers has departed. That glorious country has become a tomb for its more glorious children. No more is Southey's tall form seen at his library window, confronting Skiddaw—with a port as stately as its own. No more does Coleridge's dim eye look down into the dim tarn, heavy laden, too, under the advancing thunder-storm. And no more is Wordsworth's pale and lofty front shaded into divine twilight, as he plunges at noon-day amidst the quiet woods. A stiller, sterner power than poetry has folded into its strict, yet tender and yearning embrace, those

“Serene creators of immortal things.”

Alas! for the pride and the glory even of the purest products of this strange world! Sin and science, pleasure and poetry, the lowest vices, and the highest aspirations, are equally unable to rescue their votaries from the swift ruin which is in chase of us all.

“Golden lads and girls all must  
Like chimney-sweepers come to dust.”

But Wordsworth has left for himself an epitaph almost superfluously rich—in the memory of his private virtues—of the impulse he gave to our declining poetry—of the sympathies he discovered in all his strains with the poor, the neglected, and the despised—of the version he furnished of Nature, true and beautiful as if it were Nature *describing herself*—of his lofty and enacted ideal of his art and the artist—of the “thoughts, too deep for tears,” he has given to meditative and lonely hearts—and, above all, of the support he has lent to the cause of the “primal duties” and eldest instincts of man—to his hope of immortality, and his fear of God. And now we bid him farewell, in his own words—

“Blessings be with him, and eternal praise,  
The *poet*, who on earth has made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.”

Although, as already remarked, not the poet of the age—it has, in our view, been, on the whole, fortunate for poetry and society, that for seven years William Wordsworth has been poet-laureate. We live in a transition state in respect to both. The march and the music are both changing—nor are they yet fully attuned to each other—and, meanwhile, it was desirable that a poet should preside, whose strains formed a fine “musical confusion,” like that of old in the “wood of Crete”—of the old and the new—of the Conservative and the Democratic—of the golden age, supposed by many to have existed in the past, and of the millennium, expected by more in the future—a compromise of the two poetical styles besides—the one, which clung to the hoary tradition of the elders, and the other, which accepted innovation because it was new, and boldness because it was

daring, and mysticism because it was dark—not truth, *though* new; beauty, *though* bold; and insight, *though* shadowy and shy. Nay, we heartily wish, had it been for nothing else than this, that his reign had lasted for many years longer, till, perchance, the discordant elements in our creeds and literature, had been somewhat harmonized. As it is, there must now be great difficulty in choosing his successor to the laureateship; nor is there, we think, a single name in our poetry whose elevation to the office would give universal, or even general, satisfaction.

Milman is a fine poet, but not a great one. Croly is, or ought to have been, a great poet; but is not sufficiently known, nor *en rapport* with the spirit of the time. Bowles is dead—Moore dying. Lockhart and Macaulay have written clever ballads; but no shapely, continuous, and masterly poem. John Wilson, *alias* Christopher North, has more poetry in his eye, brow, head, hair, figure, voice, talk, and the prose of his “Noetes,” than any man living; but his verse, on the whole, is mawkish—and his being a Scotchman will be a stumbling-block to many, though not to us; for, had Campbell been alive, we should have said at once, let him be laureate—if manly grace, classic power, and genuine popularity, form qualifications for the office. Tennyson, considering all he has done, has received his full meed already. Let him and Leigh Hunt repose under the shadow of their pensions. Our gifted friends, Bailey, of “Festus,” and Yendys, of the “Roman,” are yet in blossom—though it is a glorious blossom. Henry Taylor is rather in the sere and yellow leaf—nor was his leaf ever, in our judgment, very fresh or ample: a masterly builder he is, certainly, but the materials he brings are not highly poetical. When Dickens is promoted to Scott's wizard throne, let Browning succeed Wordsworth on the forked Helvellyn! Landor is a vast monumental name; but, while he has overawed the higher intellects of the time, he has never touched the general heart, nor *told* the world much, except his great opinion of himself, the low opinion he has of almost every body else, and the very learned

reasons and sufficient grounds he has for supporting those twin opinions. Never was such power so wasted and thrown away. The proposition of a lady laureate is simply absurd, without being witty. Why not as soon have proposed the Infant Sappho? In short, if we ask again, *Where* is the poet worthy to wear the crown which has dropped from the solemn brow of “old Pan,” “sole king of rocky Cumberland?”—Echo, from Glaramara, or the Langdale Pikes, might well answer, “Where?”

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We have, however, a notion of our own, which we mean, as a close to the article, to indicate. The laureateship was too long a sop for parasites, whose politics and poetry were equally tame. It seems now to have become the late reward of veteran merit—the Popedom of poetry. Why not, rather, hang it up as a crown, to be won by our rising bards—either as the reward of some special poem on an appointed subject, or of general merit? Why not delay for a season the bestowal of the laurel, and give thus a national importance to its decision?

Sidney Smith. By George Gilfillan.



Sidney Smith.

It is melancholy to observe how speedily, successively, nay, almost simultaneously, our literary luminaries are disappearing from the sky. Every year another and another member of the bright clusters which arose about the close of the last, or at the beginning of this century, is fading from our view. Within nineteen years, what havoc, by the “insatiate archer,” among the ruling spirits of the time! Since 1831, Robert Hall, Andrew Thomson, Goethe, Cuvier, Mackintosh, Crabbe, Foster, Coleridge, Edward Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Southey, Thomas Campbell, &c., have entered on the “silent land;” and latterly has dropped down one of the wittiest and shrewdest of them all—the projector of the “Edinburgh Review”—the author of “Peter Plymley's Letters”—the preacher—the politician—the brilliant converser—the “mad-wag”—Sidney Smith.

It was the praise of Dryden that he was the best reasoner in verse who ever wrote; let it be the encomium of our departed Sidney that, he was one of the best reasoners in wit of whom our country can boast. His intellect—strong, sharp, clear, and decided—wrought and moved in a rich medium of humor. Each

thought, as it came forth from his brain, issued as “in dance,” and amid a flood of inextinguishable laughter. The march of his mind through his subject resembled the procession of Bacchus from the conquest of India—joyous, splendid, straggling—to the sound of flutes and hautboys—rather a victory than a march—rather a revel than a contest. His logic seemed always hurrying into the arms of his wit. Some men argue in mathematical formulæ; others, like Burke, in the figures and flights of poetry; others in the fire and fury of passion; Sidney Smith in exuberant and riotous fun. And yet the matter of his reasoning was solid, and its inner spirit earnest and true. But though his steel was strong and sharp, his hand steady, and his aim clear, the management of the motions of his weapon was always fantastic. He piled, indeed, like a Titan, his Pelion on Ossa, but at the oddest of angles; he lifted and carried his load bravely, and like a man, but laughed as he did so; and so carried it that beholders forgot the strength of the arm in the strangeness of the attitude. He thus sometimes disarmed anger; for his adversaries could scarcely believe that they had received a deadly wound while their foe was roaring in their face. He thus did far greater execution; for the flourishes of his weapon might distract his opponents, but never himself, from the direct and terrible line of the blow. His laughter sometimes stunned, like the cachination of the Cyclops, shaking the sides of his cave. In this mood—and it was his common one—what scorn was he wont to pour upon the opponents of Catholic emancipation—upon the enemies of all change in legislation—upon any individual or party who sought to obstruct measures which, in his judgment, were likely to benefit the country. Under such, he could at any moment spring a mine of laughter; and what neither the fierce invective of Brougham, nor the light and subtle raillery of Jeffrey could do, his contemptuous explosion effected, and, himself crying with mirth, saw them hoisted toward heaven in ten thousand comical splinters. Comparing him with other humorists of a similar class,

we might say, that while Swift's ridicule resembles something between a sneer and a spasm (half a sneer of mirth, half a spasm of misery)—while Cobbett's is a grin—Fonblanque's a light but deep and most significant smile—Jeffrey's a sneer, just perceptible on his fastidious lip—Wilson's a strong, healthy, hearty laugh—Carlyle's a wild unearthly sound, like the neighing of a homeless steed—Sidney Smith's is a genuine guffaw, given forth with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength. Apart from his matchless humor, strong, rough, instinctive, and knotty sense was the leading feature of his mind. Every thing like mystification, sophistry, and humbug, fled before the first glance of his piercing eye; every thing in the shape of affectation excited in him a disgust “as implacable” as even a Cowper could feel. If possible, with still deeper aversion did his manly nature regard cant in its various forms and disguises; and his motto in reference to it was, “spare no arrows.” But the mean, the low, the paltry, the dishonorable, in nations or in individuals, moved all the fountains of his bile, and awakened all the energy of his invective. Always lively, generally witty, he is never eloquent, except when emptying out his vials of indignation upon baseness in all its shapes. His is the ire of a genuine “English gentleman, all of the olden time.” It was in this spirit that he recently explained, in his own way, the old distinctions of Meum and Tuum to Brother Jonathan, when the latter was lamentably inclined to forget them. It was the same sting of generous indignation which, in the midst of his character of Mackintosh, prompted the memorable picture of that extraordinary being who, by his transcendent talents and his tortuous movements—his head of gold, and his feet of miry clay—has become the glory, the riddle, and the regret of his country, his age, and his species.

As a writer, Smith is little more than a very clever, witty, and ingenious pamphleteer. He has effected no permanent *chef d'oeuvre*; he has founded no school; he has left little behind him that the “world will not willingly let die;” he has never

drawn a tear from a human eye, nor excited a thrill of grandeur in a human bosom. His reviews are not preserved by the salt of original genius, nor are they pregnant with profound and comprehensive principle; they have no resemblance to the sibylline leaves which Burke tore out from the vast volume of his mind, and scattered with imperial indifference among the nations; they are not the illuminated indices of universal history, like the papers of Macaulay; they are not specimens of pure and perfect English, set with modest but magnificent ornaments, like the criticism of Jeffrey or of Hall; nor are they the excerpts, rugged and rent away by violence, from the dark and iron tablet of an obscure and original mind, like the reviews of Foster; but they are exquisite *jeux d'esprit*, admirable occasional pamphlets, which, though now they look to us like spent arrows, yet assuredly have done execution, and have not been spent in vain. And as, after the lapse of a century and more, we can still read with pleasure Addison's "Old Whig and Freeholder," for the sake of the exquisite humor and inimitable style in which forgotten feuds and dead logomachies are embalmed, so may it be, a century still, with the articles on Bentham's Fallacies and on the Game Laws, and with the letters of the witty and ingenious Peter Plymley. There is much at least in those singular productions—in their clear and manly sense—in their broad native fun—in their rapid, careless, energetic style—and in their bold, honest, liberal, and thoroughly English spirit—to interest several succeeding generations, if not to secure the "rare and regal" palm of immortality.

Sidney Smith was a writer of sermons as well as of political squibs. Is not their memory eternized in one of John Foster's most ponderous pieces of sarcasm? In an evil hour the dexterous and witty critic came forth from behind the fastnesses of the Edinburgh Review, whence, in perfect security he had shot his quick glancing shafts at Methodists and Missions, at Christian Observers and Eclectic Reviews, at Owens and Styles, and (what

the more wary Jeffrey, in the day of his power, always avoided) became himself an author, and, *mirabile dictu*, an author of sermons. It was as if he wished to give his opponents their revenge, and no sooner did his head peep forth from beneath the protection of its shell than the elephantine foot of Foster was prepared to crush it in the dust. It was the precise position of Saladin with the Knight of the Leopard, in their memorable contest near the Diamond of the Desert. In the skirmish Smith had it all his own way; but when it came to close quarters, and when the heavy and mailed hand of the sturdy Baptist had confirmed its grasp on his opponent, the disparity was prodigious, and the discomfiture of the light horseman complete. But why recall the memory of an obsolete quarrel and a forgotten field? The sermons—the *causa belli*—clever but dry, destitute of earnestness and unction—are long since dead and buried; and their review remains their only monument.

Even when, within his own stronghold, our author intermeddled with theological topics, it was seldom with felicity or credit to himself. His onset on missions was a sad mistake; and in attacking the Methodists, and poor, pompous John Styles, he becomes as filthy and foul-mouthed as Swift himself. His wit forsakes him, and a rabid invective ill supplies its place; instead of laughing, he raves and foams at the mouth. Indeed, although an eloquent and popular preacher, and in many respects an ornament to his cloth, there was one radical evil about Smith; *he had mistaken his profession*. He was intended for a barrister, or a literary man, or a member of parliament, or some occupation into which he could have flung his whole soul and strength. As it was, but half his heart was in a profession which, of all others, would require the whole. He became consequently a rather awkward medley of buffoon, politician, preacher, literateur, divine, and diner-out. Let us grant, however, that the ordeal was severe, and that, if a very few have weathered it better, many more have ignominiously broken down. No one coincides more fully than

we do with Coleridge in thinking that every literary man should have a profession; but in the name of common sense let it be one fitted for him, and for which he is fitted—one suited to his tastes as well as to his talents—to his habits as well as to his powers—to his heart as well as to his head.

As a conversationist, Sidney Smith stood high among the highest—a Saul among a tribe of Titans. His jokes were not rare and refined, like those of Rogers and Jekyll; they wanted the slyness of Theodore Hook's inimitable equivoque; they were not poured forth with the prodigal profusion of Hood's breathless and bickering puns; they were rich, fat, unctuous, always bordering on farce, but always avoiding it by a hair's-breadth. No finer cream, certes, ever mantled at the feasts of Holland House than his fertile brain supplied; and, to quote himself, it would require a "forty-parson power" of lungs and language to do justice to his convivial merits. An acquaintance of ours sometimes met him in the company of Jeffrey and Macaulay—a fine concord of first-rate performers, content, generally, to keep each within his own part, except when, now and then, the author of the "Lays" burst out irresistibly, and changed the concert into a fine solo. [586]

Altogether "we could have better spared a better man." Did not his death "eclipse the gayety of nations?" Did not a Fourth Estate of Fun expire from the midst of us? Did not even Brother Jonathan drop a tear when he thought that the scourge that so mercilessly lashed him was broken? And shall not now all his admirers unite with us in inscribing upon his grave—"Alas! poor Yorick!"

## Thomas Carlyle. By George Gilfillan.



Thomas Carlyle.

Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, Annandale. His parents were “good farmer people,” his father an elder in the Secession church there, and a man of strong native sense, whose words were said to “nail a subject to the wall.” His excellent mother still lives, and we had the pleasure of meeting her lately in the company of her illustrious son; and beautiful it was to see his profound and tender regard, and her motherly and yearning reverence—to hear her fine old covenanting accents, concerting with his transcendental tones. He studied in Edinburgh. Previous to this, he had become intimate with Edward Irving, an intimacy which continued unimpaired to the close of the latter's eccentric career. Like most Scottish students, he had many struggles to encounter in the course of his education; and had, we believe, to support himself by private tuition, translations for the booksellers, &c. The day star of German literature arose early in his soul,

and has been his guide and genius ever since. He entered into a correspondence with Goethe, which lasted, at intervals, till the latter's death. Yet he has never, we understand, visited Germany. He was, originally, destined for the church. At one period he taught an academy in Dysart, at the same time that Irving was teaching in Kirkaldy. After his marriage, he resided partly at Comely Bank, Edinburgh; and, for a year or two in Craigenputtock, a wild and solitary farm-house in the upper part of Dumfriesshire. Here, however, far from society, save that, of the "great dumb monsters of mountains," he wearied out his very heart. A ludicrous story is told of Lord Jeffrey visiting him in this out-of-the-way region, when they were unapprized of his coming—had nothing in the house fit for the palate of the critic, and had, in dire haste and pother, to send off for the wherewithal to a market town about fifteen miles off. Here, too, as we may see hereafter, Emerson, on his way home from Italy, dropped in like a spirit, spent precisely twenty-four hours, and then "forth uprose that lone, wayfaring man," to return to his native woods. He has, for several years of late, resided in Chelsea, London, where he lives in a plain, simple fashion; occasionally, but seldom, appearing at the splendid soirées of Lady Blessington, but listened to, when he goes, as an oracle; receiving, at his tea-table, visitors from every part of the world; forming an amicable centre for men of the most opposite opinions and professions, Poets and Preachers, Pantheists and Puritans, Tennysons and Scotts, Cavanaughs and Erskines, Sterlings and Robertsons, smoking his perpetual pipe, and pouring out, in copious stream, his rich and quaint philosophy. His appearance is fine, without being ostentatiously singular—his hair dark—his brow marked, though neither very broad nor very lofty—his cheek tinged with a healthy red—his eye, the truest index of his genius, flashing out, at times, a wild and mystic fire from its dark and quiet surface. He is above the middle size, stoops slightly, dresses carefully, but without any approach to foppery. His address, somewhat high and

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distant at first, softens into simplicity and cordial kindness. His conversation is abundant, inartificial, flowing on, and warbling as it flows, more practical than you would expect from the cast of his writings—picturesque and graphic in a high measure—full of the results of extensive and minute observation—often terribly direct and strong, garnished with French and German phrase, rendered racy by the accompaniment of the purest Annandale accent, and coming to its climaxes, ever and anon, in long, deep, chest-shaking bursts of laughter.

Altogether, in an age of singularities, Thomas Carlyle stands peculiarly alone. Generally known, and warmly appreciated, he has of late become—popular, in the strict sense, he is not, and may never be. His works may never climb the family library, nor his name become a household word; but while the Thomsons and the Campbells shed their gentle genius, like light, into the hall and the hovel—the shop of the artisan and the sheiling of the shepherd, Carlyle, like the Landors and Lambs of this age, and the Brownes and Burtons of a past, will exert a more limited but profounder power—cast a dimmer but more gorgeous radiance—attract fewer but more devoted admirers, and obtain an equal, and perhaps more enviable immortality.

To the foregoing sketch of CARLYLE, which is from the eloquent critical description of Gilfillan, we append the following, which is from a letter recently published in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier. The writer, after remarking at some length upon the “Latter Day Pamphlets,” which are Carlyle's latest productions, proceeds to give this graphic and interesting sketch of his personal appearance and conversation:

“Passing from the political phase of these productions (the ‘Latter Day Pamphlets’), which is not my vocation to discuss, I found for myself one very peculiar charm in the perusal of them—they seemed such perfect transcripts of the conversation of Thomas Carlyle. With something more of set continuity—of composition—but essentially the same thing, the Latter Day

Pamphlets' are in their own way a 'Boswell's Life' of Carlyle. As I read and read, I was gradually transported from my club-room, with its newspaper-clad tables, and my dozing fellow-loungers, only kept half awake by periodical titillations of snuff, and carried in spirit to the grave and quiet sanctum in Chelsea, where Carlyle dispenses wisdom and hospitality with equally unstinted hand. The long, tall, spare figure is before me—wiry, though, and elastic, and quite capable of taking a long, tough spell through the moors of Ecclefechan, or elsewhere—stretched at careless, homely ease in his elbow-chair, yet ever with strong natural motions and starts, as the inward spirit stirs. The face, too, is before me—long and thin, with a certain tinge of paleness, but no sickness or attenuation, form muscular and vigorously marked, and not wanting some glow of former rustic color—pensive, almost solemn, yet open, and cordial, and tender, very tender. The eye, as generally happens, is the chief outward index of the soul—an eye is not easy to describe, but *felt* ever after one has looked thereon and therein. It is dark and full, shadowed over by a compact, prominent forehead. But the depth, the expression, the far inner play of it—who could transfer that even to the eloquent canvas, far less to this very *in-eloquent* paper? It is not brightness, it is not flash, it is not power even—something beyond all these. The expression is, so to speak, heavy laden—as if be-tokening untold burdens of thought, and long, long fiery struggles, resolutely endured—endured until they had been in some practical manner overcome; to adopt his own fond epithet, and it comes nearest to the thing, his is the heroic eye, but of a hero who has done hard battle against Paynim hosts. This is no dream of mine—I have often heard this peculiarity remarked. The whole form and expression of the face remind me of Dante—it wants the classic element, and the mature and matchless harmony which distinguish the countenance of the great Florentine; but something in the cast and in the look, especially the heavy laden, but dauntless eye, is very much alike. But he speaks to me. The

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tongue has the *sough* of Annandale—an echo of the Solway, with its compliments to old Father Thames. A keen, sharp, ringing voice, in the genuine Border key, but tranquil and sedate withal—neighborly and frank, and always in unison with what is uttered. Thus does the presence of Thomas Carlyle rise before me—a ‘true man’ in all his bearings and in all his sayings. And in this same guise do I seem to hear from him all those ‘Latter Day Pamphlets.’ Even such in his conversation—he sees the very thing he speaks of; it breathes and moves palpable to him, and hence his words form a picture. When you come from him, the impression is like having seen a great brilliant panorama; every thing had been made visible and naked to your sight. But more and better far than that; you bear home with you an indelible feeling of love for the man—deep at the heart, long as life. No man has ever inspired more of this personal affection. Not to love Carlyle when you know him is something unnatural, as if one should say they did not love the breeze that fans their cheek, or the vine-tree which has refreshed them both with its leafy shade and its exuberant juices. He abounds, himself, in love and in good works. His life, not only as a ‘writer of books,’ but as a man among his fellows, has been a continued shower of benefits. The young men, more especially, to whom he has been the good Samaritan, pouring oil upon their wounds, and binding up their bruised limbs, and putting them on the way of recovery of health and useful energy—the number of such can scarcely be told, and will never be known till the great day of accounts. One of these, who in his orisons will ever remember him, has just read to me, with tears of grateful attachment in his eyes, portions of a letter of counsel and encouragement which he received from him in the hour of darkness, and which was but the prelude to a thousand acts of substantial kindness and of graceful attention. As the letter contains no secret, and may fall as a fructifying seed into some youthful bosom that may be entering upon its trials and struggles, a quotation from it will form an appropriate

*finale* at this time. He thus writes: ‘It will be good news, in all times coming, to learn that such a life as yours unfolds itself according to its promise, and *becomes* in some tolerable degree what it is capable of being. The problem is your own, to make or to mar—a great problem for you, as the like is for every man born into this world. You have my entire sympathy in your denunciation of the “explosive” character. It is frequent in these times, and deplorable wherever met with. Explosions are ever wasteful, woeful; central fire should not explode itself, but lie silent, far down at the centre; and make all good fruits *grow!* We can not too often repeat to ourselves, “Strength is seen, not in spasms, but in stout bearing of burdens.” You can take comfort in the meanwhile, if you need it, by the experience of all wise men, that a right heavy burden is precisely the thing wanted for a young strong man. Grievous to be borne; but bear it well, you will find it one day to have been verily blessed. “I would not, for any money,” says the brave Jean Paul, in his quaint way. “I would not, for any money, have had money in my youth!” He speaks a truth there, singular as it may seem to many. These young obscure years ought to be incessantly employed in gaining knowledge of things worth knowing, especially of heroic human souls worth knowing. And you may believe me, the obscurer such years are, it is apt to be the better. Books are needful; but yet not many books; a few well read. An open, true, patient, and valiant soul is needed; that is the one thing needful.’ ”

## The Gentleman Beggar. An Attorney's Story. (From Dickens's Household Words.)

One morning, about five years ago, I called by appointment on Mr. John Balance, the fashionable pawnbroker, to accompany him to Liverpool, in pursuit for a Levanting customer—for Balance, in addition to pawning, does a little business in the sixty per cent. line. It rained in torrents when the cab stopped at the passage which leads past the pawning boxes to his private door. The cabman rang twice, and at length Balance appeared, looming through the mist and rain in the entry, illuminated by his perpetual cigar. As I eyed him rather impatiently, remembering that trains wait for no man, something like a hairy dog, or a bundle of rags, rose up at his feet, and barred his passage for a moment. Then Balance cried out with an exclamation, in answer apparently to a something I could not hear, “What, man alive!—slept in the passage!—there, take that, and get some breakfast, for Heaven's sake!” So saying, he jumped into the “Hansom,” and we bowled away at ten miles an hour, just catching the Express as the doors of the station were closing. My curiosity was full set—for although Balance can be free with his money, it is not exactly to beggars that his generosity is usually displayed; so when comfortably ensconced in a *coupé*, I finished with—

“You are liberal with your money this morning: pray, how often do you give silver to street cadgers?—because I shall know now what walk to take when flats and sharps leave off buying law.”

Balance, who would have made an excellent parson if he had not been bred to a case-hardening trade, and has still a soft bit left in his heart that is always fighting with his hard head, did not smile at all, but looked as grim as if squeezing a lemon into his Saturday night's punch. He answered slowly, "A cadger—yes; a beggar—a miserable wretch, he is now; but let me tell you, Master David, that that miserable bundle of rags was born and bred a gentleman; the son of a nobleman, the husband of an heiress, and has sat and dined at tables where you and I, Master David, are only allowed to view the plate by favor of the butler. I have lent him thousands, and been well paid. The last thing I had from him was his court suit; and I hold now his bill for one hundred pounds that will be paid, I expect, when he dies."

"Why, what nonsense you are talking! you must be dreaming this morning. However, we are alone, I'll light a weed, in defiance of Railway law, you shall spin that yarn; for, true or untrue, it will fill up the time to Liverpool."

"As for yarn," replied Balance, "the whole story is short enough; and as for truth, that you may easily find out if you like to take the trouble. I thought the poor wretch was dead, and I own it put me out meeting him this morning, for I had a curious dream last night." [589]

"Oh, hang your dreams! Tell us about this gentleman beggar that bleeds you of half-crowns—that melts the heart even of a pawnbroker!"

"Well, then, that beggar is the illegitimate son of the late Marquis of Hoopborough by a Spanish lady of rank. He received a first-rate education, and was brought up in his father's house. At a very early age he obtained an appointment in a public office, was presented by the marquis at court, and received into the first society, where his handsome person and agreeable manners made him a great favorite. Soon after coming of age, he married the daughter of Sir E. BUMPER, who brought him a very handsome fortune, which was strictly settled on herself. They lived in

splendid style, kept several carriages, a house in town, and a place in the country. For some reason or other, idleness, or to please his lady's pride, he resigned his appointment. His father died and left him nothing; indeed, he seemed at that time very handsomely provided for.

“Very soon Mr. and Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy began to disagree. She was cold, correct—he was hot and random. He was quite dependent on her, and she made him feel it. When he began to get into debt, he came to me. At length some shocking quarrel occurred; some case of jealousy on the wife's side, not without reason, I believe; and the end of it was, Mr. Fitz-Roy was turned out of doors. The house was his wife's, the furniture was his wife's, and the fortune was his wife's—he was, in fact, her pensioner. He left with a few hundred pounds ready money, and some personal jewelry, and went to an hotel. On these and credit he lived. Being illegitimate, he had no relations; being a fool, when he spent his money he lost his friends. The world took his wife's part, when they found she had the fortune, and the only parties who interfered were her relatives, who did their best to make the quarrel incurable. To crown all, one night he was run over by a cab, was carried to a hospital, and lay there for months, and was during several weeks of the time unconscious. A message to the wife, by the hands of one of his debauched companions, sent by a humane surgeon, obtained an intimation that ‘if he died, Mr. Croak, the undertaker to the family, had orders to see to the funeral,’ and that Mrs. Molinos was on the point of starting for the Continent, not to return for some years. When Fitz-Roy was discharged, he came to me limping on two sticks, to pawn his court suit, and told me his story. I was really sorry for the fellow, such a handsome, thoroughbred-looking man. He was going then into the west somewhere, to try to hunt out a friend. ‘What to do, Balance,’ he said, ‘I don't know. I can't dig, and unless somebody will make me their gamekeeper, I must starve, or beg, as my Jezebel bade me when we parted!’

“I lost sight of Molinos for a long time, and when I next came upon him it was in the Rookery of Westminster, in a low lodging-house, where I was searching with an officer for stolen goods. He was pointed out to me as the ‘gentleman cadger,’ because he was so free with his money when ‘in luck.’ He recognized me, but turned away then. I have since seen him, and relieved him more than once, although he never asks for any thing. How he lives, Heaven knows. Without money, without friends, without useful education of any kind, he tramps the country, as you saw him, perhaps doing a little hop-picking or hay-making, in season, only happy when he obtains the means to get drunk. I have heard through the kitchen whispers, that you know come to me, that he is entitled to some property; and I expect if he were to die his wife would pay the hundred pound bill I hold; at any rate, what I have told you I know to be true, and the bundle of rags I relieved just now is known in every thieves’ lodging in England as the ‘gentleman cadger.’”

This story produced an impression on me—I am fond of speculation, and like the excitement of a legal hunt as much as some do a fox-chase: A gentleman a beggar, a wife rolling in wealth, rumors of unknown property due to the husband: it seemed as if there were pickings for me amidst this carrion of pauperism.

Before returning from Liverpool, I had purchased the gentleman beggar's acceptance from Balance. I then inserted in the “Times” the following advertisement: “*Horatio Molinos Fitz-Roy*.—If this gentleman will apply to David Discount, Esq., Solicitor, St. James's, he will hear of something to his advantage. Any person furnishing Mr. F.'s correct address, shall receive 1£. 1s. reward. He was last seen,” &c. Within twenty-four hours I had ample proof of the wide circulation of the “Times.” My office was besieged with beggars of every degree, men and women, lame and blind, Irish, Scotch, and English, some on crutches, some in bowls, some in go-carts. They all knew him as

the "gentleman," and I must do the regular fraternity of tramps the justice to say, that not one would answer a question until he made certain that I meant the "gentleman" no harm.

One evening, about three weeks after the appearance of the advertisement, my clerk announced "another beggar." There came in an old man leaning upon a staff, clad in a soldier's great coat all patched and torn, with a battered hat, from under which a mass of tangled hair fell over his shoulders and half concealed his face. The beggar, in a weak, wheezy, hesitating tone, said, "You have advertised for Molinos Fitz-Roy. I hope you don't mean him any harm; he is sunk, I think, too low for enmity now; and surely no one would sport with such misery as his." These last words were uttered in a sort of piteous whisper.

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I answered quickly, "Heaven forbid I should sport with misery: I mean and hope to do him good, as well as myself."

"Then, sir, I am Molinos Fitz-Roy!"

While we were conversing candles had been brought in. I have not very tender nerves—my head would not agree with them—but I own I started and shuddered when I saw and knew that the wretched creature before me was under thirty years of age and once a gentleman. Sharp, aquiline features, reduced to literal skin and bone, were begrimed and covered with dry fair hair; the white teeth of the half-open mouth shattered with eagerness, and made more hideous the foul pallor of the rest of the countenance. As he stood leaning on a staff half bent, his long, yellow bony fingers clasped over the crutch-head of his stick, he was indeed a picture of misery, famine, squalor, and premature age, too horrible to dwell upon. I made him sit down, and sent for some refreshment which he devoured like a ghoul, and set to work to unravel his story. It was difficult to keep him to the point; but with pains I learned what convinced me that he was entitled to some property, whether great or small there was no evidence. On parting, I said, "Now, Mr. F., you must stay in town while I make proper inquiries. What allowance will be

enough to keep you comfortably?"

He answered humbly, after much pressing, "Would you think ten shillings too much?"

I don't like, if I do those things at all, to do them shabbily, so I said, "Come every Saturday and you shall have a pound." He was profuse in thanks, of course, as all such men are as long as distress lasts.

I had previously learned that my ragged client's wife was in England, living in a splendid house in Hyde Park Gardens, under her maiden name. On the following day the Earl of Owing called upon me, wanting five thousand pounds by five o'clock the same evening. It was a case of life or death with him, so I made my terms, and took advantage of his pressure to execute a *coup de main*. I proposed that he should drive me home to receive the money, calling at Mrs. Molinos in Hyde Park Gardens, on our way. I knew that the coronet and liveries of his father, the marquis, would insure me an audience with Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy.

My scheme answered. I was introduced into the lady's presence. She was, and probably is, a very stately, handsome woman, with a pale complexion, high solid forehead, regular features, thin, pinched, self-satisfied mouth. My interview was very short, I plunged into the middle of the affair, but had scarcely mentioned the word husband, when she interrupted me with, "I presume you have lent this profligate person money, and want me to pay you." She paused, and then said, "He shall not have a farthing." As she spoke, her white face became scarlet.

"But, madam, the man is starving. I have strong reasons for believing he is entitled to property, and if you refuse any assistance, I must take other measures." She rang the bell, wrote something rapidly on a card; and, as the footman appeared, pushed it toward me across the table, with the air of touching a toad, saying, "There, sir, is the address of my solicitors; apply to them if you think you have any claim. Robert, show the person

out, and take care he is not admitted again.”

So far I had effected nothing; and, to tell the truth, felt rather crest-fallen under the influence of that grand manner peculiar to certain great ladies and to all great actresses.

My next visit was to the attorneys, Messrs. Leasem and Fashun, of Lincoln's Inn Square, and there I was at home. I had had dealings with the firm before. They are agents for half the aristocracy, who always run in crowds like sheep after the same wine-merchants, the same architects, the same horse-dealers, and the same law-agents. It may be doubted whether the quality of law and land management they get on this principle is quite equal to their wine and horses. At any rate, my friends of Lincoln's Inn, like others of the same class, are distinguished by their courteous manners, deliberate proceedings, innocence of legal technicalities, long credit, and heavy charges. Leasem, the elder partner, wears powder and a huge bunch of seals, lives in Queen-square, drives a brougham, gives the dinners and does the cordial department. He is so strict in performing the latter duty, that he once addressed a poacher who had shot a duke's keeper, as “my dear creature,” although he afterward hung him.

Fashun has chambers in St. James-street, drives a cab, wears a tip, and does the grand haha style.

My business lay with Leasem. The interviews and letters passing were numerous. However, it came at last to the following dialogue:

“Well, my dear Mr. Discount,” began Mr. Leasem, who hates me like poison. “I'm really very sorry for that poor dear Molinos—knew his father well; a great man, a perfect gentleman; but you know what women are, eh, Mr. Discount? My client won't advance a shilling; she knows it would only be wasted in low dissipation. Now, don't you think (this was said very insinuatingly)—don't you think he had better be sent to the workhouse; very comfortable accommodations there, I can assure you—meat twice a week, and excellent soup; and then,

Mr. D., we might consider about allowing you something for that bill.”

“Mr. Leasem, can you reconcile it to your conscience to make such an arrangement? Here's a wife rolling in luxury, and a husband starving!”

“No, Mr. Discount, not starving; there is the workhouse, as I observed before; besides, allow me to suggest that these appeals to feeling are quite unprofessional—quite unprofessional.”

“But, Mr. Leasem, touching this property which the poor man is entitled to.”

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“Why, there again, Mr. D., you must excuse me; you really must. I don't say he is; I don't say he is not. If you know he is entitled to property, I am sure you know how to proceed; the law is open to you, Mr. Discount—the law is open; and a man of your talent will know how to use it.”

“Then, Mr. Leasem, you mean that I must, in order to right this starving man, file a bill of discovery, to extract from you the particulars of his rights. You have the marriage settlement, and all the information, and you decline to allow a pension, or afford any information; the man is to starve, or go to the workhouse.”

“Why, Mr. D., you are so quick and violent, it really is not professional; but you see (here a subdued smile of triumph), it has been decided that a solicitor is not bound to afford such information as you ask, to the injury of his client.”

“Then you mean that this poor Molinos may rot and starve, while you keep secret from him, at his wife's request, his title to an income, and that the Court of Chancery will back you in this iniquity?”

I kept repeating the word “starve,” because I saw it made my respectable opponent wince.

“Well, then, just listen to me. I know that in the happy state of your equity law, chancery can't help my client; but I have another plan: I shall go hence to my office, issue a writ, and take your client's husband in execution—as soon as he is lodged in

jail, I shall file his schedule in the Insolvent Court, and when he comes up for his discharge, I shall put you in the witness-box, and examine you on oath, 'touching any property of which you know the insolvent to be possessed,' and where will be your privileged communications then?"

The respectable Leasem's face lengthened in a twinkling, his comfortable confident air vanished, he ceased twiddling his gold chain, and, at length, he muttered,

"Suppose we pay the debt?"

"Why, then, I'll arrest him the day after for another."

"But, my dear Mr. Discount, surely such conduct would not be quite respectable."

"That's my business; my client has been wronged, I am determined to right him, and when the aristocratic firm, of Leasem and Fashun takes refuge according to the custom of respectable repudiators, in the cool arbors of the Court of Chancery, why, a mere bill-discounting attorney like David Discount need not hesitate about cutting a bludgeon out of the Insolvent Court."

"Well, well, Mr. D., you are so warm—so fiery; we must deliberate—we must consult. You will give me until the day after to-morrow, and then we'll write you our final determination; in the meantime, send us a copy of your authority to act for Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy."

Of course, I lost no time in getting the gentleman beggar to sign a proper letter.

On the appointed day came a communication with the L. and F. seal, which I opened, not without unprofessional eagerness. It was as follows:

*"In re Molinos Fitz-Roy and Another.*

"Sir—In answer to your application on behalf of Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy, we beg to inform you that under the administration of a paternal aunt who died intestate, your client is entitled to two thousand five hundred pounds eight shillings and sixpence, Three per Cents.; one thousand five hundred pounds nineteen

shillings and fourpence, Three per Cents. Reduced; one thousand pounds, Long Annuities; five hundred pounds, Bank Stock; three thousand five hundred pounds, India Stock; besides other securities, making up about ten thousand pounds, which we are prepared to transfer over to Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy's direction forthwith.”

Here was a windfall! It quite took away my breath.

At dusk came my gentleman beggar, and what puzzled me was, how to break the news to him. Being very much overwhelmed with business that day, I had not much time for consideration. He came in rather better dressed than when I first saw him, with only a week's beard on his chin; but, as usual, not quite sober. Six weeks had elapsed since our first interview. He was still the humble, trembling, low-voiced creature, I first knew him.

After a prelude, I said, “I find, Mr. F., you are entitled to something; pray, what do you mean to give me in addition to my bill, for obtaining it?” He answered rapidly, “Oh, take half; if there is one hundred pounds, take half; if there is five hundred pounds, take half.”

“No, no; Mr. F., I don't do business in that way, I shall be satisfied with ten per cent.”

It was so settled. I then led him out into the street, impelled to tell him the news, yet dreading the effect; not daring to make the revelation in my office, for fear of a scene.

I began hesitatingly, “Mr. Fitz-Roy, I am happy to say, that I find you are entitled to .....ten thousand pounds!”

“Ten thousand pounds!” he echoed. “Ten thousand pounds!” he shrieked. “Ten thousand pounds!” he yelled, seizing my arm violently. “You are a brick. Here, cab! cab!” Several drove up—the shout might have been heard a mile off. He jumped in the first.

“Where to?” said the driver.

“To a tailor's, you rascal!”

“Ten thousand pounds! ha, ha, ha!” he repeated hysterically, when in the cab; and every moment grasping my arm. Presently he subsided, looked me straight in the face, and muttered with agonizing fervor,

“What a jolly brick you are!”

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The tailor, the hosier, the bootmaker, the hair-dresser, were in turn visited by this poor pagan of externals. As, by degrees, under their hands, he emerged from the beggar to the gentleman, his spirits rose; his eyes brightened; he walked erect, but always nervously grasping my arm; fearing, apparently, to lose sight of me for a moment, lest his fortune should vanish with me. The impatient pride with which he gave his orders to the astonished tradesmen for the finest and best of every thing, and the amazed air of the fashionable hairdresser when he presented his matted locks and stubble chin, to be “cut and shaved,” may be *acted*—it can not be described.

By the time the external transformation was complete, and I sat down in a *Café* in the Haymarket, opposite a haggard but handsome, thoroughbred-looking man, whose air, with the exception of the wild eyes and deeply browned face, did not differ from the stereotyped men about town sitting around us, Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy had already almost forgotten the past; he bullied the waiter, and criticised the wine, as if he had done nothing else but dine and drink and scold there all the days of his life.

Once he wished to drink my health, and would have proclaimed his whole story to the coffee-room assembly, in a raving style. When I left he almost wept in terror at the idea of losing sight of me. But, allowing for these ebullitions—the natural result of such a whirl of events—he was wonderfully calm and self-possessed.

The next day, his first care was to distribute fifty pounds among his friends the cadgers, at a house of call in Westminster, and formally to dissolve his connection with them; those present undertaking for the “fraternity,” that, for the future, he should

never be noticed by them in public or private.

I can not follow his career much further. Adversity had taught him nothing. He was soon again surrounded by the well-bred vampires who had forgotten him when penniless; but they amused him, and that was enough. The ten thousand pounds were rapidly melting when he invited me to a grand dinner at Richmond, which included a dozen of the most agreeable, good-looking, well-dressed dandies of London, interspersed with a display of pretty butterfly bonnets. We dined deliciously, and drank as men do of iced wines in the dog-days—looking down from Richmond Hill.

One of the pink bonnets crowned Fitz-Roy with a wreath of flowers; he looked—less the intellect—as handsome as Alcibiades. Intensely excited and flushed, he rose with a champagne glass in his hand to propose my health.

The oratorical powers of his father had not descended on him. Jerking out sentences by spasms, at length he said, “I was a beggar—I am a gentleman—thanks to this—”

Here he leaned on my shoulder heavily a moment, and then fell back. We raised him, loosened his neckcloth—

“Fainted!” said the ladies.

“Drunk!” said the gentlemen.

He was *dead!*

## Singular Proceedings Of The Sand Wasp. (From Howitt's Country Year-Book.)

In all my observations of the habits of living things, I have never seen any thing more curious than the doings of one species of these *ammophilæ*—lovers of sand. I have watched them day after day, and hour after hour, in my garden, and also on the sandy banks on the wastes about Esher, in Surrey, and always with unabated wonder. They are about an inch long, with orange-colored bodies, and black heads and wings. They are slender and most active. You see them on the warm borders of your garden, or on warm, dry banks, in summer, when the sun shines hotly. They are incessantly and most actively hunting about. They are in pursuit of a particular gray spider with a large abdomen. For these they pursue their chase with a fiery quickness and avidity. The spiders are on the watch to seize flies; but here we have the tables turned, and these are flies on the watch to discover and kill the spiders. These singular insects seem all velocity and fire. They come flying at a most rapid rate, light down on the dry soil, and commence an active search. The spiders lie under the leaves of plants, and in little dens under the dry little clods. Into all these places the sand-wasp pops his head. He bustles along here and there, flirting his wings, and his whole body all life and fire. And now he moves off to a distance, hunts about there, then back to his first place, beats the old ground carefully over, as a pointer beats a field. He searches carefully round every little knob of earth, and pops his head into every crevice. Ever and anon, he crouches close among the little clods as a tiger would crouch for his prey. He seems to be listening, or smelling down into the earth, as if to discover his prey by every sense which he possesses, He goes round every stalk, and descends into every hollow about them. When he finds the spider, he dispatches him in a moment, and seizing him by the centre of his chest, commences dragging him off backward.

He conveys his prey to a place of safety. Frequently he carries it up some inches into a plant, and lodges it among the green leaves. Seeing him do this, I poked his spider down with a stick

after he had left it; but he speedily returned, and finding it fallen down, he immediately carried it up again to the same place.

Having thus secured his spider, he selects a particular spot of earth, the most sunny and warm, and begins to dig a pit. He works with all his might, digging up the earth with his formidable mandibles, and throwing it out with his feet, as a dog throws out the earth when scratching after a rabbit. Every few seconds he ascends, tail first, out of his hole, clears away the earth about its mouth with his legs, and spreads it to a distance on the surface. When he has dug the hole, perhaps two inches deep, he comes forth eagerly, goes off for his spider, drags it down from its lodgment, and brings it to the mouth of his hole. He now lets himself down the hole, tail first, and then, putting forth his head, takes the spider, and turns it into the most suitable position for dragging it in. [593]

It must be observed that this hole is made carefully of only about the width of his body, and therefore the spider can not be got into it except lengthwise, and then by stout pulling. Well, he turns it lengthwise, and seizing it, commences dragging it in. At first, you would imagine this impossible; but the sand-wasp is strong, and the body of the spider is pliable. You soon see it disappear. Down into the cylindrical hole it goes, and anon you perceive the sand-wasp pushing up its black head beside it; and having made his way out he again sets to work, and pushes the spider with all his force to the bottom of the den.

And what is all this for? Is the spider laid up in his larder for himself? No; it is food for his children? It is their birth-place, and their supply of provision while they are in the larva state.

We have been all along calling this creature he, for it has a most masculine look; but it is in reality a she; it is the female sand-wasp, and all this preparation is for the purpose of laying her eggs. For this she has sought and killed the spider, and buried it here. She has done it all wittingly. She has chosen one particular spider, and that only, for that is the one peculiarly

adapted to nourish her young.

So here it is safely stored away in her den; and she now descends, tail first, and piercing the pulpy abdomen of the spider, she deposits her egg or eggs. That being done, she carefully begins filling in the hole with earth. She rakes it up with her legs and mandibles, and fills in the hole, every now and then turning round and going backward into the hole to stamp down the earth with her feet, and to ram it down with her body as a rammer. When the hole is filled, it is curious to observe with what care she levels the surface, and removes the surrounding lumps of earth, laying some first over the tomb of the spider, and others about, so as to make that place look as much as possible like the surface all round. And before she has done with it—and she works often for ten minutes at this leveling and disguising before she is perfectly satisfied—she makes the place so exactly like all the rest of the surface, that it will require good eyes and close observation to recognize it.

She has now done her part, and Nature must do the rest. She has deposited her eggs in the body of the spider, and laid that body in the earth in the most sunny spot she can find. She has laid it so near the surface that the sun will act on it powerfully, yet deep enough to conceal it from view. She has, with great art and anxiety, destroyed all traces of the hole, and the effect will soon commence. The heat of the sun will hatch the egg. The larva, or young grub of the sand-wasp, will become alive, and begin to feed on the pulpy body of the spider in which it is enveloped. This food will suffice it till it is ready to emerge to daylight, and pass through the different stages of its existence. Like the ostrich, the sand-wasp thus leaves her egg in the sand till the sun hatches it, and having once buried it, most probably never knows herself where it is deposited. It is left to Nature and Providence

## What Horses Think Of Men. From The Raven In The Happy Family. (From Dickens's Household Words.)

I suppose you thought I was dead? No such thing. Don't flatter yourselves that I haven't got my eye upon you. I am wide awake, and you give me plenty to look at.

I have begun my great work about you, I have been collecting materials from the Horse, to begin with. You are glad to hear it, ain't you? Very likely. Oh, he gives you a nice character! He makes you out a charming set of fellows.

He informs me by-the-by, that he is a distant relation of the pony that was taken up in a balloon a few weeks ago; and that the pony's account of your going to see him at Vauxhall Gardens, is an amazing thing. The pony says that when he looked round on the assembled crowd, come to see the realization of the wood-cut in the bill, he found it impossible to discover which was the real Mister Green—there were so many Mister Greens—and they were all so very green!

But that's the way with you. You know it is. Don't tell me! You'd go to see any thing that other people went to see. And don't flatter yourselves that I am referring to "the vulgar curiosity," as you choose to call it, when you mean some curiosity in which you don't participate yourselves. The polite curiosity in this country is as vulgar as any curiosity in the world.

Of course you'll tell me, no it isn't; but I say, yes it is. What have you got to say for yourselves about the Nepaulese princes, I should like to know? Why, there has been more crowding, and pressing, and pushing, and jostling, and struggling, and striving,

in genteel houses this last season, on account of those Nepaulese princes, than would have taken place in vulgar Cremorne Gardens and Greenwich Park, at Easter time and Whitsuntide! And what for? Do you know any thing about 'em? Have you any idea why they came here? Can you put your finger on their country in the map? Have you ever asked yourselves a dozen common questions about its climate, natural history, government, productions, customs, religion, manners? Not you! Here are a couple of swarthy princes very much out of their element, walking about in wide muslin trowsers, and sprinkled all over with gems (like the clockwork figure on the old round platform in the street, grown-up), and they're fashionable outlandish monsters, and it's a new excitement for you to get a stare at 'em. As to asking 'em to dinner, and seeing 'em sit at table without eating in your company (unclean animals as you are!), you fall into raptures at that. Quite delicious, isn't it? Ugh, you dunder-headed boobies!

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I wonder what there is, new and strange, that you *wouldn't* lionize, as you call it. Can you suggest any thing! It's not a hippopotamus, I suppose. I hear from my brother-in-law in the Zoological Gardens, that you are always pelting away into the Regent's Park, by thousands, to see the hippopotamus. Oh, you're very fond of hippopotami, ain't you? You study one attentively, when you *do* see one, don't you? You come away so much wiser than when you went, reflecting so profoundly on the wonders of the creation—eh?

Bah! You follow one another like wild geese; but you are not so good to eat!

These, however, are not the observations of my friend the Horse. *He* takes you, in another point of view. Would you like to read his contribution to my Natural History of you? No? You shall then.

He is a cab-horse now. He wasn't always, but he is now, and his usual stand is close to our proprietor's usual stand. That's the way we have come into communication, we “dumb animals.”

Ha, ha! Dumb, too! Oh, the conceit of you men, because you can bother the community out of their five wits, by making speeches!

Well. I mentioned to this Horse that I should be glad to have his opinions and experiences of you. Here they are:

“At the request of my honorable friend the Raven, I proceed to offer a few remarks in reference to the animal called Man. I have had varied experience of this strange creature for fifteen years, and am now driven by a Man, in the hackney cabriolet, number twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-two.

“The sense Man entertains of his own inferiority to the nobler animals—and I am now more particularly referring to the Horse—has impressed me forcibly, in the course of my career. If a man knows a horse well, he is prouder of it than of any knowledge of himself, within the range of his limited capacity. He regards it as the sum of all human acquisition. If he is learned in a horse, he has nothing else to learn. And the same remark applies, with some little abatement, to his acquaintance with dogs. I have seen a good deal of man in my time, but I think I have never met a man who didn't feel it necessary to his reputation to pretend, on occasion, that he knew something of horses and dogs, though he really knew nothing. As to making us a subject of conversation, my opinion is that we are more talked about than history, philosophy, literature, art, and science, all put together. I have encountered innumerable gentlemen in the country, who were totally incapable of interest in any thing but horses and dogs—except cattle. And I have always been given to understand that they were the flower of the civilized world.

“It is very doubtful to me, whether there is, upon the whole, any thing man is so ambitious to imitate as an ostler, jockey, a stage coachman, a horse-dealer, or dog-fancier. There may be some other character which I do not immediately remember, that fires him with emulation; but if there be, I am sure it is connected with horses or dogs, or both. This is an unconscious compliment, on the part of the tyrant, to the nobler animals, which I consider

to be very remarkable. I have known lords and baronets, and members of parliament, out of number, who have deserted every other calling to become but indifferent stablemen or kennelmen, and be cheated on all hands, by the real aristocracy of those pursuits who were regularly born to the business.

“All this, I say, is a tribute to our superiority, which I consider to be very remarkable. Yet, still I can't quite understand it. Man can hardly devote himself to us, in admiration of our virtues, because he never imitates them. We horses are as honest, though I say it, as animals can be. If, under the pressure of circumstances, we submit to act at a circus, for instance, we always show that we are acting. We never deceive any body. We would scorn to do it. If we are called upon to do any thing in earnest, we do our best. If we are required to run a race falsely, and to lose when we could win, we are not to be relied upon to commit a fraud; man must come in at that point, and force us to it. And the extraordinary circumstance to me is, that man (whom I take to be a powerful species of monkey) is always making us nobler animals the instruments of his meanness and cupidity. The very name of our kind has become a byword for all sorts of trickery and cheating. We are as innocent as counters at a game—and yet this creature WILL play falsely with us!

“Man's opinion, good or bad, is not worth much, as any rational horse knows. But justice is justice; and what I complain of is, that mankind talks of us as if we had something to do with all this. They say that such a man was ‘ruined by horses.’ Ruined by horses! They can't be open, even in that, and say he was ruined by men; but they lay it at *our* stable-door! As if we ever ruined any body, or were ever doing any thing but being ruined ourselves, in our generous desire to fulfill the useful purposes of our existence!

“In the same way, we get a bad name, as if we were profligate company. ‘So and so got among horses, and it was all up with him.’ Why, *we* would have reclaimed him—we would have made

him temperate, industrious, punctual, steady, sensible—what harm would he ever have got from *us*, I should wish to ask?

“Upon the whole, speaking of him as I have found him, I should describe man as an unmeaning and conceited creature, very seldom to be trusted, and not likely to make advances toward the honesty of the nobler animals. I should say that his power of warping the nobler animals to bad purposes, and damaging their reputation by his companionship, is, next to the art of growing oats, hay, carrots, and clover, one of his principal attributes. He is very unintelligible in his caprices; seldom expressing with distinctness what he wants of us; and relying greatly on our better judgment to find out. He is cruel, and fond of blood—particularly at a steeple-chase—and is very ungrateful. [595]

“And yet, so far as I can understand, he worships us, too. He sets up images of us (not particularly like, but meant to be) in the streets and calls upon his fellows to admire them, and believe in them. As well as I can make out, it is not of the least importance what images of men are put astride upon these images of horses, for I don't find any famous personage among them—except one, and *his* image seems to have been contracted for by the gross. The jockeys who ride our statues are very queer jockeys, it appears to me, but it is something to find man even posthumously sensible of what he owes to us. I believe that when he has done any great wrong to any very distinguished horse, deceased, he gets up a subscription to have an awkward likeness of him made, and erects it in a public place, to be generally venerated. I can find no other reason for the statues of us that abound.

“It must be regarded as a part of the inconsistency of man, that he erects no statues to the donkeys—who, though far inferior animals to ourselves, have great claims upon him. I should think a donkey opposite the horse at Hyde Park, another in Trafalgar-square, and a group of donkeys, in brass, outside the Guild-hall of the city of London (for I believe the common-council chamber is inside that building) would be pleasant and

appropriate memorials.

“I am not aware that I can suggest any thing more to my honorable friend the Raven, which will not already have occurred to his fine intellect. Like myself, he is the victim of brute force, and must bear it until the present state of things is changed—as it possibly may be in the good time which I understand is coming, if I wait a little longer.”

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There! How do you like that? That's the Horse! You shall have another animal's sentiments, soon. I have communicated with plenty of 'em, and they are all down upon you. It's not I alone who have found you out. You are generally detected, I am happy to say, and shall be covered with confusion.

Talking about the horse, are you going to set up any more horses? Eh? Think a bit. Come! You haven't got horses enough yet, surely? Couldn't you put somebody else on horseback, and stick him up, at the cost of a few thousands? You have already statues to most of the “benefactors of mankind” (SEE ADVERTISEMENT) in your principal cities. You walk through groves of great inventors, instructors, discoverers, assuagers of pain, preventers of disease, suggesters of purifying thoughts, doers of noble deeds. Finish the list. Come!

Whom will you hoist into the saddle? Let's have a cardinal virtue! Shall it be Faith? Hope? Charity? Ay, Charity's the virtue to ride on horseback! Let's have Charity!

How shall we represent it? Eh? What do you think? Royal? Certainly. Duke? Of course. Charity always was typified in that way, from the time of a certain widow downward. And there's nothing less left to put up; all the commoners who were “benefactors of mankind” having had their statues in the public places, long ago.

How shall we dress it? Rags? Low. Drapery? Commonplace. Field-Marshal's uniform? The very thing! Charity in a Field-Marshal's uniform (none the worse for wear) with thirty thousand

pounds a year, public money, in its pocket, and fifteen thousand more, public money, up behind, will be a piece of plain, uncompromising truth in the highways, and an honor to the country and the time.

Ha, ha, ha! You can't leave the memory of an unassuming, honest, good-natured, amiable old duke alone, without bespattering it with your flunkeyism, can't you? That's right—and like you! Here are three brass buttons in my crop. I'll subscribe 'em all. One, to the statue of Charity; one, to a statue of Hope; one, to a statue of Faith. For Faith, we'll have the Nepalese Ambassador on horseback—being a prince. And for Hope, we'll put the Hippopotamus on horseback, and so make a group.

Let's have a meeting about it!

## The Quakers During The American War. (From Howitt's Country Year-Book.)

George Dilwyn was an American, a remarkable preacher among the Quakers. About fifty years ago he came over to this country, on what we have already said is termed a “Religious Visit,” and being in Cornwall, when I was there, and at George Fox's, in Falmouth—our aged relative still narrates—soon became an object of great attraction, not only from his powerful preaching, but from his extraordinary gift in conversation, which he made

singularly interesting from the introduction of curious passages in his own life and experience.

His company was so much sought after, that a general invitation was given, by his hospitable and wealthy entertainer, to all the Friends of the town and neighborhood to come, and hear, and see him; and evening by evening, their rooms were crowded by visitors, who sat on seats, side by side, as in a public lecture-room.

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Among other things, he related, that during the time of the revolutionary war, one of the armies passing through a district in which a great number of Friends resided, food was demanded from the inhabitants, which was given to them. The following day the adverse army came up in pursuit, and stripped them of every kind of provision that remained; and so great was the strait to which they were reduced, that absolute famine was before them. Their sufferings were extreme, as day after day went on, and no prospect of relief was afforded them. Death seemed to stare them in the face, and many a one was ready to despair. The forests around them were in possession of the soldiers, and the game, which otherwise might have yielded them subsistence, was killed or driven away.

After several days of great distress, they retired at night, still without hope or prospect of succor. How great, then, was their surprise and cause of thankfulness when, on the following morning, immense herds of wild deer were seen standing around their inclosures, as if driven there for their benefit! From whence they came none could tell, nor the cause of their coming, but they suffered themselves to be taken without resistance; and thus the whole people were saved, and had great store of provisions laid up for many weeks.

Again, a similar circumstance occurred near the sea-shore, when the flying and pursuing armies had stripped the inhabitants, and when, apparently to add to their distress, the wind set in with such unusual violence, and the sea drove the tide so far

inland, that the people near the shore were obliged to abandon their houses, and those in the town retreat to their upper rooms. This also being during the night, greatly added to their distress; and, like the others, they were ready to despair. Next morning, however, they found that God had not been unmindful of them; for the tide had brought up with it a most extraordinary shoal of mackerel, so that every place was filled with them, where they remained ready taken, without net or skill of man—a bountiful provision for the wants of the people, till other relief could be obtained.

Another incident he related, which occurred in one of the back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people. One of these solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friend's family. They lived in such secure simplicity, that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than by drawing in the leathern thong by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought forth tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defenses as they could muster—even then, for dread, scarcely being able to sleep. The Friend and his family, who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often ran in his own strength to his own injury, had used so little precaution, that they slept without even withdrawing the string, and were as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however, at length, by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and, before retiring to rest, drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of the night, the Friend, who had not been able to

sleep, asked his wife if she slept; and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this, he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed it would be the safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual. On her approving of this, it was done, and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterward, they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground-floor, and the next moment the door-string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants; but that it was favorable to them was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without having crossed the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterward, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conferences with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose, and speaking in favor of the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which, an Indian observed, that, by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch-string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved; for that he himself was one of that marauding party, and that, on finding the door open, it was said—"These people shall live; they will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the GREAT SPIRIT."

During the whole American revolution, indeed, the Indians, though incited by the whites to kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends, as the people of Father Onas, or William

Penn, and as the avowed opponents of all violence. Through the whole war, there were but two instances to the contrary, and they were occasioned by the two Friends themselves. The one was a young man, a tanner, who went to his tan-yard and back daily unmolested, while devastation spread on all sides; but at length, thoughtlessly carrying a gun to shoot some birds, the Indians, in ambush, believed that he had deserted his principles, and shot him. The other was a woman, who, when the dwellings of her neighbors were nightly fired, and the people themselves murdered, was importuned by the officers of a neighboring fort to take refuge there till the danger was over. For some time she refused, and remained unharmed amid general destruction; but, at length, letting in fear, she went for one night to the fort, but was so uneasy, that the next morning she quitted it to return to her home. The Indians, however, believed that she too had abandoned her principles, and joined the fighting part of the community, and before she reached home she was shot by them. [597]

## A Shilling's Worth Of Science. (From Dickens's Household Words.)

Dr. Paris has already shown, in a charming little book treating scientifically of children's toys, how easy even "philosophy in sport can be made science in earnest." An earlier genius cut out the whole alphabet into the figures of uncouth animals, and inclosed them in a toy-box representing Noah's Ark, for the purpose of teaching children their letters. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, have been decimated; "yea, the great

globe itself," has been parceled into little wooden sections, that their readjustment into a continuous map might teach the infant conqueror of the world the relative positions of distant countries. Archimedes might have discovered the principle of the lever and the fundamental principles of gravity upon a rocking-horse. In like manner he might have ascertained the laws of hydrostatics, by observing the impetus of many natural and artificial fountains, which must occasionally have come beneath his eye. So also the principles of acoustics might even now be taught by the aid of a penny whistle, and there is no knowing how much children's nursery games may yet be rendered subservient to the advancement of science. The famous Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus had excellent notions on these subjects. He determined that his son Martinus should be the most learned and universally well-informed man of his age, and had recourse to all sorts of devices in order to inspire him even unthinkingly with knowledge. He determined that every thing should contribute to the improvement of his mind—even his very dress. He therefore, his biographer informs us, invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and also of the commerce of different nations. His son's disposition to mathematics—for he was a remarkable child—was discovered very early by his drawing parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies into squares. His father also wisely resolved that he should acquire the learned languages, especially Greek—and remarking, curiously enough, that young Martinus Scriblerus was remarkably fond of gingerbread, the happy idea came into his parental head that his pieces of gingerbread should be stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and such was the child's avidity for knowledge, that the very first day he eat down to *iota*.

When Sir Isaac Newton changed his residence and went to live in Leicester-place, his next door neighbor was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she observed of the habits

of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who she felt certain was a poor mad gentleman. "And why so?" asked her friend. "Because," said she, "he diverts himself in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw down the window-blinds, he takes his seat on a little stool before a tub of soap-suds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay-pipe, which he intently watches floating about until they burst. He is doubtless," she added, "now at his favorite diversion, for it is a fine day; do come and look at him." The gentleman smiled; and they went up-stairs, when after looking through the stair-case window into the adjoining court-yard, he turned round and said, "My dear lady, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic, is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap-bubble."

The principle, illustrated by the examples we have given, has been efficiently followed by the Directors of the Royal Polytechnic Institution in Regent-street, London. Even the simplest models and objects they exhibit in their extensive halls and galleries, expound—like Sir Isaac Newton's soap-bubble—some important principle of Science or Art.

On entering the Hall of Manufactures (as we did the other day) it was impossible not to be impressed with the conviction that we are in an utilitarian age in which the science of Mechanics advances with marvelous rapidity. Here we observed steam-engines, hand-looms, and machines in active operation, surrounding us with that peculiar din which makes the air

"Murmur, as with the sound of summer-flies."

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Passing into the "Gallery in the Great Hall," we did not fail to derive a momentary amusement, from observing the very different objects which seemed most to excite the attention, and interest of the different sight-seers. Here, stood obviously a country farmer examining the model of a steam-plow; there, a Manchester or Birmingham manufacturer looking into a curious and complicated weaving machine; here, we noticed a group of ladies admiring specimens of elaborate carving in ivory, and personal ornaments esteemed highly fashionable at the antipodes; and there, the smiling faces of youth watching with eager eyes the little boats and steamers paddling along the Water Reservoir in the central counter. But we had scarcely looked around us, when a bell rang to announce a lecture on Voltaic Electricity by Dr. Bachhoffner; and moving with a stream of people up a short stair-case, we soon found ourselves in a very commodious and well-arranged theatre. There are many universities and public institutions that have not better lecture rooms than this theatre in the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The lecture was elementary and exceedingly instructive, pointing out and showing by experiments, the identity between Magnetism and Electricity—light and heat; but notwithstanding the extreme perspicuity of the Professor, it was our fate to sit next two old ladies who seemed to be very incredulous about the whole business.

"If heat and light are the same thing," asked one, "why don't a flame come out at the spout of a boiling tea-kettle?"

"The steam," answered the other, "may account for that."

"Hush!" cried somebody behind them; and the ladies were silent: but it was plain they thought Voltaic Electricity had something to do with conjuring, and that the lecturer might be a professor of Magic. The lecture over, we returned to the Gallery, where we found the Diving Bell just about to be put in operation. It is made of cast iron, and weighs three tons; the interior being provided with seats, and lighted by openings in the crown, upon

which a plate of thick glass is secured. The weighty instrument suspended by a massive chain to a large swing crane, was soon in motion, when we observed our skeptical lady-friends join a party and enter, in order, we presume, to make themselves more sure of the truth of the diving-bell than they could do of the identity between light and heat. The bell was soon swung round and lowered into a tank, which holds nearly ten thousand gallons of water; but we confess our fears for the safety of its inmates were greatly appeased, when we learned that the whole of this reservoir of water could be emptied in less than one minute. Slowly and steadily was the bell drawn up again, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the enterprising ladies and their companions alight on *terra firma*, nothing injured excepting that they were greatly flushed in the face. A man, clad in a water-tight dress and surmounted with a diving-helmet, next performed a variety of sub-aqueous feats, much to the amusement and astonishment of the younger part of the audience, one of whom shouted as he came up above the surface of the water, "Oh! ma'a! Don't he look like an Ogre!" and certainly the shining brass helmet and staring large plate-glass eyes fairly warranted such a suggestion. The principles of the diving-bell and of the diving-helmet are too well known to require explanation: but the practical utility of these machines is daily proved. Even while we now write, it has been ascertained that the foundations of Blackfriars Bridge are giving way. The bed of the river, owing to the constant ebb and flow of its waters, has sunk some six or seven feet below its level since the bridge was built, thus undermining its foundation; and this effect, it is presumed, has been greatly augmented by the removal of the old London Bridge, the works surrounding which operated as a dam in checking the force of the current. These machines, also, are constantly used in repairing the bottom of docks, landing-piers, and in the construction of breakwater works, such as those which are at present being raised at Dover Harbor.

Among other remarkable objects in the museum of natural history we recognized, swimming upon his shingly bed under a glass case, our old friend the *Gymnotus Electricus*, or Electrical Eel. Truly, he is a marvelous fish. The power which animals of every description possess in adapting themselves to external and adventitious circumstances, is here marvelously illustrated, for, notwithstanding this creature is surrounded by the greatest possible amount of artificial circumstances, inasmuch as instead of sporting in his own pellucid and sparkling waters of the river Amazon, he is here confined in a glass prison, in water artificially heated; instead of his natural food, he is here supplied with fish not indigenous to his native country, and denied access to fresh air, with sunlight sparkling upon the surface of the waves—he is here surrounded by an impure and obscure atmosphere, with crowds of people constantly moving to and fro and gazing upon him; yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantageous circumstances, he has continued to thrive; nay, since we saw him ten years ago, he has increased in size and is apparently very healthy, notwithstanding that he is obviously quite blind.

This specimen of the *Gymnotus Electricus* was caught in the river Amazon, and was brought over to this country by Mr. Potter, where it arrived on the 12th of August, 1838, when he displayed it to the proprietors of the Adelaide Gallery. In the first instance, there was some difficulty in keeping him alive, for, whether from sickness, or sulkiness, he refused food of every description, and is said to have eaten nothing from the day he was taken, in March, 1838, to the 19th of the following October. He was confided upon his arrival to the care of Mr. Bradley, who placed him in an apartment the temperature of which could be maintained at about seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, and acting upon the suggestions of Baron Humboldt, he endeavored to feed him with bits of boiled meat, worms, frogs, fish, and bread, which were all tried in succession. But the animal would not touch these. The plan adopted by the London fishmongers for

fattening the common eel was then had recourse to; a quantity of bullock's blood was put into the water, care being taken that it should be changed daily, and this was attended with some beneficial effects, as the animal gradually improved in health. [599] In the month of October it occurred to Mr. Bradley to tempt him with some small fish, and the first gudgeon thrown into the water he darted at and swallowed with avidity. From that period the same diet has been continued, and he is now fed three times a day, and upon each occasion is given two or three carp, or perch, or gudgeon, each weighing from two to three ounces. In watching his movements we observed, that in swimming about he seems to delight in rubbing himself against the gravel which forms the bed above which he floats, and the water immediately becomes clouded with the mucus from which he thus relieves the surface of his body.

When this species of fish was first discovered, marvelous accounts respecting them were transmitted to the Royal Society: it was even said that in the river Surinam, in the western province of Guiana, some existed twenty feet long. The present specimen is forty inches in length; and measures eighteen inches round the body; and his physiognomy justifies the description given by one of the early narrators, who remarked, that the *Gymnotus* "resembles one of our common eels, except that its head is flat, and its mouth wide, like that of a cat-fish, without teeth." It is certainly ugly enough. On its first arrival in England, the proprietors offered Professor Faraday (to whom this country may possibly discover, within the next five hundred years, that it owes something) the privilege of experimenting upon him for scientific purposes, and the result of a great number of experiments, ingeniously devised, and executed with great nicety, clearly proved the identity between the electricity of the fish and the common electricity. The shock, the circuit, the spark, were distinctly obtained: the galvanometer was sensibly affected; chemical decompositions were obtained; an annealed

steel needle became magnetic, and the direction of its polarity indicated a current from the anterior to the posterior parts of the fish, through the conductors used. The force with which the electric discharge is made is also very considerable, for this philosopher tells us we may conclude that a single medium discharge of the fish is at least equal to the electricity of a Leyden Battery of fifteen jars, containing three thousand five hundred square inches of glass, coated upon both sides, charged to its highest degree. But great as is the force of a single discharge, the *Gymnotus* will sometimes give a double, and even a triple shock, with scarcely any interval. Nor is this all. The instinctive action it has recourse to in order to augment the force of the shock, is very remarkable.

The professor one day dropped a live fish, five inches long, into the tub; upon which the *Gymnotus* turned round in such a manner as to form a coil inclosing the fish, the latter representing a diameter across it, and the fish was struck motionless, as if lightning had passed through the water. The *Gymnotus* then made a turn to look for his prey, which having found, he bolted it, and then went about seeking for more. A second smaller fish was then given him, which being hurt, showed little signs of life; and this he swallowed apparently without "shocking it." We are informed by Dr. Williamson, in a paper he communicated some years ago to the Royal Society, that a fish already struck motionless gave signs of returning animation, which the *Gymnotus* observing, he instantly discharged another shock, which killed it. Another curious circumstance was observed by Professor Faraday—the *Gymnotus* appeared conscious of the difference of giving a shock to an animate and an inanimate body, and would not be provoked to discharge its powers upon the latter. When tormented by a glass rod, the creature in the first instance threw out a shock, but as if he perceived his mistake, he could not be stimulated afterward to repeat it, although the moment the professor touched him with his hands, he discharged shock after shock. He refused,

in like manner, to gratify the curiosity of the philosophers, when they touched him with metallic conductors, which he permitted them to do with indifference. It is worthy of observation, that this is the only specimen of the *Gymnotus Electricus* ever brought over alive into this country. The great secret of preserving his life would appear to consist in keeping the water at an even temperature—summer and winter—of seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit. After having been subjected to a great variety of experiments, the creature is now permitted to enjoy the remainder of its days in honorable peace, and the only occasion upon which he is now disturbed, is when it is found necessary to take him out of his shallow reservoir to have it cleaned, when he discharges angrily enough shock after shock, which the attendants describe to be very smart, even though he be held in several thick and well wetted cloths, for they do not at all relish the job.

The *Gymnotus Electricus* is not the only animal endowed with this very singular power; there are other fish, especially the *Torpedo* and *Silurus*, which are equally remarkable, and equally well known. The peculiar structure which enters into the formation of their electrical organs, was first examined by the eminent anatomist John Hunter, in the *Torpedo*; and, very recently, Rudolphi has described their structure with great exactness in the *Gymnotus Electricus*.

Without entering into minute details, the peculiarity of the organic apparatus of the Electrical Eel seems to consist in this, that it is composed of numerous *laminae* or thin tendinous partitions, between which exists an infinite number of small cells filled with a thickish gelatinous fluid. These strata and cells are supplied with nerves of unusual size, and the intensity of the electrical power is presumed to depend on the amount of nervous energy accumulated in these cells, whence it can be voluntarily discharged, just as a muscle may be voluntarily contracted. Furthermore, there are, it would appear, good reasons to believe that nervous power (in whatever it may consist) and

electricity are identical. The progress of science has already shown the identity between heat, electricity, and magnetism; that heat may be concentrated into electricity, and this electricity reconverted into heat; that electric force may be converted into magnetic force, and Professor Faraday himself discovered how, by reacting back again, the magnetic force can be reconverted into the electric force, and *vice versâ*; and should the identity between electricity and nervous power be as clearly established, one of the most important and interesting problems in physiology will be solved.

Every new discovery in science, and all improvements in industrial art, the principles of which are capable of being rendered in the least degree interesting, are in this Exhibition forthwith popularized, and become, as it were, public property. Every individual of the great public can at the very small cost of one shilling, claim his or her share in the property thus attractively collected, and a small amount of previous knowledge or natural intelligence will put the visitor in actual possession of treasures which previously "he wot not of," in so amusing a manner that they will be beguiled rather than bored into his mind.

## A Tuscan Vintage.

All Tuscany had been busy with the vintage. The vintage! Is there a word more rich to the untraveled Englishman in picturesque significance and poetical associations? All that the bright south has of glowing coloring, harmonious forms, teeming abundance, and Saturnian facility, mixed up in the imagination with certain

vague visions of bright black eyes and bewitching ankles—all this, and more, goes to the making up of the Englishman's notion of the vintage. Alas! that it should be needful to dissipate such charming illusions. And yet it is well to warn those who cherish these *couleur-de-rose* imaginings, and who would fain shun a disagreeable *désenchantement*, that they will do wisely in continuing to receive their impressions of Italian ruralities from the presentations of our theatres, and the description of Mrs. Radcliffe. To those inquirers, however, of sterner mould, who would find truth, be it ever so disagreeable when found, it must be told that a Devonshire harvesting is twice as pretty, and a Kentish hop-picking thrice as pretty a scene as any “vindemia” that the vineyards of Italy can show. The vine, indeed, as grown in Italy—especially when the fruit is ripe, and the leaves begin to be tinted with crimson and yellow—is an exceedingly pretty object, rich in coloring, and elegant in its forms. Nothing but the most obsolete and backward agriculture, however, preserves these beauties. If good wine and not pretty crops be the object in view, the vine should be grown as in France—a low dwarf plant closely pruned, and raised only two or three feet from the ground; and than such a vineyard nothing can be more ugly. Classic Italy, however, still cultivates her vines as she did when the Georgics were written; “marries” them most becomingly and picturesquely to elms or mulberries, &c, and makes of them lovely festoons and very acrid wine. Again, it must be admitted that a yoke of huge dove-colored oxen, with their heavy unwieldy tumbril, is a more picturesque object than an English wagon and a team of horses. Occasionally, too, may be seen bearing not ungracefully a blushing burden of huge bunches, a figure, male or female, who might have sat for a model to Leopold Robert. But despite all this, the process of gathering the vintage is any thing but a pleasing sight. In one of the heavy tumbrils I have mentioned, are placed some twelve or fifteen large pails, some three feet deep, and a foot or so in diameter. Into these are thrown pell-mell

the bunches of fruit, ripe and unripe, clean and dirty, stalks and all, white and red indiscriminately. The cart thus laden, the fifteen pails of unsightly, dirty-looking slush, are driven to the "fattoria," there to be emptied into vats, which appear, both to nose and eye, never to have been cleansed since they were made. In performing this operation much is of course spilt over the men employed, over the cart, over the ground; and nothing can look less agreeable than the effect thus produced. Sometimes one large tub occupies the whole tumbril, the contents of which, on reaching the "fattoria," have to be ladled out with buckets. Often the contents of the vat, trodden in one place—a most unsightly process—have to be transported in huge barrels, like water-carts, to another place to undergo fermentation. And then the thick muddy stream, laden with filth and impurities of all sorts, which is seen when these barrels discharge their cargo, is as little calculated to give one a pleasing idea of the "ruby wine" which is to be the result of all this filthy squash, as can well be imagined. Add to this an exceedingly unpleasant smell in and about all the buildings in which any part of the wine-making process takes place, and the constant recurrence of rotting heaps of the refuse matter of the pressed grape under every wall and hedge in the neighborhood of each "fattoria"—and the notions connected with the so be-poetized vintage, will be easily understood to be none of the pleasantest in the minds of those acquainted with its sights and smells.—*Trollope's Impressions of a Wanderer.*

## How To Make Home Unhealthy. By Harriet Martineau.

Emperor Yao (very many years B.C.) established a certain custom, which was followed, we are told, by his successors on the throne of China. The custom was this. Outside the hall-door of his palace, he suspended a tablet and a gong; and if one among his subjects felt himself able to suggest a good idea to his ruler, or wished to admonish him of any error in his ways, the critic paid a visit to the palace, wrote what he had to say upon the tablet, battered at the gong, and ran away. The Emperor came out; and then, unless it happened that some scapegrace of a schoolboy had annoyed him by superadding a fly-away knock to a contemptuous hieroglyphic, he gravely profited by any hint the tablets might convey. Not unlike honest, patriarchal Yao is our British Public. It is summoned out to read inscriptions at its door, left there by all who have advice to give or faults to deprecate. The successors of Yao, finding upon their score so many conflicting tales, soon substituted for the gong five instruments of music. It was required, then, that the monitor should distinguish, by the instrument upon which he performed his summons, what particular department of imperial duties it might be to which he desired to call attention. Now not five but fifty voices summon *our* royal public. One man courts attention with a dulcet strain, one brays, one harps upon a string, another drums. And among those who have of late been busiest in pointing errors out, and drumming at the public's door to have them rectified, are they who profess concern about the Public Health.

For the writer who now proposes to address to you, O excellent

Public, through these pages, a Series of Practical Hints as to How to make Home Unhealthy, we would not have you think that he means to be in any respect so troublesome as those Sanitary Instructors. The lion on your knocker gives him confidence; he will leave no disconcerting messages; he will seek to come into your parlor as a friend. A friend he is; for, with a polite sincerity, he will maintain in all his arguments that what you do is what ought always to be done. He knows well that you are not foolish, and perceives, therefore, what end you have in view. He sees that you are impressed deeply with a conviction of the vanity of life; that you desire, accordingly, to prove your wisdom by exhibiting contempt for that which philosopher after philosopher forbids a thoughtful man to cherish. You would be proud to have Unhealthy Homes. Lusty carcasses, they are for coarse folk and for the heathen; civilization forbids us to promote animal development. How can a man look spiritual, if he be not sickly? How can a woman—Is not Paris the mode? Go, weigh an elegant Parisienne against a peasant girl from Normandy. It is here proposed, therefore, to honor your discretion by demonstrating publicly how right you are. Some of the many methods by which one may succeed in making Home Unhealthy will be here detailed to you, in order that, as we go on, you may congratulate yourself on feeling how extremely clever you already are in your arrangements. Here is a plain purpose. If any citizen, listening to such lessons, think himself wise, and yet is one who, like good M. Jourdain in the comedy, *n'applaudit qu'à contresens*—to such a citizen it is enough to say. May much good come of his perversity!

## I. Hints To Hang Up In The Nursery.

In laying a foundation of ill health, it is a great point to be able to begin at the beginning. You have the future man at excellent

advantage when he is between your fingers as a baby. One of Hoffman's heroines, a clever housewife, discarded and abhorred her lover from the moment of his cutting a yeast dumpling. There are some little enormities of that kind which really can not be forgiven, and one such is, to miss the opportunity of physicking a baby. Now I will tell you how to treat the future pale-face at his first entrance into life.

A little while before the birth of any child, have a little something ready in a spoon; and, after birth, be ready at the first opportunity, to thrust this down his throat. Let his first gift from his fellow-creatures be a dose of physic—honey and calomel, or something of that kind: but you had better ask the nurse for a prescription. Have ready also, before birth, an abundant stock of pins; for it is a great point, in putting the first dress upon the little naked body, to contrive that it shall contain as many pins as possible. The prick of a sly pin is excellent for making children cry; and since it may lead nurses, mothers, now and then even doctors, to administer physic for the cure of imaginary gripings in the bowels, it may be twice blessed. Sanitary enthusiasts are apt to say that strings, not pins, are the right fastening for infants' clothes. Be not misled. Is not the pincushion an ancient institution? What is to say, "Welcome, little stranger," if pins cease to do so? Resist this innovation. It is the small end of the wedge. The next thing that a child would do, if let alone, would be to sleep. I would not suffer that. The poor thing must want feeding; therefore waken it and make it eat a sop, for that will be a pleasant joke at the expense of nature. It will be like wakening a gentleman after midnight to put into his mouth some pickled herring; only the baby can not thank you for your kindness as the gentleman might do.

This is a golden rule concerning babies: to procure sickly growth, let the child always suckle. Attempt no regularity in nursing. It is true that if an infant be fed at the breast every four hours, it will fall into the habit of desiring food only so often,

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and will sleep very tranquilly during the interval. This may save trouble, but it is a device for rearing healthy children: we discard it. Our infants shall be nursed in no new-fangled way. As for the child's crying, quiet costs eighteen-pence a bottle; so that argument is very soon disposed of.

Never be without a flask of Godfrey's Cordial, or Daffy, in the nursery; but the fact is, that you ought to keep a medicine-chest. A good deal of curious information may be obtained by watching the effects of various medicines upon your children.

Never be guided by the child's teeth in weaning it. Wean it before the first teeth are cut, or after they have learned to bite. Wean all at once, with bitter aloes or some similar devices; and change the diet suddenly. It is a foolish thing to ask a medical attendant how to regulate the food of children; he is sure to be over-run with bookish prejudices; but nurses are practical women, who understand thoroughly matters of this kind.

Do not use a cot for infants, or presume beyond the time-honored institution of the cradle. Active rocking sends a child to sleep by causing giddiness. Giddiness is a disturbance of the blood's usual way of circulation; obviously, therefore, it is a thing to aim at in our nurseries. For elder children, swinging is an excellent amusement, if they become giddy on the swing.

In your nursery, a maid and two or three children may conveniently be quartered for the night, by all means carefully secured from draughts. Never omit to use at night a chimney board. The nursery window ought not to be much opened; and the door should be kept always shut, in order that the clamor of the children may not annoy others in your house.

When the children walk out for an airing, of course they are to be little ladies and gentlemen. They are not to scamper to and fro; a little gentle amble with a hoop ought to be their severest exercise. In sending them to walk abroad, it is a good thing to let their legs be bare. The gentleman papa, probably, would find bare legs rather cold walking in the streets of London; but

the gentleman son, of course, has quite another constitution. Besides, how can a boy, not predisposed that way, hope to grow up consumptive, if some pains are not taken with him in his childhood?

It is said that of old time children in the Balearic Islands were not allowed to eat their dinner, until, by adroitness in the shooting of stones out of a sling, they had dislodged it from a rafter in the house. Children in the British Islands should be better treated. Let them not only have their meals unflinching, but let them be at all other times tempted and bribed to eat. Cakes and sweetmeats of alluring shape and color, fruits, and palatable messes, should, without any regularity, be added to the diet of a child. The stomach, we know, requires three or four hours to digest a meal, expects a moderate routine of tasks, and between each task looks for a little period of rest. Now, as we hope to create a weak digestion, what is more obvious than that we must use artifice to circumvent the stomach? In one hour we must come upon it unexpectedly with a dose of fruit and sugar; then, if the regular dinner have been taken, astonish the digestion, while at work upon it, with the appearance of an extra lump of cake, and presently some gooseberries. In this way we soon triumph over Nature, who, to speak truth, does not permit to us an easy victory, and does try to accommodate her working to our whims. We triumph, and obtain our reward in children pale and polite, children with appetites already formed, that will become our good allies against their health in after life.

*Principiis obsta.* Let us subdue mere nature at her first start, and make her civilized in her beginnings. Let us wipe the rose-tint out of the child's cheek, in good hope that the man will not be able to recover it. White, yellow, and purple—let us make them to be his future tricolor.

## II. The Londoner's Garden.

Brick walls do not secrete air. It comes in through your doors and windows, from the streets and alleys in your neighborhood; it comes in without scraping its feet, and goes down your throat, unwashed, with small respect for your gentility. You must look abroad, therefore, for some elements of an unwholesome home: and when, sitting at home, you do so, it is a good thing if you can see a burial-ground—one of “God's gardens,” which our city cherishes.

Now, do not look up with a dolorous face, saying, “Alas! these gardens are to be taken from us!” Let agitators write and let Commissioners report, let Government nod its good-will, and although all the world may think that our London burial-grounds are about to be incontinently jacketed in asphalte, and that we ourselves, when dead, are to be steamed off to Erith—we are content: at present this is only gossip.<sup>1</sup> On one of the lowest terraces of hell, says Dante, he found a Cordelier, who had been dragged thither by a logical demon, in defiance of the expostulations of St. Francis. The sin of that monk was a sentence of advice for which absolution had been received before he gave it: “Promise much, and perform little.” In the hair of any Minister's head, and of every Commissioner's head, we know not what “black cherubim” may have entwined their claws. There is hope, while there is life, for the old cause. But if those who have authority to do so really have determined to abolish intramural burial, let us call upon them solemnly to reconsider their verdict. Let them ponder what follows.

Two or three years ago, a book, promulgating notions upon spiritual life, was published in London by the Chancellor of a certain place across the Channel. It was a clever book; and, among other matter, broached a theory. “*Our souls,*” the Rev. Chancellor informed us, “*consist of the essence, extract, or gas contained in the human body;*” and, that he might not be

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<sup>1</sup> Now it is fate. *July*, 1850.

vague, he made special application to a chemist, who “added some important observations of his own respecting the corpse after death.” But we must decorate a great speculation with the ornamental words of its propounder. [603]

“The gases into which the animal body is resolved by putrefaction are ammonia, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, cyanogen, and sulphureted, phosphureted, and carbureted hydrogen. The first, and the two last-named gases, are most abundant.” We omit here some details as to the time a body takes in rotting. “From which it appears, that these noble elements and rich essences of humanity are too subtle and volatile to continue long with the corpse; but soon disengage themselves, and escape from it. After which nothing remains but the foul refuse in the vat; the mere *caput mortuum* in the crucible; the vile dust and ashes of the tomb. Nor does inhumation, however deep in the ground, nor drowning in the lowest depths and darkest caverns of the fathomless abyss, prevent those subtle essences, rare attenuate spirits, or gases, from escaping; or chain down to dust those better, nobler elements of the human body. No bars can imprison them; no vessels detain them from their kindred element, confine them from their native home.”

We are all of us familiar with the more noticeable of these “essences,” by smell, if not by name. Metaphysicians tell us that perceptions and ideas *will* follow in a train: perhaps that may account for the sudden recollection of an old-fashioned story—may the moderns pardon it. A young Cambridge student, airing his wisdom at a dinner-party, was ingenious upon the Theory of Winds. He was most eloquent concerning heat and cold; radiation, rarefaction; polar and equatorial currents; he had brought his peroration to a close, when he turned round upon a grave Professor of his College, saying, “And what, sir, do you believe to be the cause of wind?” The learned man replied, “Pea-soup—pea-soup!” In the group of friends around a social soup-tureen, must we in future recognize

“The feast of reason, and—the flow of soul!”

How gladly shall we fight the fight of life, hoping that, after death, we shall meet in a world of sulphureted hydrogen and other gases! And where do the Sanitary Reformers suppose that, after death, *their* gases will go—they who, in life, with asphalt and paving-stones, would have restrained the souls of their own fathers from ascending into upper air?

Against us let there be no such reproach. Freely let us breathe into our bosoms some portion of the spirit of the dead. If we live near no church-yard, let us visit one—Mesmerically, if you please. Now we are on the way. We see narrow streets and many people; most of the faces that we meet are pale. Here is a walking funeral; we follow with it to the church-yard. A corner is turned, and there is another funeral to be perceived at no great distance in advance. Our walkers trot. The other party, finding itself almost overtaken, sets off with a decent run. Our party runs. There is a race for prior attention when they reach the ground. We become interested. We perceive that one undertaker wears gaiters, and the other straps. We trot behind them, betting with each other, you on Gaiters, I on Straps. I win; a *Deus ex machinâ* saves me, or I should have lost. An over-goaded ox rushes bewildered round a corner, charges and overthrows the foremost coffin; it is broken, and the body is exposed—its white shroud flaps upon the mud. This has occurred once, I know; and how much oftener, I know not. So Gaiters pioneers his party to the nearest undertaker for repairs, and we follow the triumphant procession to the church-yard. The minister there meets it, holding his white handkerchief most closely to his nose: the mourners imitate him, sick and sorrowful. Your toe sticks in a bit of carrion, as we pass near the grave and seek the sexton. He is a pimpled man, who moralizes much; but his morality is maudlin. He is drunk. He is accustomed to antagonize the “spirits” of the dead with spirits from the “Pig and Whistle.” Here let the *séance* end.

At home again, let us remark upon a striking fact. Those poor creatures whom we saw in sorrow by the grave, believed that they were sowing flesh to immortality—and so they were. They did not know that they were also sowing coffee. By a trustworthy informant, I am taught that of the old coffin-wood dug up out of the crowded church-yards, a large quantity that is not burned, is dried and ground; and that ground coffee is therewith adulterated in a wholesale manner. It communicates to cheap coffee a good color; and puts Body into it, there can be no doubt of that. It will be a severe blow to the trade in British coffees if intramural interment be forbidden. We shall be driven to depend upon distant planters for what now can be produced in any quantity at home.

Remember the largeness of the interests involved. Within the last thirty years, a million and a half of corpses have been hidden under ground, in patches, here and there, among the streets of London. This pasturage we have enjoyed from our youth up, and it is threatened now to put us off our feed.

I say no more, for better arguments than these can not be urged on behalf of the maintenance of City grave-yards. Possibly these may not prevail. Yet never droop. Nevertheless, without despairing, take a house in the vicinity of such a garden of the dead. If our lawgivers should fear the becoming neighborly with Dante's Cordelier, and therefore absolutely interdict more burials in London, still you are safe. They shall not trample on the graves that are. We can agitate, and we will agitate successfully against their asphalte. Let the City be mindful of its old renown; let Vestries rally round Sir Peter Laurie, and there may be yet secured to you, for seven years to come, an atmosphere which shall assist in making Home Unhealthy.

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### III. Spending A Very Pleasant Evening.

By the consent of antiquity, it is determined that Pain shall be doorkeeper to the house of Pleasure. In Europe Purgatory led to Paradise; and, had St. Symeon lived among us now, he would have earned heaven, if the police permitted, by praying for it, during thirty years, upon the summit of a lamp-post. In India the Fakir was beatified by standing on his head, under a hot sun, beset with roasting bonfires. In Greenland the soul expected to reach bliss by sliding for five days down a rugged rock, wounding itself, and shivering with cold. The American Indians sought happiness through castigation, and considered vomits the most expeditious mode of enforcing self-denial on the stomach. Some tribes of Africans believe, that on the way to heaven every man's head is knocked against a wall. By consent of mankind, therefore, it is granted that we must pass Pain on the way to Pleasure.

What Pleasure is, when reached, none but the dogmatical can venture to determine. To Greenlanders, a spacious fish-kettle, forever simmering, in which boiled seals forever swim, is the delight of heaven. And remember that, in the opinion of M. Bailly, Adam and Eve gardened in Nova Zembla.

You will not be surprised, therefore, if I call upon you to prepare for your domestic pleasures with a little suffering; nor, when I tell you what such pleasures are, must you exclaim against them as absurd. Having the sanction of our forefathers, they are what is fashionable now, and consequently they are what is fit.

I propose, then, that you should give, for the entertainment of your friends, an Evening Party; and as this is a scene in which young ladies prominently figure, I will, if you please, on this occasion, pay particular attention to your daughter.

O mystery of preparation!—Pardon, sir. You err if you suppose me to insinuate that ladies are more careful over personal adornment than the gentlemen. When men made a display of manhood, wearing beards, it is recorded that they packed them, when they went to bed, in pasteboard cases, lest they might be

tumbled in the night. Man at his grimmest is as vain as woman, even when he stalks about bearded and battle-axed. This is the mystery of preparation in your daughter's case: How does she breathe? You have prepared her from childhood for the part she is to play to-night, by training her form into the only shape which can be looked at with complacency in any ball-room. A machine, called stays, introduced long since into England by the Normans, has had her in its grip from early girlhood. She has become pale, and—only the least bit—liable to be blue about the nose and fingers.

Stays are an excellent contrivance; they give a material support to the old cause, Unhealthiness at Home. This is the secret of their excellence. A woman's ribs are narrow at the top, and as they approach the waist they widen, to allow room for the lungs to play within them. If you can prevent the ribs from widening, you can prevent the lungs from playing, which they have no right to do, and make them work. This you accomplish by the agency of stays. It fortunately happens that these lungs have work to do—the putting of the breath of life into the blood—which they are unable to do properly when cramped for space; it becomes about as difficult to them as it would be to you to play the trombone in a china closet. By this compression of the chest, ladies are made nervous, and become unfit for much exertion; they do not, however, allow us to suppose that they have lost flesh. There is a fiction of attire which would induce, in a speculative critic, the belief that some internal flame had caused their waists to gutter, and that the ribs had all run down into a lump which protrudes behind under the waistband. This appearance is, I think, a fiction; and for my opinion I have newspaper authority. In the papers it was written, one day last year, that the hump alluded to was tested with a pin, upon the person of a lady, coming from the Isle of Man, and it was found not to be sensitive. Brandy exuded from the wound; for in that case the projection was a bladder, in which the prudent

housewife was smuggling comfort in a quiet way. The touch of a pin changed all into discomfort, when she found that she was converted into a peripatetic watering-can—brandyng-can, I should have said.

Your daughter comes down stairs dressed, with a bouquet, at a time when the dull seeker of Health and Strength would have her to go up stairs with a bed-candlestick. Your guests arrive. Young ladies, thinly clad and packed in carriages, emerge, half-stifled; put a cold foot, protected by a filmy shoe, upon the pavement, and run, shivering, into your house. Well, sir, we'll warm them presently. But suffer me to leave you now, while you receive your guests.

I know a Phyllis, fresh from the country, who gets up at six and goes to bed at ten; who knows no perfume but a flower-garden, and has worn no bandage to her waist except a sash. She is now in London, and desires to do as others do. She is invited to your party, but is not yet come; it may be well for me to call upon her. Why, in the name of Newgate, what is going on? She is shrieking "Murder!" on the second floor. Up to the rescue! A judicious maid directs me to the drawing-room: "It's only miss a-trying on her stays."

Here we are, sir; Phyllis and I. You find the room oppressive—'tis with perfume, Phyllis. With foul air? ah, your nice country nose detects it; yes, there is foul air: not nasty, of course, my dear, mixed, as it here is, with eau-de-Cologne and patchouli. Pills are not nasty, sugared. A grain or two of arsenic in each might be not quite exactly neutralized by sugar, but there is nothing like faith in a good digestion. Why do the gentlemen cuddle the ladies, and spin about the room with them, like tee-totums? Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! let me waltz with you. There, do you not see how it is? Faint, are you—giddy—will you fall? An ice will refresh you. Spasms next! Phyllis, let me take you home.

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Now then, sir, Phyllis has been put to bed; allow me to dance

a polka with your daughter. Frail, elegant creature that she is! A glass of wine—a macaroon: good. Sontag, yes; and that dear novel. That was a delightful dance; now let us promenade. The room is close; a glass of wine, an ice, and let us get to the delicious draught in the conservatory, or by that door. Is it not beautiful? The next quadrille—I look slyly at my watch, and Auber's grim chorus rumbles within me, "*Voici minuit! voici minuit!*" Another dance. How fond she seems to be of macaroons! Supper. My dear sir, I will take good care of your daughter. One sandwich. Champagne. Blanc-mange. Tipsey-cake. Brandy cherries. Glass of wine. A macaroon. Trifle. Jelly. Champagne. Custard. Macaroon. The ladies are being taken care of—Yes, now in their absence we will drink their health, and wink at each other: their and our Bad Healths. This is the happiest moment of our lives; at two in the morning, with a dose of indigestion in the stomach, and three hours more to come before we get to bed. You, my dear sir, hope that on many occasions like the present you may see your friends around you, looking as glassy-eyed as you have made them to look now. We will rejoin the ladies.

Nothing but Champagne could have enabled us to keep up the evening so well. We were getting weary before supper—but we have had some wine, have dug the spur into our sides, and on we go again. At length, even the bottle stimulates our worn-out company no more; and then we separate. Good-night, dear sir; we have spent a Very Pleasant Evening under your roof.

To-morrow, when you depart from a late breakfast, having seen your daughter's face, and her boiled-mackerel eye, knowing that your wife is bilious, and that your son has just gone out for soda-water, you will feel yourself to be a Briton who has done his duty, a man who has paid something on account of his great debt to civilized society.

#### IV. The Light Nuisance.

Tieck tells us, in his "History of the Schildbürger," that the town council of that spirited community was very wise. It had been noticed that many worthy aldermen and common-councilors were in the habit of looking out of window when they ought to be attending to their duties. A vote was therefore, on one occasion, passed by a large majority, to this effect, namely—Whereas the windows of the Town-hall are a great impediment to the dispatch of public business, it is ordered that before the next day of meeting they be all bricked up. When the next day of meeting came, the worthy representatives of Schildbürg were surprised to find themselves assembling in the dark. Presently, accepting the unlooked-for fact, they settled down into an edifying discussion of the question, whether darkness was not more convenient for their purposes than daylight. Had you and I been there, my friend, our votes in the division would have been, like the vote in our own House of Commons a few days ago, for keeping out the Light Nuisance as much as possible. Darkness is better than daylight, certainly.

Now this admits of proof. For, let me ask, where do you find the best part of a lettuce?—not in the outside leaves. Which are the choice parts of celery?—of course, the white shoots in the middle. Why, sir? Because light has never come to them. They become white and luxurious by tying up, by earthing up, by any contrivance which has kept the sun at bay. It is the same with man: while we obstruct the light by putting brick and board where glass suggests itself, and mock the light by picturing impracticable windows on our outside walls—so that our houses stare about like blind men with glass eyes—while this is done, we sit at home and blanch, we become in our dim apartments pale and delicate, we grow to look refined, as gentlemen and ladies ought to look. Let the sanitary doctor, at whose head we have thrown lettuces, go to the botanist and ask him, How, is this? Let him come back and tell us, Oh, gentlemen, in these vegetables the natural juices are not formed when you exclude the light. The

natural juices in the lettuce or in celery are flavored much more strongly than our tastes would relish, and therefore we induce in these plants an imperfect development, in order to make them eatable. Very well. The natural juices in a man are stronger than good taste can tolerate. Man requires horticulture to be fit to come to table. To rear the finer sorts of human kind, one great operation necessary is to banish light as much as possible.

Ladies know that. To keep their faces pale, they pull the blinds down in their drawing-rooms, they put a veil between their countenances and the sun when they go out, and carry, like good soldiers, a great shield on high, by name a Parasol, to ward his darts off. They know better than to let the old god kiss them into color, as he does the peaches. They choose to remain green fruit: and we all know that to be a delicacy.

Yet there are men among us daring to propose that there shall no longer be protection against light; men who would tax a house by its capaciousness, and let the sun shine into it unhindered. The so-called sanitary people really seem to look upon their fellow-creatures as so many cucumbers. But we have not yet fallen so far back in our development. Disease is a privilege. Those only who know the tender touch of a wife's hand, the quiet kiss, the soothing whisper, can appreciate its worth. All who are not dead to the tenderest emotions will lament the day when light is turned on without limit in our houses. We have no wish to be blazed upon. Frequently pestilence itself avoids the sunny side of any street, and prefers walking in the shade. Nay, even in one building, as in the case of a great barrack at St. Petersburg, there will be three calls made by disease upon the shady side of the establishment for every one visit that it pays to the side brightened by the sun; and this is known to happen uniformly, for a series of years. Let us be warned, then. There must be no increase of windows in our houses; let us curtain those we have, and keep our blinds well down. Let morning sun or afternoon sun fire no volleys in upon us. Faded curtains, faded carpets, all

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ye blinds forbid! But faded faces are desirable. It is a cheering spectacle on summer afternoons to see the bright rays beating on a row of windows, all the way down a street, and failing to find entrance any where. Who wants more windows? Is it not obvious that, when daylight really comes, every window we possess is counted one too many? If we could send up a large balloon into the sky, with Mr. Braidwood and a fire-engine, to get the flames of the sun under, just a little bit, that would be something rational. More light, indeed! More water next, no doubt! As if it were not perfectly notorious that in the articles of light, water, and air, Nature outran the constable. We have to keep out light with blinds and vails, and various machinery, as we would keep out cockroaches with wafers; we keep out air with pads and curtains; and still there are impertinent reformers clamoring to increase our difficulty, by giving us more windows to protect against the inroads of those household nuisances.

I call upon consistent Englishmen to make a stand against these innovators. There is need of all our vigor. In 1848, the repeal of the window-tax was scouted from the Commons by a sensible majority of ninety-four. In 1850, the good cause has triumphed only by a precarious majority of three. The exertions of right-thinking men will not be wanting, when the value and importance of a little energetic labor is once clearly perceived.

What is it that the sanitary agitators want? To tan and freckle all their countrywomen, and to make Britons apple-faced? The Persian hero, Rustum, when a baby, exhausted seven nurses, and was weaned upon seven sheep a day, when he was of age for spoon-meat. Are English babies to be Rustums? When Rustum's mother, Roubadah, from a high tower first saw and admired her future husband Zal, she let her ringlets fall, and they were long, and reached unto the ground; and Zal climbed up by them, and knelt down at her feet, and asked to marry her. Are British ladies to be strengthened into Roubadahs, with hair like a ship's cable, up which husbands may clamber? In the present state of the

mania for public health, it is quite time that every patriotic man should put these questions seriously to his conscience.

One topic more. Let it clearly be understood, that against artificial light we can make no objection. Between sun and candle there are more contrasts than the mere difference in brilliancy. The light which comes down from the sky not only eats no air out of our mouths, but it comes charged with mysterious and subtle principles which have a purifying, vivifying power. It is a powerful ally of health, and we make war against it. But artificial light contains no sanitary marvels. When the gas streams through half a dozen jets into your room, and burns there and gives light; when candles become shorter and shorter, until they are "burnt out" and seen no more; you know what happens. Nothing in Nature ceases to exist. Your camphine has left the lamp, but it has not vanished out of being. Nor has it been converted into light. Light is a visible action; and candles are no more converted into light when they are burning, than breath is converted into speech when you are talking. The breath, having produced speech, mixes with the atmosphere; gas, camphine, candles, having produced light, do the same. If you saw fifty wax-lights shrink to their sockets last week in an unventilated ball-room, yet, though invisible, they had not left you; for their elements were in the room, and you were breathing them. Their light had been a sign that they were combining chemically with the air; in so combining they were changed, but they became a poison. Every artificial light is, of necessity, a little workshop for the conversion of gas, oil, spirit, or candle into respirable poison. Let no sanitary tongue persuade you that the more we have of such a process, the more need we have of ventilation. Ventilation is a catchword for the use of agitators, in which it does not become any person of refinement to exhibit interest.

The following hint will be received thankfully by gentlemen who would be glad to merit spectacles. To make your eyes weak, use a fluctuating light; nothing can be better adapted for your

purpose than what are called “mould” candles. The joke of them consists in this, they begin with giving you sufficient light; but, as the wick grows, the radiance lessens, and your eye gradually accommodates itself to the decrease: suddenly they are snuffed, and your eye leaps back to its original adjustment, there begins another slide, and then leaps back again. Much practice of this kind serves very well as a familiar introduction to the use of glasses.

## V. Passing The Bottle.

A brass button from the coat of Saint Peter, was at one time shown to visitors among the treasures of a certain church in Nassau; possibly some traveler of more experience may have met with a false collar from the wardrobe of Saint Paul. The intellect displayed of old by holy saints and martyrs, we may reasonably believe to have surpassed the measure of a bishop's understanding in the present day; for we have the authority of eyesight and tradition in asserting that the meanest of those ancient worthies possessed not less than three skulls, and that a great saint must have had so very many heads, that it would have built the fortune of a man to be his hatter. Perhaps some of these relics are fictitious; nevertheless, they are the boast of their possessors; they are exhibited as genuine, and thoroughly believed to be so. Sir, did your stomach never suggest to you that doctored elder-berry of a recent brew had been uncorked with veneration at some dinner-table as a bottle of old port? Have you experience of any festive friend, who can commit himself to doubt about the age and genuineness of his wine? The cellar is the social relic-chamber; every bin rejoices in a most veracious legend; and, whether it be over wine or over relics that we wonder, equal difficulties start up to obstruct our faith.

Our prejudices, for example, run so much in favor of one-headed men, that we can scarcely entertain the notion of a saint who had six night-caps to put on when he went to bed, and when he got up in the morning had six beards to shave. Knowing that the Russians, by themselves, drink more Champagne than France exports, and that it must rain grapes at Hockheim before that place can yield all the wine we English label Hock, and haunted as we are by the same difficulty when we look to other kinds of foreign wine, we feel a justified suspicion that the same glass of "genuine old port" can not be indulged in simultaneously by ten people. If only one man of the number drinks it, what is that eidolon which delights the other nine?

When George the Fourth was Regent, he possessed a small store of the choicest wine, and never called for it. There were some gentlemen in his establishment acquainted with its merits; these took upon themselves to rescue it from undeserved neglect. Then the prince talked about his treasure—when little remained thereof except the bottles; and it was to be produced at a forthcoming dinner-party. The gentlemen, who knew its flavor, visited the vaults of an extensive wine-merchant, and there they vainly sought to look upon its like again. "In those dim solitudes and awful cells" they, groaning in spirit, made a confessor of the merchant, who, for a fee, engaged to save them from the wrath to come. As an artist in wine, having obtained a sample of the stuff required, this dealer undertook to furnish a successful imitation. So he did; for, having filled those bottles with a wondrous compound, he sent them to the palace just before the fateful dinner-hour, exhorting the conspirators to take heed how they suffered any to be left. The compound would become a tell-tale after twelve hours' keeping. The prince that evening enjoyed his wine.

The ordinary manufacture of choice wine for people who are not princes, requires the following ingredients: for the original fluid, cider, or Common cape, raisin, grape, parsnip, or elder

wine; a wine made of rhubarb (for Champagne); to these may be added water. A fit stock having been chosen, strength, color, and flavor may be grafted on it. Use is made of these materials: for color—burnt sugar, logwood, cochineal, red sanders wood, or elder-berries. Plain spirit or brandy for strength. For nutty flavor, bitter almonds. For fruitiness, Dantzic spruce. For fullness or smoothness, honey. For port-wine flavor, tincture of the seeds of raisins. For bouquet, orris root or ambergris. For roughness or dryness, alum, oak sawdust, rhatany or kino. It is not necessary that an imitation should contain one drop of the wine whose name it bears; but a skillful combination of the true and false is desirable, if price permit. Every pint of the pure wine thus added to a mixture is, of course, so much abstracted from the stock of unadulterated juice.

You will perceive, therefore, that a free use of wine, not highly priced, is likely to assist us very much in our endeavors to establish an unhealthy home. Fill your cellar with bargains; be a genuine John Bull; invite your friends, and pass the bottle.

There is hope for us also in the recollection, that if chance force upon us a small stock of wine that has not been, in England, under the doctor's hands, we know not what may have been done to it abroad. The botanist, Robert Fortune, was in China when the Americans deluged the Chinese market with their orders for Young Hyson tea. The Chinese very promptly met the whole demand; and Fortune in his "Wanderings" has told us how. He found his way to a Young Hyson manufactory, where coarse old Congou leaves were being chopped, and carefully manipulated by those ingenious merchants the Chinese. But it is in human nature for other folks than the Chinese to be ingenious in such matters. We may, therefore, make up our minds that, since the demand for wine from certain celebrated vineyards, largely exceeds all possibility of genuine supply, since, also, every man who asks is satisfied, it is inevitable that the great majority of wine-drinkers are satisfied with a factitious article. The chances

are against our very often meeting with a glass of port that has not taken physic. So, let us never drink dear wine, nor ask a chemist what is in our bottles. Enough that they contain for us delightful poison.

That name for wine, “delightful poison,” is not new. It is as old as the foundation of Persepolis. Jemsheed was fond of grapes, Ferdusi tells, and once, when grapes went out of season, stored up for himself some jars of grape-juice. After a while he went to seek for a refreshing draught; then fermentation was in progress; and he found his juice abominably nasty. A severe stomach-ache induced him to believe that the liquor had acquired, in some way, dangerous qualities, and, therefore, to avoid accidents, he labeled each jar, “Poison.” More time elapsed, and then one of his wives, in trouble of soul, weary of life, resolved to put an end to her existence. Poison was handy: but a draught transformed her trouble into joy; more of it stupefied, but did not kill her. That woman kept a secret: she alone exhausted all the jars. Jemsheed then found them to be empty. Explanations followed. The experiment was tried once more, and wine, being so discovered, was thereafter entitled “the delightful poison.” What Jemsheed would have said to a bottle of port out of our friend Hoggins's cellar—but I tread on sacred ground. [608]

Of good wine health requires none, though it will tolerate a little. Our prospect, therefore, when the bottle passes briskly, is encouraging. Is the wine good, we may expect some indigestion; is it bad, who can tell what disorders we may not expect? Hoggins, I know, drinks more than a quart without disordering his stomach. He has long been a supporter of the cause we are now advocating, and therein finds one of his rewards. It is not safe to pinch a tiger's tail; yet, when the animal is sick, perhaps he will not bite although you tread upon it heavily. Healthy men and healthy stomachs tolerate no oppression.

London is full now; elsewhere country folks come out of doors, invited by fine weather. Walk where you will, in country

or in town, and look at all the faces that you meet. Traverse the Strand, and Regent-street, and Holborn, and Cheapside; get into a boat at London bridge, steam to Gravesend, and look at your fellow-passengers: examine where you will, the stamp of our civilization, sickliness, is upon nine people in any ten. There are good reasons why this should be so, and so let it continue. We have excluded sanitary calculations from our social life; we have had hitherto unhealthy homes, and we will keep them. Bede tells of a Mercian noble on his death-bed, to whom a ghost exhibited a scrap of paper, upon which were written his good deeds; then the door opened, and an interminable file of ghosts brought in a mile or two of scroll, whereon his misdeeds were all registered, and made him read them. Our wars against brute health are glorious, and we rejoice to feel that of such sins we have no scanty catalogue; we are content with our few items of mere sanitary virtue. As for sanitary reformers, they are a company of Danaids; they may get some of us into their sieve, but we shall soon slip out again. When a traveler proposed, at Ghadames in the Sahara, to put up a lantern here and there of nights among the pitch-dark streets, the people said his notion might be good, but that, as such things never had been tried before, it would be presumptuous to make the trial of them now. The traveler, a Briton, must have felt quite at home when he heard that objection. Amen, then; with the Ghadamese, we say, Let us have no New Lights.

## VI. Art Against Appetite.

The object of food is, to support the body in its natural development that it may reach a reasonable age without becoming too robust. Civilization can instruct us so to manage, that a gentle dissolution tread upon the heels of growth, that, as Metastasio hath it,

—“dalle fasce,  
Si comincia a morir quando si nasce.”<sup>2</sup>

An infant's appetite is all for milk; but art suggests a few additions to that lamentably simple diet. A lady not long since complacently informed her medical attendant that, for the use of a baby, then about eight months old she had spent nine pounds in “Infant's Preservative.” Of this, or of some like preparation, the advertisements tells us that it compels Nature to be orderly, and that all infants take it with greediness. So we have even justice to the child. Pet drinks Preservative; papa drinks Port.

Then there is “farinaceous food.” Here, for a purpose, we must interpolate a bit of science. There is a division of food into two great classes, nourishment and fuel. Nourishment is said to exist chiefly in animal flesh and blood, and in vegetable compounds which exactly correspond thereto, called vegetable fibrine, albumen, and caseine. Fuel exists in whatever contains much carbon: fat and starchy vegetables, potatoes, gum, sugar, alcoholic liquors. If a person take more nourishment than he wants, it is said to be wasted; if he take more fuel than he wants, part of it is wasted, and part of it the body stacks away as fat. These men of science furthermore assert, that the correct diet of a healthy man must contain eight parts of fuel food to one of nourishment. This preserves equilibrium, they say—suits, therefore, an adult; the child which has to become bigger as it lives has use for an excess of nourishment. And so one of the doctors, Dr. R.D. Thomson, gives this table; it has been often copied. The proportion of nourishment to fuel is in

Milk (food 1 to 2.  
for a grow-  
ing animal)

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<sup>2</sup> —From swaddling-clothes,  
Dying begins at birth.

Beans	1 to 2-1/2.
Oatmeal	1 to 5.
Barley	1 to 7.
Wheat flour	1 to 8.
(food for an animal at rest)	
Potatoes	1 to 9.
Rice	1 to 10.
Turnips	1 to 11.
Arrow-root, tapioca, sago	1 to 26.
Starch	1 to 40.

Very well, gentlemen, we take your facts. As ægritudinary men, we know what use to make of them. We will give infants farinaceous food; arrow-root, tapioca, and the like; quite ready to be taught by you that so we give one particle of nourishment in twenty-six. Tell us, this diet is like putting leeches on a child. We are content. Leeches give a delicate whiteness that we are thankful to be able to obtain with out the biting or the bloodshed.

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Sanitary people will allow a child, up to its seventh year, nothing beyond bread, milk, water, sugar, light meat broth, without fat, and fresh meat for its dinner—when it is old enough to bite it—with a little well-cooked vegetable. They confine a child, poor creature, to this miserable fare; permitting, in due season, only a pittance of the ripest fruit.

They would give children, while they are growing, oatmeal and milk for breakfast, made into a porridge. They would deny them beer. You know how strengthening that is, and yet these people say that there is not an ounce of meat in a whole bucketful. They would deny them comfits, cakes, wine, pastry, and grudge them nuts; but our boys shall rebel against all this. We will teach

them to regard cake as bliss, and wine as glory; we will educate them to a love of tarts. Once let our art secure over the stomach its ascendancy, and the civilized organ acquires new desires. Vitiating cravings, let the sanitary doctors call them; let them say that children will eat garbage, as young women will eat chalk and coals, not because it is their nature so to do, but because it is a symptom of disordered function. We know nothing about function. Art against Appetite has won the day, and the pale face of civilization is established.

Plain sugar, it is a good thing to forbid our children; there is something healthy in their love of it. Suppose we tell them that it spoils the teeth. They know no better; we do. We know that the negroes, who in a great measure live upon sugar, are quite famous for their sound white teeth; and Mr. Richardson tells us of tribes among the Arabs of Sahara, whose beautiful teeth he lauds, that they are in the habit of keeping about them a stick of sugar in a leathern case, which they bring out from time to time for a suck, as we bring out the snuff-box for a pinch. But we will tell our children that plain sugar spoils the teeth; sugar mixed with chalk or verdigris, or any other mess—that is to say, civilized sugar—they are welcome to.

And for ourselves, we will eat any thing. The more our cooks, with spice, with druggery and pastry, raise our wonder up, the more we will approve their handicraft. We will excite the stomach with a peppered soup; we will make fish indigestible with melted butter, and correct the butter with cayenne. We will take sauces, we will drink wine, we will drink beer, we will eat pie-crust, we will eat indescribable productions—we will take celery, and cheese, and ale—we will take liqueur—we will take wine and olives and more wine, and oranges and almonds, and any thing else that may present itself, and we will call all that our dinner, and for such the stomach shall accept it. We will eat more than we need, but will compel an appetite. Art against Appetite forever.

Sanitary people bear ill-will to pie-crust; they teach that butter, after being baked therein, becomes a compound hateful to the stomach. We will eat pies, we will eat pastry, we will eat—we would eat M. Soyer himself in a tart, if it were possible.

We will uphold London milk. Mr. Rugg says that it is apt to contain chalk, the brains of sheep, oxen, and cows, flour, starch, treacle, whiting, sugar of lead, arnotto, size, etc. Who cares for Mr. Rugg? London milk is better than country milk, for London cows are town cows. They live in a city, in close sheds, in our own dear alleys—are consumptive—they are delightful cows; only their milk is too strong, it requires watering and doctoring, and then it is delicious milk.

Tea we are not quite sure about. Some people say that because tea took so sudden a hold upon the human appetite, because it spread so widely in so short a time, that therefore it supplies a want: its use is natural. Liebig suggests that it supplies a constituent of bile. I think rather that its use has become general because it causes innocent intoxication. Few men are not glad to be made cheerful harmlessly. For this reason I think it is that the use of tea and coffee has become popular; and since whatever sustains cheerfulness advances health—the body working with good will under a pleasant master—tea does our service little good. In excess, no doubt, it can be rendered hurtful (so can bread and butter); but the best way of pressing it into employment, as an ægritudinarian aid, is by the practice of taking it extremely hot. A few observations upon the temperature at which food is refused by all the lower animals, will soon convince you that in man—not as regards tea only, but in a great many respects—Art has established her own rule, and that the Appetite of Nature has been conquered.

We have a great respect for alcoholic liquors. It has been seen that the excess of these makes fat; they, therefore, who have least need of fat, according to our rules, are those who have most need of wine and beer.

Of ordinary meats there is not much to say, We have read of Dr. Beaumont's servant, who had an open musket-hole leading into his stomach, through which the doctor made experiments. Many experiments were made, and tables drawn of no great value on the digestibility of divers kinds of meat. Climate and habit are, on such points, paramount. Pig is pollution to the children of the Sun, the Jew, and Mussulman; but children of winter, the Scandinavians, could not imagine Paradise complete without it. Schrimner, the sacred hog, cut up daily and eaten by the tenants of Walhalla, collected his fragments in the night, and was in his sty again ready for slaughter the next morning. These things concern us little, for it is not with plain meat that we have here to do, but with the noble art of Cookery. That art, which once obeyed and now commands our appetite, which is become the teacher where it was the taught, we duly reverence. When ægritudinary science shall obtain its college, and when each Unhealthy Course shall have its eminent professor to teach Theory and Practice—then we shall have a Court of Aldermen for Patrons, a Gravedigger for Principal, and a Cook shall be Dean of Faculty.

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## VII. The Water Party.

Water rains from heaven, and leaps out of the earth; it rolls about the land in rivers, it accumulates in lakes; three-fourths of the whole surface of the globe is water; yet there are men unable to be clean. "God loveth the clean," said Mahomet. He was a sanitary reformer; he was a notorious impostor; and it is our duty to resist any insidious attempt to introduce his doctrines.

There are in London districts of filth which speak to us—through the nose—in an emphatic manner. Their foul

air is an atmosphere of charity; for we pass through it pitying the poor. Burke said of a certain miser to whom an estate was left, "that now, it was to be hoped, he would set up a pocket-handkerchief." We hope, of the miserable, that when they come into their property they may be able to afford themselves a little lavender and musk. We might be willing to subscribe for the correction now and then, with aromatic cachou, of the town's bad breath; but water is a vulgar sort of thing, and of vulgarity the less we have the better.

In truth, we have not much of it. We are told that in a great city Water is maid of all work; has to assist our manufactures, to supply daily our saucepans and our tea-kettles; has to cleanse our clothes, our persons, and our houses; to provide baths, to wash our streets, and to flood away the daily refuse of the people, with their slaughter-houses, markets, hospitals, &c. Our dozen reservoirs in London yield a supply daily averaging thirty gallons to each head—which goes partly to make swamps, partly to waste, partly to rot, as it is used in tubs or cisterns. Rome in her pride used once to supply water at the rate of more than three hundred gallons daily to each citizen. That was excess. In London half a million of people get no water at all into their houses; but as those people live in the back settlements, and keep out of our sight, their dirt is no great matter of concern. We, for our own parts, have enough to cook with, have whereof to drink, wherewith to wash our feet sometimes, to wet our fingers and the corner of a towel—we inquire no further. Drainage and all such topics involve details positively nasty, and we blush for any of our fellow-citizens who take delight in chattering about them.

We are told to regard the habits of an infant world. London, the brain of a vast empire, is advised now to forget her civilization, and to go back some thousand years. We are to look at Persian aqueducts, attributed to Noah's great-grandson—at Carthaginians, Etruscans, Mexicans—at what Rome did. It frets us when we are thus driven to an obvious reply. Man in

an unripe and half-civilized condition, has not found out the vulgarity of water; for his brutish instinct is not overcome. All savages believe that water is essential to their life and desire it in unlimited abundance. Cultivation teaches us another life, in which our animal existence neither gets nor merits much attention. As for the Romans, so perpetually quoted, it was a freak of theirs to do things massively. While they were yet almost barbarians, they built that Cloaca through which afterward Agrippa sailed down to the Tiber in a boat. Who wishes to see His Worship the Lord Mayor of London emerging in his state barge from a London sewer?

Now here is inconsistency. Thirty million gallons of corruption are added daily by our London sewers to the Thames: that is one object of complaint, good in itself, because we drink Thames water. But in the next breath it is complained that a good many million gallons more should be poured out; that there are three hundred thousand cesspools more to be washed up; that as much filth as would make a lake six feet in depth, a mile long, and a thousand feet across, lies under London stagnant; and they would wish this also to be swept into the river. I heard lately of a gentleman who is tormented with the constant fancy that he has a scorpion down his back. He asks every neighbor to put in his hand and fetch it out, but no amount of fetching out ever relieves him. That is a national delusion. Our enlightened public is much troubled with such scorpions. Sanitary writers are infested with them.

They also say, That in one-half of London people drink Thames water; and in the other half, get water from the Chadwell spring and River Lea. That the River Lea, for twenty miles, flows through a densely-peopled district. and is, in its passage, drenched with refuse matter from the population on its banks. That there is added to Thames water the waste of two hundred and twenty cities, towns, and villages; and that between Richmond and Waterloo-bridge more than two hundred sewers discharge

into it their fetid matter. That the washing to and fro of tide secures the arrival of a large portion of filth from below Westminster, at Hammersmith; effects a perfect mixture, which is still farther facilitated by the splashing of the steamboats. Mr. Hassal has published engravings of the microscopic aspect of water taken from companies which suck the river up at widely-separated stages of its course through town—so tested, one drop differs little from another in the degree of its impurity. They tell us that two companies—the Lambeth and West Middlesex—supply Thames Mixture to subscribers as it comes to them; but that others filter more or less. They say that filtering can expurge nothing but mechanical impurities, while the dissolved pollution which no filter can extract is that part which communicates disease. We know this; well, and what then? There are absurdities so lifted above ridicule, that Momus himself would spoil part of the fun if he attempted to transgress beyond a naked statement of them. What do the members of this Water Party want? I'll tell you what I verily believe they are insane enough to look for.

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They would, if possible, forsake Thames water, calling it dirty, saying it is hard. So hard they say it is, that it requires three spoonfuls of tea instead of two in every man's pot, two pounds of soap for one in every man's kitchen. So they would fetch soft water from a Gathering Ground in Surrey, adopting an example set in Lancashire; from rain-fall on the heaths between Bagshot and Farnham, and from tributaries of the River Wey, they would collect water in covered reservoirs, and bring it by A COVERED AQUEDUCT to London. In London, they would totally abolish cisterns, and all intermixture of supply. Water in London they would have to be, as at Nottingham, accessible in all rooms at all times. They would have water, at high pressure, climbing about every house in every court and alley. They would place water, so to speak, at the finger's end, limiting no household as to quantity. They would enable every man to bathe. They would revolutionize the sewer-system, and have the town washed daily,

like a good Mahometan, clean to the finger-nails. They hint that all this might not even be expensive; that the cost of disease and degradation is so much greater than the cost of health and self-respect, as to pay back, possibly, our outlay, and then yield a profit to the nation. They say that, even if it were a money loss, it would be moral gain; and they ask whether we have not spent millions, ere now, upon less harmless commodities than water?

An ingenious fellow had a fiddle—all, he said, made out of his own head; and wood enough was left to make another. He must have been a sanitary man; his fiddle was a crotchet. Still farther to illustrate their own capacity of fiddle-making, these good but misguided people have been rooting up some horrible statistics of the filth and wretchedness which our back-windows overlook, with strange facts anent fever, pestilence, and the communication of disease. All this I purposely suppress; it is peculiarly disagreeable. Delicate health we like, and will learn gladly how to obtain it; but results we are content with, and can spare the details, when those details bring us into contact, even upon paper, with the squalid classes.

If these outcries of the Water Party move the public to a thirst for change, it would be prudent for us ægritudinary men not rashly to swim against the current. Let us adopt a middle course, a patronizing tone. It is in our favor that a large number of the facts which these our foes have to produce, are, by a great deal too startling to get easy credit. A single Pooh! has in it more semblance of reason than a page of facts, when revelations of neglected hygiene are on the carpet. If the case of the Sanitary Reformers had been only half as well made out, it would be twice as well supported.

## VIII. Filling The Grave.

M. Boutigny has published an account of some experiments

which go to prove that we may dip our fingers into liquid metal with impunity. Professor Plücker, of Bonn, has amply confirmed Boutigny's results, and in his report hints a conclusion that henceforth "certain minor operations in surgery may be performed with least pain by placing the foot in a bath of red-hot iron." Would you not like to see Professor Plücker, with his trowsers duly tucked up, washing his feet in a pailful of this very soothing fluid? And would it not be a fit martyrdom for sanitary doctors, if we could compel them also to sacrifice their legs in a cause, kin to their own, of theory and innovation? As Alderman Lawrence shrewdly remarked the other day, from his place in the Guildhall, the sanitary reform cry is "got up." That is the reason why, in his case, it does not go down. He, for his own part, did not disapprove the flavor of a church-yard, and appeared to see no reason why it should be cheated of its due. The sanitary partisans, he said, were paid for making certain statements. It would be well if we could cut off their supply of halfpence, and so silence them. Liwang, an ancient Emperor of China, fearing insurrection, forbade all conversation, even whispering, in his dominions. It would be well for us if Liwang lived now as our Secretary for the Home Department. There is too much talking—is there not, Mr. Carlyle? We want Liwang among us. However, as matters stand, it is bad enough for the sanitary reformers. "They drop their arms and tremble when they hear," they are despised by Alderman Lawrence.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> The honest and uncompromising spirit in which these papers oppose the sanitary movement, has led some people to imagine that there is satire meant in them. The best way to answer this suspicion, is to print here so much as we can find space for of the speech of Alderman Lawrence, reported in the "Times" one Saturday. It will be seen that the tone of his eloquence, and that of ours, differ but little; and that the present writer resembles the learned Alderman (who has succeeded, however, on a far larger scale) in his attempt *miscere stultitiam consiliis brevem*. The noble city lord remarked: "The fact was, that the sanitary schemes were got up; talk was made about cholera, and people became alarmed. Now, it was said that burial-grounds were highly injurious

Let us uphold our city grave-yards; on that point we have [612] already spoken out. Let us not cheat them of their pasturage; if any man fall sick, when, so to speak, his grave is dug, let us not lift him out of it by misdirected care. That topic now engages our attention.

There is a report among the hear-say stories of Herodotus, touching some tribe of Scythians, that when one of them gets out of health, or passes forty years of age, his friends proceed to slaughter him, lest he become diseased, tough, or unfit for table. These people took their ancestors into their stomachs, we take ours into our lungs—and herein we adopt the better plan, because it is the more unwholesome. We are content, also, now and then to let our friends grow old, although we may repress the tendency to age as much as possible. We do not absolutely kill our neighbors when they sicken; yet by judicious nursing we may frequently keep down a too great buoyancy of health, and check recovery. How to produce this last effect I will now tell you. Gentle mourners, do not chide me as irreverent—

“Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren,”

bear with me, then, and let me give my hints concerning ægritudinary sick-room discipline.

Of the professional nurse I will say nothing. You, of course, have put down Mrs. Gamp's address.

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to health, and a great cry had been raised against them. He did not know such to be the fact, that they were injurious to health. He did not believe one word about it. There were many persons who lived by raising up bugbears of this description in the present day, and those persons were always raising up some new crotchet or another.” After giving his view of the new interments bill, he asked, “Was it likely that the public would put up with the idea even of thus having the remains of their friends carried about the country? Was it likely that the Government would be permitted thus to spread perhaps pestilence and fever?” There! If you want satire, could you have a finer touch than that last sentence? There is a bone to pick, and marrow in it too.

A sick-room should, in the first place, be made dark. Light, I have said before, is, in most cases, curative. It is a direct swindling of the doctor when we allow blinds to be pulled up, and so admit into the patient's room medicine for which nobody (except the tax-gatherer) is paid.

A sick-room should, in the next place, be made sad, obtrusively sad. A smile upon the landing must become a sigh when it has passed the patient's door. Our hope is to depress, to dispirit invalids. Cheerful words and gentle laughter, more especially where there is admitted sunshine also, are a moral food much too nutritious for the sick.

The sick-room, in its furniture as well, must have an ominous appearance. The drawers, or a table should be decked with physic bottles. Some have a way of thrusting all the medicine into a cupboard, out of sight, leaving a glass of gayly-colored flowers for the wearied eyes to rest upon: this has arisen obviously from a sanitary crotchet, and is, on no account, to be adopted.

Then we must have the sick-room to be hot, and keep it close. A scentless air, at summer temperature, sanitary people want; a hot, close atmosphere is better suited to our view. Slops and all messes are to be left standing in the room—only put out of sight—and cleared away occasionally; they are not to be removed at once. The chamber also is to be made tidy once a day, and once a week well cleaned: it is not to be kept in order by incessant care, by hourly tidiness, permitting no dirt to collect.

There is an absurd sanitary dictum, which I will but name. It is, that a patient ought to have, if possible, two beds, one for the day, and one for night use; or else two sets of sheets, that, each set being used one day and aired the next, the bed may be kept fresh and wholesome. Suppose our friend were to catch cold in consequence of all this freshness!

No, we do better to avoid fresh air; nor should we vex our patient with much washing. We will not learn to feed the sick, but send their food away when they are unable to understand our

clumsiness.

Yet, while we follow our own humor in this code of chamber practice, we will pay tithes of mint and cummin to the men of science. We will ask Monsieur Purgon how many grains of salt go to an egg; and if our patient require twelve turns up and down the room, we will inquire with Argan, whether they are to be measured by its length or breadth.

When we have added to our course some doses of religious horror, we shall have done as much as conscience can demand of us toward filling the grave.

I may append here the remark, that if ever we do resolve to eat our ancestors, there is the plan of a distinguished horticulturist apt for our purpose. Mr. Loudon, I believe it was, who proposed, some years ago, the conversion of the dead into rotation crops—that our grandfathers and grandmothers should be converted into corn and mangel-wurzel. His suggestion was to combine burial with farming operations. A field was to be, during forty years, a place of interment: then the field adjacent was to be taken for that purpose; and so on with others in rotation. A due time having been allowed for the manure in each field to rot, the dead were to be well worked up and gradually disinterred in the form of wheat, or carrots, or potatoes.

Nothing appears odd to which we are accustomed. We look abroad and wonder, but we look at home and are content. The Esquimaux believe that men dying in windy weather are unfortunate, because their souls, as they escape, risk being blown away. Some Negroes do not bury in the rainy season, for they believe that then the gods, being all busy up above, can not attend to any ceremonies. Dr. Hooker writes home from the Himalaya mountains, that about Lake Yarou the Lamas' bodies are exposed, and kites are summoned to devour them by the sound of a gong and of a trumpet made out of a human thigh-bone. Such notions from abroad arrest our notice, but we see nothing when we look at home. We might see how we fill our sick-rooms with a fatal

gloom, and keep our dead five or six days within our houses, to bury them, side by side and one over another, thousands together, in the middle of our cities. However, when we do succeed in getting at a view of our own life *ab extra*, it is a pleasant thing to find that sanitary heresies at any rate have not struck deep root in the British soil. In an old book of emblems there is a picture of Cupid whipping a tortoise, to the motto that Love hates delay. If lovers of reform in sanitary matters hate delay, it is a pity; for our good old tortoise has a famous shell, and is not stimulated easily.

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## IX. The Fire And The Dressing-Room.

Against the weather all men are Protectionists—all men account it matter of offense. What say the people of the north? A Highland preacher, one December Sunday, in the fourth hour of his sermon—For be it known to Englishmen who nod at church, that in the Highlands, after four good hours of prayer and psalm, there follow four good hours of sermon. And, *nota bene*, may it not be that the shade of our King Henry I. does penance among Highland chapels now, for having, in his lifetime, made one Roger a bishop because he was expert in scrambling through the services?—A Highland pastor saw his congregation shivering. “Ah!” he shouted, “maybe ye think this a cauld place; but, let me tell ye, hell’s far caulder!” An English hearer afterward reproached this minister for his perversion of the current faith. “Hout, man,” said he, “ye dinna ken the Hielanders. If I were to tell them hell was a hot place, they’d all be laboring to go there.” And that was true philosophy. Mythologies invented in the north, imagined their own climate into future torture. Above, in the northern lights, they saw a chase of miserable souls, half starved, and hunted to and fro by ravens; below, they imagined Nastrond with its frosts and serpents. Warmth

is delightful, certainly. No doubt but sunburnt nations picture future punishment as fire. Yes, naturally, for it is in the middle region only that we are not wearied with extremes. What region shall we take? Our own? When is it not too hot, too cold, too dry, too wet, or too uncertain? Italy? There the sun breeds idle maggots. As for the poet's paradise, Cashmere, botanists tell us that, although, no doubt, fruits grow luxuriantly there, they are extremely flavourless. Then it is obvious that to abuse, antagonise, defy the weather, is one of the established rights of man. Upon our method of defying it, our health, in some measure, depends. How is our right to be maintained unhealthily?

Not by blind obedience to nature. We are correcting her, and must not let her guide us. Nature considers all men savages—and savages they would be, if they followed her. What is barbarism? Man in a state of nature. Nature, I say, treats us almost as if we were unable to light fires, or stitch for ourselves breeches. Nature places near the hand of man in each climate a certain food, and tyrannizes over his stomach with a certain craving. Whales and seals delight the Esquimaux; he eats his blubber and defies the frost. So fed, the Esquimaux woman can stand out of doors, suckling her infant at an open breast, with the thermometer 40° below zero. As we go south, we pass the lands of bread and beef, to reach the sultry region wherein nature provides dates, and so forth. Even in our own range of the seasons, nature seeks to bind us to her own routine; in winter gives an appetite for flesh and fat, in summer takes a part of it away. We are not puppets, and we will not be dictated to; so we stimulate the stomach, and allow no brute instinct to tamper with our social dietary. We do here, on a small scale, what is done, on a large scale, by our friends in India, who pepper themselves into appetite, that they may eat, and drink, and die. We drink exciting beverage in summer, because we are hot; we drink it in winter, because we are cold. The fact is, we are driven to such practices; for if we did not interfere to take the guidance of our diet out of

nature's hands, she would make food do a large portion of the service which civilization asks of fire and clothing. We should walk about warm in the winter, cool in the summer, having the warmth and coolness in ourselves. Now, it is obvious that this would never do. We must be civilized, or we must not. Is Mr. Sangster to sell tomahawks instead of canes? Clearly, he is not. We must so manage our homes as to create unhealthy bodies. If we do not, society is ruined; if we do—and in proportion as we do so—we become more and more unfit to meet vicissitudes of weather. Then we acquire a social craving after fires, and coats, and cloaks, and wrappers, and umbrellas, and cork soles, and muffetees, and patent hareskins, and all the blessings of this life, upon which our preservation must depend. These prove that we have stepped beyond the brute. You never saw a lion with cork soles and muffetees. The tiger never comes out, of nights, in a great coat. The eagle never soars up from his nest with an umbrella. Man alone comprehends these luxuries; and it is when he is least healthy that he loves them best.

In winter, then, it is not diet, and it is not exercise, that shall excite in us a vital warmth. We will depend on artificial means; we will be warmed, not from within, but from without. We will set ourselves about a fire, like pies, and bake; heating the outside first. Where the fire fails, we will depend upon the dressing-room.

If we have healthy chests, we will encase ourselves in flannel; but if we happen to have chest complaint, we will use nothing of the sort. When we go out, we will empanoply our persons, so that we may warm ourselves by shutting in all exhalation from our bodies, and by husbanding what little heat we permit nature to provide for us.

In summer we will eat rich dinners and drink wine, will cast off three-fourths of the thickness of our winter clothing, and still be oppressed by heat. Iced drinks shall take the place of fire.

Civilized people can not endure being much wetted. Contact

of water, during exercise, will do no harm to healthy bodies, but will spoil good clothes. We will get damp only when we walk out in bad weather; then, when we come home, we need no change. Evaporation from damp clothes—the act of drying—while the body cools down, resting, and perhaps fatigued, that is what damages the health; against that we have no objection. [614]

Hem! No doubt it is taking a great liberty with a Briton to look over his wardrobe. I will not trespass so far, but, my dear sir, your Hat! If we are to have a column on our heads, let it be one in which we can feel pride; a miniature monument; and we might put a statue on the top. Hats, as they are now worn, would not fitly support more than a bust. Is not this mean? On ægritudinary grounds we will uphold a hat. To keep the edifice from taking flight before a puff of wind, it must be fitted pretty tightly round the head, must press over the forehead and the occiput. How much it presses, a red ring upon our flesh will often testify. Heads are not made of putty; pressure implies impediment to certain processes within; one of these processes is called the circulation of the blood. The brain lies underneath our hats. Well, that is as it should be. Ladies do not wear hats, and never will, the bonnet is so artful a contrivance for encompassing the face with ornament; roses and lilies and daffidowndillies, which would have sent Flora into fits, and killed her long ago, had such a goddess ever been.

I said that there was brain under the hat; this is not always obvious, but there is generally hair. Once upon a time, not very long ago, hair was constructed with great labor into a huge tower upon every lady's head, pomatum being used by way of mortar, and this tower was repaired every three weeks. The British matron then looked like a "mop-headed Papuan." The two were much alike, except in this, that while our countrywoman triumphed in her art, the Papuan was discontented with his nature. The ladies here, whose hair was naturally made to fall around the shoulders, reared it up on end; but in New Guinea, fashionables born with

hair that grew of its own will into an upright bush, preferred to cut it off, and re-arrange it in a wig directed downwards. Sometimes they do no more than crop it close; and then, since it is characteristic of the hair in this race to grow, not in an expanse, but in tufts, the head is said by sailors to remind them of a worn-out shoe-brush. So, at the Antipodes as well as here, Art is an enemy to Nature. Hair upon the head was meant originally to preserve in all seasons an equable temperature above the brain. Emptying grease-pots into it, and matting it together, we convert it into an unwholesome skull-cap.

The neck? Here sanitary people say, How satisfactory it is that Englishmen keep their necks covered with a close cravat, and do not Byronize in opposition to the climate. That is very good; but English women, who account themselves more delicate, don't cover their necks, indeed they do not at all times cover their shoulders. So traveling from top to toe, if Englishmen wear thick shoes to protect the feet, our English women scorn the weakness, and go, except a little fancy covering, bare-footed.

From this point I digress, to note of other garments that the English dress, as now established, does on the whole fair credit to society. To the good gentlemen who poetize concerning grace and the antique, who sigh for togas, stolas, and paludaments, I say, Go to. The drapery you sigh for was the baby-linen of the human race. Now we are out of long-clothes. The present European dress is that which offers least impediment to action. It shows what a Man is like, and that is more than any stranger from another world could have detected under the upholstery to which our sculptors cling. The merest hint of a man—shaped as God shaped him—is better than ten miles of folded blanket. Artists cry down our costume; forgetting that if they have not folds of drapery to paint, that is because they have in each man every limb to which they may assign its posture. If they can put no mind into a statue by the mastery of attitude, all the sheets in Guy's Hospital will not twist into a fold that shall be worth their

chiseling.

With women it is different. They have both moral and æsthetic right to drapery; and for the fashion of it, we must leave that to themselves. They are all licensed to deal in stuffs, colors, frippery, and flounce. And to wear rings in their ears. If ladies have good taste they can not vex us; and that any of them can have bad taste, who shall hint? Their stays they will abide by, as they love hysterics; them I have mentioned. I have before also gone out of my way to speak of certain humps carried by women on their backs, which are not healthy or unhealthy—who shall say what they are? Are these humps allegorical? Our wives and daughters perhaps wish to hint that they resemble camels in their patience; camels who bear their burden through a desert world, which we, poor folk, should find it quite impossible to travel through without them.

## X. Fresh Air.

Philosophers tell us that the breath of man is poisonous; that when collected in a jar it will kill mice, but when accumulated in a room it will kill men. Of this there are a thousand and one tales. I decline alluding to the Black Hole of Calcutta, but will take a specimen dug up by some sanitary gardener from Horace Walpole's letters. In 1742 a set of jolly Dogberries, virtuous in their cups, resolved that every woman out after dark ought to be locked up in the round-house. They captured twenty-six unfortunates, and shut them in with doors and windows fastened. The prisoners exhausted breath in screaming. One poor girl said she was worth eighteenpence, and cried that she would give it gladly for a cup of water. Dogberry was deaf. In the morning four were brought out dead, two dying, and twelve in a dangerous condition. This is an argument in favor of the new police. I

don't believe in ventilation; and will undertake here, in a few paragraphs, to prove it nonsense.

At the very outset, let us take the ventilation-mongers on their own ground. People of this class are always referring us to nature. Very well, we will be natural. Do you believe, sir, that the words of that dear lady, when she said she loved you everlastingly, were poisonous air rendered sonorous by the action of a larynx, tongue, teeth, palate, and lips? No, indeed; ladies, at any rate, although they claim a double share of what the cherubs want—and, possibly, these humps, now three times spoken of, are the concealed and missing portions of the cherubim torn from them by the fair sex in some ancient struggle. There, now, I am again shipwrecked on the wondrous mountains. I was about to say, that ladies, who, in some things, surpass the cherubs, equal them in others; like them, are vocal with ethereal tones; their breath is “the sweet south, stealing across a bed of violets,” and that's not poisonous, I fancy. Well, I believe the chemists have, as yet, not detected any difference between a man's breath, and a woman's; therefore, neither of them can be hurtful. But let us grant the whole position. Breath is poisonous, but nature made it so; nature intended it to be so. Nature made man a social animal, and, therefore, designed that many breaths should be commingled. Why do you, lovers of the natural, object to that arrangement?

Now let us glance at the means adopted to get rid of this our breath, this breath of which our words are made, libeled as poisonous. Ventilation is of two kinds, mechanical and physical. I will say something about each.

Mechanical ventilation is that which machinery produces. One of the first recorded ventilators of this kind, was not much more extravagant in its charges upon house-room, than some of which we hear in 1850. In 1663, H. Schmitz published the scheme of a great fanner, which, descending through the ceiling, moved to and fro pendulum-wise, within a mighty slit. The movement of

the fanner was established by a piece of clockwork more simple than compact: it occupied a complete chamber overhead, and was set in noisy motion by a heavy weight. The weight ran slowly down, pulling its rope until it reached the parlor floor; so that a gentleman incautiously falling asleep under it after his dinner, might awake to find himself a pancake. Since that time we have had no lack of ingenuity at work on forcing pumps, and sucking-pumps, and screws. The screws are admirable, on account of the unusually startling nature, now and then, of their results. Not long ago, a couple of fine screws were adapted to a public building; one was to take air out, the other was to turn air in. The first screw, unexpectedly perverse, wheeled its air inward; so did the second, but instead of directing its draught upward, it blew down with a great gust of contempt upon the horrified experimentalist. There is something of a screw principle in those queer little wheels fastened occasionally in our windows, and on footmen's hats—query, are those the ventilating hats?—the rooms are as much ventilated by these little tins as they would be by an air from “Don Giovanni.” I will say nothing about pumps; nor, indeed, need we devote more space to mechanical contrivances, since it is from other modes of ventilation that our cause has most to fear. Only one quaint speculation may be mentioned. It is quite certain that in the heats of India, air is not cooled by fanning, nor is it cooled judiciously by damping it. Professor Piazzzi Smyth last year suggested this idea: Compress air by a forcing-pump into a close vessel, by so doing you increase its heat, then suddenly allow it to escape into a room, it will expand so much as to be cold, and, mixing with the other air in the apartment, cool the whole mass. This is the last new theory, which has not yet, I think, been tried in practice.

Now, physical ventilation—that which affects to imitate the processes of nature—is a more dangerously specious business. Its chief agent is heat. In nature, it is said, the sun is Lord High Ventilator. He rarefies the air in one place by his heat,

elsewhere permits cold, and lets the air be dense; the thin air rises, and the dense air rushes to supply its place; so we have endless winds and currents—nature's ventilating works. It is incredible that sane men should have thought this system fit for imitation. It is a failure. Look at the hot department, where a traveler sometimes has to record that he lay gasping for two hours upon his back, until some one could find some water for him somewhere. Let us call that Africa, and who can say that he enjoys the squalls of wind rushing toward the desert? Let us think of the Persian and the Punic wars, when fleets which had not learned to play bo-peep with ventilating processes, strewed Mediterranean sands with wrecks and corpses. Some day we shall have these mimics of Dame Nature content with nothing smaller than a drawing-room typhoon to carry off the foul air of an evening party; dowagers' caps, young ladies' scarfs, cards, pocket-handkerchiefs, will whirl upon their blast, and then they will be happy. Now their demands are modest, but they mean hurricanes rely upon it; we must not let ourselves be lulled into a false security.

A fire, they say, is in English houses necessary during a large part of the year, is constant during that season when we are most closely shut up in our rooms. The fire, they say, is our most handy and most efficacious ventilator. Oh, yes, we know something about that: we know too well that the fire makes an ascending current, and that the cold air rushes from our doors and windows to the chimney, as from surrounding countries to the burning desert. We know that very well, because every such current is a draught; one cuts into our legs, one gnaws about our necks, and all our backs are cold. We are in the condition of a pious man in Fox's "Martyrs," about whom I used to read with childish reverence: that after a great deal of frying, during which he had not been turned by the Inquisition-Soyer, he lifted up his voice in verse:

“This side enough is toasted;  
Then turn me, tyrant, and eat,  
And see whether raw or roasted  
I make the better meat.”

We, all of us, over our Christmas fires, present this choice of raw or roast, and we don't thank your principles of ventilation for it. Then say these pertinacious people, that they also disapprove of draughts; but they don't seem to mind boring holes in a gentleman's floor, or knocking through the sacred walls of home. This is their plan. They say, that you should have, if possible, a pipe connected with the air without, passing behind the cheeks of your stove, and opening under your fire, about, on, or close before your hearth. They say, that from this source the fire will be supplied so well, that it will no longer suck in draughts over your shoulders, and between your legs, from remote corners of the room. They say, moreover, that if this aperture be large enough, it will supply all the fresh air needed in your room, to replace that which has ascended and passed out, through a hole which you are to make in your chimney near the ceiling. They say, that an up-draught will clear this air away so quietly that you will not need even a valve; though you may have one fitted and made ornamental at a trifling cost. They would recommend you to make another hole in the wall opposite your chimney, near the ceiling also, to establish a more effectual current in the upper air. Then, they say, you will have a fresh air, and no draughts. Fresh air, yes, at the expense of a hole in the floor, and two holes in the wall. We might get fresh air, gentlemen, on a much larger scale by pulling the house down. They say, you should not mind the holes. Windows are not architectural beauties, yet we like them for admitting light; and some day it may strike us that the want of ventilators is a neighbor folly to the want of windows.

This they suggest as the best method of adapting our old houses to their new ideas. New houses they would have so built

as to include this system of ventilation in their first construction, and so include it as to make it more effectual. But really, if people want to know how to build what are called well-ventilated houses, they must not expect me to tell them; let them buy Mr. Hosking's book on "The proper Regulation of Buildings in Towns."

Up to this date, as I am glad to know, few architects have heard of ventilation. Under church galleries we doze through the most lively sermons, in public meetings we pant after air, but we have architecture; perhaps an airy style sometimes attempts to comfort us. These circumstances are, possibly, unpleasant at the time, but they assist the cause of general unhealthiness. Long may our architects believe that human lungs are instruments of brass; and let us hope that, when they get a ventilating fit, they will prefer strange machines, pumping, screwing, steaming apparatus. May they dispense then, doctored air, in draughts and mixtures.<sup>4</sup>

Fresh air in certain favored places—as in Smithfield, for example—is undoubtedly an object of desire. It is exceedingly to be regretted, if the rumors be correct, that the result of a Commission of Inquiry threatens, by removing Smithfield, to destroy the only sound lung this metropolis possesses. The wholesome nature of the smell of cows is quite notorious. Humboldt tells of a sailor who was dying of fever in the close hold of a ship. His end being in sight, some comrades brought him out to die. What Humboldt calls "the fresh air" fell upon him, and, instead of dying, he revived, eventually getting well. I have no doubt that there was a cow on board, and the man smelt her. Now, if so great an effect was produced by the proximity of one cow, how great must be the advantage to the sick in London of a central crowded cattle-market!

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<sup>4</sup> In the ventilation of large buildings destined to admit a throng, it may be also advantageous to the ægritudinary cause if heat be at all times considered a sufficient agent.

## XI. Exercise.

There is a little tell-tale muscle in the inner corner of the eye, which, if you question it, will deliver a report into your looking-glass touching the state of the whole muscular system which lies elsewhere hidden in your body. When it is pale, it praises you. Muscular development is, by all means, to be kept down. Some means of holding it in check we have already dwelt upon. Muscular power, like all other power, will increase with exercise. We desire to hold the flesh in strict subjection to the spirit. Bodily exercise, therefore, must be added to the number of those forces which, by strengthening the animal, do damage to the spiritual man.

We must take great pains to choke the energy of children. Their active little limbs must be tied down by a well-woven system of politeness. They run, they jump, turn heels over head, they climb up trees, if they attempt stillness they are ever on the move, because nature demands that while the body grows, it shall be freely worked in all its parts, in order that it may develop into a frame-work vigorous and well proportioned. Nature really is more obstinate than usual on this point. So restless a delight in bodily exertion is implanted in the child, that our patience is considerably tried when we attempt to keep it still. Children, however, can be tamed and civilized. By [617] sending them unhealthy from the nursery, we can deliver many of them spiritless at school, there to be properly subdued. The most unwholesome plan is to send boys to one school, girls to another; both physically and morally, this method gives good hope of sickliness. Nature, who never is on our side, will allow children of each sex to be born into one family, to play together, and be educated at one mother's knee. There ought to be—if nature had the slightest sense of decency—girls only born in one house, boys only in another. However, we can sort the children

at an early age, and send them off to school—girls east, boys west.

A girl should be allowed, on no account, to climb a tree, or be unladylike. She shall regard a boy as a strange, curious monster; be forced into flirtation; and prefer the solace of a darling friend to any thing that verges on a scamper. She shall learn English grammar: that is to mean, Lindley Murray's notion of it; geography, or the names of capital towns, rivers, and mountain ranges; French enough for a lady; music, ornamental needlework, and the “use of the globes.” By-the-by, what a marvel it is that every lady has learned in her girlhood the use of the globes, and yet you never see a lady using them. All these subjects she shall study from a female point of view. Her greatest bodily fatigue shall be the learning of a polka, or the Indian sceptre exercise. Now and then, she shall have an iron down her back, and put her feet in stocks. The young lady shall return from school, able to cover ottomans with worsted birds; and to stitch a purse for the expected lover about whom she has been thinking for the last five years. She is quite aware that St. Petersburg is the capital of Ireland, and that a noun is a verb-substantive, which signifies to be, to do, to suffer.

The boy children shall be sent to school, where they may sit during three hours consecutively, and during eight or nine hours in the day, forcing their bodies to be tranquil. They shall entertain their minds by stuttering the eloquence of Cicero, which would be dull work to them in English, and is not enlivened by the Latin. They shall get much into their mouths of what they can not comprehend, and little or nothing into their hearts, out of the wide stores of information for which children really thirst. They shall be taught little or nothing of the world they live in, and shall know its Maker only as an answer to some question in a catechism. They shall talk of girls as beings of another nature; and shall come home from their school-life, pale, subdued, having unwholesome thoughts, awkward in using limbs, which

they have not been suffered freely to develop; and shamefaced in the society from which, during their schoolboy life, they have been banished.

The older girl shall ape the lady, and the older boy shall ape the gentleman; so we may speak next of adults.

No lady ought to walk when she can ride. The carriages of many kinds which throng our streets, all prove us civilized; prove us, and make us weak. The lady should be tired after a four-mile walk; her walk ought to be, in the utmost possible degree, weeded of energy. It should be slow; and when her legs are moved, her arms must be restrained from that synchronous movement which perverse Nature calls upon them to perform. Ladies do well to walk out with their arms quite still, and with their hands folded before them. Thus they prevent their delicacy from being preyed upon by a too wholesome exercise, and, what is to us more pleasant, they betray their great humility. They dare only to walk among us lords of the creation with their arms folded before them, that by such humble guise they may acknowledge the inferiority of their position. An Australian native, visiting London, might almost be tempted, in sheer pride of heart, to knock some of our ladies two or three times about the head with that small instrument which he employs for such correction of his women, that so he might derive the more enjoyment from their manifest submissiveness.

The well-bred gentleman ought to be weary after six miles of walking, and haughtily stare down the man who talks about sixteen. The saddle, the gig, the carriage, or the cab, and omnibus, must protect at once his delicacy and his shoes. The student should confine himself to study, grudging time; believing nobody who tells him that the time he gives to wholesome exercise, he may receive back in the shape of increased value for his hours of thought—that even his life of study may be lengthened by it. Let the tradesman be well-rooted in his shop if he desire to flourish. Let the mechanic sit at labor on the week-

days, and on Sundays let him sit at church, or else stop decently at home. Let us have no Sunday recreations. It is quite shocking to hear sanitary people lecture on this topic. Profanely they profess to wonder why the weary, toiling family of Christians should not be carried from the town, and from that hum of society which is not to them very refreshing on the day of rest. Why they should not go out and wander in the woods, and ask their hearts who taught the dragon-fly his dancing; who made the blue-bells cluster lovingly together, looking so modest; and ask from whose Opera the birds are singing their delicious music? Why should not the rugged man's face soften, and the care-worn woman's face be melted into tenderness, and man and wife and children cluster as closely as the blue-bells in the peaceful wood? What if they there become so very conscious of their mutual love, and of the love of God, as to feel glad that they are not in any other "place of worship," where they may hear Roman Catholics denounced, or Churchmen scorned, or the Dissenters pounded? What if they then come home refreshed in mind and body, and begin the week with larger, gentler thoughts of God and man? By such means may they not easily be led, if they were at any unwilling, to give praise to God, and learn to join—not as a superstitious rite, but as a humble duty—in His public worship? So talk the sanitary men—here, as in all their doctrines, showing themselves little better than materialists. The negro notion of a Sabbath is, that nobody may fish: our notion is, that nobody may stay away from church.

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In these remarks on exercise among adults, I have confined myself to the plain exercise of walking. It may be taken for granted that no grown-up person will be so childish as to leap, to row, to swim. A few Young Englanders may put on, now and then, their white kid gloves to patronize a cricket-match; but we can laugh at them. In a gentleman it is undignified to run; and even walking, at the best, is vulgar.

Indeed there is an obvious vulgarity in the whole doctrine

which would call upon us to assist our brute development by the mere exercising of ourselves as animals. Such counsel offers to degrade us to the low position of the race-horse who is trotted to and fro, the poodle who is sent out for an airing. As spiritual people, we look down with much contempt upon the man who would in any thing compare us with the lower animals. His mind is mean, and must be quite beneath our indignation. I will say no more. Why thrash a pickpocket with thunder?

## XII. A Bedroom Paper.

If you wish to have a thoroughly unhealthy bedroom, these are the precautions you should take.

Fasten a chimney-board against the fireplace, so as to prevent foul air from escaping in the night. You will, of course, have no hole through the wall into the chimney; and no sane man, in the night season, would have a door or window open. Use no perforated zinc in paneling; especially avoid it in small bedrooms. So you will get a room full of bad air. But in the same room there is bad, worse, and worst: your object is to have the worst air possible. Suffocating machines are made by every upholsterer; attach one to your bed; it is an apparatus of poles, rings, and curtains. By drawing your curtains around you before you sleep, you insure to yourself a condensed body of foul air over your person. This poison vapor-bath you will find to be most efficient when it is made of any thick material.

There being transpiration through the skin, it would not be a bad idea to see whether this can not be in some way hindered. The popular method will do very well: smother the flesh as much as possible in feathers. A wandering princess, in some fairy tale, came to a king's house. The king's wife, with the curiosity and acuteness proper to her sex, desired to know whether their guest was truly born a princess, and discovered how to solve the

question. She put three peas on the young lady's paillasse, and over them a large feather-bed, and then another, then another—in fact, fifteen feather-beds. Next morning the princess looked pale, and, in answer to inquiries how she had passed the night, said that she had been unable to sleep at all, because the bed had lumps in it. The king's wife knew then that their guest showed her good breeding. Take this high-born lady for a model. The feathers retain all heat about your body, and stifle the skin so far effectually, that you awake in the morning pervaded by a sense of languor, which must be very agreeable to a person who has it in his mind to be unhealthy. In order to keep a check upon exhalation about your head (which otherwise might have too much the way of Nature), put on a stout, closely-woven night-cap. People who are at the height of cleverness in this respect sleep with their heads under the bed-clothes. Take no rest on a hair-mattress; it is elastic and pleasant, certainly, but it does not encase the body; and therefore you run a risk of not awaking languid.

Never wash when you go to bed; you are not going to see any body, and therefore there can be no use in washing. In the morning, wet no more skin than you absolutely must—that is to say, no more than your neighbors will see during the day—the face and hands. So much you may do with a tolerably good will, since it is the other part of the surface of the body, more covered and more impeded in the full discharge of its functions, which has rather the more need of ablution; it is therefore fortunate that you can leave that other part unwashed. Five minutes of sponging and rubbing over the whole body in the morning would tend to invigorate the system, and would send you with a cheerful glow to the day's business or pleasure. Avoid it by all means, if you desire to be unhealthy. Let me note here, that in speaking of the poor, we should abstain from ceding to them an exclusive title, as “the Great Unwashed.” Will you, Mr. N. or M., retire into your room and strip? Examine your body; is it clean—was it

sponged this morning—is there no dirt upon it any where? If it be not clean, if it was not sponged, if water would look rather black after you had enjoyed a thorough scrub in it, then is it not obvious that you yourself take rank among the Great Unwashed? By way of preserving a distinction between them and us, I even think it would be no bad thing were we to advocate the washing of the poor.

Do not forget that, although you must unfortunately apply water to your face you can find warrant in custom to excuse you from annoying it with soap; and for the water again, you are at liberty to take vengeance by obtaining compensation damages out of that part of your head which the hair covers. Never wash it; soil it; clog it with oil or lard—either of which will answer your purpose, as either will keep out air as well as water, and promote the growth of a thick morion of scurf. Lard in the bedroom is called bear's grease. In connection with its virtues in promoting growth of hair, there is a tale which I believe to be no fiction; not the old and profane jest of the man who rubbed a deal box with it over-night, and found a hair-trunk in the morning. It is said that the first adventurer who advertised bear's grease for sale, appended to the laudation of its efficacy a *Nota Bene*, that gentlemen, after applying it, should wash the palms of their hands, otherwise the hair would sprout thence also. I admire that speculator, grimly satiric at the expense both of himself and of his customers. He jested at his own pretensions; and declared, by an oblique hint, that he did not look for friends among the scrupulously clean. [619]

Tooth-powder is necessary in the bedroom. Healthy stomachs will make healthy teeth, and then a tooth-brush and a little water may suffice to keep them clean. But healthy stomachs also make coarse constitutions. It is vexatious that our teeth rot when we vitiate the fluid that surrounds them. As gentlemen and ladies we desire good teeth; they must be scoured and hearth-stoned.

Of course, as you do not cleanse your body daily, so you

will not show favor to your feet. Keep up a due distinction between the upper and lower members. When a German prince was told confidentially that he had dirty hands, he replied, with the liveliness of conscious triumph,

“Ach, do you call dat dirty? You should see my toes!”

Some people wash them once in every month; that will do very well; or once a year, it matters little which. In what washing you find yourself unable to omit, use only the finest towels, those which inflict least friction on the skin.

Having made these arrangements for yourself, take care that they are adhered to, as far as may be convenient, throughout your household.

Here and there, put numerous sleepers into a single room; this is a good thing for children, if you require to blanch them. By a little perseverance, also, in this way, when you have too large a family, you can reduce it easily. By all means, let a baby have foul air, not only by the use of suffocative apparatus, but by causing it to sleep where there are four or five others in a well-closed room. So much is due to the maintenance of our orthodox rate of infant mortality.

Let us admire, lastly, the economy of time in great men who have allowed themselves only four, five, or six hours, for sleep. It may be true that they would have lived longer had they always paid themselves a fair night's quiet for a fair day's work; they would have lived longer, but they would not have lived so fast. It is essential to live fast in this busy world. Moreover, there is a superstitious reverence for early rising, as a virtue by itself, which we shall do well to acquire. Let sanitary men say, “Roost with the lark, if you propose to rise with her.” Nonsense. No civilized man can go to bed much earlier than midnight; but every man of business must be up betimes. Idle, happy people, on the other hand, they to whom life is useless, prudently remain for nine, ten, or a dozen hours in bed. Snug in their corner, they are in the way of nobody, except the housemaid.

“Now wotte we nat, ne can na see  
What manir ende that there shall be.”

Birth, sickness, burial. Eating, drinking, clothing, sleeping. Exercise, and social pleasure. Air, water, and light. These are the topics upon which we have already touched. A finished painting of good ægritudinary discipline was not designed upon the present canvas: no man who knows the great extent and varied surface of the scene which such a picture should embrace, will think that there is here even an outline finished.

We might have recommended early marriages; and marriage with first cousins. We might have urged all men with heritable maladies to shun celibacy. We might have praised tobacco, which, by acting on the mucous membrane of the mouth, acts on the same membrane in the stomach also (precisely as disorder of the stomach will communicate disorder to the mouth), and so helps in establishing a civilized digestion and a pallid face.

“But we woll stint of this matere  
For it is wondir long to here.”

It is inherent in man to be perverse. A drawing-room critic, in one of Gait's novels, takes up a picture of a cow, holds it inverted, and enjoys it as a castellated mansion with four corner towers. And so, since “all that moveth doth mutation love,” after a like fashion, many people, it appears, have looked upon these papers. There is a story to the point in Lucian. Passus received commission from a connoisseur to draw a horse with his legs upward. He drew it in the usual way. His customer came unannounced, saw what had been done, and grumbled fearfully. Passus, however, turned his picture up-side down, and then the connoisseur was satisfied. These papers have been treated like the horse of Passus.

“Stimatissimo Signor Boswell” says, in his book on Corsica, that he rode out one day on Paoli's charger, gay with gold and scarlet, and surrounded by the chieftain's officers. For a while, he says, he thought he was a hero. Thus, like a goose on horseback, has our present writer visited some few of the chief ægritudinary outposts. Why not so? They say there is no way impossible. Wherefore an old emblem-book has represented Cupid crossing a stream which parts him from an altar, seated at ease upon his quiver, for a boat, and rowing with a pair of arrows. So has the writer floated over on a barrel of his folly, and possibly may touch, O reader, at the Altar of your Household Gods.

[627]

## Sorrows And Joys. (From Dickens's Household Words.)

Bury thy sorrows, and they shall rise  
As souls to the immortal skies,  
And then look down like mothers' eyes.  
But let thy joys be fresh as flowers,  
That suck the honey of the showers,  
And bloom alike on huts and towers.  
So shall thy days be sweet and bright—  
Solemn and sweet thy starry night—  
Conscious of love each change of light.  
The stars will watch the flowers asleep,

The flowers will feel the soft stars weep,  
And both will mix sensations deep.  
With these below, with those above,  
Sits evermore the brooding Dove,  
Uniting both in bonds of love.  
Children of Earth are these; and those  
The spirits of intense repose—  
Death radiant o'er all human woes.  
For both by nature are akin;  
Sorrow, the ashen fruit of sin,  
And joy, the juice of life within.  
O, make thy sorrows holy—wise—  
So shall their buried memories rise,  
Celestial, e'en in mortal skies.  
O, think what then had been their doom,  
If all unshriven—without a tomb—  
They had been left to haunt the gloom!  
O, think again what they will be  
Beneath God's bright serenity,  
When thou art in eternity!  
For they, in their salvation, know  
No vestige of their former woe,  
While thro' them all the Heavens do flow.  
Thus art thou wedded to the skies,  
And watched by ever-loving eyes,  
And warned by yearning sympathies.

## Maurice Tiernay, The Soldier Of Fortune. (From the Dublin University Magazine)

*(Continued from Page 499.)*

### Chapter XII. "A Glance At Staff-Duty."

Although the passage of the Rhine was but the prelude to the attack on the fortress, that exploit being accomplished, Kehl was carried at the point of the bayonet, the French troops entering the outworks pell-mell with the retreating enemy, and in less than two hours after the landing of our first detachments, the "tri-color" waved over the walls of the fortress.

Lost amid the greater and more important successes which since that time have immortalized the glory of the French arms, it is almost impossible to credit the celebrity attached at that time to this brilliant achievement, whose highest merits probably were rapidity and resolution. Moreau had long been jealous of the fame of his great rival, Bonaparte, whose tactics, rejecting the colder dictates of prudent strategy, and the slow progress of scientific manoeuvres, seemed to place all his confidence in the sudden inspirations of his genius, and the indomitable bravery of his troops. It was necessary, then, to raise the *morale* of the army of the Rhine, to accomplish some great feat similar in boldness and heroism to the wonderful achievements of the Italian army. Such was the passage of the Rhine at Strasbourg, effected in the

face of a great enemy, advantageously posted, and supported by one of the strongest of all the frontier fortresses.

The morning broke upon us in all the exultation of our triumph, and as our cheers rose high over the field of the late struggle, each heart beat proudly with the thought of how that news would be received in Paris.

“You'll see how the bulletin will spoil all,” said a young officer of the army of Italy, as he was getting his wound dressed on the field. “There will be such a long narrative of irrelevant matter—such details of this, that, and t'other—that the public will scarce know whether the placard announces a defeat or a victory.”

“Parbleu!” replied an old veteran of the Rhine army, “what would you have? You'd not desire to omit the military facts of such an exploit?”

“To be sure I would,” rejoined the other. “Give me one of our young general's bulletins, short, stirring, and effective—‘Soldiers! you have crossed the Rhine against an army double your own in numbers and munitions of war. You have carried a fortress, believed impregnable, at the bayonet. Already the great flag of our nation waves over the citadel you have won. Forward, then, and cease not till it float over the cities of conquered Germany, and let the name of France be that of Empire over the continent of Europe.’” [628]

“Ha! I like that,” cried I, enthusiastically; “that's the bulletin to my fancy. Repeat it once more, mon lieutenant, that I may write it in my note-book.”

“What! hast thou a note-book?” cried an old staff-officer, who was preparing to mount his horse; “let's see it, lad.”

With a burning cheek and trembling hand, I drew my little journal from the breast of my jacket, and gave it to him.

“Sacre bleu!” exclaimed he, in a burst of laughter, “what have we here? Why, this is a portrait of old General Morieier, and, although a caricature, a perfect likeness. And here comes a plan

for 'manoeuvring a squadron by threes from the left.' This is better—it is a receipt for an 'Omelette à la Hussard;' and here we have a love-song, and a mustache-paste, with some hints about devotion, and diseased frog in horses. Most versatile genius, certainly!" And so he went on, occasionally laughing at my rude sketches, and ruder remarks, till he came to a page headed "Equitation, as practiced by Officers of the Staff," and followed by a series of caricatures of bad riding, in all its moods and tenses. The flush of anger which instantly colored his face, soon attracted the notice of those about him, and one of the bystanders quickly snatched the book from his fingers, and, in the midst of a group all convulsed with laughter, proceeded to expatiate upon my illustrations. To be sure, they were absurd enough. Some were represented sketching on horseback, under shelter of an umbrella; others were "taking the depth of a stream" by a "header" from their own saddles; some, again, were "exploring ground for an attack in line," by a measurement of the rider's own length over the head of his horse. Then there were ridiculous situations, such as "sitting down before a fortress," "taking an angle of incidence," and so on. Sorry jests, all of them, but sufficient to amuse those with whose daily associations they chimed in, and to whom certain traits of portraiture gave all the zest of a personality.

My shame at the exposure, and my terror for its consequences, gradually yielded to a feeling of flattered vanity at the success of my lucubrations; and I never remarked that the staff-officer had ridden away from the group, till I saw him galloping back at the top of his speed.

"Is your name Tiernay, my good fellow?" cried he, riding close up to my side, and with an expression on his features I did not half like.

"Yes, sir," replied I.

"Hussar of the Ninth, I believe?" repeated he, reading from a paper in his hand.

“The same, sir.”

“Well, your talents as a draughtsman have procured you promotion, my friend; I have obtained your discharge from your regiment, and you are now my orderly—orderly on the staff, do you mind? so mount, sir, and follow me.”

I saluted him respectfully, and prepared to obey his orders. Already I foresaw the downfall of all the hopes I had been cherishing, and anticipated the life of tyranny and oppression that lay before me. It was clear to me, that my discharge had been obtained solely as a means of punishing me, and that Captain Discau, as the officer was called, had destined me to a pleasant expiation of my note-book. The savage exultation with which he watched me, as I made up my kit and saddled my horse—the cool malice with which he handed me back the accursed journal, the cause of all my disasters—gave me a dark foreboding of what was to follow; and as I mounted my saddle, my woeful face, and miserable look, brought forth a perfect shout of laughter from the bystanders.

Captain Discau's duty was to visit the banks of the Rhine, and the Eslar island, to take certain measurements of distances, and obtain accurate information on various minute points respecting the late engagement, for, while a brief announcement of the victory would suffice for the bulletin, a detailed narrative of the event, in all its bearings, must be drawn up for the minister of war, and for this latter purpose various staff-officers were then employed in different parts of the field.

As we issued from the fortress, and took our way over the plain, we struck out into a sharp gallop; but, as we drew near the river, our passage became so obstructed by lines of baggage-wagons, tumbrils, and ammunition-carts, that we were obliged to dismount and proceed on foot; and now I was to see, for the first time, that dreadful picture, which, on the day after a battle, forms the reverse of the great medal of glory. Huge litters of wounded men on their way back to Strasbourg, were drawn by

six or eight horses, their jolting motion increasing the agony of sufferings that found their vent in terrific cries and screams; oaths, yells, and blasphemies, the ravings of madness, and the wild shouts of infuriated suffering, filled the air on every side. As if to give the force of contrast to this uproar of misery, two regiments of Swabian infantry marched past as prisoners. Silent, crest-fallen, and wretched-looking, they never raised their eyes from the ground, but moved, or halted, wheeled, or stood at ease, as though by some impulse of mechanism; a cord coupled the wrists of the outer files, one with another, which struck me less as a measure of security against escape, than as a mark of indignity.

Carts and charettes with wounded officers, in which oftentimes the uniform of the enemy appeared side by side with our own, followed in long procession; and thus were these two great currents—the one hurrying forward, ardent, high-hearted, and enthusiastic; the other returning maimed, shattered, and dying!

It was an affecting scene to see the hurried gestures, and hear the few words of adieu, as they passed each other. Old comrades who were never to meet again, parted with a little motion of the hand; sometimes a mere look was all their leave-taking: save when, now and then, a halt would for a few seconds bring the two lines together, and then many a bronzed and rugged cheek was pressed upon the faces of the dying, and many a tear fell from eyes bloodshot with the fury of the battle! Wending our way on foot slowly along, we at last reached the river side, and having secured a small skiff, made for the Eslar island; our first business being to ascertain some details respecting the intrenchments there, and the depth and strength of the stream between it and the left bank. Discau, who was a distinguished officer, rapidly possessed himself of the principal facts he wanted, and then, having given me his portfolio, he seated himself under the shelter of a broken wagon, and opening a napkin, began his breakfast off a portion of a chicken and some bread—viands which, I own, more than once made my lips water as I watched him.

“You've eaten nothing to-day, Tiernay?” asked he, as he wiped his lips, with the air of a man that feels satisfied.

“Nothing, mon capitaine,” replied I.

“That's bad,” said he, shaking his head; “a soldier can not do his duty, if his rations be neglected. I have always maintained the principle: Look to the men's necessaries—take care of their food and clothing. Is there any thing on that bone there?”

“Nothing, mon capitaine.”

“I'm sorry for it; I meant it for you; put up that bread, and the remainder of that flask of wine. Bourdeaux is not to be had every day. We shall want it for supper, Tiernay.”

I did as I was bid, wondering not a little why he said “*we*,” seeing how little a share I occupied in the co-partnery.

“Always be careful of the morrow on a campaign, Tiernay—no squandering, no waste; that's one of my principles,” said he, gravely, as he watched me while I tied up the bread and wine in the napkin. “You'll soon see the advantage of serving under an old soldier.”

I confess the great benefit had not already struck me, but I held my peace and waited; meanwhile he continued—

“I have studied my profession from my boyhood, and one thing I have acquired, that all experience has confirmed, the knowledge, that men must neither be taxed beyond their ability nor their endurance; a French soldier, after all, is human; eh, is't not so?”

“I feel it most profoundly, mon capitaine,” replied I, with my hand on my empty stomach.

“Just so,” rejoined he; “every man of sense and discretion must confess it. Happily for you, too, I know it; ay, Tiernay, I know it, and practice it. When a young fellow has acquitted himself to my satisfaction during the day—not that I mean to say that the performance has not its fair share of activity and zeal—when evening comes and stable duty finished, arms burnished, and

accoutrements cleaned, what do you think I say to him?—eh, Tiernay, just guess now?”

“Probably, sir, you tell him he is free to spend an hour at the canteen, or take his sweetheart to the theatre.”

“What! more fatigue! more exhaustion to an already tired and worn-out nature!”

“I ask pardon, sir, I see I was wrong; but I had forgotten how thoroughly the poor fellow was done up. I now see that you told him to go to bed.”

“To bed! to bed! Is it that he might writhe in the nightmare, or suffer agony from cramps? To bed after fatigue like this! No, no, Tiernay, that was not the school in which *I* was brought up; *we* were taught to think of the men under our command; to remember that they had wants, sympathies, hopes, fears, and emotions like our own. I tell him to seat himself at the table, and with pen, ink, and paper before him, to write up the blanks. I see you don't quite understand me, Tiernay, as to the meaning of the phrase, but I'll let you into the secret. You have been kind enough to give me a peep at your note-book, and you shall in return have a look at mine. Open that volume, and tell me what you find in it.”

I obeyed the direction, and read at the top of a page, the words “Skeleton, 5th Prairial,” in large characters, followed by several isolated words, denoting the strength of a brigade, the number of guns in a battery, the depth of a fosse, the height of a parapet, and such like. These were usually followed by a flourish of the pen, or sometimes by the word “Bom.” which singular monosyllable always occurred at the foot of the pages.

“Well, have you caught the key to the cipher?” said he, after a pause.

“Not quite, sir,” said I, pondering; “I can perceive that the chief facts stand prominently forward, in a fair, round hand; I can also guess that the flourishes may be spaces left for detail; but this word ‘Bom.’ puzzles me completely.”

“Quite correct, as to the first part,” said he, approvingly; “and as to the mysterious monosyllable, it is nothing more than an abbreviation for ‘Bombaste,’ which is always to be done to the taste of each particular commanding officer.”

“I perceive, sir,” said I, quickly; “like the wadding of a gun, which may increase the loudness, but never affect the strength of the shot.”

“Precisely, Tiernay; you have hit it exactly. Now I hope that, with a little practice, you may be able to acquit yourself respectably in this walk; and now to begin our skeleton. Turn over to a fresh page, and write as I dictate to you.”

So saying, he filled his pipe and lighted it, and disposing his limbs in an attitude of perfect ease, he began:

“8th Thermidor, midnight—twelve battalions, and two batteries of field—boats and rafts—Eslar island—stockades—eight guns—Swabian infantry—sharp firing, and a flourish—strong current—flourish—detachment of the 28th carried down—‘Bom.’ Let me see it now—all right—nothing could be better—proceed. The 10th, 45th, and 48th landing together—more firing—flourish—first gun captured—Bom.—bayonet charges—Bom. Bom.—three guns taken—Bom. Bom. Bom.—Swabs in retreat—flourish. The bridge eighty toises in length—flanking fire—heavy loss—flourish.” [630]

“You go a little too fast, mon capitaine,” said I, for a sudden bright thought just flashed across me.

“Very well,” said he, shaking the ashes of his pipe out upon the rock, “I’ll take my doze, and you may awaken me when you’ve filled in those details—it will be a very fair exercise for you;” and with this he threw his handkerchief over his face, and without any other preparation was soon fast asleep.

I own that, if I had not been a spectator of the action, it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for me to draw up any thing like a narrative of it, from the meagre details of the captain's

note-book. My personal observations, however, assisted by an easy imagination, suggested quite enough to make at least a plausible story, and I wrote away without impediment and halt till I came to that part of the action in which the retreat over the bridge commenced. There I stopped. Was I to remain satisfied with such a crude and one-sided explanation as the note-book afforded, and merely say that the retreating forces were harassed by a strong flank fire from our batteries? Was I to omit the whole of the great incident, the occupation of the "Fels Insel," and the damaging discharges of grape and round shot which plunged through the crowded ranks, and ultimately destroyed the bridge? Could I—to use the phrase so popular—could I, in the "interests of truth," forget the brilliant achievement of a gallant band of heroes who, led on by a young hussar of the 9th, threw themselves into the "Fels Insel," routed the garrison, captured the artillery, and directing its fire upon the retiring enemy, contributed most essentially to the victory. Ought I, in a word, to suffer a name so associated with a glorious action to sink into oblivion? Should Maurice Tiernay be lost to fame out of any neglect or false shame on my part? Forbid it all truth and justice, cried I, as I set myself down to relate the whole adventure most circumstantially. Looking up from time to time at my officer, who slept soundly, I suffered myself to dilate upon a theme in which somehow, I felt a more than ordinary degree of interest. The more I dwelt upon the incident, the more brilliant and striking did it seem. Like the appetite, which the proverb tells us comes by eating, my enthusiasm grew under indulgence, so that, had a little more time been granted me, I verily believe I should have forgotten Moreau altogether, and coupled only Maurice Tiernay with the passage of the Rhine, and the capture of the fortress of Kehl. Fortunately Captain Discau awoke, and cut short my historic recollections, by asking me how much I had done, and telling me to read it aloud to him.

I accordingly began to read my narrative slowly and

deliberately, thereby giving myself time to think what I should best do when I came to that part which became purely personal. To omit it altogether would have been dangerous, as the slightest glance at the mass of writing would have shown the deception. There was, then, nothing left, but to invent at the moment another version, in which Maurice Tiernay never occurred, and the incident of the Fels Insel should figure as unobtrusively as possible. I was always a better improvisatore than amanuensis; so that without a moment's loss of time I fashioned a new and very different narrative, and detailing the battle tolerably accurately, *minus* the share my own heroism had taken in it. The captain made a few, a very few corrections of my style, in which the "flourish" and "bom," figured, perhaps, too conspicuously; and then told me frankly, that once upon a time he had been fool enough to give himself great trouble in framing these kind of reports, but that having served for a short period in the "bureau" of the minister of war, he had learned better. "In fact," said he, "a district report is never read! Some hundreds of them reach the office of the minister every day, and are safely deposited in the 'archives' of the department. They have all, besides, such a family resemblance, that with a few changes in the name of the commanding officer, any battle in the Netherlands would do equally well for one fought beyond the Alps! Since I became acquainted with this fact, Tiernay, I have bestowed less pains upon the matter, and usually deputed the task to some smart orderly of the staff."

So thought I, I have been writing history for nothing; and Maurice Tiernay, the real hero of the passage of the Rhine, will be unrecorded and unremembered, just for want of one honest and impartial scribe to transmit his name to posterity. The reflection was not a very encouraging one; nor did it serve to lighten the toil in which I passed many weary hours, copying out my own precious manuscript. Again and again during that night did I wonder at my own diffuseness—again and again did

I curse the prolix accuracy of a description that cost such labor to reiterate. It was like a species of poetical justice on me for my own amplifications; and when the day broke, and I still sat at my table writing on, at the third copy of this precious document, I vowed a vow of brevity, should I ever survive to indite similar compositions.

### Chapter XIII. A Farewell Letter.

It was in something less than a week after, that I entered upon my new career as orderly in the staff, when I began to believe myself the most miserable of all human beings. On the saddle at sunrise, I never dismounted, except to carry a measuring-chain, "to step distances," mark out intrenchments, and then write away, for hours, long enormous reports, that were to be models of calligraphy, neatness, and elegance—and never to be read. Nothing could be less like soldiering than the life I led; and were it not for the clanking sabre I wore at my side, and the jingling spurs that decorated my heels, I might have fancied myself a notary's clerk. It was part of General Moreau's plan to strengthen the defenses of Kehl before he advanced further into Germany; and to this end repairs were begun upon a line of earth-works, about two leagues to the northward of the fortress, at a small village called "Ekheim." In this miserable little hole, one of the dreariest spots imaginable, we were quartered, with two companies of "sapeurs" and some of the wagon-train, trenching, digging, carting earth, sinking wells, and in fact engaged in every kind of labor save that which seemed to be characteristic of a soldier.

I used to think that Nancy and the riding-school were the most dreary and tiresome of all destinies, but they were enjoyments and delight compared with this. Now it very often happens in life, that when a man grows discontented and dissatisfied with mere

monotony, when he chafes at the sameness of a tiresome and unexciting existence, he is rapidly approaching to some critical or eventful point, where actual peril and real danger assail him, and from which he would willingly buy his escape by falling back upon that wearisome and plodding life he had so often deplored before. This case was my own. Just as I had convinced myself that I was exceedingly wretched and miserable, I was to know there are worse things in this world than a life of mere uniform stupidity. I was waiting outside my captain's door for orders one morning, when at the tinkle of his little hand-bell I entered the room where he sat at breakfast, with an open dispatch before him.

“Tiernay,” said he, in his usual quiet tone, “here is an order from the adjutant-general to send you back under an escort to head-quarters. Are you aware of any reason for it, or is there any charge against you which warrants this?”

“Not to my knowledge, *mon capitaine*,” said I, trembling with fright, for I well knew with what severity discipline was exercised in that army, and how any, even the slightest, infractions met the heaviest penalties.

“I have never known you to pillage,” continued he; “have never seen you drink, nor have you been disobedient while under my command; yet this order could not be issued on light grounds; there must be some grave accusation against you, and in any case you must go; therefore arrange all my papers, put every thing in due order, and be ready to return with the orderly.”

“You'll give me a good character, *mon capitaine*,” said I, trembling more than ever—“you'll say what you can for me, I'm sure.”

“Willingly, if the general or chief were here,” replied he; “but that's not so. General Moreau is at Strasbourg. It is General Regnier is in command of the army; and unless specially applied to, I could not venture upon the liberty of obtruding my opinion upon him.”

“Is he so severe, sir?” asked I, timidly.

“The general is a good disciplinarian,” said he, cautiously, while he motioned with his hand toward the door, and accepting the hint, I retired.

It was evening when I re-entered Kehl, under an escort of two of my own regiment, and was conducted to the “Salle de Police.” At the door stood my old corporal, whose malicious grin as I alighted revealed the whole story of my arrest; and I now knew the charge that would be preferred against me—a heavier there could not be made—was, “disobedience in the field.” I slept very little that night, and when I did close my eyes, it was to awake with a sudden start, and believe myself in presence of the court-martial, or listening to my sentence, as read out by the president. Toward day, however, I sunk into a heavy, deep slumber, from which I was aroused by the reveillée of the barracks.

I had barely time to dress when I was summoned before the “Tribunale Militaire”—a sort of permanent court-martial, whose sittings were held in one of the churches of the town. Not even all the terror of my own precarious position could overcome the effect of old prejudices in my mind, as I saw myself led up the dim aisle of the church toward the altar rails, within which, around a large table, were seated a number of officers, whose manner and bearing evinced but little reverence for the sacred character of the spot.

Stationed in a group of poor wretches whose wan looks and anxious glances told that they were prisoners like myself, I had time to see what was going forward around me. The president, who alone wore his hat, read from a sort of list before him the name of a prisoner and that of the witnesses in the cause. In an instant they were all drawn up and sworn. A few questions followed, rapidly put, and almost as rapidly replied to. The prisoner was called on then for his defense: if this occupied many minutes, he was sure to be interrupted by an order to be brief. Then came the command to “stand by;” and after a few seconds

consultation together, in which many times a burst of laughter might be heard, the court agreed upon the sentence, recorded and signed it, and then proceeded with the next case.

If nothing in the procedure imposed reverence or respect, there was that in the dispatch which suggested terror, for it was plain to see that the court thought more of the cost of their own precious minutes than of the years of those on whose fate they were deciding. I was sufficiently near to hear the charges of those who were arraigned, and, for the greater number, they were all alike. Pillage, in one form or another, was the universal offending; and from the burning of a peasant's cottage, to the theft of his dog or his "poulet," all came under this head. At last came number 82—"Maurice Tiernay, hussar of the Ninth." I stepped forward to the rails. [632]

"Maurice Tiernay," read the president, hurriedly, "accused by Louis Gaussin, corporal of the same regiment, 'of willfully deserting his post while on duty in the field, and in the face of direct orders to the contrary; inducing others to a similar breach of discipline.' Make the change, Gaussin."

The corporal stepped forward, and began,

"We were stationed in detachment on the bank of the Rhine, on the evening of the 23d—"

"The court has too many duties to lose its time for nothing," interrupted I. "It is all true. I did desert my post; I did disobey orders; and, seeing a weak point in the enemy's line, attacked and carried it with success. The charge is, therefore, admitted by me, and it only remains for the court to decide how far a soldier's zeal for his country may be deserving of punishment. Whatever the result, one thing is perfectly clear, Corporal Gaussin will never be indicted for a similar misdemeanor."

A murmur of voices and suppressed laughter followed this impertinent and not over discreet sally of mine; and the president calling out, "Proven by acknowledgment," told me to "stand by." I now fell back to my former place, to be interrogated by

my comrades on the result of my examination, and hear their exclamations of surprise and terror at the rashness of my conduct. A little reflection over the circumstances would probably have brought me over to their opinion, and shown me that I had gratuitously thrown away an opportunity of self-defense; but my temper could not brook the indignity of listening to the tiresome accusation and the stupid malevolence of the corporal, whose hatred was excited by the influence I wielded over my comrades.

It was long past noon ere the proceedings terminated, for the list was a full one, and at length the court rose, apparently not sorry to exchange their tiresome duties for the pleasant offices of the dinner-table. No sentences had been pronounced, but one very striking incident seemed to shadow forth a gloomy future. Three, of whom I was one, were marched off, doubly guarded, before the rest, and confined in separate cells of the "Salle," where every precaution against escape too plainly showed the importance attached to our safe keeping.

At about eight o'clock, as I was sitting on my bed—if that inclined plane of wood, worn by the form of many a former prisoner, could deserve the name—a sergeant entered with the prison allowance of bread and water. He placed it beside me without speaking, and stood for a few seconds gazing at me.

"What age art thou, lad?" said he, in a voice of compassionate interest.

"Something over fifteen, I believe," replied I.

"Hast father and mother?"

"Both are dead!"

"Uncles or aunts living?"

"Neither."

"Hast any friends who could help thee?"

"That might depend upon what the occasion for help should prove, for I have one friend in the world."

"Who is he?"

"Colonel Mahon, of the Curaissiers."

“I never heard of him—is he here?”

“No; I left him at Nancy; but I could write to him.”

“It would be too late, much too late.”

“How do you mean—too late?” asked I, tremblingly.

“Because it is fixed for to-morrow evening,” replied he, in a low, hesitating voice.

“What? the—the—” I could not say the word, but merely imitated the motion of presenting and firing. He nodded gravely in acquiescence.

“What hour is it to take place?” asked I.

“After evening parade. The sentence must be signed by General Berthier, and he will not be here before that time.”

“It would be too late, then, sergeant,” said I, musing, “far too late. Still I should like to write the letter; I would like to thank him for his kindness in the past, and show him, too, that I have not been either unworthy or ungrateful. Could you let me have paper and pen, sergeant?”

“I can venture so far, lad; but I can not let thee have a light; it is against orders; and during the day thou’lt be too strictly watched.”

“No matter let me have the paper and I’ll try to scratch a few lines in the dark; and thou’lt post it for me, sergeant? I ask thee as a last favor to do this.”

“I promise it,” said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. After standing for a few minutes thus in silence, he started suddenly and left the cell.

I now tried to eat my supper; but although resolved on behaving with a stout and unflinching courage throughout the whole sad event, I could not swallow a mouthful. A sense of choking stopped me at every attempt, and even the water I could only get down by gulps. The efforts I made to bear up seemed to have caused a species of hysterical excitement that actually rose to the height of intoxication, for I talked away loudly to myself, laughed, and sung. I even jested and mocked myself

on this sudden termination of a career that I used to anticipate as stored with future fame and rewards. At intervals, I have no doubt that my mind wandered far beyond the control of reason, but as constantly came back again to a full consciousness of my melancholy position, and the fate that awaited me. The noise of the key in the door silenced my ravings, and I sat still and motionless as the sergeant entered with the pen, ink, and paper, which he laid down upon the bed, and then as silently withdrew.

A long interval of stupor, a state of dreary half consciousness, now came over me, from which I aroused myself with great difficulty to write the few lines I destined for Colonel Mahon. I remember even now, long as has been the space of years since that event, full as it has been of stirring and strange incidents, I remember perfectly the thought which flashed across me as I sat, pen in hand, before the paper. It was the notion of a certain resemblance between our actions in this world with the characters I was about to inscribe upon that paper. Written in darkness and in doubt, thought I, how shall they appear when brought to the light! Perhaps those I have deemed the best and fairest shall seem but to be the weakest or the worst! What need of kindness to forgive the errors, and of patience to endure the ignorance! At last I began: "Mon Colonel—Forgive, I pray you, the errors of these lines, penned in the darkness of my cell, and the night before my death. They are written to thank you ere I go hence, and to tell you that the poor heart whose beating will soon be still throbbled gratefully toward you to the last! I have been sentenced to death for a breach of discipline of which I was guilty. Had I failed in the achievement of my enterprise by the bullet of an enemy, they would have named me with honor; but I have had the misfortune of success, and tomorrow am I to pay its penalty. I have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that my share in that great day can neither be denied nor evaded; it is already on record, and the time may yet come when my memory will be vindicated. I know not if these lines be legible, nor if I

have crossed or recrossed them. If they are blotted they are not my tears have done it, for I have a firm heart and a good courage; and when the moment comes—”; here my hand trembled so much, and my brain grew so dizzy, that I lost the thread of my meaning, and merely jotted down at random a few words, vague, unconnected, and unintelligible, after which, and by an effort that cost all my strength, I wrote “MAURICE TIERNEY, late Hussar of the 9th Regiment.”

A hearty burst of tears followed the conclusion of this letter; all the pent-up emotion with which my heart was charged broke out at last, and I cried bitterly. Intense passions are, happily, never of long duration, and better still, they are always the precursors of calm. Thus, tranquil, the dawn of morn broke upon me, when the sergeant came to take my letter, and apprise me that the adjutant would appear in a few moments to read my sentence, and inform me when it was to be executed.

“Thou’lt bear up well, lad; I know thou wilt,” said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes. “Thou hast no mother, and thou’lt not have to grieve for *her*.”

“Don’t be afraid, sergeant; I’ll not disgrace the old 9th. Tell my comrades I said so.”

“I will. I will tell them all! Is this thy jacket, lad?”

“Yes; what do you want it for?”

“I must take it away with me. Thou art not to wear it more!”

“Not wear it, nor die in it; and why not?”

“That is the sentence, lad; I can not help it. It’s very hard, very cruel; but so it is.”

“Then I am to die dishonored, sergeant; is that the sentence?”

He dropped his head, and I could see that he moved his sleeve across his eyes; and then, taking up my jacket, he came toward me.

“Remember, lad, a stout heart; no flinching. Adieu—God bless thee.” He kissed me on either cheek, and went out.

He had not been gone many minutes, when the tramp of marching outside apprized me of the coming of the adjutant, and the door of my cell being thrown open, I was ordered to walk forth into the court of the prison. Two squadrons of my own regiment, all who were not on duty, were drawn up, dismounted, and without arms; beside them stood a company of grenadiers, and a half battalion of the line, the corps to which the other two prisoners belonged, and who now came forward, in shirt-sleeves like myself, into the middle of the court.

One of my fellow-sufferers was a very old soldier, whose hair and beard were white as snow; the other was a middle-aged man, of a dark and forbidding aspect, who scowled at me angrily as I came up to his side, and seemed as if he scorned the companionship. I returned a glance, haughty and as full of defiance as his own, and never noticed him after.

The drum beat a roll, and the word was given for silence in the ranks—an order so strictly obeyed, that even the clash of a weapon was unheard, and stepping in front of the line, the Auditeur Militaire read out the sentences. As for me, I heard but the words “*Peine afflictive et infamante;*” all the rest became confusion, shame, and terror co-mingled; nor did I know that the ceremonial was over, when the troops began to defile, and we were marched back again to our prison quarters.

## Chapter XIV. A Surprise And An Escape.

It is a very common subject of remark in newspapers, and as invariably repeated with astonishment by the readers, how well and soundly such a criminal slept on the night before his execution. It reads like a wonderful evidence of composure, or some not less surprising proof of apathy or indifference. I really believe it has as little relation to one feeling as to the other, and is simply the natural consequence of faculties over-strained, and

a brain surcharged with blood; sleep being induced by causes purely physical in their nature. For myself, I can say that I was by no means indifferent to life, nor had I any contempt for the form of death that awaited me. As localities, which have failed to inspire a strong attachment, become endowed with a certain degree of interest when we are about to part from them forever, I never held life so desirable as now that I was going to leave it; and yet, with all this, I fell into a sleep so heavy and profound, [634] that I never awoke till late in the evening. Twice was I shaken by the shoulder ere I could throw off the heavy weight of slumber; and even when I looked up, and saw the armed figures around me, I could have laid down once more, and composed myself to another sleep.

The first thing which thoroughly aroused me, and at once brightened up my slumbering senses, was missing my jacket, for which I searched every corner of my cell, forgetting that it had been taken away, as the nature of my sentence was declared “infamante.” The next shock was still greater, when two sapeurs came forward to tie my wrists together behind my back; I neither spoke nor resisted, but in silent submission complied with each order given me.

All preliminaries being completed, I was led forward, preceded by a pioneer, and guarded on either side by two sapeurs of “the guard;” a muffled drum, ten paces in advance, keeping up a low monotonous rumble as we went.

Our way led along the ramparts, beside which ran a row of little gardens, in which the children of the officers were at play. They ceased their childish gambols as we drew near, and came closer up to watch us. I could mark the terror and pity in their little faces as they gazed at me; I could see the traits of compassion with which they pointed me out to each other, and my heart swelled with gratitude for even so slight a sympathy. It was with difficulty I could restrain the emotion of that moment, but with a great effort I did subdue it, and marched on, to all

seeming, unmoved. A little further on, as we turned the angle of the wall, I looked back to catch one last look at them. Would that I had never done so! They had quitted the railings, and were now standing in a group, in the act of performing a mimic execution. One, without his jacket, was kneeling on the grass. But I could not bear the sight, and in scornful anger I closed my eyes, and saw no more.

A low whispering conversation was kept up by the soldiers around me. They were grumbling at the long distance they had to march, as the "affair" might just as well have taken place on the glacis as two miles away. How different were *my* feelings—how dear to me was now every minute, every second of existence; how my heart leaped at each turn of the way, as I still saw a space to traverse, and some little interval longer to live.

"And, mayhap, after all," muttered one dark-faced fellow, "we shall have come all this way for nothing. There can be no 'fusillade' without the general's signature, so I heard the adjutant say; and who's to promise that he'll be at his quarters?"

"Very true," said another; "he may be absent, or at table."

"At table!" cried two or three together; "and what if he were?"

"If he be," rejoined the former speaker, "we may go back again for our pains! I ought to know him well; I was his orderly for eight months, when I served in the 'Legers,' and can tell you, my lads, I wouldn't be the officer who would bring him a report, or a return to sign, once he had opened out his napkin on his knee; and it's not very far from his dinner-hour now."

What a sudden thrill of hope ran through me! Perhaps I should be spared for another day.

"No, no, we're all in time," exclaimed the sergeant; "I can see the general's tent from this; and there he stands, with all his staff around him."

"Yes; and there go the other escorts—they will be up before us if we don't make haste; quick-time, lads. Come along, mon cher," said he, addressing me; "thou'rt not tired, I hope."

“Not tired!” replied I; “but remember, sergeant, what a long journey I have before me.”

“*Pardieu!* I don't believe all that rhodomontade about another world,” said he gruffly; “the republic settled that question.”

I made no reply. For such words, at such a moment, were the most terrible of tortures to me. And now we moved on at a brisker pace, and crossing a little wooden bridge, entered a kind of esplanade of closely-shaven turf, at one corner of which stood the capacious tent of the commander-in-chief, for such, in Moreau's absence, was General Berthier. Numbers of staff-officers were riding about on duty, and a large traveling-carriage, from which the horses seemed recently detached, stood before the tent.

We halted as we crossed the bridge, while the adjutant advanced to obtain the signature to the sentence. My eyes followed him till they swam with rising tears, and I could not wipe them away, as my hands were fettered. How rapidly did my thoughts travel during those few moments. The good old Père Michel came back to me in memory, and I tried to think of the consolation his presence would have afforded me; but I could do no more than think of them.

“Which is the prisoner Tiernay?” cried a young aid-de-camp, cantering up to where I was standing.

“Here, sir,” replied the sergeant, pushing me forward.

“So,” rejoined the officer, angrily, “this fellow has been writing letters, it would seem, reflecting upon the justice of his sentence, and arraigning the conduct of his judges. Your epistolary tastes are like to cost you dearly, my lad; it had been better for you if writing had been omitted in your education. Reconduct the others, sergeant, they are respited; this fellow alone is to undergo his sentence.”

The other two prisoners gave a short and simultaneous cry of joy as they fell back, and I stood alone in front of the escort.

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“Parbleu! he has forgotten the signature,” said the adjutant, casting his eye over the paper: “he was chattering and laughing all the time, with the pen in his hand, and I suppose fancied that he had signed it.”

“Nathalie was there, perhaps,” said the aid-de-camp, significantly.

“She was, and I never saw her looking better. It's something like eight years since I saw her last; and I vow she seems not only handsomer, but fresher and more youthful to-day than then.”

“Where is she going; have you heard?”

“Who can tell? Her passport is like a firman; she may travel where she pleases. The rumor of the day says Italy.”

“I thought she looked provoked at Moreau's absence; it seemed like want of attention on his part, a lack of courtesy she's not used to.”

“Very true; and her reception of Berthier was any thing but gracious, although he certainly displayed all his civilities in her behalf.”

“Strange days we live in!” sighed the other, “when a man's promotion hangs upon the favorable word of a—”

“Hush! take care! be cautious!” whispered the other. “Let us not forget this poor fellow's business. How are you to settle it? Is the signature of any consequence? The whole sentence all is right and regular.”

“I shouldn't like to omit the signature,” said the other, cautiously; “it looks like carelessness, and might involve us in trouble hereafter.”

“Then we must wait some time, for I see they are gone to dinner.”

“So I perceive,” replied the former, as he lighted his cigar, and seated himself on a bank. “You may let the prisoner sit down, sergeant, and leave his hands free; he looks wearied and exhausted.”

I was too weak to speak, but I looked my gratitude; and sitting down upon the grass, covered my face, and wept heartily.

Although quite close to where the officers sat together chatting and jesting, I heard little or nothing of what they said. Already the things of life had ceased to have any hold upon me; and I could have heard of the greatest victory, or listened to a story of the most fatal defeat, without the slightest interest or emotion. An occasional word or a name would strike upon my ear, but leave no impression nor any memory behind it.

The military band was performing various marches and opera airs before the tent where the general dined, and in the melody, softened by distance, I felt a kind of calm and sleepy repose that lulled me into a species of ecstasy.

At last the music ceased to play, and the adjutant, starting hurriedly up, called on the sergeant to move forward.

“By Jove!” cried he, “they seem preparing for a promenade, and we shall get into a scrape if Berthier sees us here. Keep your party yonder, sergeant, out of sight, till I obtain the signature.”

And so saying, away he went toward the tent at a sharp gallop.

A few seconds, and I watched him crossing the esplanade; he dismounted and disappeared. A terrible choking sensation was over me, and I scarcely was conscious that they were again tying my hands. The adjutant came out again, and made a sign with his sword.

“We are to move on!” said the sergeant, half in doubt.

“Not at all,” broke in the aid-de-camp; “he is making a sign for you to bring up the prisoner! There, he is repeating the signal; lead him forward.”

I knew very little of how—less still of why—but we moved on in the direction of the tent, and in a few minutes stood before it. The sounds of revelry and laughter, the crash of voices, and the clink of glasses, together with the hoarse bray of the brass band, which again struck up, all were co-mingled in my brain, as, taking me by the arm, I was led forward within the

tent, and found myself at the foot of a table covered with all the gorgeousness of silver plate, and glowing with bouquets of flowers and fruits. In the one hasty glance I gave, before my lids fell over my swimming eyes, I could see the splendid uniforms of the guests as they sat around the board, and the magnificent costume of a lady in the place of honor next the head.

Several of those who sat at the lower end of the table drew back their seats as I came forward, and seemed as if desirous to give the general a better view of me.

Overwhelmed by the misery of my fate, as I stood awaiting my death, I felt as though a mere word, a look, would have crushed me but one moment back; but now, as I stood there, before that group of gazers, whose eyes scanned me with looks of insolent disdain, or still more insulting curiosity, a sense of proud defiance seized me, to confront and dare them with glances haughty and scornful as their own. It seemed to me so base and unworthy a part to summon a poor wretch before them, as if to whet their new appetite for enjoyment by the aspect of his misery, that an indignant anger took possession of me, and I drew myself up to my full height, and stared at them calm and steadily.

“So, then!” cried a deep soldier-like voice from the far-end of the table, which I at once recognized as the general-in-chief’s; “so, then, gentlemen, we have now the honor of seeing among us the hero of the Rhine! This is the distinguished individual by whose prowess the passage of the river was effected, and the Swabian infantry cut off in their retreat! Is it not true, sir?” said he, addressing me with a savage scowl.

“I have had my share in the achievement!” said I, with a cool air of defiance.

“Parbleu! you are modest, sir. So had every drummer-boy that beat his tattoo! But yours was the part of a great leader, if I err not?”

I made no answer, but stood firm and unmoved.

“How do you call the island which you have immortalized by your valor?”

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“The Fels Insel, sir.”

“Gentlemen, let us drink to the hero of the Fels Insel,” said he, holding up his glass for the servant to fill it. “A bumper—a full, a flowing bumper! And let him also pledge a toast, in which his interest must be so brief. Give him a glass, Contard.”

“His hands are tied, mon general.”

“Then free them at once.”

The order was obeyed in a second; and I, summoning up all my courage to seem as easy and indifferent as they were, lifted the glass to my lips, and drained it off.

“Another glass, now, to the health of this fair lady, through whose intercession we owe the pleasure of your company,” said the general.

“Willingly,” said I; “and may one so beautiful seldom find herself in a society so unworthy of her!”

A perfect roar of laughter succeeded the insolence of this speech; amid which I was half pushed, half dragged, up to the end of the table, where the general sat.

“How so, Coquin, do you dare to insult a French general, at the head of his own staff!”

“If I did, sir, it were quite as brave as to mock a poor criminal on the way to his execution!”

“That is the boy! I know him now! the very same lad!” cried the lady, as, stooping behind Berthier's chair, she stretched out her hand toward me. “Come here; are you not Colonel Mahon's godson?”

I looked her full in the face; and whether her own thoughts gave the impulse, or that something in my stare suggested it, she blushed till her cheek grew crimson.

“Poor Charles was so fond of him!” whispered she in Berthier's ear; and, as she spoke, the expression of her face at once recalled where I had seen her, and I now perceived that she was the same

person I had seen at table with Colonel Mahon, and whom I believed to be his wife.

A low whispering conversation now ensued between the general and her, at the close of which, he turned to me and said,

“Madame Merlancourt has deigned to take an interest in you—you are pardoned. Remember, sir, to whom you owe your life, and be grateful to her for it.”

I took the hand she extended toward me, and pressed it to my lips.

“Madame,” said I, “there is but one favor more I would ask in this world, and with it I could think myself happy.”

“But can I grant it, mon cher,” said she, smiling.

“If I am to judge from the influence I have seen you wield, madame, here and elsewhere, this petition will easily be accorded.”

A slight flush colored the lady's cheek, while that of the general became dyed red with anger. I saw that I had committed some terrible blunder, but how, or in what, I knew not.

“Well, sir,” said Madame Merlancourt, addressing me with a stately coldness of manner very different from her former tone, “Let us hear what you ask, for we are already taking up a vast deal of time that our host would prefer devoting to his friends, what is it you wish?”

“My discharge from a service, madame, where zeal and enthusiasm are rewarded with infamy and disgrace; my freedom to be any thing but a French soldier.”

“You are resolved, sir, that I am not to be proud of my protégé,” said she, haughtily; “what words are these to speak in presence of a general and his officers?”

“I am bold, madame, as you say, but I am wronged.”

“How so, sir—in what have you been injured?” cried the general, hastily, “except in the excessive condescension which has stimulated your presumption. But we are really too indulgent in this long parley. Madame, permit me to offer you some coffee

under the trees. Contardo, tell the band to follow us. Gentlemen, we expect the pleasure of your society.”

And so saying, Berthier presented his arm to the lady, who swept proudly past without deigning to notice me. In a few minutes the tent was cleared of all, except the servants occupied in removing the remains of the dessert, and I fell back unremarked and unobserved, to take my way homeward to the barracks, more indifferent to life than ever I had been afraid of death.

As I am not likely to recur at any length to the somewhat famous person to whom I owed my life, I may as well state that her name has since occupied no inconsiderable share of attention in France, and her history, under the title of “*Mémoires d'une Contemporaine*,” excited a degree of interest and anxiety in quarters which one might have fancied far above the reach of her revelations. At the time I speak of, I little knew the character of the age in which such influences were all powerful, nor how destinies very different from mine hung upon the favoritism of “*La belle Nathalie*.” Had I known these things, and still more, had I known the sad fate to which she brought my poor friend, Colonel Mahon, I might have scrupled to accept my life at such hands, or involved myself in a debt of gratitude to one for whom I was subsequently to feel nothing but hatred and aversion. It was indeed a terrible period, and in nothing more so than the fact, that acts of benevolence and charity were blended up with features of falsehood, treachery, and baseness, which made one despair of humanity, and think the very worst of their species.

## Chapter XV. Scraps Of History.

Nothing displays more powerfully the force of egotism than the simple truth that, when any man sets himself down to write the events of his life, the really momentous occurrences in which he may have borne a part occupy a conspicuously small place, when

each petty incident of a merely personal nature, is dilated and extended beyond all bounds. In one sense, the reader benefits by this, since there are few impertinences less forgivable than the obtusion of some insignificant name into the narrative of facts that are meet for history. I have made these remarks in a spirit of apology to my reader; not alone for the accuracy of my late detail, but also, if I should seem in future to dwell but passingly on the truly important facts of a great campaign, in which my own part was so humble.

I was a soldier in that glorious army which Moreau led into the heart of Germany, and whose victorious career would only have ceased when they entered the capital of the Empire, had it not been for the unhappy mistakes of Jourdan, who commanded the auxiliary forces in the north. For nigh three months we advanced steadily and successfully, superior in every engagement; we only waited for the moment of junction with Jourdan's army, to declare the empire our own; when at last came the terrible tidings that he had been beaten, and that Latour was advancing from Ulm to turn our left flank, and cut off our communications with France.

Two hundred miles from our own frontiers—separated from the Rhine by that terrible Black Forest whose defiles are mere gorges between vast mountains—with an army fifty thousand strong on one flank, and the Archduke Charles commanding a force of nigh thirty thousand on the other—such were the dreadful combinations which now threatened us with a defeat not less signal than Jourdan's own. Our strength, however, lay in a superb army of seventy thousand unbeaten men, led on by one whose name alone was victory.

On the 24th of September, the order for retreat was given; the army began to retire by slow marches, prepared to contest every inch of ground, and make every available spot a battle-field. The baggage and ammunition were sent on in front, and two days' march in advance. Behind, a formidable rear-guard was ready to repulse every attack of the enemy. Before, however, entering

those close defiles by which his retreat lay, Moreau determined to give one terrible lesson to his enemy. Like the hunted tiger turning upon his pursuers, he suddenly halted at Biberach, and ere Latour, who commanded the Austrians, was aware of his purpose, assailed the imperial forces with an attack on right, centre, and left together. Four thousand prisoners and eighteen pieces of cannon were trophies of the victory.

The day after this decisive battle our march was resumed, and the advanced-guard entered that narrow and dismal defile which goes by the name of the "Valley of Hell," when our left and right flanks, stationed at the entrance of the pass, effectually secured the retreat against molestation. The voltigeurs of St. Cyr crowning the heights as we went, swept away the light troops which were scattered along the rocky eminences, and in less than a fortnight our army debouched by Fribourg and Oppenheim into the valley of the Rhine, not a gun having been lost, not a caisson deserted, during that perilous movement.

The Archduke, however, having ascertained the direction of Moreau's retreat, advanced by a parallel pass through the Kinzigthal, and attacked St. Cyr at Nauendorf, and defeated him. Our right flank, severely handled at Emmendingen, the whole force was obliged to retreat on Huningen, and once more we found ourselves upon the banks of the Rhine, no longer an advancing army, high in hope, and flushed with victory, but beaten, harassed, and retreating!

The last few days of that retreat presented a scene of disaster such as I can never forget. To avoid the furious charges of the Austrian cavalry, against which our own could no longer make resistance, we had fallen back upon a line of country cut up into rocky cliffs and precipices, and covered by a dense pine forest. Here, necessarily broken up into small parties, we were assailed by the light troops of the enemy, led on through the various passes by the peasantry, whose animosity our own severity had excited. It was, therefore, a continual hand-to-hand struggle, in

which, opposed as we were to over numbers, well acquainted with every advantage of the ground, our loss was terrific. It is said that nigh seven thousand men fell—an immense number, when no general action had occurred. Whatever the actual loss, such were the circumstances of our army, that Moreau hastened to propose an armistice, on the condition of the Rhine being the boundary between the two armies, while Kehl was still to be held by the French.

The proposal was rejected by the Austrians, who at once commenced preparations for a siege of the fortress with forty thousand troops, under Latour's command. The earlier months of winter now passed in the labors of the siege, and on the morning of New Year's Day the first attack was made; the second line was carried a few days after, and, after a glorious defense by Desaix, the garrison capitulated, and evacuated the fortress on the 9th of the month. Thus, in the space of six short months, had we advanced with a conquering army into the very heart of the Empire, and now we were back again within our own frontier; not one single trophy of all our victories remaining, two-thirds of our army dead or wounded, more than all, the prestige of our superiority fatally injured, and that of the enemy's valor and prowess as signally elevated.

The short annals of a successful soldier are often comprised in the few words which state how he was made lieutenant at such a date, promoted to his company here, obtained his majority there, succeeded to the command of his regiment at such a place, and so on. Now my exploits may even be more briefly written as regards this campaign, for whether at Kehl at Nauendorf, on the Etz, or at Huningen, I ended as I begun—a simple soldier of the ranks. A few slight wounds, a few still more insignificant words of praise, were all that I brought back with me; but if my trophies were small, I had gained considerably both in habits of discipline and obedience. I had learned to endure, ably and without complaining, the inevitable hardships of a campaign, and

better still, to see, that the irrepressible impulses of the soldier, however prompted by zeal or heroism, may oftener mar than promote the more mature plans of his general. Scarcely had my feet once more touched French ground, than I was seized with the ague, then raging as an epidemic among the troops, and sent forward with a large detachment of sick to the Military Hospital of Strasbourg.

Here I bethought me of my patron, Colonel Mahon, and determined to write to him. For this purpose I addressed a question to the Adjutant-general's office to ascertain the colonel's address. The reply was a brief and stunning one—he had been dismissed the service. No personal calamity could have thrown me into deeper affliction; nor had I even the sad consolation of learning any of the circumstances of this misfortune. His death, even though thereby I should have lost my only friend, would have been a lighter evil than this disgrace; and coming as did the tidings when I was already broken by sickness and defeat, more than ever disgusted me with a soldier's life. It was then with a feeling of total indifference that I heard a rumor which at another moment would have filled me with enthusiasm—the order for all invalids sufficiently well to be removed, to be drafted into regiments serving in Italy. The fame of Bonaparte, who commanded that army, had now surpassed that of all the other generals; his victories paled the glory of their successes, and it was already a mark of distinction to have served under his command.

The walls of the hospital were scrawled over with the names of his victories; rude sketches of Alpine passes, terrible ravines, or snow-clad peaks met the eye every where; and the one magical name, “Bonaparte,” written beneath, seemed the key to all their meaning. With him war seemed to assume all the charms of romance. Each action was illustrated by feats of valor or heroism, and a halo of glory seemed to shine over all the achievements of his genius.

It was a clear, bright morning of March, when a light frost sharpened the air, and a fair, blue sky overhead showed a cloudless elastic atmosphere, that the "Invalides," as we were all called, were drawn up in the great square of the hospital for inspection. Two superior officers of the staff, attended by several surgeons and an adjutant, sat at a table in front of us, on which lay the regimental books and conduct-rolls of the different corps. Such of the sick as had received severe wounds, incapacitating them for further service, were presented with some slight reward—a few francs in money, a greatcoat, or a pair of shoes, and obtained their freedom. Others, whose injuries were less important, received their promotion, or some slight increase of pay, these favors being all measured by the character the individual bore in his regiment, and the opinion certified of him by his commanding officer. When my turn came and I stood forward, I felt a kind of shame to think how little claim I could prefer either to honor or advancement.

"Maurice Tiernay, slightly wounded by a sabre at Nauendorf—flesh-wound at Biberach—enterprising and active, but presumptuous and overbearing with his comrades," read out the adjutant, while he added a few words I could not hear, but at which the superior laughed heartily.

"What says the doctor?" asked he, after a pause.

"This has been a bad case of ague, and I doubt if the young fellow will ever be fit for active service—certainly not at present."

"Is there a vacancy at Saumur?" asked the general. "I see he has been employed in the school at Nancy."

"Yes, sir; for the third class there is one."

"Let him have it, then. Tiernay, you are appointed as aspirant of the third class at the College of Saumur. Take care that the report of your conduct be more creditable than what is written here. Your opportunities will now be considerable, and if well employed, may lead to further honor and distinction; if neglected or abused, your chances are forfeited forever."

I bowed and retired, as little satisfied with the admonition as elated with the prospect which converted me from a soldier into a scholar, and, in the first verge of manhood, threw me back once more into the condition of a mere boy.

Eighteen months of my life—not the least happy, perhaps, since in the peaceful portion I can trace so little to be sorry for—glided over beside the banks of the beautiful Loire, the intervals in the hours of study being spent either in the riding-school, or the river, where, in addition to swimming and diving, we were instructed in pontooning and rafting, the modes of transporting ammunition and artillery, and the attacks of infantry by cavalry pickets.

I also learned to speak and write English and German with great ease and fluency, besides acquiring some skill in military drawing and engineering.

It is true that the imprisonment chafed sorely against us, as we read of the great achievements of our armies in various parts of the world; of the great battles of Cairo and the Pyramids, of Acre and Mount Thabor; and of which a holiday and a fête were to be our only share.

The terrible storms which shook Europe from end to end, only reached us in the bulletins of new victories; and we panted for the time when we, too, should be actors in the glorious exploits of France.

It is already known to the reader that of the country from which [639] my family came I myself knew nothing. The very little I had ever learned of it from my father was also a mere tradition; still was I known among my comrades only as “the Irishman,” and by that name was I recognized, even in the record of the school, where I was inscribed thus: “Maurice Tiernay, dit l'Irlandais.” It was on this very simple and seemingly-unimportant fact my whole fate in life was to turn; and in this wise—But the explanation deserves a chapter of its own, and shall have it.

*(To be continued.)*

## The Enchanted Rock. (From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

About four miles west-northwest of Cape Clear Island and lighthouse, on the south-west coast of Ireland, a singularly-shaped rock, called the Fastnett, rises abruptly and perpendicularly a height of ninety feet above the sea level in the Atlantic Ocean. It is about nine miles from the mainland, and the country-people say it is *nine miles* from *every part* of the coast.

The Fastnett for ages has been in the undisturbed possession of the cormorant, sea-gull, and various other tribes of sea-fowl, and was also a noted place for large conger eels, bream, and pollock; but from a superstitious dread of the place, the fishermen seldom fished near it. During foggy weather, and when the rock is partially enveloped in mist, it has very much the appearance of a large vessel under sail—hence no doubt the origin of all the wonderful tales and traditions respecting the Fastnett being enchanted, and its celebrated feats. The old people all along the sea-coast are under the impression that the Fastnett hoists sails before sunrise on the 1st of May in every year, and takes a cruise toward the Dursey Islands, at the north entrance of Bantry Bay, a distance of some forty miles; and that, after dancing several times round the rocks known to mariners as the Bull, Cow, and Calf, it then shapes its homeward course, drops anchor at the spot from whence it sailed, and remains stationary during the remainder of the year.

The Fastnett, however, it appears, is not the only enchanted spot in that locality; for at the head of Schull Harbor, about nine miles north of the rock, on the top of Mount Gabriel—about 1400 feet above the sea-level—is a celebrated lake, which the

people say is so deep, that the longest line ever made would not reach its bottom. It is also stoutly asserted that a gentleman once dropped his walking-stick into the lake, and that it was afterward found by a fisherman near the Fastnett. On another occasion, a female wishing to get some water from the lake to perform a miraculous cure on one of her friends, accidentally let fall the jug into the water, and after several months, the identical jug—it could not be mistaken, part of the lip being broken off—was also picked up near the Fastnett. For such reasons the people imagine that there is some mysterious connection between the rock and the lake, and that they have a subterranean passage or means of communication. Captain Wolfe, indeed, during his survey of the coast in 1848, sounded the mysterious pool, and found the bottom with a line *seven feet long*; but the people shake their heads at the idea, and say it was all *freemasonry* on the part of the captain, and ask how he accounts for the affair of the stick and jug? It will be some time, I presume, before this puzzling question can be solved to the satisfaction of all parties; and the traditions of the stick and jug, and many other extraordinary occurrences, are likely to be handed down to succeeding generations. The lake, or bog-hole, must therefore be left alone in its glory; but, alas! not so with the Fastnett.

No more will it hoist sail for its Walpurgie trip, and cruise to the Durseys, for it is now *firmly moored*; and in the hands of man the wonderful Fastnett is reduced to a simple isolated rock in the Atlantic Ocean. During the awful shipwrecks in the winters of 1846 and 1847, but little assistance was derived from the Cape Clear light, which is too elevated, and is often totally obscured by fog, and this drew attention to the Fastnett Rock as a more eligible site for a pharos, being in the immediate route of all outward and homeward-bound vessels: but the great difficulty was to effect a landing, and make the necessary surveys; its sides being almost perpendicular, and continually lashed by a heavy surge or surf. After many attempts. Captain Wolfe did effect

a landing; and having made the necessary survey, and reported favorably as to its advantages, it was determined by the Ballast Board to erect on it a lighthouse forthwith. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1847, by sinking or excavating a circular shaft about twelve feet deep in the solid rock; holes were then drilled, in which were fixed strong iron shafts for the framework of the house; and then the masons began to rear the edifice. The workmen found it pleasant enough during the summer and autumn of 1847, and lived in tents on the summit of the rock, and looked over the mainland with the aid of a glass, like so many of their predecessors—the cormorants.

In the spring of 1848, however, when operations were resumed, after a cessation of the works for the winter, the scene changed. It began to blow very hard from the northwest; and the men secured their building, which was now several feet above the rocks, as well as they could, and covered it over with strong and heavy beams of timber, leaving a small aperture for ingress and egress, and then awaited in silence the result. During the night the wind increased, and the sea broke with such fury over the whole rock, that the men imagined every succeeding wave to be commissioned to sweep them into the abyss. It only extinguished their fire, however, and carried off most of their provisions, together with sundry heavy pieces of cast-iron, a large blacksmith's anvil, and the crane with which the building materials were lifted on the rock. The storm lasted upward of a week, during which time no vessel or boat could approach; and the crew of this island-ship remained drenched with water, and nearly perished with cold in a dark hole, with nothing to relieve their hunger but water-soaked biscuit. But the wind at length suddenly shifted, the sea moderated, and they were enabled eventually to crawl out of their hole more dead than alive. In a few days a boat approached as near as possible, and by the aid of ropes fastened round their waists, they were drawn one by one from the rock through the boiling surf. The men speedily

recovered, and have since raised the building some twenty feet above the ground: the extreme height is to be sixty feet. This is the last adventure of the Enchanted Rock; but we trust a brilliant history is before it, in which, instead of expending its energies in idle cruises, it will act the part of the beneficent preserver of life and property.

## The Force Of Fear. (From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

At the close of the winter of 1825-6, about dusk in the afternoon, just as the wealthy dealers in the Palais Royal at Paris were about lighting their lamps and putting up their shutters (the practice of the major part of them at nightfall), a well-known money-changer sat behind his counter alone, surrounded by massive heaps of silver and gold, the glittering and sterling currency of all the kingdoms of Europe. He had well-nigh closed his operations for the day, and was enjoying in anticipation the prospect of a good dinner. Between the easy-chair upon which he reclined in perfect satisfaction, and the door which opened into the north side of the immense quadrangle of which the splendid edifice above-mentioned is composed, arose a stout wire partition, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and resting upon the counter, which traversed the whole length of the room. Thus he was effectually cut off from all possibility of unfriendly contact from any of his occasional visitors; while a small sliding-board that ran in and out under the wire partition served as the medium of his peculiar commerce. Upon this he received every coin,

note, or draft presented for change; and having first carefully examined it, returned its value by the same conveyance, in the coin of France, or indeed of any country required. Behind him was a door communicating with his domestic chambers, and in the middle of the counter was another, the upper part of which formed a portion of the wire partition above described.

The denizen of this little chamber had already closed his outer shutters, and was just on the point of locking up his doors, and retiring to his repast, when two young men entered. They were evidently Italians, from their costume and peculiar dialect. Had it been earlier in the day, when there would have been sufficient light to have discerned their features and expression, it is probable that our merchant would have defeated their plans, for he was well skilled in detecting the tokens of fraud or design in the human countenance. But they had chosen their time too appropriately. One of them, advancing toward the counter, demanded change in French coin for an English sovereign, which he laid upon the sliding board, and passed through the wire partition. The moneychanger rose immediately, and having ascertained that the coin was genuine, returned its proper equivalent by the customary mode of transfer. The Italians turned as if to leave the apartment, when he who had received the money suddenly dropped the silver, as though accidentally, upon the floor. As it was now nearly dark, it was scarcely to be expected that they could find the whole of the pieces without the assistance of a light. This the unconscious merchant hastened to supply; and unlocking, without suspicion, the door of the partition between them, stooped with a candle over the floor in search of the lost coin. In this position the unfortunate man was immediately assailed with repeated stabs from a poniard, and he at length fell, after a few feeble and ineffectual struggles, senseless, and apparently lifeless, at the feet of his assassins.

A considerable time elapsed ere, by the fortuitous entrance of a stranger, he was discovered in this dreadful situation; when it

was found that the assassins, having first helped themselves to an almost incredible amount of money, had fled, without any thing being left by which a clew might have been obtained to their retreat.

The unfortunate victim of their rapacity and cruelty was, however, not dead. Strange as it may appear, although he had received upward of twenty wounds, several of which plainly showed that the dagger had been driven to the very hilt, he survived; and in a few months after the event, was again to be seen in his long-accustomed place at the changer's board. In vain had the most diligent search been made by the military police of Paris for the perpetrators of this detestable deed. The villains had eluded all inquiry and investigation, and would in all probability have escaped undiscovered with their booty but for a mutually-cherished distrust of each other. Upon the first and complete success of their plan, the question arose, how to dispose of their enormous plunder, amounting to more than a hundred thousand pounds. Fearful of the researches of the police, they dared not retain it at their lodgings. To trust a third party with their secret was not to be thought of. At length, after long and anxious deliberation, they agreed to conceal the money outside the barriers of Paris until they should have concocted some safe plan for transporting it to their own country. This they accordingly did, burying the treasure under a tree about a mile from the *Barrière d'Enfer*. But they were still as far as ever from a mutual understanding. When they separated, on any pretense, each returned to the spot which contained the stolen treasure, where of course he was sure to find the other. Suspicion thus formed and fed soon grew into dislike and hatred, until at length, each loathing the sight of the other, they agreed finally to divide the booty, and then eternally to separate, each to the pursuit of his own gratification. It then became necessary to carry the whole of the money home to their lodgings in Paris, in order that it might, according to their notions, be equitably divided. [641]

The reader must here be reminded that there exists in Paris a law relative to wines and spirituous liquors which allows them to be retailed at a much lower price without the barriers than that at which they are sold within the walls of the city. This law has given rise, among the lower orders of people, to frequent attempts at smuggling liquors in bladders concealed about their persons, often in their hats. The penalty for the offense was so high, that it was very rarely enforced, and practically it was very seldom, indeed, that the actual loss incurred by the offending party was any thing more than the paltry venture, which he was generally permitted to abandon, making the best use of his heels to escape any further punishment. The gendarmes planted at the different barriers generally made a prey of the potables which they captured, and were consequently interested in keeping a good look-out for offenders. It was this vigilance that led to the discovery of the robbers; for, not being able to devise any better plan for the removal of the money than that of secreting it about their persons, they attempted thus to carry out their object. But as one of them, heavily encumbered with the golden spoils, was passing through the Barrière d'Enfer, one of the soldier-police who was on duty as sentinel, suspecting, from his appearance and hesitating gait, that he carried smuggled liquors in his hat, suddenly stepped behind him and struck it from his head with his halberd. What was his astonishment to behold, instead of the expected bladder of wine or spirits, several small bags of gold and rolls of English bank-notes! The confusion and prevarication of the wretch, who made vain and frantic attempts to recover the property, betrayed his guilt, and he was immediately taken into custody, together with his companion, who, following at a very short distance, was unhesitatingly pointed out by his cowardly and bewildered confederate as the owner of the money. No time was lost in conveying intelligence of their capture to their unfortunate victim, who immediately identified the notes as his own property, and at the first view of the assassins

swore distinctly to the persons of both—to the elder, as having repeatedly stabbed him; and to the younger, as his companion and coadjutor.

The criminals were in due course of time tried, fully convicted, and, as was to be expected, sentenced to death by the guillotine; but, owing to some technical informality in the proceedings, the doom of the law could not be carried into execution until the sentence of the court had been confirmed upon appeal. This delay afforded time and opportunity for some meddling or interested individual—either moved by the desire of making a cruel experiment, or else by the hope of obtaining a reversal of the capital sentence against the prisoners—to work upon the feelings of the unfortunate money-changer. A few days after the sentence of death had been pronounced, the unhappy victim received a letter from an unknown hand, mysteriously worded, and setting forth, in expressions that seemed to him fearfully prophetic, that the thread of his own destiny was indissolubly united with that of his condemned assassins. It was evidently out of their power to take away *his* life; and it was equally out of his power to survive *them*, die by the sentence of the law, or how or when they might; it became clear—so argued this intermeddler—that the same moment which saw the termination of their lives, would inevitably be the last of his own. To fortify his arguments, the letter-writer referred to certain mystic symbols in the heavens. Now though the poor man could understand nothing of the trumpery diagrams which were set forth as illustrating the truth of the fatal warning thus conveyed to him, and though his friends universally laughed at the trick as a barefaced attempt of some anonymous impostor to rob justice of her due, it nevertheless made a deep impression upon his mind. Ignorant of every thing but what related immediately to his own money-getting profession, he had a blind and undefined awe of what he termed the supernatural sciences, and he inwardly thanked the kind monitor who had given him at least a chance of

redeeming his days.

He immediately set about making application to the judges, in order to get the decree of death changed into a sentence to the galleys for life. He was equally surprised and distressed to find that they treated his petition with contempt, and ridiculed his fears. So far from granting his request, after repeated solicitations, they commanded him in a peremptory manner to appear no more before them. Driven almost to despair, he resolved upon petitioning the king; and after much expense and toil, he at length succeeded in obtaining an audience of Charles X. All was in vain. A crime so enormous, committed with such cool deliberation, left no opening for the plea of mercy: every effort he made only served to strengthen the resolution of the authorities to execute judgment. Finding all his efforts in vain, he appeared to resign himself despairingly to his fate. Deprived of all relish even for gain, he took to his bed, and languished in hopeless misery, and as the time for the execution of the criminals approached, lapsed more and more into terror and dismay.

[642]

It was on a sultry afternoon, in the beginning of June, 1826, that the writer of this brief narrative—then a not too thoughtful lad, in search of employment in Paris—hurried, together with a party of sight-seeing English workmen, to the Place de Grève to witness the execution of the two assassins of the money-changer. Under the rays of an almost insupportable sun, an immense crowd had congregated around the guillotine; and it was not without considerable exertion, and a bribe of some small amount, that standing-places were at length obtained within a few paces of the deathful instrument, upon the flat top of the low wall which divides the ample area of the Place de Grève from the river Seine.

Precisely at four o'clock the sombre cavalcade approached. Seated upon a bench in a long cart, between two priests, sat the wretched victims of retributive justice. The crucifix was incessantly exhibited to their view, and presented to their lips to be kissed, by their ghostly attendants. After a few minutes

of silent and horrible preparation, the elder advanced upon the platform of the guillotine. With livid aspect and quivering lips, he gazed around in unutterable agony upon the sea of human faces; then lifting his haggard eyes to heaven, he demanded pardon of God and the people for the violation of the great prerogative of the former and the social rights of the latter, and besought most earnestly the mercy of the Judge into whose presence he was about to enter. In less than two minutes both he and his companion were headless corpses, and in a quarter of an hour no vestige, save a few remains of sawdust, was left of the terrible drama that had been enacted. Soon, however, a confused murmur pervaded the crowd—a report that the victim of cruelty and avarice had realized the dread presentiment of his own mind, and justified the prediction contained in the anonymous letter he had received. On inquiry, this was found to be true. As the signal rung out for execution, the unhappy man, whom twenty-two stabs of the dagger had failed to kill, expired in a paroxysm of terror—adding one more to the many examples already upon record of the fatal force of fear upon an excited imagination.

## Lady Alice Daventry; Or, The Night Of Crime. (From the Dublin University Magazine.)

Daventry Hall, near the little village of the same name in Cumberland, is the almost regal residence of the Cliffords; yet it does not bear their name, nor, till within the last quarter of a

century, had it come into their possession. The tragical event which consigned it to the hands of a distant branch of the Daventry family is now almost forgotten by its occupants, but still lingers in the memory of some of humbler rank, who, in days gone by, were tenants under Sir John Daventry, the last of a long line of baronets of that name. Few men have entered life under happier auspices: one of the oldest baronets in the kingdom, in one sense, but just of age, in the other, possessed of an unencumbered rent roll of £20,000 per annum, he might probably have selected his bride from the fairest of the English aristocracy; but when he was twenty-three he married the beautiful and poor daughter of an officer residing in his vicinity. It was a love-match on his side—one partly of love, partly of ambition, on hers; their union was not very long, neither was it very happy, and when Lady Daventry died, leaving an infant daughter to his care, at the expiration of his year of mourning he chose as his second wife the wealthy and high-born widow of the county member. This was a *marriage de convenance*, and might have perhaps proved a fortunate one, as it secured to Sir John a wife suited to uphold his dignity and the style of his establishment, at the same time conferring on the little Clara the care of a mother, and the society of a playmate in the person of Charles Mardyn, Lady Daventry's son by her first marriage. But the marriage of convenience did not end more felicitously than the marriage of love—at the end of six months Sir John found himself a second time a widower. His position was now a somewhat unusual one—at twenty-seven he had lost two wives, and was left the sole guardian of two children, neither past the age of infancy; Clara Daventry was but two years old, Charles Mardyn three years her senior. Of these circumstances Sir John made what he conceived the best, provided attendants and governesses for the children, consigned them to the seclusion of the Hall, while he repaired to London, procured a superb establishment, was famed for the skill of his cooks, and the goodness of his wines, and for the following

eighteen years was an *habitué* of the clubs, and courted by the élite of London society; and this, perhaps, being a perfectly blameless course, and inflicting as little of any sort of trouble or annoyance as possible, it must needs excite our surprise if we do not find it producing corresponding fruits. Eighteen years make some changes every where. During these, Clara Daventry had become a woman, and Charles Mardyn, having passed through Eton and Cambridge, had for the last two years emulated his stepfather's style of London life. Mr. Mardyn had left his fortune at the disposal of his widow, whom he had foolishly loved, and Lady Daventry, at her death, divided the Mardyn estates between her husband and son—an unfair distribution, and one Charles was not disposed to pardon. He was that combination so often seen—the union of talent to depravity; of such talent as the union admits—talent which is never first-rate, though to the many it appears so; it is only unscrupulous, and consequently, has at its command, engines which virtue dares not use. Selfish and profligate, he was that mixture of strong passions and indomitable will, with a certain strength of intellect, a winning manner, and noble appearance. Clara possessed none of these external gifts. [643] Low and insignificant looking, her small, pale features, narrow forehead, and cunning gray eyes, harmonized with a disposition singularly weak, paltry, and manoeuvring. Eighteen years had altered Sir John Daventry's appearance less than his mind; he had grown more corpulent, and his features wore a look of sensual indulgence, mingled with the air of authority of one whose will, even in trifles, has never been disputed. But in the indolent voluptuary of forty-five little remained of the good-humored, careless man of twenty-seven. Selfishness is an ill-weed, that grows apace; Sir John Daventry, handsome, gifted with *l'air distingué* and thoroughly *répandu* in society, was a singularly heartless and selfish sensualist. Such changes eighteen years had wrought, when Clara was surprised by a visit from her father. It was more than two years since he had been at the Hall, and

the news he brought was little welcome to her. He was about to marry a third time—his destined bride was Lady Alice Mortimer, the daughter of a poor though noble house, and of whose beauty, though now past the first bloom of youth, report had reached even Clara's ears. From Mardyn, too, she had heard of Lady Alice, and had fancied that he was one of her many suitors. Her congratulations on the event were coldly uttered; in truth, Clara had long been accustomed to regard herself as the heiress, and eventually, the mistress of that princely estate where she had passed her childhood; this was the one imaginative dream in a cold, worldly mind. She did not desire riches to gratify her vanity, or to indulge in pleasures. Clara Daventry's temperament was too passionless to covet it for these purposes; but she had accustomed herself to look on these possessions as her right, and to picture the day when, through their far extent, its tenants should own her rule. Besides, Mardyn had awoke, if not a feeling of affection, in Clara Daventry's breast, at least a wish to possess him—a wish in which all the sensuous part of her nature (and in that cold character there was a good deal that was sensuous) joined. She had perception to know her own want of attractions, and to see that her only hope of winning this gay and brilliant man of fashion was the value her wealth might be of in repairing a fortune his present mode of living was likely to scatter—a hope which, should her father marry, and have a male heir, would fall to the ground. In due time the papers announced the marriage of Sir John Daventry to the Lady Alice Mortimer. They were to spend their honeymoon at Daventry. The evening before the marriage, Charles Mardyn arrived at the Hall; it was some time since he had last been there; it was a singular day to select for leaving London, and Clara noticed a strange alteration in his appearance, a negligence of dress, and perturbation of manner unlike his ordinary self-possession, that made her think that, perhaps, he had really loved her destined step-mother. Still, if so, it was strange his coming to the Hall. The following evening

brought Sir John and Lady Alice Daventry to their bridal home. The Hall had been newly decorated for the occasion, and, in the general confusion and interest, Clara found herself degraded from the consideration she had before received. Now the Hall was to receive a new mistress, one graced with title, and the stamp of fashion. These are offenses little minds can hardly be thought to overlook; and as Clara Daventry stood in the spacious hall to welcome her stepmother to her home, and she who was hence-forward to take the first place there, the Lady Alice, in her rich traveling costume, stood before her, the contrast was striking—the unattractive, ugly girl, beside the brilliant London beauty—the bitter feelings of envy and resentment, that then passed through Clara's mind cast their shade on her after destiny. During the progress of dinner, Clara noticed the extreme singularity of Mardyn's manner; noticed also the sudden flush of crimson that dyed Lady Alice's cheek on first beholding him, which was followed by an increased and continued paleness. There was at their meeting, however, no embarrassment on his part—nothing but the well-bred ease of the man of the world was observable in his congratulations; but during dinner Charles Mardyn's eyes were fixed on Lady Alice with the quiet stealthiness of one calmly seeking to penetrate through a mystery; and, despite her efforts to appear unconcerned, it was evident she felt distressed by his scrutiny. The dinner was soon dispatched; Lady Alice complained of fatigue, and Clara conducted her to the boudoir designed for her private apartment. As she was returning she met Mardyn.

“Is Lady Alice in the boudoir?” he asked.

“Yes,” she replied, “you do not want her?”

Without answering, he passed on, and, opening the door, Charles Mardyn stood before the Lady Alice Daventry, his stepfather's wife.

She was sitting on a low stool, and in a deep reverie, her cheek resting on one of her fairy-like hands. She was indeed a

beautiful woman. No longer very young—she was about thirty, but still very lovely, and something almost infantine in the arch innocence of expression that lighted a countenance cast in the most delicate mould—she looked, in every feature, the child of rank and fashion; so delicate, so fragile, with those *petites* features, and that soft pink flesh, and pouting coral lips; and, in her very essence, she had all those qualities that belong to a spoiled child of fashion—wayward, violent in temper, capricious, and volatile. She started from her reverie: she had not expected to see Mardyn, and betrayed much emotion at his abrupt entrance; for, as though in an agony of shame, she buried her face in her hands, and turned away her head, yet her attitude was very feminine and attractive, with the glossy ringlets of rich brown hair falling in a shower over the fair soft arms, and the whole so graceful in its defenselessness, and the forbearance it seemed to ask. Yet, whatever Mardyn's purpose might be, it did not seem to turn him from it; the sternness on his countenance increased as he drew a chair, and, sitting down close beside her, waited in silence, gazing at his companion till she should uncover her face. At length the hands were dropped, and, with an effort at calmness, Lady Alice looked up, but again averted her gaze as she met his.

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“When we last met, Lady Alice, it was under different circumstances,” he said, sarcastically. She bowed her head, but made no answer.

“I fear,” he continued, in the same tone, “my congratulations may not have seemed warm enough on the happy change in your prospects; they were unfeigned, I assure you.” Lady Alice colored.

“These taunts are uncalled for, Mardyn,” she replied, faintly.

“No; that would be unfair, indeed,” he continued, in the same bitter tone, “to Lady Alice Daventry, who has always displayed such consideration for all my feelings.”

“You never seemed to care,” she rejoined, and the woman's

pique betrayed itself in the tone—"You never tried to prevent it."

"Prevent what?"

She hesitated, and did not reply.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, violently, "did you think that if one word of mine could have stopped your marriage, that word would have been said? Listen, Lady Alice: I loved you once, and the proof that I did is the hate I now bear you. If I had not loved you, I should now feel only contempt. For a time I believed that you had for me the love you professed. You chose differently; but though that is over, do not think that all is. I have sworn to make you feel some of the misery you caused me. Lady Alice Daventry, do you doubt that that oath shall be kept?"

His violence had terrified her—she was deadly pale, and seemed ready to faint; but a burst of tears relieved her.

"I do not deserve this," she said; "I did love you—I swore it to you, and you doubted me."

"Had I no reason?" he asked.

"None that you did not cause yourself; your unfounded jealousy, your determination to humble me, drove me to the step I took."

The expression of his countenance somewhat changed; he had averted his face so that she could not read its meaning, and over it passed no sign of relenting, but a look more wholly triumphant than it had yet worn. When he turned to Lady Alice it was changed to one of mildness and sorrow.

"You will drive me mad, Alice," he uttered, in a low, deep voice. "May heaven forgive me if I have mistaken you; you told me you loved me."

"I told you the truth," she rejoined, quickly.

"But how soon that love changed," he said, in a half-doubting tone, as if willing to be convinced.

"It never changed!" she replied, vehemently. "You doubted—you were jealous, and left me. I never ceased to love you."

“You do not love me now?” he asked.

She was silent; but a low sob sounded through the room, and Charles Mardyn was again at her feet; and, while the marriage-vows had scarce died from her lips, Lady Alice Daventry was exchanging forgiveness with, and listening to protestations of love from the son of the man to whom, a few hours before, she had sworn a wife's fidelity.

It is a scene which needs some explanation; best heard, however, from Mardyn's lips. A step was heard along the passage, and Mardyn, passing through a side-door, repaired to Clara's apartment. He found her engaged on a book. Laying it down, she bestowed on him a look of inquiry as he entered.

“I want to speak to you, Clara,” he said.

Fixing her cold gray eyes on his face, she awaited his questions.

“Has not this sudden step of Sir John's surprised you?”

“It has,” she said, quietly.

“Your prospects are not so sure as they were?”

“No, they are changed,” she said, in the same quiet tone, and impassive countenance.

“And you feel no great love to your new stepmother?”

“I have only seen Lady Alice once,” she replied, fidgeting on her seat.

“Well, you will see her oftener now,” he observed. “I hope she will make the Hall pleasant to you.”

“You have some motive in this conversation,” said Clara, calmly. “You may trust me, I do not love Lady Alice sufficiently to betray you.”

And now her voice had a tone of bitterness surpassing Mardyn's; he looked steadily at her; she met and returned his gaze, and that interchange of looks seemed to satisfy both, Mardyn at once began:

“Neither of us have much cause to like Sir John's new bride; she may strip you of a splendid inheritance, and I have still more reason to detest her. Shortly after my arrival in London, I met

Lady Alice Mortimer. I had heard much of her beauty—it seemed to me to surpass all I had heard. I loved her; she seemed all playful simplicity and innocence; but I discovered she had come to the age of calculation, and that though many followed, and praised her wit and beauty, I was almost the only one who was serious in wishing to marry Lord Mortimer's poor and somewhat *passée* daughter. She loved me, I believe, as well as she could love any one. That was not the love I gave, or asked in return. In brief, I saw through her sheer heartlessness, the first moment I saw her waver between the wealth of an old sensualist, and my love. I left her, but with an oath of vengeance; in the pursuit of that revenge it will be your interest to assist. Will you aid me?" [645]

"How can I?" she asked.

"It is not difficult," he replied. "Lady Alice and I have met to-night; she prefers me still. Let her gallant bridegroom only know this, and we have not much to fear."

Clara Daventry paused, and, with clenched hands, and knit brow, ruminated on his words—familiar with the labyrinthine paths of the plotter, she was not long silent.

"I think I see what you mean," she said. "And I suppose you have provided means to accomplish your scheme?"

"They are provided for us. Where could we find materials more made to our hands?—a few insinuations, a conversation overheard, a note conveyed opportunely—these are trifles, but trifles are the levers of human action."

There was no more said then; each saw partly through the insincerity and falsehood of the other, yet each knew they agreed in a common object. These were strange scenes to await a bride, on the first eve in her new home.

Two or three months have passed since these conversations. Sir John Daventry's manner has changed to his bride: he is no longer the lover, but the severe, exacting husband. It may be that he is annoyed at all his long-confirmed bachelor habits being broken in upon, and that, in time, he will become used to the

change, and settle down contentedly in his new capacity; but yet something more than this seems to be at the bottom of his discontent. Since a confidential conversation, held over their wine between him and Charles Mardyn, his manner had been unusually captious. Mardyn had, after submitting some time, taken umbrage at a marked insult, and set off for London. On Lady Alice, in especial, her husband spent his fits of ill-humor. With Clara he was more than ever friendly; her position was now the most enviable in that house. But she strove to alleviate her stepmother's discomforts by every attention a daughter could be supposed to show, and these proofs of amiable feeling seemed to touch Sir John, and as the alienation between him and his wife increased, to cement an attachment between Clara and her father.

Lady Alice had lately imparted to her husband a secret that might be supposed calculated to fill him with joyous expectations, and raise hopes of an heir to his vast possessions; but the communication had been received in sullen silence, and seemed almost to increase his savage sternness—treatment which stung Lady Alice to the quick; and when she retired to her room, and wept long and bitterly over this unkind reception of news she had hoped would have restored his fondness, in those tears mingled a feeling of hate and loathing to the author of her grief. Long and dreary did the next four months appear to the beautiful Lady of Daventry, who, accustomed to the flattery and adulation of the London world, could ill-endure the seclusion and harsh treatment of the Hall.

At the end of that time, Charles Mardyn again made his appearance; the welcome he received from Sir John was hardly courteous. Clara's manner, too, seemed constrained; but his presence appeared to remove a weight from Lady Alice's mind, and restore her a portion of her former spirits. From the moment of Mardyn's arrival, Sir John Daventry's manner changed to his wife: he abandoned the use of sarcastic language, and avoided all occasion of dispute with her, but assumed an icy calmness of

demeanor, the more dangerous, because the more clear-sighted. He now confided his doubts to Clara; he had heard from Mardyn that his wife had, before her marriage, professed an attachment to him. In this, though jestingly alluded to, there was much to work on a jealous and exacting husband. The contrast in age, in manner, and appearance, was too marked, not to allow of the suspicion that his superiority in wealth and position had turned the scale in his favor—a suspicion which, cherished, had grown to be the demon that allowed him no peace of mind, and built up a fabric fraught with wretchedness on this slight foundation. All this period Lady Alice's demeanor to Mardyn was but too well calculated to deepen these suspicions. Now, too, had come the time to strike a decisive blow. In this Clara was thought a fitting instrument.

“You are indeed unjust,” she said, with a skillful assumption of earnestness; “Lady Alice considers she should be a mother to Charles—they meet often; it is that she may advise him, She thinks he is extravagant—that he spends too much time in London, and wishes to make the country more agreeable to him.”

“Yes, Clary, I know she does; she would be glad to keep the fellow always near her.”

“You mistake, sir, I assure you; I have been with them when they were together; their language has been affectionate, but as far as the relationship authorizes.”

“Our opinions on that head differ, Clary; she deceived me, and by —— she shall suffer for it. She never told me she had known him; the fellow insulted me by informing me when it was too late. He did not wish to interfere—it was over now—he told me with a sneer.”

“He was wounded by her treatment; so wounded, that, except as your wife, and to show you respect, I know he would never have spoken to her. But if your doubts can not be hushed, they may be satisfactorily dispelled.”

“How—tell me?”

“Lady Alice and Charles sit every morning in the library; there are curtained recesses there, in any of which you may conceal yourself, and hear what passes.”

“Good—good; but if you hint or breathe to them—”

“I merely point it out,” she interrupted, “as a proof of my perfect belief in Charles's principle and Lady Alice's affection for you. If a word passes that militates against that belief, I will renounce it.”

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A sneer distorted Sir John's features. When not blinded by passion, he saw clearly through character and motives. He had by this discerned Clara's dislike to Lady Alice, and now felt convinced she suggested the scheme as she guessed he would have his suspicions confirmed. He saw thus far, but he did not see through a far darker plot—he did not see that, in the deep game they played against him, Charles and Clara were confederates.

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That was a pleasant room; without, through bayed windows, lay a wide and fertile prospect of sunny landscape; within, it was handsomely and luxuriously furnished. There were books in gorgeous bindings; a range of marble pillars swept its length; stands of flowers, vases of agate and alabaster, were scattered on every side; and after breakfast Mardyn and Lady Alice made it their sitting-room. The morning after the scheme suggested by Clara, they were sitting in earnest converse, Lady Alice, looking pale and care-worn, was weeping convulsively.

“You tell me you must go,” she said; “and were it a few months later, I would forsake all and accompany you. But for the sake of my unborn infant, you must leave me. At another time return, and you may claim me.”

“Dear Alice,” he whispered softly, “dear, dear Alice, why did you not know me sooner? Why did you not love me more, and you would now have been my own, my wife?”

“I was mad,” she replied, sadly; “but I have paid the penalty of my sin against you. The last year has been one of utter misery

to me. If there is a being on earth I loathe, it is the man I must call my husband; my hatred to him is alone inferior to my love for you. When I think what I sacrificed for him," she continued, passionately, "the bliss of being your wife, resigned to unite myself to a vapid sensualist, a man who was a spendthrift of his passions in youth, and yet asks to be loved, as if the woman most lost to herself could feel love for him."

It was what he wished. Lady Alice had spoken with all the extravagance of woman's exaggeration; her companion smiled; she understood its meaning.

"You despise, me," she said, "that I could marry the man of whom I speak thus."

"No," he replied; "but perhaps you judge Sir John harshly. We must own he has some cause for jealousy."

Despite his guarded accent, something smote on Lady Alice's ear in that last sentence. She turned deadly pale—was she deceived? But in a moment the sense of her utter helplessness rushed upon her. If he were false, nothing but destruction lay before her—she desperately closed her eyes on her danger.

"You are too generous," she replied. "If I had known what I sacrificed—"

Poor, wretched woman, what fear was in her heart as she strove to utter words of confidence. He saw her apprehensions, and drawing her toward him, whispered loving words, and showered burning kisses on her brow. She leant her head on his breast, and her long hair fell over his arm as she lay like a child in his embrace.

A few minutes later the library was empty, when the curtains that shrouded a recess near where the lovers had sat were drawn back, and Sir John Daventry emerged from his concealment. His countenance betrayed little of what passed within; every other feeling was swallowed up in a thirst for revenge—a thirst that would have risked life itself to accomplish its object—for his suspicions had gone beyond the truth, black, dreadful as was that

truth to a husband's ears, and he fancied that his unborn infant owed its origin to Charles Mardyn; when, for that infant's sake, where no other consideration could have restrained her, Lady Alice had endured her woman's wrong, and while confessing her love for Mardyn, refused to listen to his solicitations, or to fly with him; and the reference she had made to this, and which he had overheard, appeared to him but a base design to palm the offspring of her love to Mardyn as the heir to the wealth and name of Daventry.

It wanted now but a month of Lady Alice's confinement, and even Mardyn and Clara were perplexed and indecisive as to the effect their stratagem had upon Sir John. No word or sign escaped him to betray what passed within—he seemed stricken with sudden age, so stern and hard had his countenance become, so fixed his icy calmness. They knew not the volcanoes that burned beneath their undisturbed surface. A sudden fear fell upon them; they were but wicked—they were not great in wickedness. Much of what they had done appeared to them clumsy and ill-contrived; yet their very fears lest they might be seen through urged on another attempt, contrived to give confirmation to Sir John's suspicions, should his mind waver. So great at this time was Mardyn's dread of detection that he suddenly left the Hall. He knew Sir John's vengeance, if once roused, would be desperate, and feared some attempts on his life. In truth his position was a perilous one, and this lull of fierce elements seemed to forerun some terrible explosion—where the storm might spend its fury was as yet hid in darkness. Happy was it for the Lady Alice Daventry that she knew none of these things, or hers would have been a position of unparalleled wretchedness, as over the plotters, the deceived, and the foredoomed ones, glided on the rapid moments that brought them nearer and nearer, till they stood on the threshold of crime and death.

And now, through the dark channels of fraud and jealousy, we have come to the eve of that strange and wild page in our story,

which long attached a tragic interest to the hails of Daventry, and swept all but the name of that ancient race into obscurity.

On the fifteenth of December, Lady Alice Daventry was confined of a son. All the usual demonstrations of joy were forbidden by Sir John, on the plea of Lady Alice's precarious situation. Her health, weakened by the events of the past year, had nearly proved unequal to this trial of her married life, and the fifth morning after her illness was the first on which the physician held out confident hopes of her having strength to carry her through. Up to that time the survival of the infant had been a matter of doubt; but on that morning, as though the one slender thread had bound both to existence, fear was laid aside, and calmness reigned through the mansion of Daventry. On that morning, too, arrived a letter directed to "The Lady Alice Daventry." A dark shade flitted over Sir John's face as he read the direction; then placing it among his other letters reserved for private perusal, he left the room. [647]

The day wore on, each hour giving increasing strength to the Lady Alice and her boy-heir. During its progress, it was noticed, even by the servants, that their master seemed unusually discomposed, and that his countenance wore an expression of ghastly paleness. As he sat alone, after dinner, he drank glass after glass of wine, but they brought no flush to his cheek—wrought no change in his appearance; some mightier spirit seemed to bid defiance to the effects of drink. At a late hour he retired to his room. The physician had previously paid his last visit to the chamber of his patient; she was in a calm sleep, and the last doubt as to her condition faded from his mind, as, in a confident tone, he reiterated his assurance to the nurse-tender "that she might lie down and take some rest—that nothing more was to be feared."

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The gloom of a December's night had closed, dark and dreary, around the Hall, while, through the darkness, the wind drove the heavy rain against the easements; but, undisturbed by the

rain and winds, the Lady Alice and her infant lay in a tranquil sleep; doubt and danger had passed from them; the grave had seemed to yawn toward the mother and child, but the clear color on the transparent cheek, the soft and regular breathing caught through the stillness of the chamber, when the wind had died in the distance, gave assurance to the nurse that all danger was past; and, wearied with the watching of the last four nights, she retired to a closet opening from Lady Alice's apartment, and was soon buried in the heavy slumber of exhaustion.

That profound sleep was rudely broken through by wild, loud cries, reaching over the rage of the elements, which had now risen to a storm. The terrified woman staggered to the bedroom, to witness there a fearful change—sudden, not to be accounted for. A night-lamp shed its dim light through the apartment on a scene of horror and mystery. All was silence now—and the Lady Alice stood erect on the floor, half shrouded in the heavy curtains of the bed, and clasping her infant in her arms. By this time the attendants, roused from sleep, had reached the apartment, and assisted in taking the child from its mother's stiff embrace; it had uttered no cry, and when they brought it to the light, the blaze fell on features swollen and lifeless—it was dead in its helplessness—dead by violence, for on its throat were the marks of strong and sudden pressure; but how, by whom, was a horrid mystery. They laid the mother on the bed, and as they did so, a letter fell from her grasp—a wild fit of delirium succeeded, followed by a heavy swoon, from which the physician failed in awaking her—before the night had passed, Lady Alice Daventry had been summoned to her rest. The sole clew to the events of that night was the letter which had fallen from Lady Alice; it the physician had picked up and read, but positively refused to reveal its contents, more than to hint that they betrayed guilt that rendered his wife and child's removal more a blessing than a misfortune to Sir John Daventry. Yet somehow rumors were heard that the letter was in Charles Mardyn's hand; that it had

fallen in Sir John's way, and revealed to him a guilty attachment between Mardyn and his wife; but how it came into her hands, or how productive of such a catastrophe as the destruction of her infant, her frenzy, and death, remained unknown: but one further gleam of light was ever thrown on that dark tragedy. The nurse-tender, who had first come to her mistress's assistance, declared that, as she entered the room, she had heard steps in quick retreat along the gallery leading from Lady Alice's room, and a few surmised that, in the dead of night, her husband had placed that letter in her hand, and told her he knew her guilt. This was but conjecture—a wild and improbable one, perhaps.

Charles Mardyn came not again to the Hall. What he and Clara Daventry thought of what had passed, was known only to themselves. A year went on, and Clara and her father lived alone—a year of terror to the former, for from that terrible night her father had become subject to bursts of savage passion that filled her with alarm for her own safety: these, followed by long fits of moody silence, rendered her life, for a year, harassed and wretched; but then settling into confirmed insanity, released her from his violence. Sir John Daventry was removed to an asylum, and Clara was mistress of the Hall. Another year passed, and she became the wife of Charles Mardyn. It was now the harvest of their labors, and reaped as such harvests must be. The pleasures and amusements of a London life had grown distasteful to Mardyn—they palled on his senses, and he sought change in a residence at the Hall; but here greater discontent awaited him. The force of conscience allowed them not happiness in a place peopled with such associations: they were childless, they lived in solitary state, unvisited by those of their own rank, who were deterred from making overtures of intimacy by the stories that were whispered affixing discredit to his name; his pride and violent temper were ill fitted to brook this neglect; in disgust, they left Daventry, and went to Mardyn Park, an old seat left him by his mother, on the coast of Dorsetshire. It was wildly situated,

and had been long uninhabited; and in this lonely residence the cup of Clara's wretchedness was filled to overflowing. In Mardyn there was now no trace left of the man who had once captivated her fancy; prematurely old, soured in temper, he had become brutal and overbearing; for Clara he had cast off every semblance of decency, and indifference was now usurped by hate and violence; their childless condition was made a constant, source of bitter reproach from her husband. Time brought no alleviation to this state of wretchedness, but rather increased their evil passions and mutual abhorrence. They had long and bitterly disputed one day, after dinner, and each reminded the other of their sins with a vehemence of reproach that, from the lips of any other, must have, overwhelmed the guilty pair with shame and terror. Driven from the room by Mardyn's unmanly violence and coarse epithets, Clara reached the drawing-room, and spent some hours struggling with the stings of conscience aroused by Mardyn's taunts. They had heard that morning of Sir John Daventry's death, and the removal of the only being who lived to suffer for their sin had seemed but to add a deeper gloom to their miserable existence—the time was past when any thing could bid them hope. Her past career passed through the guilty woman's mind, and filled her with dread, and a fearful looking out for judgment. She had not noticed how time had fled, till she saw it was long past Mardyn's hour for retiring, and that he had not come up stairs yet. Another hour passed, and then a vague fear seized upon her mind—she felt frightened at being alone, and descended to the parlor. She had brought no light with her, and when she reached the door she paused; all in the house seemed so still she trembled, and turning the lock, entered the room. The candles had burnt out, and the faint red glare of the fire alone shone through the darkness; by the dim light she saw that Mardyn was sitting, his arms folded on the table, and his head reclined as if in sleep. She touched him, he stirred not, and her hand, slipping from his shoulder, fell upon the table and was

wet; she saw that a decanter had been overturned, and fancied Mardyn had been drinking, and fallen asleep; she hastened from the room for a candle. As she seized a light burning in the passage, she saw that the hand she had extended was crimsoned with blood. Almost delirious with terror, she regained the room. The light from her hand fell on the table—it was covered with a pool of blood, that was falling slowly to the floor. With a wild effort she raised her husband—his head fell on her arm—the throat was severed from ear to ear—the countenance set, and distorted in death.

In that moment the curse of an offended God worked its final vengeance on guilt—Clara Mardyn was a lunatic.

## Mirabeau. An Anecdote Of His Private Life. (From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

The public life as well as the private character of Mirabeau are universally known, but the following anecdote has not, we believe, been recorded in any of the biographies. The particulars were included in the brief furnished to M. de Galitzane, advocate-general in the parliament of Provence, when he was retained for the defense of Madame Mirabeau in her husband's process against her. M. de Galitzane afterward followed the Bourbons into exile, and returned with them in 1814; and it is on his authority that the story is given as fact.

Mirabeau had just been released from the dungeon of the castle of Vincennes near Paris. He had been confined there for three years and a half, by virtue of that most odious mandate, a *lettre-de-cachet*. His imprisonment had been of a most painful nature; and it was prolonged at the instance of his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau. On his being reconciled to his father, the confinement terminated, in the year 1780, when Mirabeau was thirty-one years of age.

One of his father's conditions was, that Mirabeau should reside for some time at a distance from Paris; and it was settled that he should go on a visit to his brother-in-law, Count du Saillant, whose estate was situated a few leagues from the city of Limoges, the capital of the Limousin. Accordingly, the count went to Vincennes to receive Mirabeau on the day of his liberation, and they pursued their journey at once with all speed.

The arrival of Mirabeau at the ancient manorial château created a great sensation in that remote part of France. The country gentlemen residing in the neighborhood had often heard him spoken of as a remarkable man, not only on account of his brilliant talents, but also for his violent passions; and they hastened to the château to contemplate a being who had excited their curiosity to an extraordinary pitch. The greater portion of these country squires were mere sportsmen, whose knowledge did not extend much beyond the names and qualities of their dogs and horses, and in whose houses it would have been almost in vain to seek for any other book than the local almanac, containing the list of the fairs and markets, to which they repaired with the utmost punctuality, to loiter away their time, talk about their rural affairs, dine abundantly, and wash down their food with strong Auvergne wine.

Count du Saillant was quite of a different stamp from his neighbors. He had seen the world, he commanded a regiment, and at that period his château was perhaps the most civilized country residence in the Limousin. People came from a considerable

distance to visit its hospitable owner; and among the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial oddities, clad in their quaint costumes. At that epoch, indeed, the young Lismousin noblemen, when they joined their regiments, to don their sword and epaulets for the first time, were very slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their rustic retainers. [649]

It will easily be imagined, then, that Mirabeau, who was gifted with brilliant natural qualities, cultivated and polished by education—a man, moreover, who had seen much of the world, and had been engaged in several strange and perilous adventures—occupied the most conspicuous post in this society, many of the component members whereof seemed to have barely reached the first degrees in the scale of civilization. His vigorous frame; his enormous head, augmented in bulk by a lofty frizzled *coiffure*; his huge face, indented with scars, and furrowed with seams, from the effect of small-pox injudiciously treated in his childhood; his piercing eyes, the reflection of the tumultuous passions at war within him; his mouth, whose expression indicated in turn irony, disdain, indignation, and benevolence; his dress, always carefully attended to, but in an exaggerated style, giving him somewhat the air of a traveling charlatan decked out with embroidery, large frill, and ruffles; in short, this extraordinary-looking individual astonished the country-folks even before he opened his mouth. But when his sonorous voice was heard, and his imagination, heated by some interesting subject of conversation, imparted a high degree of energy to his eloquence, some of the worthy rustic hearers felt as though they were in the presence of a saint, others in that of a devil; and according to their several impressions, they were tempted either to fall down at his feet, or to exorcise him by making the sign of the cross, and uttering a prayer.

Seated in a large antique arm-chair, with his feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often contemplated, with a smile playing on his lips, those men who seemed to belong to the primitive

ages; so simple, frank, and at the same time clownish, were they in their manners. He listened to their conversations, which generally turned upon the chase, the exploits of their dogs, or the excellence of their horses, of whose breed and qualifications they were very proud. Mirabeau entered freely into their notions; took an interest in the success of their sporting projects; talked, too, about crops; chestnuts, of which large quantities are produced in the Limousin; live and dead stock; ameliorations in husbandry; and so forth; and he quite won the hearts of the company by his familiarity with the topics in which they felt the most interest, and by his good nature.

This monotonous life was, however, frequently wearisome to Mirabeau; and in order to vary it, and for the sake of exercise, after being occupied for several hours in writing, he was in the habit of taking a fowling-piece, according to the custom of the country, and putting a book into his game-bag, he would frequently make long excursions on foot in every direction. He admired the noble forests of chestnut-trees which abound in the Limousin; the vast meadows, where numerous herds of cattle of a superior breed are reared; and the running streams by which that picturesque country is intersected. He generally returned to the château long after sunset, saying that night scenery was peculiarly attractive to him.

It was during and after supper that those conversations took place for which Mirabeau supplied the principal and the most interesting materials. He possessed the knack of provoking objections to what he might advance, in order to combat them, as he did with great force of logic and in energetic language; and thus he gave himself lessons in argument, caring little about his auditory, his sole aim being to exercise his mental ingenuity and to cultivate eloquence. Above all, he was fond of discussing religious matters with the curé of the parish. Without displaying much latitudinarianism, he disputed several points of doctrine and certain pretensions of the church so acutely, that the pastor could

say but little in reply. This astonished the Limousin gentry, who, up to that time, had listened to nothing but the drowsy discourses of their curés, or the sermons of some obscure mendicant friars, and who placed implicit faith in the dogmas of the church. The faith of a few was shaken, but the greater number of his hearers were very much tempted to look upon the visitor as an emissary of Satan sent to the château to destroy them. The curé, however, did not despair of eventually converting Mirabeau.

At this period several robberies had taken place at no great distance from the château: four or five farmers had been stopped shortly after nightfall on their return from the market-towns, and robbed of their purses. Not one of these persons had offered any resistance, for each preferred to make a sacrifice rather than run the risk of a struggle in a country full of ravines, and covered with a rank vegetation very favorable to the exploits of brigands, who might be lying in wait to massacre any individual who might resist the one detached from the band to demand the traveler's money or his life. These outrages ceased for a short time, but they soon recommenced, and the robbers remained undiscovered.

One evening, about an hour after sunset, a guest arrived at the château. He was one of Count du Saillant's most intimate friends, and was on his way home from a neighboring fair. This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, and spoke but little, which surprised every body, inasmuch as he was usually a merry companion. His gasconades had frequently roused Mirabeau from his reveries, and of this he was not a little proud. He had not the reputation of being particularly courageous, however, though he often told glowing tales about his own exploits; and it must be admitted that he took the roars of laughter with which they were usually received very good-humoredly.

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Count du Saillant being much surprised at this sudden change in his friend's manner, took him aside after supper, and begged that he would accompany him to another room. When they were there alone, he tried in vain for a long time to obtain a

satisfactory answer to his anxious inquiries as to the cause of his friend's unwonted melancholy and taciturnity. At length the visitor said—"Nay, nay; you would never believe it. You would declare that I was telling you one of my fables, as you are pleased to call them; and perhaps *this* time we might fall out."

"What do you mean?" cried Count de Saillant; "this seems to be a serious affair. Am *I*, then, connected with your presentiments?"

"Not exactly *you*; but—"

"What does this *but* mean? Has it any thing to do with my wife? Explain yourself."

"Not the least in the world. Madame du Saillant is in nowise concerned in the matter: but—"

"*But!*—*but!* you tire me out with your *buts*. Are you resolved still to worry me with your mysteries? Tell me at once what has occurred—what has happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. No doubt I was frightened."

"Frightened!—and at what? By whom? For God's sake, my dear friend, do not prolong this painful state of uncertainty."

"Do you really wish me to speak out?"

"Not only so, but I demand this of you as an act of friendship."

"Well, I was stopped to-night at about the distance of half a league from your château."

"Stopped! In what way? By whom?"

"Why, stopped as people are stopped by footpads. A gun was leveled at me; I was peremptorily ordered to deliver up my purse; I threw it down on the ground, and galloped off. Do not ask me any more questions."

"Why not? I wish to know all. Should you know the robber again? Did you notice his figure and general appearance?"

"It being dark, I could not exactly discover: I can not positively say. However, it seems to me—"

"*What* seems to you? What or whom do you think you saw?"

"I never can tell *you*."

“Speak—speak; you can not surely wish to screen a malefactor from justice?”

“No; but if the said malefactor should be—”

“If he were my own son, I should insist upon your telling me.”

“Well, then, it appeared to me that the robber was your brother-in-law, MIRABEAU! But I might be mistaken; and, as I said before, fear—”

“Impossible: no, it can not be. Mirabeau a footpad! No, no. You *are* mistaken, my good friend.”

“Certainly—certainly.”

“Let us not speak any more of this,” said Count du Saillant. “We will return to the drawing-room, and I hope you will be as gay as usual; if not, I shall set you down as a mad-man. I will so manage that our absence shall not be thought any thing of.” And the gentlemen re-entered the drawing room, one a short time before the other.

The visitor succeeded in resuming his accustomed manner; but the count fell into a gloomy reverie, in spite of all his efforts. He could not banish from his mind the extraordinary story he had heard: it haunted him; and at last, worn out with the most painful conjectures, he again took his friend aside, questioned him afresh, and the result was, that a plan was agreed upon for solving the mystery. It was arranged that M. De —— should in the course of the evening mention casually, as it were, that he was engaged on a certain day to meet a party at a friend's house to dinner, and that he purposed coming afterward to take a bed at the château, where he hoped to arrive at about nine in the evening. The announcement was accordingly made in the course of conversation, when all the guests were present—good care being taken that it should be heard by Mirabeau, who at the time was playing a game of chess with the curé.

A week passed away, in the course of which a farmer was stopped and robbed of his purse; and at length the critical night arrived.

Count du Saillant was upon the rack the whole evening; and his anxiety became almost unbearable when the hour for his friend's promised arrival had passed without his having made his appearance. Neither had Mirabeau returned from his nocturnal promenade. Presently a storm of lightning, thunder, and heavy rain came on; in the midst of it the bell at the gate of the court-yard rang loudly. The count rushed out of the room into the court-yard, heedless of the contending elements; and before the groom could arrive to take his friend's horse, the anxious host was at his side. His guest was in the act of dismounting.

"Well," said M. De ——, "I have been stopped. It is really he. I recognized him perfectly."

Not a word more was spoken then; but as soon as the groom had led the horse to the stables, M. De —— rapidly told the count that, during the storm, and as he was riding along, a man, who was half-concealed behind a very large tree, ordered him to throw down his purse. At that moment a flash of lightning enabled him to discover a portion of the robber's person, and M. De —— rode at him; but the robber retreated a few paces, and then leveling his gun at the horseman, cried with a powerful voice, which it was impossible to mistake, "Pass on, or you are a dead man!" Another flash of lightning showed the whole of the robber's figure: it was Mirabeau, whose voice had already betrayed him! The wayfarer, having no inclination to be shot, put spurs to his horse, and soon reached the château.

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The count enjoined strict silence, and begged of his friend to avoid displaying any change in his usual demeanor when in company with the other guests; he then ordered his valet to come again to him as soon as Mirabeau should return. Half an hour afterward Mirabeau arrived. He was wet to the skin, and hastened to his own room; he told the servant to inform the count that he could not join the company at the evening meal, and begged that his supper might be brought to his room; and he went to bed as soon as he had supped.

All went on as usual with the party assembled below, excepting that the gentleman who had had so unpleasant an adventure on the road appeared more gay than usual.

When his guests had all departed, the master of the house repaired alone to his brother-in-law's apartment. He found him fast asleep, and was obliged to shake him rather violently before he could rouse him.

"What's the matter? Who's there? What do you want with me?" cried Mirabeau, staring at his brother-in-law, whose eyes were flashing with rage and disgust.

"What do I want? I want, to tell you that you are a wretch!"

"A fine compliment, truly!" replied Mirabeau, with the greatest coolness. "It was scarcely worth while to awaken me only to abuse me: go away, and let me sleep."

"*Can* you sleep after having committed so bad an action? Tell me—where did you pass the evening? Why did you not join us at the supper-table?"

"I was wet through—tired—harassed: I had been overtaken by the storm. Are you satisfied now? Go, and let me get some sleep: do you want to keep me chattering all night?"

"I insist upon an explanation of your strange conduct. You stopped Monsieur De —— on his way hither this evening: this is the second time you have attacked that gentleman, for he recognized you as the same man who robbed him a week ago. You have turned highwayman, then!"

"Would it not have been all in good time to tell me this to-morrow morning?" said Mirabeau, with inimitable *sang-froid*. "Supposing that I *did* stop your friend, what of that?"

"That you are a wretch!"

"And that you are a fool, my dear Du Saillant. Do you imagine that it was for the sake of his money that I stopped this poor country squire? I wished to put him to the proof, and to put myself to the proof. I wished to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the

most sacred laws of society: the trial was a dangerous one; but I have made it several times. I am satisfied with myself—but your friend is a coward.” He then felt in the pocket of his waistcoat, which lay on a chair by his bedside, and drawing a key from it, said, “Take this key, open my *scrutoire*, and bring me the second drawer on the left hand.”

The count, astounded at so much coolness, and carried away by an irresistible impulse—for Mirabeau spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabeau. It contained nine purses; some made of leather, others of silk; each purse was encircled by a label on which was written a date—it was that of the day on which the owner had been stopped and robbed; the sum contained in the purse was also written down.

“You see,” said Mirabeau, “that I did not wish to reap any pecuniary benefit from my proceedings. A timid person, my dear friend, could never become a highwayman; a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad. *You* are not the kind of man to understand me, therefore I will not attempt to make myself more intelligible. You would talk to me about honor—about religion; but these have never stood in the way of a well-considered and a firm resolve. Tell me, Du Saillant, when you lead your regiment into the heat of battle, to conquer a province to which he whom you call your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are performing a better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the king's highway, and demanding his purse?”

“I obey without reasoning,” replied the count.

“And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason,” rejoined Mirabeau. “I study all kinds of social positions, in order to appreciate them justly. I do not neglect even those positions or cases which are in decided opposition to the established order of things; for established order is merely conventional, and may be changed when it is generally

admitted to be faulty. Such a study is a dangerous, but it is a necessary one for him who wishes to gain a perfect knowledge of men and things. You are living within the boundary of the law, whether it be for good or evil. I study the law, and I endeavor to acquire strength enough to combat it if it be bad when the proper time shall arrive.”

“You wish for a convulsion then?” cried the count.

“I neither wish to bring it about nor do I desire to witness it; but should it come to pass through the force of public opinion, I would second it to the full extent of my power. In such a case you will hear me spoken of. Adieu. I shall depart to-morrow; but pray leave me now, and let me have a little sleep.”

Count du Saillant left the room without saying another word. Very early on the following morning Mirabeau was on his way to Paris.

## Terrestrial Magnetism. (From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

It is proposed in the following article to give the reader some idea of one of the greatest and most extensive scientific works going on at the present time in this country—namely, the examination of the phenomenon of the earth's magnetism; but before doing so, it will be necessary to make a few prefatory observations respecting magnetism generally. [652]

The attractive power of the natural magnet or loadstone over fragments of iron seems to have been known from the remotest antiquity. It is distinctly referred to by ancient writers, and Pliny

mentions a chain of iron rings suspended from one another, the first being upheld by a loadstone. It is singular that although the common properties of the loadstone were known, and even studied, during the dark ages, its directive power, or that of a needle touched or rubbed by it, seems to be the discovery of modern times, notwithstanding the claims of the Chinese and Arabians to an early acquaintance with this peculiarity.

There is no doubt that the mariner's compass was known in the twelfth century, for several authors of that period make special allusion to it; but centuries elapsed before its variation from pointing precisely to the poles became noticed. If a magnet be suspended by a thread, in such a manner as to enable it to move freely, it will, when all other magnetic bodies are entirely removed from it, settle in a fixed position, which, in this country, is about  $25^{\circ}$  to the west of north; this deviation of the needle from the north is called its variation. Again, if, in place of suspending a magnetized needle, making it move horizontally on a pivot, we balance it upon a horizontal axis, as the beam of a pair of scales, we shall find that it no longer remains horizontal, but that one end will incline downward, or, as it is called, *dip*, and this dip or inclination from a horizontal line is about  $70^{\circ}$  in this country.

Thus we are presented with two distinct magnetical phenomena: 1. The variation or declination of the needle; 2. Its dip or inclination; and to these we may add the intensity or force which draws the needle from pointing to the north, and which varies in different latitudes. These phenomena constitute what has been called terrestrial magnetism.

Recent writers, and among them the great philosopher Humboldt, have shown that in all probability the declination or variation of the magnet was known as early as the twelfth century; but this important discovery has been generally ascribed to Columbus. His son Ferdinand states that on the 14th September 1492, his father, when about 200 leagues from the island of Ferro, noticed for the first time the variation of the needle.

“A phenomenon,” says Washington Irving, “that had never before been remarked.” “He perceived,” adds this author, “about nightfall that the needle, instead of pointing to the north star, varied half a point, or between five and six degrees, to the northwest, and still more on the following morning. Struck with this circumstance, he observed it attentively for three days, and found that the variation increased as he advanced. He at first made no mention of this phenomenon, knowing how ready his people were to take alarm; but it soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the laws of nature were changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world, subject to unknown influences. They apprehended that the compass was about to lose its mysterious virtues; and without this guide, what was to become of them in a vast and trackless ocean? Columbus tasked his science and ingenuity for reasons with which to allay their terrors. He told them that the direction of the needle was not the polar star, but to some fixed and invisible point: the variation was not caused by any failing in the compass, but because this point, like the heavenly bodies, had its changes and revolutions, and every day described a circle round the pole. The high opinion that the pilots entertained of Columbus as a profound astronomer gave weight to his theory, and their alarm subsided.”

Thus, although it is possible that the variation of the needle had been noticed before the time of Columbus, it is evident that he had discovered the amount of the variation, and that it varied in different latitudes. The great philosopher Humboldt observes on this point, that “Columbus has not only the incontestible merit of having first discovered a line without magnetic variation, but also of having, by his considerations on the progressive increase of westerly declination in receding from that line, given the first impulse to the study of terrestrial magnetism in Europe.”

With respect to the dip or inclination of the magnetic needle, which must be regarded as the other element of magnetic

direction, there is little doubt that it was known long before the period usually assigned as the date of its discovery—namely, in 1576; for it is difficult to conceive how the variation of the needle should be observed and noted, and not its deviation from a horizontal line. In the above year a person of the name of Robert Norman, who styled himself “hydrographer,” published a book containing an account of this phenomenon. The title of this work is sufficiently curious to be quoted. It runs: “The New Attractive; containing a short Discourse of the Magnes or Loadstone, and amongst others his Virtues, of a neue discovered Secret and Subtill Propertie, concerning the Declination of the Needle touched therewith under the Plaine of the Horizon, now first found out by Robert Norman, Hydrographer.” In the third chapter we are told “by what meanes the rare and straunge declyning of the needle from the plaine of the horison was first found.”

“Having made many and diuers compasses, and using always to finish and end them before I touched the needle, I found continually that after I had touched the yrons with the stone, that presently the north point thereof would bend or declyne downwards under the horison in some quantity, insomuch that I was constrained to putt some small piece of waxe in the south parts thereof, to counterpoise this declyning, and to make it equal againe. Which effecte hauing many times passed my hands without any greate regarde thereunto, as ignorant of any such properties in the stone, and not before hauing heard or read of any such matter, it chanced at length that there came to my handes an instrument to be made with a needle of sixe inches long, which needle, after I had polished, cutt off at full length, and made it to stand leuel upon the pinn, so that nothing rested but only the touching of it with the stone. When I hadde touched the same, presently the north part thereof declyned down in such sort, that being constrained to cut away some of that part to make it equall againe in the end, I cut it too short, and so spoiled the needle

wherein I had taken so much paines.

“Hereby being straken into some cholar, I applyed myself to seek farther into this effecte; and making certain learned and expert men, my friends, acquainted in this matter, they advised me to frame some instrument to make some exact triall how much the needle touched with the stone would declyne, or what greatest angle it would make with the plaine of the horison.”

The author then proceeds to give a number of experiments which he made with his instrument, and which may be regarded as the dipping-needle in its first and rudest form. By it he found the inclination or dip to be  $71^{\circ} 50'$ .

It is remarkable, that until within the last seventy years, it appears to have been the received opinion that the intensity of terrestrial magnetism was the same at all parts of the earth's surface; or, in other words, that in all countries the needle was similarly affected. And yet few things are more inconstant; for, not only is the magnetic force widely different in various parts of our globe, but the magnetic condition itself is one of swift and ceaseless change.

The first person who attempted to collect and generalize observations on the variation of the needle, was Robert Halley, who constructed a chart, showing a series of lines drawn through the points or places where the needle exhibited the same variation. This chart was published in 1700, and was preceded by some exceedingly curious papers, communicated to the Royal Society, in which he expresses his belief that he has put it past doubt that the globe of the earth is one great magnet, having four magnetic poles or points of attraction, two near each pole of the equator; and that in those parts of the world which lie adjacent to any one of those magnetical poles, the needle is chiefly governed thereby, the nearest pole being always predominant over the more remote.

The great importance of collecting as much information as possible respecting the laws of magnetism, with a view to the proper understanding of its effects, was fully understood by

Halley, as the following passage, taken from one of his papers, read before the Royal Society in 1692, singularly attests: "The nice determination of the variation, and several other particulars in the magnetic system, is reserved for a remote posterity. All that we can hope to do is, to leave behind us observations that may be confided in, and to propose hypotheses which after-ages may examine, amend, or refute; only here I must take leave to recommend to all masters of ships, and all others, lovers of natural truths, that they use their utmost diligence to make, or procure to be made, observations of these variations in all parts of the world, as well in the north as south latitude, after the laudable custom of our East India commanders; and that they please to communicate them to the Royal Society, in order to leave as complete a history as may be to those that are hereafter to compare all together, and to complete and perfect this abstruse theory."

Halley's theory, or rather hypothesis, which regarded our globe as a great piece of clockwork, by which the poles of an internal magnet were carried round in a cycle of determinate but unknown period, was so far confirmed, that his variation chart had been hardly forty years completed, when, by the effect of these changes, it had already become obsolete; and to satisfy the requirements of navigation, it became necessary to reconstruct it. This was performed by the aid of various observations furnished by the Commissioners of the Navy, and the East India, Africa, and Hudson's Bay Companies. But the chart was far from satisfactory, and, in consequence of the discordant nature of the observations, no dependence could be placed on it.

No further steps were taken to ascertain the magnetism of the earth until the close of the last century, when the French government undertook the first comprehensive experimental inquiry on the subject. When the exploring expedition of La Pérouse was organized, the French Academy of Sciences prepared instructions for the expedition, containing

a recommendation that observations with the dipping-needle should be made at stations widely remote, as a test of the equality or difference of the magnetic intensity; suggesting also, with a sagacity anticipating the result, that such observations should particularly be made at those parts of the earth where the dip was greatest, and where it was least. The experiments, whatever their results may have been, which, in compliance with this recommendation, were made in the expedition of La Pérouse, perished in its general catastrophe, neither ships nor navigators having ever been heard of; but the instructions survived.

Our knowledge of the laws of magnetism was not increased until 1811, when, on the occasion of a prize proposed by the Royal Danish Academy, M. Hansteen, whose attention had for many years been turned to magnetic phenomena, undertook its re-examination. With indefatigable labor M. Hansteen traced back the history of the subject, and filled up the interval from Halley's time, and even from an earlier epoch (1600). The results appeared in his very remarkable and celebrated work, published in 1819, entitled, "Upon the Magnetism of the Earth;" [654] in which he clearly demonstrates, by a great number of facts, the fluctuation which the magnetical element has undergone during the last two centuries, confirming in great detail the position of Halley—that the whole magnetical system is in motion; that the moving force is very great, extending its effects from pole to pole; and its that motion is not sudden, but gradual and regular.

In the magnetic atlas which accompanies M. Hansteen's work there is a variation chart for 1787, showing the magnetic force at that period. In this chart the western line of no variation, or that which passes through all places on the globe when the needle points to the true north, begins in latitude  $60^{\circ}$  to the west of Hudson's Bay; proceeds in a southeast direction through the North American Lakes, passes the Antilles and Cape St. Roque, till it reaches the South Atlantic Ocean, when it cuts the meridian of Greenwich in about  $65^{\circ}$  of south latitude. This line of no variation

is extremely regular, being almost straight, till it bends round the eastern part of South America, a little south of the equator. The eastern line of no variation is exceedingly irregular, being full of curves and contortions of the most extraordinary kind, indicating plainly the action of local magnetic forces. It begins in latitude  $60^{\circ}$  south, below New Holland; crosses that island through its centre; extends through the Indian Archipelago with a double sinuosity, so as to cross the equator three times—first passing north of it to the east of Borneo, then returning to it, and passing south between Sumatra and Borneo, and then crossing it again south of Ceylon, from which it passes to the east through the Yellow Sea. It then stretches along the coast of China, making a semicircular sweep to the west, till it reaches the latitude of  $71^{\circ}$ , when it descends again to the south, and returns northwards with a great semicircular bend, which terminates in the White Sea. Thus it is demonstrated that in the northern hemisphere the general motion of the variation lines is from west to east, in the southern hemisphere from east to west.

A great impetus was given to the study of terrestrial magnetism by the publication of M. Hansteen's labors; and the various arctic expeditions sent out by the country did much toward making us acquainted with the laws of magnetism in the northern regions. One of these expeditions led to the discovery of the north magnetic pole, or that point where the dipping-needle assumes a vertical position. The discovery was made by Captain Sir James Ross, who sailed with his uncle Sir John Ross, in a voyage undertaken in search of a northwest passage. He left his uncle's ship with a party for the sole purpose of reaching this interesting magnetical point, which a series of observations assured him could not be very far distant. The following extract from his journal communicating his discovery will be read with interest. Under the date of the 31st of May 1831, he writes: "We were now within fourteen miles of the calculated position of the magnetic pole, and my anxiety, therefore, did not permit me to do or endure

any thing which might delay my arrival at the long wished-for spot. I resolved, therefore, to leave behind the greater part of our baggage and provisions, and to take onward nothing more than was strictly necessary, lest bad weather or other accidents should be added to delay, or lest unforeseen circumstances, still more untoward, should deprive me entirely of the high gratification which I could not but look to in accomplishing this most-desired object. We commenced, therefore, a most rapid march, comparatively disencumbered as we now were; and persevering with all our might, we reached the calculated place at eight in the morning of the 1st of June. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was  $89^{\circ} 59'$ , being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this magnetic pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed—a fact which even the most moderately-informed of readers must know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any. The land at this place is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. But nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot that she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers. We had abundance of materials for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister containing a record of the interesting fact, only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to stand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux.” The latitude of this spot is  $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ , and its longitude  $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$  west. The reader may remember that during his late

arctic voyage in search of Sir John Franklin, Sir James Ross was extremely anxious to revisit this interesting locality, which he was at one time not very distant from; but which, as the places of magnetic intensity are continually changing, he would no longer have found representing the north magnetic pole. It is not a little remarkable that during Sir John Ross's voyage, Mr. Barlow, who had been long engaged investigating the laws of magnetism, had constructed a magnetical map, in which he laid down a point which he described as that where, in all probability, the dipping-needle would be perpendicular, and which is the very spot where Sir James Ross ascertained the north magnetic pole to exist.

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But valuable and interesting as were the observations made by navigators in different parts of the globe, yet philosophers began to perceive that, without some definite plan of proceeding, the mere multiplication of random observations made here and there at irregular periods was not the course most likely to lead to desired results, and to make us acquainted with the mysterious laws of magnetism. The establishment of national observatories for the registration of magnetical observations became absolutely necessary; and the illustrious Humboldt, to whom every branch of science owes so much, gave the first impulse to this great undertaking. During the course of his memorable voyages and travels in various parts of the globe, the observation of the magnetic phenomena in all their particulars occupied a large portion of his attention; and as the commencement of any great work is always an epoch of rare and lasting interest, we shall give the philosopher's own words on the subject: "When the first proposal to establish a system of observatories forming a network of stations, all provided with similar instruments, was made by myself, I could hardly entertain the hope that I should actually live to see the time when, thanks to the united activity of excellent physicists and astronomers, and especially to the munificent and persevering support of two governments—the Russian and

the British, both hemispheres should be covered with magnetic observatories. In 1806 and 1807 my friend M. Altmanns and myself frequently observed the march of the declination needle at Berlin for five or six days and nights consecutively, from hour to hour, and often from half hour to half hour, particularly at the equinoxes and solstices. I was persuaded that continuous uninterrupted observations during several days and nights were preferable to detached observations continued during an interval of many months.”

Political disturbances, always ruinous to the calm researches of the man of science, for many years prevented Humboldt carrying his wishes into effect; and it was not until 1828 that he was enabled to erect a small observatory at Berlin, whose more immediate object was to institute a series of simultaneous observations at concerted hours at Berlin, Paris, and Freiburg. In 1829 magnetic stations were established throughout Northern Asia, in connection with an expedition to that country which emanated from the Russian government; and in 1832 M. Gauss, the illustrious founder of a general theory of terrestrial magnetism, established a magnetic observatory at Göttingen, which was completed in 1834, and furnished with his ingenious instruments.

In 1836 Baron Humboldt addressed a long and highly-interesting letter to the Duke of Sussex, then president of the Royal Society, urging the establishment of regular magnetical stations in the British possessions in North America, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and between the tropics, not only for the observation of the momentary perturbations of the needle, but also for that of its periodical and secular movements. This appeal was nobly responded to.

The Royal Society, in conjunction with the British Association, called on government to advance the necessary funds to establish magnetical observatories at Greenwich, and in various parts of the British possessions; and in 1839-40 magnetical establishments

were in activity at St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Canada, and Van Diemen's Land. The munificence of the directors of the East India Company founded and furnished, at the request of the Royal Society, magnetic observatories at Simla, Madras, Bombay, and Singapore, and the observations will be published in a similar form to those of the British observatories. We will now briefly describe the scheme of observations, and the manner of making them in the different observatories.

Each observatory is supplied with three magnetometers, or bars of magnetized steel, delicately suspended by threads of raw silk, which measure the magnetical declination, horizontal intensity, and vertical force—and such astronomical apparatus as is required for ascertaining the time and the true meridian. To these have also been added in each case a most complete and perfect set of meteorological instruments, carefully compared with the standards in possession of the Royal Society, not only for the purpose of affording the necessary corrections of the magnetic observations, but also with a view to obtaining at each station, at very little additional cost and trouble, a complete series of meteorological observations. In order that the observations may be made at the same periods of time, it was resolved that the mean time at Göttingen should be employed at all the stations, without any regard to the apparent times of day at the stations themselves. Each day is supposed to be divided into twelve equal portions of two hours each, commencing at all the stations at the same instants of absolute time, which are called the magnetic hours. At the commencement of each period of two hours throughout the day and night, with the exception of Sundays, the magnetometers are observed, and the meteorological instruments read off. Independently of these observations, others are made at stated periodical intervals every two minutes and a half during twenty-four hours. These are known by the name of “turn-day observations.” Printed forms for registering the observations have been prepared with great care, in order that a complete form

of registry may be preserved—a point of great importance, when it is remembered that all the observations made at the different stations must eventually be reduced and analyzed. A singularly felicitous adaptation of photography has been carried into effect with the magnetometers. By means of mirrors attached to their arms, reflected light is cast on highly-sensitive photographic paper wound round a cylinder moved by clockwork, and the slightest variation of the magnets is registered with the greatest accuracy.

The period has not yet arrived for reaping the fruits of all the labor carried on in the magnetic observatories at home and abroad, but already certain results have been deduced from the observations which are highly interesting. It appears that if the globe be divided into an eastern and a western hemisphere by a plane coinciding with the meridians of  $100^{\circ}$  and  $280^{\circ}$ , the western hemisphere, or that comprising the Americas and the Pacific Ocean, has a much higher magnetic intensity distributed generally over its surface than the eastern hemisphere, containing Europe and Africa, and the adjacent part of the Atlantic Ocean. The distribution of the magnetic intensity in the intertropical regions of the globe affords evidence of two governing magnetic centres in each hemisphere. The highest magnetic intensity which has been observed is more than twice as great as the lowest. It had long been known that in Europe the north end of a magnet suspended horizontally (meaning by the north end that which is directed toward the north) moves to the east from the night until between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, when an opposite movement commences, and the north end of the magnet moves to the west. Recent observations have shown that a similar movement takes place at the same hours of local time in North America, and that it is general in the middle latitudes of the northern hemisphere; but to show the capricious nature of magnetism, it may be mentioned, that although in the southern portion of the globe the movement of the magnet in [656]

the contrary direction is constant throughout the year, yet at St. Helena the peculiar feature of the diurnal is, that during one half of the year the movement of the north end of the magnet corresponds in direction with the movement which is taking place in the northern hemisphere, while in the other half of the year the direction corresponds with that which is taking place in the southern hemisphere.

Another striking result of these investigations is the estimate of the total magnetic power of the earth as compared with a steel bar magnetized one pound in weight. This proportion is calculated as 8,464,000,000,000,000,000 to 1, which, supposing the magnetic force uniformly distributed, will be found to amount to about six such bars to every cubic yard of the earth's surface.

Thus measured, it will be seen how tremendously mysterious is the power of magnetism, and how potent an influence it must possess over animate and inanimate nature! And not one of its least wonderful mysteries is its singular exception to the character of stability and permanence. The configuration of our globe, the distribution of temperature in its interior, the tides and currents of the ocean, the general course of winds, and the affections of climate—all these are appreciably constant. But magnetism, that subtle, undefinable fluid, is perpetually undergoing a change, and of so rapid a nature, that it becomes necessary to assume epochs, which ought not to be more than ten years apart, to which every observation should be reduced. The extreme importance of knowing the exact amount of magnetic variation can scarcely be overrated for maritime purposes; and the establishment of a complete magnetical theory, based on an extensive series of observations, must be regarded as a desideratum by the first nautical country.

The numerous magnetical surveys that have been made by our government, taken in conjunction with those in progress on the continent of Europe, and particularly in the Austrian dominions, give a full promise of the speedy realization of M. Humboldt's

wish, so earnestly expressed, that the materials of the first general magnetic map of the globe should be assembled; and even permit the anticipation, that the first normal epoch of such a map will be but little removed from the present year.

## Early History Of The Use Of Coal. (From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

Bituminous matter, if not the carboniferous system itself, exists abundantly on the banks of the Euphrates. In the basin of the Nile coal has been recently detected. It occurs sparingly in some of the states of Greece; and Theophrastus, in his “History of Stones,” refers to mineral coal (*lithanthrax*) being found in Liguria and in Elis, and used by the smiths; the stones are earthy, he adds, but kindle and burn like wood coals (the *anthrax*). But by none of the Oriental nations does it appear that the vast latent powers and virtues of the mineral were thus early discovered, so as to render it an object of commerce or of geological research. What the Romans termed *lapis ampelites*, is generally understood to mean our cannel coal, which they used not as fuel, but in making toys, bracelets, and other ornaments; while their *carbo*, which Pliny describes as *vehementer perlucet*, was simply the petroleum or naphtha, which issues so abundantly from all the tertiary deposits. Coal is found in Syria, and the term frequently occurs in the Sacred Writings. But there is no reference any where in the inspired record as to digging or boring for the mineral—no

directions for its use—no instructions as to its constituting a portion of the promised treasures of the land. In their burnt-offerings, wood appears uniformly to have been employed; in Leviticus, the term is used as synonymous with fire, where it is said that “the priests shall lay the parts in order upon the wood”—that is, on the fire which is upon the altar. And in the same manner for all domestic purposes, wood and charcoal were invariably made use of. Doubtless the ancient Hebrews would be acquainted with *natural* coal, as in the mountains of Lebanon, whither they continually resorted for their timber, seams of coal near Beirout were seen to protrude through the superincumbent strata in various directions. Still there are no traces of pits or excavations into the rock to show that they duly appreciated the extent and uses of the article.... For many reasons it would seem that, among modern nations, the primitive Britons were the first to avail themselves of the valuable combustible. The word by which it is designated is not of Saxon, but of British extraction, and is still employed to this day by the Irish, in their form of *o-gual*, and in that of *kolan* by the Cornish. In Yorkshire, stone hammers and hatchets have been found in old mines, showing that the early Britons worked coals before the invasion of the Romans. Manchester, which has risen upon the very ashes of the mineral, and grown to all its wealth and greatness under the influence of its heat and light, next claims the merit of the discovery. Portions of coal have been found under, or imbedded in the sand of a Roman way, excavated some years ago for the construction of a house, and which at the time were ingeniously conjectured by the local antiquaries to have been collected for the use of the garrison stationed on the route of these warlike invaders at Mancenion, or the Place of Tents. Certain it is that fragments of coal are being constantly, in the district, washed out and brought down by the Medlock and other streams, which break from the mountains through the coal strata. The attention of the inhabitants would in this way be the more early and readily

attracted by the glistening substance. Nevertheless, for long after, coal was but little valued or appreciated, turf and wood being the common articles of consumption throughout the country. About the middle of the ninth century, a grant of land was made by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the restriction of certain payments in kind to the monastery, among which are specified sixty carts of wood, and as showing their comparative worth, only twelve carts of pit coal. Toward the end of the thirteenth century, Newcastle is said to have traded in the article, and by a charter of Henry III., of date 1284, a license is granted to the burgesses to dig for the mineral. About this period, coals for the first time began to be imported into London, but were made use of only by smiths, brewers, dyers, and other artisans, when, in consequence of the smoke being regarded as very injurious to the public health, parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit the burning of coal, on the ground of being an intolerable nuisance. A proclamation was granted, conformable to the prayer of the petition; and the most severe inquisitorial measures were adopted to restrict or altogether abolish the use of the combustible, by fine, imprisonment, and destruction of the furnaces and workshops! They were again brought into common use in the time of Charles I., and have continued to increase steadily with the extension of the arts and manufactures, and the advancing tide of population, till now, in the metropolis and suburbs, coals are annually consumed to the amount of about three million of tons. The use of coal in Scotland seems to be connected with the rise of the monasteries.... Under the regime of domestic rule at Dunfermline, coals were worked in the year 1291—at Dysart and other places along the Fife coast, about half a century later—and generally in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants were assessed in coals to the churches and chapels, which, after the Reformation, have still continued to be paid in many parishes. Boethius records that in his time the inhabitants of Fife and the Lothians dug “a black stone,” which,

when kindled, gave out a heat sufficient to melt iron.—*Rev. Dr. Anderson's Course of Creation.*

## Jenny Lind. By Fredrika Bremer.

There was once a poor and plain little girl dwelling in a little room in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed, then; she was lonely and neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact she sang to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang.

The woman who had her in care went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat and sang. Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and sang, when a lady passed by. She heard the voice and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days later, followed by an old music master, whose name was Crelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished. He took her to the director of the Royal Opera of Stockholm, then a Count Puhe, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by rough speech and a morbid temper. Crelius introduced his little pupil to the count, and asked him to engage her as "*élève* for the opera." "You ask a foolish thing!" said the count, gruffly,

looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. "What shall we do with that ugly thing? see what feet she has? And then her face? She will never be presentable. No, we can not take her. Away with her!"

The music master insisted, almost indignantly. "Well," exclaimed he at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene; such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world!"

The count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for *élèves*, at the Opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombazine was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Breg, director of the song school of the Opera.

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Some years later, at a comedy given by the *élèves* of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a very young *élève* acted the part of a beggar-girl in the play. Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicksome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's *Freischutz*. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra at once lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up and was to appear before the public in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May—perfect in form—her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance, through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace. She seemed to move, speak, and

sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her "mezzo voice" was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre, to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life that called forth, not the mirth, but the tears of the auditors.

From this time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical tastes and knowledge are said not to be surpassed. And, year after year, she continued so, though, after a time, her voice, being overstrained, lost somewhat of its freshness, and the public being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightfully than ever in Pamina (in *Zauberflöte*) or in Anna Bolena, though the opera was almost deserted. She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia, in Paris, and so give the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble in which she is said to have been equalled by no singer, and which could be compared only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany, she charmed England. She was caressed and courted every where, even to adulation. At the courts of kings, the houses of the great and noble, she was feasted as one of the grandees of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her, "In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusky October night, crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seemed to belong to the upper classes of society)

thronged on the shore of the Baltic harbor at Stockholm. All looked toward the sea. There was a rumor of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered, and waited and looked out eagerly toward the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the entrance of the harbor, and was greeted with a general buzz on the shore.

“There she comes! there she is!” A large steamer now came whelming on its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, toward the shore of the “Skeppsbero.” Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer and nearer; now it relented, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing; now it lay still. And, there on the front of the deck, was seen by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale, graceful young woman, her eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on shore.

It was she again—our poor, plain, neglected little girl of former days—who now came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich; she had in her slender person the power to charm and inspire multitudes.

Some days later, we read in the papers of Stockholm, an address to the public written by the beloved singer, stating, with noble simplicity, that “as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where *élèves* for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge.” The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the Opera was crowded every night the beloved singer sang there. The first time she again appeared in *Somnambula* (one of her favorite roles), the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm,

and received her, when she appeared, with a roar of hurrahs. In the midst of the burst of applause a clear and melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch warbling, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, soaring warble—until she fell into the retournelle of her last song, and again sang that joyful and touching strain,

“No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart.”

# My Novel; Or, Varieties In English Life. By Pisistratus Caxton. (From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.)

## Book I.—Initial Chapter: Showing How My Novel Came To Be Written.

SCENE, *the Hall in Uncle Roland's Tower*; TIME, *night*; SEASON, *winter*.

Mr. Caxton is seated before a great geographical globe, which he is turning round leisurely, and “for his own recreation,” as, according to Sir Thomas Browne, a philosopher should turn round the orb, of which that globe professes to be the representation and effigies. My mother having just adorned a very small frock with a very smart braid, is holding it out at arm's length, the more to admire the effect. Blanche, though leaning both hands on my mother's shoulder, is not regarding the frock, but glances toward PISISTRATUS, who, seated near the fire leaning back in his chair, and his head bent over his breast, seems in a very bad humor. Uncle Roland, who has become a great novel reader, is deep in the mysteries of some fascinating Third Volume. Mr. Squills has brought *The Times* in his pocket for his own special profit and delectation, and is now bending his brows over “the state of the money market” in great doubt whether railway shares can possibly fall lower. For Mr. Squills, happy man! has large savings, and does not know what to do with his money; or, to

use his own phrase, "how to buy in at the cheapest, in order to sell out at the dearest."

Mr. Caxton, musingly.—"It must have been a monstrous long journey. It would be somewhere hereabouts, I take it, that they would split off."

My Mother, mechanically, and in order to show Austin that she paid him the compliment of attending to his remarks.—"Who split off, my dear?"

"Bless me, Kitty," said my father, in great admiration, "you ask just the question which it is most difficult to answer. An ingenious speculator on races contends that the Danes, whose descendants make the chief part of our northern population (and, indeed, if his hypothesis could be correct, we must suppose all the ancient worshippers of Odin), are of the same origin as the Etrurians. And why, Kitty? I just ask you, why?"

My mother shook her head thoughtfully, and turned the frock to the other side of the light.

"Because, forsooth," cried my father, exploding—"because the Etrurians called their gods 'the Æsar,' and the Scandinavians called theirs the Æsir, or Aser! And where do you think he puts their cradle?"

"Cradle!" said my mother, dreamily; "it must be in the nursery."

MR. CAXTON.—"Exactly—in the nursery of the human race—just here," and my father pointed to the globe; "bounded, you see, by the River Helys, and in that region which, taking its name from Ees, or As (a word designating light or fire), has been immemorially called *Asia*. Now, Kitty, from Ees or As, our ethnological speculator would derive not only *Asia*, the land, but Æser or Aser, its primitive inhabitants. Hence, he supposes the origin of the Etrurians, and the Scandinavians. But, if we give him so much, we must give him more, and deduce from the same origin the Es of the Celt, and the Ized of the Persian, and—what will be of more use to him, I dare say, poor man, than

all the rest put together—the Æs of the Romans, that is, the God of Copper-Money—a very powerful household god he is to this day!”

My mother looked musingly at her frock, as if she were taking my father's proposition into serious consideration.

“So, perhaps,” resumed my father, “and not unconformably with sacred records, from one great parent horde came all these various tribes, carrying with them the name of their beloved Asia; and whether they wandered north, south, or west, exalting their own emphatic designation of ‘Children of the Land of Light’ into the title of gods. And to think (added Mr. Caxton pathetically, gazing upon that speck in the globe on which his forefinger rested), to think how little they changed for the better when they got to the Don, or entangled their rafts amidst the icebergs of the Baltic—so comfortably off as they were here, if they could but have staid quiet!”

“And why the deuce could not they?” asked Mr. Squills.

“Pressure of population, and not enough to live upon, I suppose,” said my father.

PISISTRATUS, sulkily.—“More probably they did away with the Corn Laws, sir.”

“Papæ!” quoth my father, “that throws a new light on the subject.”

PISISTRATUS, full of his grievances, and not caring three straws about the origin of the Scandinavians—“I know that if we are to lose £500 every year on a farm which we hold rent-free, and which the best judges allow to be a perfect model for the whole country, we had better make haste, and turn Æsar, or Aser, or whatever you call them, and fix a settlement on the property of other nations, otherwise, I suspect, our probable settlement will be on the parish.”

MR. SQUILLS, who, it must be remembered, is an enthusiastic free-trader—“You have only got to put more capital on the land.”

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PISISTRATUS.—“Well, Mr. Squills, as you think so well of that investment, put *your* capital on it. I promise that you shall have every shilling of profit.”

MR. SQUILLS, hastily retreating behind *The Times*—“I don't think the Great Western can fall any lower: though it *is* hazardous—I can but venture a few hundreds—”

PISISTRATUS.—“On our land, Squills? Thank you.”

MR. SQUILLS.—“No, no—any thing but that—on the Great Western.”

Pisistratus relapses into gloom. Blanche steals up coaxingly, and gets snubbed for her pains.

A pause.

MR. CAXTON.—“There are two golden rules of life: one relates to the mind, and the other to the pockets. The first is—If our thoughts get into a low, nervous, aguish condition, we should make them change the air; the second is comprised in the proverb, ‘it is good to have two strings to one's bow.’ Therefore, Pisistratus, I tell you what you must do—write a book!”

PISISTRATUS.—“Write a book!—Against the abolition of the Corn Laws? Faith, sir, the mischief's done. It takes a much better pen than mine to write down an act of Parliament.”

MR. CAXTON.—“I only said, ‘Write a book.’ All the rest is the addition of your own headlong imagination.”

PISISTRATUS, with the recollection of the great book rising before him—“Indeed, sir, I should think that that would just finish us!”

MR. CAXTON, not seeming to heed the interruption—“A book that will sell! A book that will prop up the fall of prices! A book that will distract your mind from its dismal apprehensions, and restore your affection to your species, and your hopes in the ultimate triumph of sound principles—by the sight of a favorable balance at the end of the yearly accounts. It is astonishing what a difference that little circumstance makes in our views of things in general. I remember when the bank, in which Squills had

incautiously left £1000, broke; one remarkably healthy year, that he became a great alarmist, and said that the country was on the verge of ruin; whereas, you see now, when, thanks to a long succession of sickly seasons, he has a surplus capital to risk in the Great Western—he is firmly persuaded that England was never in so prosperous a condition.”

MR. SQUILLS, rather sullenly.—“Pooh, pooh.”

MR. CAXTON.—“Write a book, my son—write a book. Need I tell you that Money or Moneta, according to Hyginus, was the mother of the Muses? Write a book.”

BLANCHE and my MOTHER, in full chorus.—“yes, Sisty—a book—a book! you must write a book!”

“I am sure,” quoth my Uncle Roland, slamming down the volume he had just concluded, “he could write a devilish deal better book than this; and how I come to read such trash, night after night, is more than I could possibly explain to the satisfaction of any intelligent jury, if I were put into a witness-box, and examined in the mildest manner by my own counsel.”

MR. CAXTON.—“You see that Roland tells us exactly what sort of a book it shall be.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Trash, sir?”

MR. CAXTON.—“No—that is not necessarily trash—but a book of that class which, whether trash or not, people can't help reading. Novels have become a necessity of the age. You must write a novel.”

PISISTRATUS, flattered, but dubious.—“A novel! But every subject on which novels can be written is preoccupied. There are novels on low life, novels of high life, military novels, naval novels, novels philosophical, novels religious, novels historical, novels descriptive of India, the Colonies, Ancient Rome, and the Egyptian Pyramids. From what bird, wild eagle, or barn-door fowl, can I

‘Pluck one unwearied plume from Fancy's wing?’ ”

MR. CAXTON, after a little thought.—“You remember the story which Trevanion (I beg his pardon, Lord Ulswater) told us the other night. That gives you something of the romance of real life for your plot—puts you chiefly among scenes with which you are familiar, and furnishes you with characters which have been very sparingly dealt with since the time of Fielding. You can give us the country squire, as you remember him in your youth: it is a specimen of a race worth preserving—the old idiosyncrasies of which are rapidly dying off, as the railways bring Norfolk and Yorkshire within easy reach of the manners of London. You can give us the old-fashioned parson, as in all essentials he may yet be found—but before you had to drag him out of the great Puseyite sectarian bog; and, for the rest, I really think that while, as I am told, many popular writers are doing their best, especially in France, and perhaps a little in England, to set class against class, and pick up every stone in the kennel to shy at a gentleman with a good coat on his back, something useful might be done by a few good humored sketches of those innocent criminals a little better off than their neighbors, whom, however we dislike them, I take it for granted we shall have to endure, in one shape or another, as long as civilization exists; and they seem, on the whole, as good in their present shape, as we are likely to get, shake the dice-box of society how we will.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Very well said, sir; but this rural country gentleman life is not so new as you think. There's Washington Irving—”

MR. CAXTON.—“Charming—but rather the manners of the last century than this. You may as well cite Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley.”

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PISISTRATUS.—“*Tremaine and De Vere.*”

MR. CAXTON.—“Nothing can be more graceful, nor more unlike what I mean. The Pales and Terminus I wish you to put up in the fields are familiar images, that you may cut out of in oak tree—not beautiful marble statues, on porphyry pedestals twenty

feet high.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Miss Austin; Mrs. Gore in her masterpiece of *Mrs. Armytage*; Mrs. Marsh, too; and then (for Scottish manners) Miss Ferrier!”

MR. CAXTON, growing cross.—“Oh, if you can not treat on bucolics but what you must hear some Virgil or other cry ‘Stop thief!’ you deserve to be tossed by one of your own ‘short-horns.’ (Still more contemptuously)—I am sure I don't know why we spend so much money on sending our sons to school to learn Latin, when that Anachronism of yours, Mrs. Caxton, can't even construe a line and a half of Phædrus. Phædrus, Mrs. Caxton—a book which is in Latin what Goody Two Shoes is in the vernacular!”

MRS. CAXTON, alarmed and indignant.—“Fie, Austin! I am sure you can construe Phædras, dear!”

Pisistratus prudently preserves silence.

MR. CAXTON.—“I'll try him—

“Sua cuique quum sit animi cogitatio  
Colorque proprius.”

What does that mean?”

PISISTRATUS, smiling.—“That every man has some coloring matter within him, to give his own tinge to—”

“His own novel,” interrupted my father! “*Contentus peragis.*”

During the latter part of this dialogue, Blanche had sewn together three quires of the best Bath paper, and she now placed them on a little table before me, with her own inkstand and steel pen.

My mother put her finger to her lip, and said, “Hush!” my father returned to the cradle of the Æsar; Captain Roland leant his cheek on his hand, and gazed abstractedly on the fire; Mr. Squills fell into a placid doze; and, after three sighs that would have melted a heart of stone, I rushed into—MY NOVEL.

## Chapter II.

“There has never been occasion to use them since I've been in the parish,” said Parson Dale.

“What does that prove?” quoth the Squire, sharply, and looking the Parson full in the face.

“Prove!” repeated Mr. Dale—with a smile of benign, yet too conscious superiority—“What does experience prove?”

“That your forefathers were great blockheads, and that their descendant is not a whit the wiser.”

“Squire,” replied the Parson, “although that is a melancholy conclusion, yet if you mean it to apply universally, and not to the family of the Dales in particular, it is not one which my candor as a reasoner, and my humility as a mortal, will permit me to challenge.”

“I defy you.” said Mr. Hazeldean, triumphantly. “But to stick to the subject, which it is monstrous hard to do when one talks with a parson, I only just ask you to look yonder, and tell me on your conscience—I don't even say as a parson, but as a parishioner—whether you ever saw a more disreputable spectacle?”

While he spoke, the Squire, leaning heavily on the Parson's left shoulder, extended his cane in a line parallel with the right eye of that disputatious ecclesiastic, so that he might guide the organ of sight to the object he had thus unflatteringly described.

“I confess,” said the Parson, “that, regarded by the eye of the senses, it is a thing that in its best day had small pretensions to beauty, and is not elevated into the picturesque even by neglect and decay. But, my friend, regarded by the eye of the inner man—of the rural philosopher and parochial legislator—I say it is by neglect and decay that it is rendered a very pleasing feature in what I may call ‘the moral topography of a parish.’ ”

The Squire looked at the Parson as if he could have beaten him; and indeed, regarding the object in dispute not only with

the eye of the outer man, but the eye of law and order, the eye of a country gentleman and a justice of the peace, the spectacle *was* scandalously disreputable. It was moss-grown; it was worm-eaten; it was broken right in the middle; through its four socketless eyes, neighbored by the nettle, peered the thistle:—the thistle!—a forest of thistles!—and, to complete the degradation of the whole, those thistles had attracted the donkey of an itinerant tinker; and the irreverent animal was in the very act of taking his luncheon out of the eyes and jaws of—THE PARISH STOCKS.

The Squire looked as if he could have beaten the Parson; but as he was not without some slight command of temper, and a substitute was luckily at hand, he gulped down his resentment and made a rush—at the donkey!

Now the donkey was hampered by a rope to its forefeet, to the which was attached a billet of wood called technically “a clog,” so that it had no fair chance of escape from the assault its sacrilegious luncheon had justly provoked. But, the ass turning round with unusual nimbleness at the first stroke of the cane, the Squire caught his foot in the rope, and went head over heels among the thistles. The donkey gravely bent down, and thrice smelt or sniffed its prostrate foe; then, having convinced itself that it had nothing farther to apprehend for the present, and very willing to make the best of the reprieve, according to the poetical admonition, “Gather your rosebuds while you may,” it cropped a thistle in full bloom, close to the ear of the Squire; so close indeed, that the Parson thought the ear was gone; and with the more probability, inasmuch as the Squire, feeling the warm breath of the creature, bellowed out with all the force of lungs accustomed to give a View-hallo! [662]

“Bless me, is it gone?” said the Parson, thrusting his person between the ass and the squire.

“Zounds and the devil!” cried the Squire, rubbing himself as he rose to his feet.

"Hush," said the parson gently "What a horrible oath!"

"Horrible oath! If you had my nankeens on," said the Squire, still rubbing himself, "and had fallen into a thicket of thistles with a donkey's teeth within an inch of your ear!"

"It is not gone—then?" interrupted the Parson.

"No—that is, I think not," said the Squire dubiously; and he clapped his hand to the organ in question. "No! it is not gone!"

"Thank Heaven!" said the good Clergyman kindly.

"Hum," growled the Squire, who was now once more engaged in rubbing himself. "Thank Heaven indeed, when I am as full of thorns as a porcupine! I should just like to know what use thistles are in the world."

"For donkeys to eat, if you will let them, Squire," answered the Parson.

"Ugh, you beast!" cried Mr. Hazeldean, all his wrath reawakened, whether by the reference to the donkey species, or his inability to reply to the Parson, or perhaps by some sudden prick too sharp for humanity—especially humanity in nankeens—to endure without kicking; "Ugh, you beast!" he exclaimed, shaking his cane at the donkey, who, at the interposition of the Parson, had respectfully recoiled a few paces, and now stood switching its thin tail, and trying vainly to lift one of its fore legs—for the flies teased it.

"Poor thing!" said the Parson pityingly. "See, it has a raw place on the shoulder, and the flies have found out the sore."

"I am devilish glad to hear it," said the Squire vindictively.

"Fie, fie!"

"It is very well to say 'Fie, fie.' It was not you who fell among the thistles. What's the man about now, I wonder?"

The Parson had walked toward a chestnut tree that stood on the village green—he broke off a bough—returned to the donkey—whisked away the flies, and then tenderly placed the broad leaves over the sore, as a protection from the swarms.

The donkey turned round its head, and looked at him with mild wonder.

“I would bet a shilling,” said the Parson, softly, “that this is the first act of kindness thou hast met with this many a day. And slight enough it is, Heaven knows.”

With that the Parson put his hand into his pocket, and drew out an apple. It was a fine large rose-cheeked apple: one of the last winter's store, from the celebrated tree in the parsonage garden, and he was taking it as a present to a little boy in the village who had notably distinguished himself in the Sunday school. “Nay, in common justice, Lenny Fairfield should have the preference,” muttered the Parson. The ass pricked up one of its ears, and advanced its head timidly. “But Lenny Fairfield would be as much pleased with twopence: and what could twopence do to thee?” The ass's nose now touched the apple. “Take it in the name of Charity,” quoth the Parson, “Justice is accustomed to be served last.” And the ass took the apple. “How had you the heart?” said the Parson, pointing to the Squire's cane.

The ass stopped munching, and looked askant at the Squire.

“Pooh! eat on; he'll not beat thee now!”

“No,” said the Squire apologetically. “But, after all, he is not an Ass of the Parish; he is a vagrant, and he ought to be pounded. But the pound is in as bad a state as the stocks, thanks to your new-fashioned doctrines.”

“New-fashioned!” cried the Parson almost indignantly, for he had a great disdain of new fashions. “They are as old as Christianity; nay, as old as Paradise, which you will observe is derived from a Greek, or rather a Persian word, and means something more than ‘garden,’ corresponding (pursued the Parson rather pedantically) with the Latin *vivarium*—viz. grove or park full of innocent dumb creatures. Depend on it, donkeys were allowed to eat thistles there.”

“Very possibly,” said the Squire drily. “But Hazeldean, though a very pretty village, is not Paradise. The stocks shall be mended

to-morrow—ay, and the pound too—and the next donkey found trespassing shall go into it, as sure as my name's Hazeldean.”

“Then,” said the Parson gravely, “I can only hope that the next parish may not follow your example; or that you and I may never be caught straying!”

### Chapter III.

Parson Dale and Squire Hazeldean parted company; the latter to inspect his sheep, the former to visit some of his parishioners, including Lenny Fairfield, whom the donkey had defrauded of his apple.

Lenny Fairfield was sure to be in the way, for his mother rented a few acres of grass land from the Squire, and it was now hay-time. And Leonard, commonly called Lenny, was an only son, and his mother a widow. The cottage stood apart, and somewhat remote, in one of the many nooks of the long green village lane. And a thoroughly English cottage it was—three centuries old at least; with walls of rubble let into oak frames, and duly whitewashed every summer, a thatched roof, small panes of glass, and an old doorway raised from the ground by two steps. There was about this little dwelling all the homely rustic elegance which peasant life admits of: a honeysuckle was trained over the door; a few flower-pots were placed on the window-sills; the small plot of ground in front of the house was kept with great neatness, and even taste; some large rough stones on either side the little path having been formed into a sort of rockwork, with creepers that were now in flower; and the potato-ground was screened from the eye by sweet peas and lupine. Simple elegance all this, it is true; but how well it speaks for peasant and landlord, when you see that the peasant is fond of his home, and has some spare time and heart to bestow upon mere embellishment. Such a peasant is sure to be a bad customer to the ale-house, and a safe

neighbor to the Squire's preserves. All honor and praise to him, except a small tax upon both, which is due to the landlord!

Such sights were as pleasant to the Parson as the most beautiful landscapes of Italy can be to the dilettante. He paused a moment at the wicket to look around him, and distended his nostrils voluptuously to inhale the smell of the sweet peas, mixed with that of the new-mown hay in the fields behind, which a slight breeze bore to him. He then moved on, carefully scraped his shoes, clean and well polished as they were—for Mr. Dale was rather a beau in his own clerical way—on the scraper without the door, and lifted the latch.

Your virtuoso looks with artistical delight on the figure of some nymph painted on an Etruscan vase, engaged in pouring out the juice of the grape from her classic urn. And the Parson felt as harmless, if not as elegant a pleasure, in contemplating Widow Fairfield brimming high a glittering can, which she designed for the refreshment of the thirsty hay-makers.

Mrs. Fairfield was a middle-aged, tidy woman, with that alert precision of movement which seems to come from an active orderly mind; and as she now turned her head briskly at the sound of the Parson's footsteps, she showed a countenance prepossessing, though not handsome—a countenance from which a pleasant hearty smile, breaking forth at that moment effaced some lines that, in repose, spoke “of sorrows, but of sorrows past;” and her cheek, paler than is common to the complexions even of the fair sex, when born and bred amidst a rural population, might have favored the guess that the earlier part of her life had been spent in the languid air and “within-doors” occupation of a town.

“Never mind me,” said the Parson, as Mrs. Fairfield dropped her quick courtesy, and smoothed her apron; “if you are going into the hayfield, I will go with you; I have something to say to Lenny—an excellent boy.”

WIDOW.—“Well, sir, and you are kind to say to it—but he is.”

PARSON.—“He reads uncommonly well, he writes tolerably; he is the best lad in the whole school at his catechism and in the Bible lessons; and I assure you, when I see his face at church, looking up so attentively, I fancy that I shall read my sermon all the better for such a listener!”

WIDOW, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.—“Deed, sir, when my poor Mark died, I never thought I could have lived on as I have done. But that boy is so kind and good, that when I look at him sitting there in dear Mark's chair, and remember how Mark loved him, and all he used to say to me about him, I feel somehow or other as if my goodman smiled on me, and would rather I was not with him yet, till the lad had grown up, and did not want me any more.”

PARSON, looking away, and after a pause.—“You never hear any thing of the old folks at Lansmere?”

“Deed, sir, sin' poor Mark died, they han't noticed me, nor the boy; but,” added the widow, with all a peasant's pride, “it isn't that I wants their money; only it's hard to feel strange like to one's own father and mother!”

PARSON.—“You must excuse them. Your father, Mr. Avenel, was never quite the same man after that sad event—but you are weeping, my friend, pardon me:—your mother is a little proud; but so are you, though in another way.”

WIDOW.—“I proud! Lord love ye, sir, I have not a bit of pride in me! and that's the reason they always looked down on me.”

PARSON.—“Your parents must be well off, and I shall apply to them in a year or two on behalf of Lenny, for they promised me to provide for him when he grew up, as they ought.”

WIDOW, with flashing eyes.—“I am sure, sir, I hope you will do no such thing; for I would not have Lenny beholden to them as has never given him a kind word sin' he was born!”

The Parson smiled gravely and shook his head at poor Mrs. Fairfield's hasty confutation of her own self-acquittal from the charge of pride, but he saw that it was not the time or moment

for effectual peace-making in the most irritable of all rancors, viz., that nourished against one's nearest relations. He therefore dropped that subject, and said, "Well, time enough to think [664] of Lenny's future prospects: meanwhile we are forgetting the hay-makers. Come."

The widow opened the back door, which led across a little apple orchard into the fields.

PARSON.—"You have a pleasant place here, and I see that my friend Lenny should be in no want of apples. I had brought him one, but I have given it away on the road."

WIDOW.—"Oh, sir, it is not the deed—it is the will; as I felt when the Squire, God bless him! took two pounds off the rent the year he—that is, Mark—died."

PARSON.—"If Lenny continues to be such a help to you, it will not be long before the Squire may put the two pounds on again."

"Yes, sir," said the widow simply; "I hope he will."

"Silly woman!" muttered the Parson. "That's not exactly what the schoolmistress would have said. You don't read nor write, Mrs. Fairfield; yet you express yourself with great propriety."

"You know Mark was a schollard, sir, like my poor, poor, sister; and though I was a sad stupid girl afore I married, I tried to take after him when we came together."

## Chapter IV.

They were now in the hayfield, and a boy of about sixteen, but like most country lads, to appearance much younger than he was, looked up from his rake, with lively blue eyes, beaming forth under a profusion of brown curly hair.

Leonard Fairfield was indeed a very handsome boy—not so stout nor so ruddy as one would choose for the ideal of rustic beauty; nor yet so delicate in limb and keen in expression as are those children of cities, in whom the mind is cultivated

at the expense of the body; but still he had the health of the country in his cheeks, and was not without the grace of the city in his compact figure and easy movements. There was in his physiognomy something interesting from its peculiar character of innocence and simplicity. You could see that he had been brought up by a woman, and much apart from familiar contact with other children; and such intelligence as was yet developed in him, was not ripened by the jokes and cuffs of his coevals, but fostered by decorous lecturings from his elders, and good little boy maxims in good little boy books.

PARSON.—“Come hither, Lenny. You know the benefit of school, I see: it can teach you nothing better than to be a support to your mother.”

LENNY, looking down sheepishly, and with a heightened glow over his face.—“Please, sir, that may come one of these days.”

PARSON.—“That's right Lenny. Let me see! why, you must be nearly a man. How old are you?”

Lenny looks up inquiringly at his mother.

PARSON.—“You ought to know, Lenny; speak for yourself. Hold your tongue, Mrs. Fairfield.”

LENNY, twirling his hat, and in great perplexity.—“Well, and there is Flop, neighbor Dutton's old sheep-dog. He be very old now.”

PARSON.—“I am not asking Flop's age, but your own.”

“Deed, sir, I have heard say as how Flop and I were pups together. That is, I—I—”

For the Parson is laughing, and so is Mrs. Fairfield; and the haymakers, who have stood still to listen, are laughing too. And poor Lenny has quite lost his head, and looks as if he would like to cry.

PARSON, patting the curly locks, encouragingly.—“Never mind; it is not so badly answered after all. And how old is Flop?”

LENNY.—“Why, he must be fifteen year and more.”

PARSON.—“How old, then, are you?”

LENNY, looking up with a beam of intelligence.—“Fifteen year and more!”

Widow sighs and nods her head.

“That's what we call putting two and two together,” said the Parson. “Or, in other words,” and here he raised his eyes majestically toward the haymakers—“in other words—thanks to his love for his book—simple as he stands here, Lenny Fairfield has shown himself capable of *INDUCTIVE RATIOCINATION*.”

At those words, delivered *ore rotundo*, the haymakers ceased laughing. For even in lay matters they held the Parson to be an oracle, and words so long must have a great deal in them.

Lenny drew up his head proudly.

“You are very fond of Flop, I suppose?”

“Deed he is,” said the widow, “and of all poor dumb creatures.”

“Very good. Suppose, my lad, that you had a fine apple, and that you met a friend who wanted it more than you; what would you do with it?”

“Please you, sir, I would give him half of it.”

The Parson's face fell. “Not the whole, Lenny?”

Lenny considered. “If he was a friend, sir, he would not like me to give him all!”

“Upon my word, Master Leonard, you speak so well, that I must e'en tell the truth. I brought you an apple, as a prize for good conduct in school. But I met by the way a poor donkey, and some one beat him for eating a thistle; so I thought I would make it up by giving him the apple. Ought I only to have given him the half?”

Lenny's innocent face became all smile; his interest was aroused. “And did the donkey like the apple?”

“Very much,” said the Parson, fumbling in his pocket, but thinking of Leonard Fairfield's years and understanding; and moreover, observing, in the pride of his heart, that there were [665]

many spectators to his deed, he thought the meditated twopence not sufficient, and he generously produced a silver sixpence.

“There, my man, that will pay for the half apple which you would have kept for yourself.” The Parson again patted the curly locks, and, after a hearty word or two with the other haymakers, and a friendly “Good-day” to Mrs. Fairfield, struck into a path that led toward his own glebe.

He had just crossed the stile, when he heard hasty but timorous feet behind him. He turned, and saw his friend Lenny.

LENNY, half crying, and holding out the sixpence.—“Indeed, sir, I would rather not. I would have given all to the Neddy.”

PARSON.—“Why, then, my man, you have a still greater right to the sixpence.”

LENNY.—“No, sir; 'cause you only gave it to make up for the half apple. And if I had given the whole, as I ought to have done, why, I should have had no right to the sixpence. Please, sir, don't be offended; do take it back, will you?”

The Parson hesitated. And the boy thrust the sixpence into his hand, as the ass had poked his nose there before in quest of the apple.

“I see,” said Parson Dale, soliloquizing, “that if one don't give Justice the first place at the table, all the other Virtues eat up her share.”

Indeed, the case was perplexing. Charity, like a forward impudent baggage as she is, always thrusting herself in the way, and taking other people's apples to make her own little pie, had defrauded Lenny of his due; and now Susceptibility, who looks like a shy, blush-faced, awkward Virtue in her teens—but who, nevertheless, is always engaged in picking the pockets of her sisters, tried to filch from him his lawful recompense. The case was perplexing; for the Parson held Susceptibility in great honor, despite her hypocritical tricks, and did not like to give her a slap in the face, which might frighten her away forever. So Mr. Dale

stood irresolute, glancing from the sixpence to Lenny, and from Lenny to the sixpence.

“*Buon giorno*—good-day to you,” said a voice behind, in an accent slightly but unmistakably foreign, and a strange-looking figure presented itself at the stile.

Imagine a tall and exceedingly meagre man, dressed in a rusty suit of black—the pantaloons tight at the calf and ankle, and there forming a loose gaiter over thick shoes buckled high at the instep; an old cloak, lined with red, was thrown over one shoulder, though the day was sultry; a quaint, red, outlandish umbrella, with a carved brass handle, was thrust under one arm, though the sky was cloudless; a profusion of raven hair, in waving curls that seemed as fine as silk, escaped from the sides of a straw-hat of prodigious brim; a complexion sallow and swarthy, and features which, though not without considerable beauty to the eye of the artist, were not only unlike what we fair, well-fed, neat-faced Englishmen are wont to consider comely, but exceedingly like what we are disposed to regard as awful and Satanic—to wit, a long hooked nose, sunken cheeks, black eyes, whose piercing brilliancy took something wizard-like and mystical from the large spectacles through which they shone; a mouth round which played an ironical smile, and in which a physiognomist would have remarked singular shrewdness and some closeness, complete the picture: imagine this figure, grotesque, peregrinate, and to the eye of a peasant certainly diabolical, then perch it on the stile in the midst of those green English fields, and in sight of that primitive English village; there let it sit straddling, its long legs dangling down, a short German pipe emitting clouds from one corner of those sardonic lips, its dark eyes glaring through the spectacles full upon the Parson, yet askant upon Lenny Fairfield. Lenny Fairfield looked exceedingly frightened.

“Upon my word, Dr. Riccabocca,” said Mr. Dale, smiling, “you come in good time to solve a very nice question in casuistry;” and herewith the Parson explained the case, and

put the question—"Ought Lenny Fairfield to have the sixpence, or ought he not?"

"*Cospetto!*" said the doctor. "If the hen would but hold her tongue, nobody would know that she had laid an egg."

## Chapter V.

"Granted," said the Parson; "but what follows? The saying is good, but I don't see the application."

"A thousand pardons!" replied Dr. Riccabocca, with all the urbanity of an Italian; "but it seems to me, that if you had given the sixpence to the *fanciullo*—that is, to this good little boy—without telling him the story about the donkey, you would never have put him and yourself into this awkward dilemma."

"But, my dear sir," whispered the Parson, mildly, as he inclined his lips to the Doctor's ear, "I should then have lost the opportunity of inculcating a moral lesson—you understand."

Dr. Riccabocca shrugged his shoulders, restored his pipe to his mouth, and took a long whiff. It was a whiff eloquent, though cynical—a whiff peculiar to your philosophical smoker—a whiff that implied the most absolute but the most placid incredulity as to the effect of the Parson's moral lesson.

"Still you have not given us your decision," said the Parson, after a pause.

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The doctor withdrew the pipe. "*Cospetto!*" said he. "He who scrubs the head of an ass wastes his soap."

"If you scrubbed mine fifty times over with those enigmatical proverbs of yours," said the Parson, testily, "you would not make it any the wiser."

"My good sir," said the Doctor, bowing low from his perch on the stile, "I never presumed to say that there were more asses than one in the story; but I thought that I could not better explain my meaning, which is simply this—you scrubbed the ass's head,

and therefore you must lose the soap. Let the *fanciullo* have the sixpence; and a great sum it is, too, for a little boy, who may spend it all upon pocket-money!”

“There, Lenny—you hear?” said the Parson, stretching out the sixpence. But Lenny retreated, and cast on the umpire a look of great aversion and disgust.

“Please, Master Dale,” said he, obstinately, “I’d rather not.”

“It is a matter of feeling, you see,” said the Parson, turning to the umpire; “and I believe the boy is right.”

“If it is a matter of feeling,” replied Dr. Riccabocca, “there is no more to be said on it. When Feeling comes in at the door, Reason has nothing to do but to jump out of the window.”

“Go, my good boy,” said the Parson, pocketing the coin; “but stop! give me your hand first. *There*—I understand you—good-by!”

Lenny's eyes glistened as the Parson shook him by the hand, and, not trusting himself to speak, he walked off sturdily. The Parson wiped his forehead, and sat himself down on the stile beside the Italian. The view before them was lovely, and both enjoyed it (though not equally) enough to be silent for some moments. On the other side the lane, seen between gaps in the old oaks and chestnuts that hung over the moss-grown pales of Hazeldean Park, rose gentle verdant slopes, dotted with sheep and herds of deer; a stately avenue stretched far away to the left, and ended at the right hand, within a few yards of a ha-ha that divided the park from a level sward of table-land gay with shrubs and flower-plots, relieved by the shade of two mighty cedars. And on this platform, only seen in part, stood the squire's old-fashioned house, red brick, with stone mullions, gable-ends, and quaint chimney-pots. On this side the road, immediately facing the two gentlemen, cottage after cottage whitely emerged from the curves in the lane, while, beyond, the ground declining gave an extensive prospect of woods and cornfields, spires and farms. Behind, from a belt of lilacs and evergreens, you caught a

peep of the parsonage-house, backed by woodlands, and a little noisy rill running in front. The birds were still in the hedgerows, only as if from the very heart of the most distant woods, there came now and then the mellow note of the cuckoo.

“Verily,” said Mr. Dale softly, “my lot has fallen on a goodly heritage.”

The Italian twitched his cloak over him, and sighed almost inaudibly. Perhaps he thought of his own Summer Land, and felt that amidst all that fresh verdure of the North, there was no heritage for the stranger.

However, before the Parson could notice the sigh or conjecture the cause, Dr. Riccabocca's thin lips took an expression almost malignant.

“*Per Bacco!*” said he; “in every country I find that the rooks settle where the trees are the finest. I am sure that, when Noah first landed on Ararat, he must have found some gentleman in black already settled in the pleasantest part of the mountain, and waiting for his tenth of the cattle as they came out of the ark.”

The Parson turned his meek eyes to the philosopher, and there was in them something so deprecating rather than reproachful, that Dr. Riccabocca turned away his face, and refilled his pipe. Dr. Riccabocca abhorred priests; but though Parson Dale was emphatically a parson, he seemed at that moment so little of what Dr. Riccabocca understood by a priest, that the Italian's heart smote him for his irreverent jest on the cloth. Luckily at this moment there was a diversion to that untoward commencement of conversation, in the appearance of no less a personage than the donkey himself—I mean the donkey who ate the apple.

## Chapter VI.

The Tinker was a stout swarthy fellow, jovial and musical withal, for he was singing a stave as he flourished his staff, and at the

end of each *refrain* down came the staff on the quarters of the donkey. The tinker went behind and sung, the donkey went before and was thwacked.

“Yours is a droll country,” quoth Dr. Riccabocca; “in mine it is not the ass that walks first in the procession, who gets the blows.”

The Parson jumped from the stile, and, looking over the hedge that divided the field from the road—“Gently, gently,” said he; “the sound of the stick spoils the singing! O Mr. Sprott, Mr. Sprott! a good man is merciful to his beast.”

The donkey seemed to recognize the voice of its friend, for it stopped short, pricked one ear wistfully, and looked up.

The Tinker touched his hat, and looked up too. “Lord bless your reverence! he does not mind it, he likes it. I would not hurt thee; would I, Neddy?”

The donkey shook his head and shivered; perhaps a fly had settled on the sore, which the chestnut leaves no longer protected.

“I am sure you did not mean to hurt him, Sprott,” said the Parson, more politely, I fear, than honesty—for he had seen enough of that cross-grained thing called the human heart, even in the little world of a country parish, to know that it requires management, and coaxing, and flattering, to interfere successfully between a man and his own donkey—“I am sure you did not mean to hurt him; but he has already got a sore on his shoulder as big as my hand, poor thing!”

“Lord love 'un! yes; that vas done a playing with the manger, the day I gave 'un oats!” said the Tinker.

Dr. Riccabocca adjusted his spectacles, and surveyed the ass. The ass pricked up his other ear, and surveyed Dr. Riccabocca. In that mutual survey of physical qualifications, each being regarded according to the average symmetry of its species, it may be doubted whether the advantage was on the side of the philosopher.

The Parson had a great notion of the wisdom of his friend, in all matters not immediately ecclesiastical.

“Say a good word for the donkey!” whispered he.

“Sir,” said the Doctor, addressing Mr. Sprott, with a respectful salutation, “there's a great kettle at my house—the Casino—which wants soldering: can you recommend me a Tinker?”

“Why, that's all in my line,” said Sprott, “and there ben't a Tinker in the country that I would recommend like myself, thof I say it.”

“You jest, good sir,” said the Doctor, smiling pleasantly. “A man who can't mend a hole in his own donkey, can never demean himself by patching up my great kettle.”

“Lord, sir!” said the Tinker, archly, “if I had known that poor Neddy had had two sitch friends in court, I'd have seen he was a gintleman, and treated him as sitch.”

“*Corpo di Bacco.*” quoth the Doctor, “though that jest's not new, I think the Tinker comes very well out of it.”

“True; but the donkey!” said the Parson, “I've a great mind to buy it.”

“Permit me to tell you an anecdote in point,” said Dr. Riccabocca.

“Well?” said the Parson, interrogatively.

“Once in a time,” pursued Riccabocca, “the Emperor Adrian, going to the public baths, saw an old soldier, who had served under him, rubbing his back against the marble wall. The emperor, who was a wise, and therefore a curious, inquisitive man, sent for the soldier, and asked him why he resorted to that sort of friction. ‘Because,’ answered the veteran, ‘I am too poor to have slaves to rub me down.’ The emperor was touched, and gave him slaves and money. The next day, when Adrian went to the baths, all the old men in the city were to be seen rubbing themselves against the marble as hard as they could. The emperor sent for them, and asked them the same question which he had

put to the soldier; the cunning old rogues, of course, made the same answer. 'Friends,' said Adrian, 'since there are so many of you, you will just rub one another!' Mr. Dale, if you don't want to have all the donkeys in the county with holes in their shoulders, you had better not buy the Tinker's!"

"It is the hardest thing in the world to do the least bit of good," groaned the Parson, as he broke a twig off the hedge nervously, snapped it in two, and flung the fragments on the road—one of them hit the donkey on the nose. If the ass could have spoken Latin, he would have said, "*Et tu, Brute!*" As it was, he hung down his ears, and walked on.

"Gee hup," said the Tinker, and he followed the ass. Then stopping, he looked over his shoulder, and seeing that the Parson's eyes were gazing mournfully on his *protégé*, "Never fear, your reverence," cried the Tinker kindly; "I'll not spite 'un."

## Chapter VII.

"Four o'clock," cried the Parson, looking at his watch; "half-an-hour after dinner-time, and Mrs. Dale particularly begged me to be punctual, because of the fine trout the Squire sent us. Will you venture on what our homely language calls 'pot luck,' Doctor?"

Now Riccabocca, like most wise men, especially if Italians, was by no means inclined to the credulous view of human nature. Indeed, he was in the habit of detecting self-interest in the simplest actions of his fellow-creatures. And when the Parson thus invited him to pot luck, he smiled with a kind of lofty complacency; for Mrs. Dale enjoyed the reputation of having what her friends styled "her little tempers." And, as well-bred ladies rarely indulge "little tempers" in the presence of a third person, not of the family, so Dr. Riccabocca instantly concluded that he was invited to stand between the pot and the luck! Nevertheless—as he was fond of trout, and a much more

good-natured man than he ought to have been according to his principles—he accepted the hospitality; but he did so with a sly look from over his spectacles, which brought a blush into the guilty cheeks of the Parson. Certainly Riccabocca had for once guessed right in his estimate of human motives.

The two walked on, crossed a little bridge that spanned the rill, and entered the parsonage lawn. Two dogs, that seemed to have sate on watch for their master, sprung toward him barking; and the sound drew the notice of Mrs. Dale, who, with parasol in hand, sallied out from the sash window which opened on the lawn. Now, O reader! I know that in thy secret heart, thou art chuckling over the want of knowledge in the sacred arcana of the domestic hearth, betrayed by the author; thou art saying to thyself, “A pretty way to conciliate little tempers indeed, to add to the offense of spoiling the fish the crime of bringing an unexpected friend to eat it. Pot luck, quotha, when the pot's boiled over this half hour!”

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But, to thy utter shame and confusion, O reader, learn that both the author and Parson Dale knew very well what they were about.

Dr. Riccabocca was the special favorite of Mrs. Dale, and the only person in the whole country who never put her out, by dropping in. In fact, strange though it may seem at first glance, Dr. Riccabocca had that mysterious something about him which we of his own sex can so little comprehend, but which always propitiates the other. He owed this, in part, to his own profound but hypocritical policy; for he looked upon woman as the natural enemy to man—against whom it was necessary to be always on the guard; whom it was prudent to disarm by every species of fawning servility and abject complaisance. He owed it also, in part, to the compassionate and heavenly nature of the angels whom his thoughts thus villainously traduced—for women like one whom they can pity without despising; and there was something in Signor Riccabocca's poverty, in his loneliness,

in his exile, whether voluntary or compelled, that excited pity; while, despite the threadbare coat, the red umbrella, and the wild hair, he had, especially when addressing ladies, that air of gentleman and cavalier which is or was more innate in an educated Italian, of whatever rank, than perhaps in the highest aristocracy of another country in Europe. For, though I grant that nothing is more exquisite than the politeness of your French marquis of the old *régime*—nothing more frankly gracious than the cordial address of a highbred English gentleman—nothing more kindly prepossessing than the genial good-nature of some patriarchal German, who will condescend to forget his sixteen quarterings in the pleasure of doing you a favor—yet these specimens of the suavity of their several nations are rare; whereas blandness and polish are common attributes with your Italian. They seem to have been immemorially handed down to him, from ancestors emulating the urbanity of Cæsar, and refined by the grace of Horace.

“Dr. Riccabocca consents to dine with us,” cried the Parson, hastily.

“If madame permit?” said the Italian, bowing over the hand extended to him, which, however, he forebore to take, seeing it was already full of the watch.

“I am only sorry that the trout must be quite spoiled,” began Mrs. Dale, plaintively.

“It is not the trout one thinks of when one dines with Mrs. Dale,” said the infamous dissimulator.

“But I see James coming to say that dinner is ready?” observed the Parson.

“He said *that* three quarters of an hour ago, Charles dear,” retorted Mrs. Dale, taking the arm of Dr. Riccabocca.

## Chapter VIII.

While the Parson and his wife are entertaining their guest, I propose to regale the reader with a small treatise apropos of that "Charles dear," murmured by Mrs. Dale;—a treatise expressly written for the benefit of THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

It is an old jest that there is not a word in the language that conveys so little endearment as the word "dear." But though the saying itself, like most truths, be trite and hackneyed, no little novelty remains to the search of the inquirer into the varieties of inimical import comprehended in that malign monosyllable. For instance, I submit to the experienced that the degree of hostility it betrays is in much proportioned to its collocation in the sentence. When, gliding indirectly through the rest of the period, it takes its stand at the close, as in that "Charles dear" of Mrs. Dale—it has spilt so much of its natural bitterness by the way that it assumes even a smile, "amara lento temperet risu." Sometimes the smile is plaintive, sometimes arch. *Ex. gr.*

(*Plaintive.*)

"I know very well that whatever I do is wrong, Charles dear."

"Nay, I am only glad you amused yourself so much without me, Charles dear."

"Not quite so loud! If you had, but my poor head, Charles dear," &c.

(*Arch.*)

"If you *could* spill the ink any where but on the best table-cloth, Charles dear!"

"But though you must always have your own way, you are not *quite faultless*, own, Charles dear," &c.

In this collocation occur many dears, parental as well as conjugal; as—"Hold up your head and don't look quite so cross, dear."

"Be a good boy for once in your life—that's a dear," &c.

When the enemy stops in the middle of the sentence, its venom is naturally less exhausted. *Ex. gr.*

“Really, I must say, Charles dear, that you are the most fidgety person,” &c.

“And if the house bills were so high last week, Charles dear, I should just like to know whose fault it was—that’s all.”

“Do you think, Charles dear, that you could put your feet any where except upon the chintz sofa?”

“But you know, Charles dear, that you care no more for me and the children than,” &c.

But if the fatal word spring up, in its primitive freshness, at the head of the sentence, bow your head to the storm. It then assumes the majesty of “my” before it; is generally more than simple objurgation—it prefaces a sermon. My candor obliges me to confess that this is the mode in which the hateful monosyllable is more usually employed by the marital part of the one flesh; and has something about it of the odious assumption of the Petruchian *pater-familias*—the head of the family—boding, not perhaps “peace, and love, and quiet life,” but certainly “awful rule and right supremacy.” *Ex. gr.* [669]

“My dear Jane—I wish you would just put by that everlasting tent-stitch, and listen to me for a few moments,” &c.

“My dear Jane—I wish you would understand me for once—don’t think I am angry—no, but I am hurt. You must consider,” &c.

“My dear Jane—I don’t know if it is your intention to ruin me; but I only wish you would do as all other women do who care three straws for their husbands’ property,” &c.

“My dear Jane—I wish you to understand that I am the last person in the world to be jealous; but I’ll be d—d if that puppy, Captain Prettyman,” &c.

Now, if that same “dear” could be thoroughly raked and hoed out of the connubial garden, I don’t think that the remaining nettles would signify a button. But even as it was, Parson Dale, good man, would have prized his garden beyond all the bowers which Spenser and Tasso have sung so musically, though

there had not been a single specimen of “dear,” whether the dear *humilis*, or the dear *superba*, the dear *pallida*, *rubra*, or *nigra*; the dear *umbrosa*, *florens*, *spicata*; the dear *savis*, or the dear *horrida*; no, not a single dear in the whole horticulture of matrimony which Mrs. Dale had not brought to perfection; but this, fortunately, was far from being the case. The *dears* of Mrs. Dale were only wild flowers, after all.

## Chapter IX.

In the cool of the evening, Dr. Riccabocca walked home across the fields. Mr. and Mrs. Dale had accompanied him half way; and as they now turned back to the Parsonage, they looked behind, to catch a glimpse of the tall, outlandish figure, winding slowly through the path amidst the waves of the green corn.

“Poor man!” said Mrs. Dale, feelingly; “and the button was off his wristband! What a pity he has nobody to take care of him! He seems very domestic. Don't you think, Charles, it would be a great blessing if we could get him a good wife?”

“Um,” said the Parson; “I doubt if he values the married state as he ought.”

“What do you mean, Charles? I never saw a man more polite to ladies in my life.”

“Yes, but—”

“But what? You are always so mysterious, Charles dear.”

“Mysterious! No, Carry; but if you could hear what the Doctor says of the ladies sometimes.”

“Ay, when you men get together, my dear. I know what that means—pretty things you say of us. But you are all alike; you know you are, love!”

“I am sure,” said the Parson, simply, “that I have good cause to speak well of the sex—when I think of you, and my poor mother.”

Mrs. Dale, who, with all her “tempers,” was an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the whole of her quick little heart, was touched. She pressed his hand, and did not call him *dear* all the way home.

Meanwhile the Italian passed the fields, and came upon the high-road about two miles from Hazeldean. On one side stood an old-fashioned solitary inn, such as English inns used to be before they became railway hotels—square, solid, old-fashioned, looking so hospitable and comfortable, with their great signs swinging from some elm tree in front, and the long row of stables standing a little back, with a chaise or two in the yard, and the jolly landlord talking of the crops to some stout farmer, who has stopped his rough pony at the well-known door. Opposite this inn, on the other side the road, stood the habitation of Dr. Riccabocca.

A few years before the date of these annals, the stage-coach, on its way to London, from a seaport town, stopped at the inn, as was its wont, for a good hour, that its passengers might dine like Christian Englishmen—not gulp down a basin of scalding soup, like everlasting heathen Yankees, with that cursed railway whistle shrieking like a fiend in their ears! It was the best dining-place on the whole road, for the trout in the neighboring rill were famous, and so was the mutton which came from Hazeldean Park.

From the outside of the coach had descended two passengers who, alone, insensible to the attractions of mutton and trout, refused to dine—two melancholy-looking foreigners, of whom one was Signor Riccabocca, much the same as we see him now, only that the black suit, was less threadbare, the tall form less meagre, and he did not then wear spectacles; and the other was his servant. They would walk about while the coach stopped. Now the Italian's eye had been caught by a mouldering dismantled house on the other side the road, which nevertheless was well situated; half-way up a green hill, with its aspect due south, a

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little cascade falling down artificial rock-work, and a terrace with a balustrade, and a few broken urns and statues before its Ionic portico; while on the roadside stood a board, with characters already half effaced, implying that the house was to be “Let unfurnished, with or without land.”

The abode that looked so cheerless, and which had so evidently hung long on hand, was the property of Squire Hazeldean. It had been built by his grandfather on the female side—a country gentleman who had actually been in Italy (a journey rare enough to boast of in those days), and who, on his return home, had attempted a miniature imitation of an Italian villa. He left an only daughter and sole heiress, who married Squire Hazeldean's father; and since that time, the house, abandoned by its proprietors for the larger residence of the Hazeldeans, had been uninhabited and neglected. Several tenants, indeed, had offered themselves: but your Squire is slow in admitting upon his own property a rival neighbor. Some wanted shooting. “That,” said the Hazeldeans, who were great sportsmen and strict preservers, “was quite out of the question.” Others were fine folks from London. “London servants,” said the Hazeldeans, who were moral and prudent people, “would corrupt their own, and bring London prices.” Others, again, were retired manufacturers, at whom the Hazeldeans turned up their agricultural noses. In short, some were too grand, and others too vulgar. Some were refused because they were known so well: “Friends are best at a distance,” said the Hazeldeans. Others because they were not known at all: “No good comes of strangers,” said the Hazeldeans. And finally, as the house fell more and more into decay, no one would take it unless it was put into thorough repair: “As if one was made of money!” said the Hazeldeans. In short, there stood the house unoccupied and ruinous; and there, on its terrace, stood the two forlorn Italians, surveying it with a smile at each other, as, for the first time since they set foot in England, they recognized, in dilapidated pilasters and broken statues, in a weed-grown terrace

and the remains of an orangery, something that reminded them of the land they had left behind.

On returning to the inn, Dr. Riccabocca took the occasion of learning from the innkeeper (who was indeed a tenant of the Squire's) such particulars as he could collect; and a few days afterward Mr. Hazeldean received a letter from a solicitor of repute in London, stating that a very respectable foreign gentleman had commissioned him to treat for Clump Lodge, otherwise called the "Casino;" that the said gentleman did not shoot—lived in great seclusion—and, having no family, did not care about the repairs of the place, provided only it were made weather-proof—if the omission of more expensive reparations could render the rent suitable to his finances, which were very limited. The offer came at a fortunate moment—when the steward had just been representing to the Squire the necessity of doing something to keep the Casino from falling into positive ruin, and the Squire was cursing the fates which had put the Casino into an entail—so that he could not pull it down for the building materials. Mr. Hazeldean therefore caught at the proposal even as a fair lady, who has refused the best offers in the kingdom, catches at last at some battered old captain on half-pay, and replied that, as for rent, if the solicitor's client was a quiet respectable man, he did not care for that. But that the gentleman might have it for the first year rent free, on condition of paying the taxes and putting the place a little in order. If they suited each other, they could then come to terms. Ten days subsequently to this gracious reply, Signor Riccabocca and his servant arrived; and, before the year's end, the Squire was so contented with his tenant that he gave him a running lease of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, at a rent nearly nominal, on condition that Signor Riccabocca would put and maintain the place in repair, barring the roof and fences, which the Squire generously renewed at his own expense. It was astonishing, by little and little, what a pretty place the Italian had made of it,

and what is more astonishing, how little it had cost him. He had indeed painted the walls of the hall, staircase, and the rooms appropriated to himself, with his own hands. His servant had done the greater part of the upholstery. The two between them had got the garden into order. The Italians seemed to have taken a joint love to the place, and to deck it as they would have done some favorite chapel to their Madonna.

It was long before the natives reconciled themselves to the odd ways of the foreign settlers—the first thing that offended them was the exceeding smallness of the household bills. Three days out of the seven, indeed, both man and master dined on nothing else but the vegetables in the garden, and the fishes in the neighboring rill; when no trout could be caught they fried the minnows (and certainly, even in the best streams, minnows are more frequently caught than trouts). The next thing which angered the natives quite as much, especially the female part of the neighborhood, was the very sparing employment the two he creatures gave to the sex usually deemed so indispensable in household matters. At first indeed, they had no woman servant at all. But this created such horror that Parson Dale ventured a hint upon the matter, which Riccabocca took in very good part, and an old woman was forthwith engaged, after some bargaining—at three shillings a week—to wash and scrub as much as she liked during the daytime. She always returned to her own cottage to sleep. The man-servant, who was styled in the neighborhood “Jackeymo,” did all else for his master—smoothed his room, dusted his papers, prepared his coffee, cooked his dinner, brushed his clothes, and cleaned his pipes, of which Riccabocca had a large collection. But, however close a man's character, it generally creeps out in driblets; and on many little occasions the Italian had shown acts of kindness, and, on some more rare occasions, even of generosity, which had served to silence his calumniators, and by degrees he had established a very fair reputation—suspected, it is true, of being a little inclined to

the Black Art, and of a strange inclination to starve Jackeymo and himself—in other respects harmless enough.

Signor Riccabocca had become very intimate, as we have seen, at the Parsonage. But not so at the Hall. For though the Squire was inclined to be very friendly to all his neighbors—he was, like most country gentlemen, rather easily *huffed*. Riccabocca had, if with great politeness, still with great obstinacy, refused Mr. Hazeldean's earlier invitations to dinner, and when the Squire found, that the Italian rarely declined to dine at the Parsonage, he was offended in one of his weak points, viz., his regard for the honor of the hospitality of Hazeldean Hall—and he ceased altogether invitations so churlishly rejected. Nevertheless, as it was impossible for the Squire, however huffed, to bear malice, he now and then reminded Riccabocca of his existence by presents of game, and would have called on him more often than he did, but that Riccabocca received him with such excessive politeness that the blunt country gentleman felt shy and put out, and used to say that “to call on Riccabocca was as bad as going to court.”

But I left Dr. Riccabocca on the high-road. By this time he has ascended a narrow path that winds by the side of the cascade, he has passed a trellis-work covered with vines, from the which Jackeymo has positively succeeded in making what he calls *wine*—a liquid, indeed, that, if the cholera had been popularly known in those days, would have soured the mildest member of the Board of Health; for Squire Hazeldean, though a robust man who daily carried off his bottle of port with impunity, having once rashly tasted it, did not recover the effect till he had had a bill from the apothecary as long as his own arm. Passing this trellis, Dr. Riccabocca entered upon the terrace, with its stone pavement smoothed and trim as hands could make it. Here, on neat stands, all his favorite flowers were arranged. Here four orange trees were in full blossom; here a kind of summer-house or Belvidere, built by Jackeymo and himself, made his chosen morning room from May till October; and from this Belvidere

there was as beautiful an expanse of prospect as if our English Nature had hospitably spread on her green board all that she had to offer as a banquet to the exile.

A man without his coat, which was thrown over the balustrade, was employed in watering the flowers; a man with movements so mechanical—with a face so rigidly grave in its tawny hues—that he seemed like an automaton made out of mahogany.

“Giacomo,” said Dr. Riccabocca, softly.

The automaton stopped its hand, and turned its head.

“Put by the watering-pot, and come here,” continued Riccabocca in Italian; and, moving toward the balustrade, he leaned over it. Mr. Mitford, the historian, calls Jean Jacques “*John James*.” Following that illustrious example, Giacomo shall be Anglified into Jackeymo. Jackeymo came to the balustrade also, and stood a little behind his master.

“Friend,” said Riccabocca, “enterprises have not always succeeded with us. Don't you think, after all, it is tempting our evil star to rent those fields from the landlord?” Jackeymo crossed himself, and made some strange movement with a little coral charm which he wore set in a ring on his finger.

“If the Madonna send us luck, and we could hire a lad cheap?” said Jackeymo, doubtfully.

“*Piu vale un presente che due futuri*,” said Riccabocca. “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

“*Chi non fa quondo può, non può fare quondo vuole*”—(“He who will not when he may, when he will it shall have nay”)—answered Jackeymo, as sententiously as his master. “And the Padrone should think in time that he must lay by for the dower of the poor signorina”—(young lady).

Riccabocca sighed, and made no reply.

“She must be *that* high now!” said Jackeymo, putting his hand on some imaginary line a little above the balustrade. Riccabocca's eyes, raised over the spectacles, followed the hand.

“If the Padrone could but see her here—”

“I thought I did!” muttered the Italian.

“He would never let her go from his side till she went to a husband's,” continued Jackeymo.

“But this climate—she could never stand it,” said Riccabocca, drawing his cloak round him, as a north wind took him in the rear.

“The orange trees blossom even here with care,” said Jackeymo, turning back to draw down an awning where the orange trees faced the north. “See!” he added, as he returned with a sprig in full bud.

Dr. Riccabocca bent over the blossom, and then placed it in his bosom.

“The *other* one should be there, too,” said Jackeymo.

“To die—as this does already!” answered Riccabocca. “Say no more.”

Jackeymo shrugged his shoulders; and then, glancing at his master, drew his hand over his eyes.

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There was a pause. Jackeymo was the first to break it.

“But, whether here or there, beauty without money is the orange tree without shelter. If a lad could be got cheap, I would hire the land, and trust for the crop to the Madonna.”

“I think I know of such a lad,” said Riccabocca, recovering himself, and with his sardonic smile once more lurking about the corner of his mouth—“a lad made for us!”

“Diavolo!”

“No, not the Diavolo! Friend, I have this day seen a boy who—refused sixpence!”

“*Cosa stupenda!*”—(Stupendous thing!) exclaimed Jackeymo, opening his eyes, and letting fall the water-pot.

“It is true, my friend.”

“Take him, Padrone, in Heaven's name, and the fields will grow gold.”

“I will think of it, for it must require management to catch such a boy,” said Riccabocca. “Meanwhile, light a candle in the parlor, and bring from my bedroom—that great folio of Machiavelli.”

## The Two Guides Of The Child. (From Dickens's Household Words.)

A spirit near me said, “Look forth upon the Land of Life. What do you see?”

“Steep mountains, covered by a mighty plain, a table-land of many-colored beauty. Beauty, nay, it seems all beautiful at first, but now I see that there are some parts barren.”

“Are they quite barren?—look more closely still!”

“No, in the wildest deserts, now, I see some gum-dropping acacias, and the crimson blossom of the cactus. But there are regions that rejoice abundantly in flower and fruit; and now, O Spirit, I see men and women moving to and fro.”

“Observe them, mortal.”

“I behold a world of love; the men have women's arms entwined about them; some upon the verge of precipices—friends are running to the rescue. There are many wandering like strangers, who know not their road, and they look upward. Spirit, how many, many eyes are looking up as if to God! Ah, now I see some strike their neighbors down into the dust; I see some wallowing like swine; I see that there are men and women brutal.”

“Are they quite brutal—look more closely still.”

“No, I see prickly sorrow growing out of crime, and penitence awakened by a look of love. I see good gifts bestowed out of the

hand of murder, and see truth issue out of lying lips. But in this plain, O Spirit, I see regions—wide, bright regions—yielding fruit and flower, while others seem perpetually veiled with fogs, and in them no fruit ripens. I see pleasant regions where the rock is full of clefts, and people fall into them. The men who dwell beneath the fog deal lovingly, and yet they have small enjoyment in the world around them, which they scarcely see. But whither are these women going?”

“Follow them.”

“I have followed down the mountains to a haven in the vale below. All that is lovely in the world of flowers makes a fragrant bed for the dear children; birds singing, they breathe upon the pleasant air; the butterflies play with them. Their limbs shine white among the blossoms, and their mothers come down full of joy to share their innocent delight. They pelt each other with the lilies of the valley. They call up at will fantastic masks, grim giants play to make them merry, a thousand grotesque loving phantoms kiss them; to each the mother is the one thing real, the highest bliss—the next bliss is the dream of all the world beside. Some that are motherless, all mother's love. Every gesture, every look, every odor, every song, adds to the charm of love which fills the valley. Some little figures fall and die, and on the valley's soil they crumble into violets and lilies, with love-tears to hang in them like dew.

“Who dares to come down with a frown into this happy valley? A severe man seizes an unhappy, shrieking child, and leads it to the roughest ascent of the mountain. He will lead it over steep rocks to the plain of the mature. On ugly needle-points he makes the child sit down, and teaches it its duty in the world above.”

“Its duty, mortal! Do you listen to the teacher?”

“Spirit, I hear now. The child is informed about two languages spoken by nations extinct centuries ago, and something also, O Spirit, about the base of an hypotenuse.”

“Does the child attend?”

“Not much; but it is beaten silly, and its knees are bruised against the rocks, till it is hauled up, woe-begone and weary, to the upper plain. It looks about bewildered; all is strange—it knows not how to act. Fogs crown the barren mountain paths. Spirit, I am unhappy; there are many children thus hauled up, and as young men upon the plain; they walk in fog, or among brambles; some fall into pits; and many, getting into flower-paths, lie down and learn. Some become active, seeking right, but ignorant of what right is; they wander among men out of their fog-land, preaching folly. Let me go back among the children.”

“Have they no better guide?”

“Yes, now there comes one with a smiling face, and rolls upon the flowers with the little ones, and they are drawn to him. And he has magic spells to conjure up glorious spectacles of fairy land. He frolics with them, and might be first cousin to the butterflies. He wreathes their little heads with flower garlands, and with his fairy land upon his lips he walks toward the mountains; eagerly they follow. He seeks the smoothest upward path, and that is but a rough one, yet they run up merrily, guide and children, butterflies pursuing still the flowers as they nod over a host of laughing faces. They talk of the delightful fairy world, and resting in the shady places learn of the yet more delightful world of God. They learn to love the Maker of the Flowers, to know how great the Father of the Stars must be, how good must be the Father of the Beetle. They listen to the story of the race they go to labor with upon the plain, and love it for the labor it has done. They learn old languages of men, to understand the past—more eagerly they learn the voices of the men of their own day, that they may take part with the present. And in their study when they flag, they fall back upon thoughts of the Child Valley they are leaving. Sports and fancies are the rod and spur that bring them with new vigor to the lessons. When they reach the plain they cry, ‘We know you, men and women; we know to what you have aspired for centuries; we know the love there is in you; we

know the love there is in God; we come prepared to labor with you, dear, good friends. We will not call you clumsy when we see you tumble, we will try to pick you up; when we fall, you shall pick us up. We have been trained to love, and therefore we can aid you heartily, for love is labor!’ ”

The Spirit whispered, “You have seen and you have heard. Go now, and speak unto your fellow-men: ask justice for the child.”

To-day should love To-morrow, for it is a thing of hope; let the young Future not be nursed by Care. God gave not fancy to the child that men should stamp its blossoms down into the loose soil of intellect. The child's heart was not made full to the brim of love, that men should pour its love away, and bruise instead of kiss the trusting innocent. Love and fancy are the stems on which we may graft knowledge readily. What is called by some dry folks a solid foundation may be a thing not desirable. To cut down all the trees, and root up all the flowers in a garden, to cover walks and flower-beds alike with a hard crust of well-rolled gravel, that would be to lay down your solid foundation after a plan which some think good in a child's mind, though not quite worth adopting in a garden. O, teacher, love the child and learn of it; so let it love and learn of you.

## The Laboratory In The Chest. (From Dickens's Household Words.)

The mind of Mr. Bagges was decidedly affected—beneficially—by the lecture on the Chemistry of a

Candle, which, as set forth in a previous number of this journal, had been delivered to him by his youthful nephew. That learned discourse inspired him with a new feeling; an interest in matters of science. He began to frequent the Polytechnic Institution, nearly as much as his club. He also took to lounging at the British Museum; where he was often to be seen, with his left arm under his coat-tails, examining the wonderful works of nature and antiquity, through his eye-glass. Moreover, he procured himself to be elected a member of the Royal Institution, which became a regular house of call to him, so that in a short time he grew to be one of the ordinary phenomena of the place.

Mr. Bagges likewise adopted a custom of giving *conversaziones*, which, however, were always very private and select—generally confined to his sister's family. Three courses were first discussed; then dessert; after which, surrounded by an apparatus of glasses and decanters, Master Harry Wilkinson was called upon, as a sort of juvenile Davy, to amuse his uncle by the elucidation of some chemical or other physical mystery. Master Wilkinson had now attained to the ability of making experiments; most of which, involving combustion, were strongly deprecated by the young gentleman's mamma; but her opposition was overruled by Mr. Bagges, who argued that it was much better that a young dog should burn phosphorus before your face than let off gunpowder behind your back, to say nothing of occasionally pinning a cracker to your skirts. He maintained that playing with fire and water, throwing stones, and such like boys' tricks, as they are commonly called, are the first expressions of a scientific tendency—endeavors and efforts of the infant mind to acquaint itself with the powers of Nature.

His own favorite toys, he remembered, were squibs, suckers, squirts, and slings; and he was persuaded that, by his having been denied them at school, a natural philosopher had been nipped in the bud.

Blowing bubbles was an example—by-the-by, a rather notable

one—by which Mr. Bagges, on one of his scientific evenings, was instancing the affinity of child's play to philosophical experiments, when he bethought him Harry had said on a former occasion that the human breath consists chiefly of carbonic acid, which is heavier than common air. How then, it occurred to his inquiring, though elderly mind, was it that soap-bladders, blown from a tobacco-pipe, rose instead of sinking? He asked his nephew this.

“Oh, uncle!” answered Harry, “in the first place, the air you blow bubbles with mostly comes in at the nose and goes out at the mouth, without having been breathed at all. Then it is warmed by the mouth, and warmth, you know, makes a measure of air get larger, and so lighter in proportion. A soap-bubble rises for the same reason that a fire-balloon rises—that is, because the air inside of it has been heated, and weighs less than the same sized bubbleful of cold air.”

“What, hot breath does!” said Mr. Bagges. “Well, now, it's a curious thing, when you come to think of it, that the breath should be hot—indeed, the warmth of the body generally seems a puzzle. It is wonderful, too, how the bodily heat can be kept up so long as it is. Here, now, is this tumbler of hot grog—a mixture of boiling water, and what d'ye call it, you scientific geniuses?” [674]

“Alcohol, uncle.”

“Alcohol—well—or, as we used to say, brandy. Now, if I leave this tumbler of brandy-and-water alone—”

“*If* you do, uncle,” interposed his nephew, archly.

“Get along, you idle rogue! If I let that tumbler stand there, in a few minutes the brandy-and-water—eh?—I beg pardon—the alcohol-and-water—gets cold. Now, why—why the deuce—if the brand—the alcohol-and-water cools; why—how—how is it we don't cool in the same way, I want to know? eh?” demanded Mr. Bagges, with the air of a man who feels satisfied that he has propounded a “regular poser.”

"Why," replied Harry, "for the same reason that the room keeps warm so long as there is a fire in the grate."

"You don't mean to say that I have a fire in my body?"

"I do, though."

"Eh, now? That's good," said Mr. Bagges. "That reminds me of the man in love crying, 'Fire! fire!' and the lady said, 'Where, where?' And he called out, 'Here! here!' with his hand upon his heart. Eh?—but now I think of it—you said, the other day, that breathing was a sort of burning. Do you mean to tell me that I—eh?—have fire, fire, as the lover said, here, here—in short, that my chest is a grate or an Arnott's stove?"

"Not exactly so, uncle. But I do mean to tell you that you have a sort of fire burning partly in your chest; but also, more or less, throughout your whole body."

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson, "How can you say such horrid things!"

"Because they're quite true, mamma—but you needn't be frightened. The fire of one's body is not hotter than from ninety degrees to one hundred and four degrees or so. Still it is fire, and will burn some things, as you would find, uncle, if, in using phosphorus, you were to let a little bit of it get under your nail."

"I'll take your word for the fact, my boy," said Mr. Bagges. "But, if I have a fire burning throughout my person—which I was not aware of, the only inflammation I am ever troubled with being in the great toe—I say, if my body is burning continually—how is it I don't smoke—eh? Come, now?"

"Perhaps you consume your own smoke," suggested Mr. Wilkinson, senior, "like every well-regulated furnace."

"You smoke nothing but your pipe, uncle, because you burn all your carbon," said Harry. "But, if your body doesn't smoke, it steams. Breathe against a looking-glass, or look at your breath on a cold morning. Observe how a horse reeks when it perspires. Besides—as you just now said you recollected my telling you the other day—you breathe out carbonic acid, and that, and the

steam of the breath together, are exactly the same things, you know, that a candle turns into in burning.”

“But if I burn like a candle—why don't I burn *out* like a candle?” demanded Mr. Bagges. “How do you get over that?”

“Because,” replied Harry, “your fuel is renewed as fast as burnt. So perhaps you resemble a lamp rather than a candle. A lamp requires to be fed; so does the body—as, possibly, uncle, you may be aware.”

“Eh?—well—I have always entertained an idea of that sort,” answered Mr. Bagges, helping himself to some biscuits. “But the lamp feeds on train-oil.”

“So does the Laplander. And you couldn't feed the lamp on turtle or mulligatawny, of course, uncle. But mulligatawny or turtle can be changed into fat—they are so, sometimes, I think—when they are eaten in large quantities, and fat will burn fast enough. And most of what you eat turns into something which burns at last, and is consumed in the fire that warms you all over.”

“Wonderful, to be sure,” exclaimed Mr. Bagges. “Well, now, and how does this extraordinary process take place?”

“First, you know, uncle, your food is digested—”

“Not always, I am sorry to say, my boy,” Mr. Bagges observed, “but go on.”

“Well; when it *is* digested, it becomes a sort of fluid, and mixes gradually with the blood, and turns into blood, and so goes over the whole body, to nourish it. Now, if the body is always being nourished, why doesn't it keep getting bigger and bigger, like the ghost in the Castle of Otranto?”

“Eh? Why, because it loses as well as gains, I suppose. By perspiration—eh—for instance?”

“Yes, and by breathing; in short, by the burning I mentioned just now. Respiration, or breathing, uncle, is a perpetual combustion.”

“But if my system,” said Mr. Bagges, “is burning throughout, what keeps up the fire in my little finger—putting gout out of the question?”

“You burn all over, because you breathe all over, to the very tips of your fingers' ends,” replied Harry.

“Oh, don't talk nonsense to your uncle!” exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson.

“It isn't nonsense,” said Harry. “The air that you draw into the lungs goes more or less over all the body, and penetrates into every fibre of it, which is breathing. Perhaps you would like to hear a little more about the chemistry of breathing, or respiration, uncle?”

“I should, certainly.”

“Well, then; first you ought to have some idea of the breathing apparatus. The laboratory that contains this is the chest, you know. The chest, you also know, has in it the heart and lungs, which, with other things in it, fill it quite out, so as to leave no hollow space between themselves and it. The lungs are a sort of air-sponges, and when you enlarge your chest to draw breath, they swell out with it, and suck the air in. On the other hand, you narrow your chest, and squeeze the lungs, and press the air from them;—that is breathing out. The lungs are made up of a lot of little cells. A small pipe—a little branch of the windpipe—opens into each cell. Two blood-vessels, a little tiny artery, and a vein to match, run into it also. The arteries bring into the little cells dark-colored blood, which *has been* all over the body. The veins carry out of the little cells bright scarlet-colored blood, which *is to go* all over the body. So all the blood passes through the lungs, and in so doing, is changed from dark to bright scarlet.”

“Black blood, didn't you say, in the arteries, and scarlet in the veins? I thought it was just the reverse,” interrupted Mr. Bagges.

“So it is,” replied Harry, “with all the other arteries and veins, except those that circulate the blood through the lung-cells. The heart has two sides, with a partition between them that keeps the

blood on the right side separate from the blood on the left; both sides being hollow, mind. The blood on the right side of the heart comes there from all over the body, by a couple of large veins, dark, before it goes to the lungs. From the right side of the heart, it goes on to the lungs, dark still, through an artery. It comes back to the left side of the heart from the lungs, bright scarlet, through four veins. Then it goes all over the rest of the body from the left side of the heart, through an artery that branches into smaller arteries, all carrying bright scarlet blood. So the arteries and veins of the lungs on one hand, and of the rest of the body on the other, do exactly opposite work, you understand.”

“I hope so.”

“Now,” continued Harry, “it requires a strong magnifying glass to see the lung-cells plainly, they are so small. But you can fancy them as big as you please. Picture any one of them to yourself of the size of an orange, say, for convenience in thinking about it; that one cell, with whatever takes place in it, will be a specimen of the rest. Then you have to imagine an artery carrying blood of one color into it, and a vein taking away blood of another color from it, and the blood changing its color in the cell.”

“Ay, but what makes the blood change its color?”

“Recollect, uncle, you have a little branch from the windpipe opening into the cell which lets in the air. Then the blood and the air are brought together, and the blood alters in color. The reason, I suppose you would guess, is that it is somehow altered by the air.”

“No very unreasonable conjecture, I should think,” said Mr. Bagges.

“Well; if the air alters the blood, most likely, we should think, it gives something to the blood. So first let us see what is the difference between the air we breathe *in*, and the air we breathe *out*. You know that neither we nor animals can keep breathing the same air over and over again. You don't want me to remind

you of the Black Hole of Calcutta, to convince you of that; and I dare say you will believe what I tell you, without waiting till I can catch a mouse and shut it up in an air-tight jar, and show you how soon the unlucky creature will get uncomfortable, and began to gasp, and that it will by-and-by die. But if we were to try this experiment—not having the fear of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, nor the fear of doing wrong, before our eyes—we should find that the poor mouse, before he died, had changed the air of his prison considerably. But it would be just as satisfactory, and much more humane, if you or I were to breathe in and out of a silk bag or a bladder till we could stand it no longer, and then collect the air which we had been breathing in and out. We should find that a jar of such air would put out a candle. If we shook some lime-water up with it, the lime-water would turn milky. In short, uncle, we should find that a great part of the air was carbonic acid, and the rest mostly nitrogen. The air we inhale is nitrogen and oxygen; the air we exhale has lost most of its oxygen, and consists of little more than nitrogen and carbonic acid. Together with this, we breathe out the vapor of water, as I said before. Therefore in breathing, we give off exactly what a candle does in burning, only not so fast, after the rate. The carbonic acid we breathe out, shows that carbon is consumed within our bodies. The watery vapor of the breath is a proof that hydrogen is so, too. We take in oxygen with the air, and the oxygen unites with carbon, and makes carbonic acid, and with hydrogen, forms water.”

“Then don't the hydrogen and carbon combine with the oxygen—that is, burn—in the lungs, and isn't the chest the fire-place, after all?” asked Mr. Bagges.

“Not altogether, according to those who are supposed to know better. They are of opinion, that some of the oxygen unites with the carbon and hydrogen of the blood in the lungs: but that most of it is merely absorbed by the blood, and dissolved in it in the first instance.”

“Oxygen, absorbed by the blood? That seems odd,” remarked Mr. Bagges. “How can that be?”

“We only know the fact that there are some things that will absorb gases—suck them in—make them disappear. Charcoal will, for instance. It is thought that the iron which the blood contains gives it the curious property of absorbing oxygen. Well; the oxygen going into the blood makes it change from dark to bright scarlet; and then this blood containing oxygen is conveyed all over the system by the arteries, and yields up the oxygen to combine with hydrogen and carbon as it goes along. The carbon and hydrogen are part of the substance of the body. The bright scarlet blood mixes oxygen with them, which burns them, in fact; that is, makes them into carbonic acid and water. Of course, the body would soon be consumed if this were all that the blood does. But while it mixes oxygen with the old substance of the body, to burn it up, it lays down fresh material to replace the loss. So our bodies are continually changing throughout, though they seem to us always the same; but then, you know, a river appears the same from year's end to year's end, although the water in it is different every day.” [676]

“Eh, then,” said Mr. Bagges, “if the body is always on the change in this way, we must have had several bodies in the course of our lives, by the time we are old.”

“Yes, uncle; therefore, how foolish it is to spend money upon funerals. What becomes of all the bodies we use up during our life-times? If we are none the worse for their flying away in carbonic acid and other things without ceremony, what good can we expect from having a fuss made about the body we leave behind us, which is put into the earth? However, you are wanting to know what becomes of the water and carbonic acid which have been made by the oxygen of the blood burning up the old materials of our frame. The dark blood of the veins absorbs this carbonic acid and water, as the blood of the arteries does oxygen—only, they say, it does so by means of a salt in it, called

phosphate of soda. Then the dark blood goes back to the lungs, and in them it parts with its carbonic acid and water, which escapes as breath. As fast as we breathe out, carbonic acid and water leave the blood; as fast as we breathe in, oxygen enters it. The oxygen is sent out in the arteries to make the rubbish of the body into gas and vapor, so that the veins may bring it back and get rid of it. The burning of rubbish by oxygen throughout our frames is the fire by which our animal heat, is kept up. At least this is what most philosophers think; though doctors differ a little on this point, as on most others, I hear. Professor Liebig says, that our carbon is mostly prepared for burning by being first extracted from the blood sent to it—which contains much of the rubbish of the system dissolved)—in the form of bile, and is then re-absorbed into the blood, and burnt. He reckons that a grown-up man consumes about fourteen ounces of carbon a day. Fourteen ounces of charcoal a day, or eight pounds two ounces a week, would keep up a tolerable fire.”

“I had no idea we were such extensive charcoal-burners,” said Mr. Bagges. “They say we each eat our peck of dirt before we die—but we must burn bushels of charcoal.”

“And so,” continued Harry, “the professor calculates that we burn quite enough fuel to account for our heat. I should rather think, myself, it had something to do with it—shouldn't you?”

“Eh?” said Mr. Bagges; “it makes one rather nervous to think that one is burning all over—throughout one's very blood—in this kind of way.”

“It is very awful!” said Mrs. Wilkinson.

“If true. But in that case, shouldn't we be liable to inflame occasionally?” objected her husband.

“It is said,” answered Harry, “that spontaneous combustion does happen sometimes; particularly in great spirit drinkers. I don't see why it should not, if the system were to become too inflammable. Drinking alcohol would be likely to load the

constitution with carbon, which would be fuel for the fire, at any rate.”

“The deuce!” exclaimed Mr. Bagges, pushing his brandy-and-water from him. “We had better take care how we indulge in combustibles.”

“At all events,” said Harry, “it must be bad to have too much fuel in us. It must choke the fire, I should think, if it did not cause inflammation; which Dr. Truepenny says it does, meaning, by inflammation, gout, and so on, you know, uncle.”

“Ahem!” coughed Mr. Bagges.

“Taking in too much fuel, I dare say, you know, uncle, means eating and drinking to excess,” continued Harry. “The best remedy, the doctor says, for overstuffing is exercise. A person who uses great bodily exertion, can eat and drink more without suffering from it than one who leads an inactive life; a fox-hunter, for instance, in comparison with an alderman. Want of exercise and too much nourishment must make a man either fat or ill. If the extra hydrogen and carbon are not burnt out, or otherwise got rid of, they turn to blubber, or cause some disturbance in the system, intended by Nature to throw them off, which is called a disease. Walking, riding, running, increase the breathing—as well as the perspiration—and make us burn away our carbon and hydrogen in proportion. Dr. Truepenny declares that if people would only take in as much fuel as is requisite to keep up a good fire, his profession would be ruined.”

“The good old advice—Baillie's, eh?—or Abernethy's—live upon sixpence a day, and earn it,” Mr. Bagges observed.

“Well, and then, uncle, in hot weather the appetite is naturally weaker than it is in cold—less heat is required, and therefore less food. So in hot climates; and the chief reason, says the doctor, why people ruin their health in India is their spurring and goading their stomachs to crave what is not good for them, by spices and the like. Fruits and vegetables are the proper things to eat in such countries, because they contain little carbon compared to flesh,

and they are the diet of the natives of those parts of the world. Whereas food with much carbon in it, meat, or even mere fat or oil, which is hardly any thing else than carbon and hydrogen, are proper in very cold regions, where heat from within is required to supply the want of it without. That is why the Laplander is able, as I said he does, to devour train-oil. And Dr. Truepenny says that it may be all very well for Mr. M'Gregor to drink raw whisky at deer-stalking in the Highlands, but if Major Campbell combines that beverage with the diversion of tiger-hunting in the East Indies, habitually, the chances are that the major will come home with a diseased liver.”

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“Upon my word, sir, the whole art of preserving health appears to consist in keeping up a moderate fire within us,” observed Mr. Bagges.

“Just so, uncle, according to my friend the doctor. ‘Adjust the fuel,’ he says, ‘to the draught’—he means the oxygen; ‘keep the bellows properly at work, by exercise, and your fire will seldom want poking.’ The doctor's pokers, you know, are pills, mixtures, leeches, blisters, lancets, and things of that sort.”

“Indeed? Well, then, my heart-burn, I suppose, depends upon bad management of my fire?” surmised Mr. Bagges.

“I should say that was more than probable, uncle. Well, now, I think you see that animal heat can be accounted for, in very great part at least, by the combustion of the body. And then there are several facts that—as I remember Shakspeare says—

“ ‘Help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.”

“Birds that breathe a great deal are very hot creatures; snakes and lizards, and frogs and fishes, that breathe but little, are so cold that they are called cold-blooded animals. Bears and dormice, that sleep all the winter, are cold during their sleep, while their breathing and circulation almost entirely stop. We increase our

heat by walking fast, running, jumping, or working hard; which sets us breathing faster, and then we get warmer. By these means, we blow up our own fire, if we have no other, to warm ourselves on a cold day. And how is it that we don't go on continually getting hotter and hotter?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Bagges, "I suppose that is one of Nature's mysteries."

"Why, what happens, uncle, when we take violent exercise? We break out into a perspiration; as you complain you always do, if you only run a few yards. Perspiration is mostly water, and the extra heat of the body goes into the water, and flies away with it in steam. Just for the same reason, you can't boil water so as to make it hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees; because all the heat that passes into it beyond that, unites with some of it and becomes steam, and so escapes. Hot weather causes you to perspire even when you sit still; and so your heat is cooled in summer. If you were to heat a man in an oven, the heat of his body generally wouldn't increase very much till he became exhausted and died. Stories are told of mountebanks sitting in ovens, and meat being cooked by the side of them. Philosophers have done much the same thing—Dr. Fordyce and others, who found they could bear a heat of two hundred and sixty degrees. Perspiration is our animal fire-escape. Heat goes out from the lungs, as well as the skin, in water; so the lungs are concerned in cooling us as well as heating us, like a sort of regulating furnace. Ah, uncle, the body is a wonderful factory, and I wish I were man enough to take you over it. I have only tried to show you something of the contrivances for warming it, and I hope you understand a little about that!"

"Well," said Mr. Bagges, "breathing, I understand you to say, is the chief source of animal heat, by occasioning the combination of carbon and hydrogen with oxygen, in a sort of gentle combustion, throughout our frame. The lungs and heart are an apparatus for generating heat, and distributing it over the

body by means of a kind of warming pipes, called blood-vessels. Eh?—and the carbon and hydrogen we have in our systems we get from our food. Now, you see, here is a slice of cake, and there is a glass of wine—Eh?—now see whether you can get any carbon and oxygen out of that.”

The young philosopher, having finished his lecture, applied himself immediately to the performance of the proposed experiment, which he performed with cleverness and dispatch.

## The Steel Pen. An Illustration Of Cheapness. (From Dickens's Household Words.)

We remember (early remembrances are more durable than recent) an epithet employed by Mary Wolstonecroft, which then seemed as happy as it was original—“The *iron* pen of Time.” Had the vindicatrix of the “Rights of Women” lived in these days (fifty years later), when the iron pen is the almost universal instrument of writing, she would have bestowed upon Time a less common material for recording his doings.

While we are remembering, let us look back for a moment upon our earliest school-days—the days of large text and round hand. Twenty urchins sit at a long desk, each intent upon making his *copy*. A nicely mended pen has been given to each. Our own labor goes on successfully, till, in school-boy phrase, the pen begins to splutter. A bold effort must be made. We leave the form, and timidly address the writing-master with—“Please,

sir, mend my pen.” A slight frown subsides as he sees that the quill is very bad—too soft or too hard—used to the stump. He dashes it away, and snatching a feather from a bundle—a poor thin feather, such as green geese drop on a common—shapes it into a pen. This mending and making process occupies all his leisure—occupies, indeed, many of the minutes that ought to be devoted to instruction. He has a perpetual battle to wage with his bad quills. They are the meanest produce of the plucked goose.

And is this process still going on in the many thousand schools of our land, where with all drawbacks of imperfect education, both as to numbers educated and gifts imparted, there are about two millions and a half of children under daily instruction? In remote rural districts probably; in the towns certainly not. The steam-engine is now the pen-maker. Hecatombs of geese are consumed at Michaelmas and Christmas; but not all the geese in the world would meet the demand of England for pens. The supply of *patés de foie gras* will be kept up—that of quills, whether known as *primes*, *seconds*, or *pinions*, must be wholly inadequate to the wants of a *writing* people. Wherever geese are bred in these islands, so assuredly, in each succeeding March, will every full-fledged victim be robbed of his quills; and then turned forth on the common, a very waddling and impotent goose, quite unworthy of the name of bird. The country schoolmaster, at the same spring-time, will continue to buy the smallest quills, at a low price, clarify them after his own rude fashion, make them into pens, and sorely spite the boy who splits them up too rapidly. The better quills will still be collected, and find their way to the quill dealer, who will exercise his empirical arts before they pass to the stationer. He will plunge them into heated sand, to make the external skin peel off, and the external membrane shrivel up; or he will saturate them with water, and alternately contract and swell them before a charcoal fire; or he will dip them in nitric acid, and make them of a gaudy brilliancy but a treacherous endurance. They will be sorted according to the quality of the

barrels, with the utmost nicety. The experienced buyer will know their value by looking at their feathery ends, tapering to a point; the uninitiated will regard only the quill portion. There is no article of commerce in which the market value is so difficult to be determined with exactness. For the finest and largest quills no price seems unreasonable; for those of the second quality too exorbitant a charge is often made. The foreign supply is large, and probably exceeds the home supply of the superior article. What the exact amount is we know not. There is no duty now on quills. The tariff of 1845—one of the most lasting monuments of the wisdom of our great commercial minister—abolished the duty of half-a-crown a thousand. In 1832 the duty amounted to four thousand two hundred pounds, which would show an annual importation of thirty-three millions one hundred thousand quills; enough, perhaps, for the commercial clerks of England, together with the quills of home growth—but how to serve a letter-writing population?

The ancient reign of the quill-pen was first seriously disturbed about twenty-five years ago. An abortive imitation of the *form* of a pen was produced before that time; a clumsy, inelastic, metal tube fastened in a bone or ivory handle, and sold for half-a-crown. A man might make his mark with one—but as to writing, it was a mere delusion. In due course came more carefully finished inventions for the luxurious, under the tempting names of ruby pen, or diamond pen—with the plain gold pen, and the rhodium pen, for those who were skeptical as to the jewelry of the inkstand. The economical use of the quill received also the attention of science. A machine was invented to divide the barrel lengthwise into two halves; and, by the same mechanical means, these halves were subdivided into small pieces, cut pen-shape, slit, and nibbed. But the pressure upon the quill supply grew more and more intense. A new power had risen up in our world—a new seed sown—the source of all good, or the dragon's teeth of Cadmus. In 1818 there were only one hundred and sixty-five

thousand scholars in the monitorial schools—the new schools, which were being established under the auspices of the National Society, and the British and Foreign School Society. Fifteen years afterward, in 1833, there were three hundred and ninety thousand. Ten years later, the numbers exceeded a million. Even a quarter of a century ago two-thirds of the male population of England, and one-half of the female, were learning to write; for in the Report of the Registrar-General for 1846, we find this passage—“Persons when they are married are required to sign the marriage register; if they can not write their names, they sign with a mark: the result has hitherto been, that nearly one man in three, and one woman in two, married, sign with marks.” This remark applies to the period between 1839 and 1845. Taking the average age of men at marriage as twenty-seven years, and the average age of boys during their education as ten years, the marriage-register is an educational test of male instruction for the years 1824-28. But the gross number of the population of England and Wales was rapidly advancing. In 1821 it was twelve millions; in 1831, fourteen millions; in 1841, sixteen millions; in 1851, taking the rate of increase at fourteen per cent., it will be eighteen millions and a half. The extension of education was proceeding in a much quicker ratio; and we may therefore fairly assume that the proportion of those who make their marks in the marriage-register has greatly diminished since 1844.

But, during the last ten years, the natural desire to learn to write, of that part of the youthful population which education can reach, has received a great moral impulse by a wondrous development of the most useful and pleasurable exercise of that power. The uniform penny postage has been established. In the year 1838, the whole number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was seventy-six millions; in this year that annual delivery has reached the prodigious number of three hundred and thirty-seven millions. In 1838, a Committee of the House of Commons thus denounced, among the great commercial evils of

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the high rates of postage, their injurious effects upon the great bulk of the people. They either act as a grievous tax on the poor, causing them to sacrifice their little earnings to the pleasure and advantage of corresponding with their distant friends, or compel them to forego such intercourse altogether; thus subtracting from the small amount of their enjoyments, and obstructing the growth and maintenance of their best affections. Honored be the man who broke down these barriers! Praised be the Government that, *for once*, stepping out of its fiscal tram-way, dared boldly to legislate for the domestic happiness, the educational progress, and the moral elevation of the masses! The steel pen, sold at the rate of a penny a dozen, is the creation, in a considerable degree, of the Penny Postage stamp; as the Penny Postage stamp was a representative, if not a creation, of the new educational power. Without the steel pen, it may reasonably be doubted whether there were mechanical means within the reach of the great bulk of the population for writing the three hundred and thirty-seven millions of letters that now annually pass through the Post Office.

Othello's sword had "the ice-brook's temper;" but not all the real or imaginary virtues of the stream that gave its value to the true Spanish blade could create the elasticity of a steel pen. Flexible, indeed, is the Toledo. If thrust against a wall, it will bend into an arc that describes three-fourths of a circle. The problem to be solved in the steel-pen, is to convert the iron of Dannemora into a substance as thin as the quill of a dove's pinion, but as strong as the proudest feather of an eagle's wing. The furnaces and hammers of the old armorers could never have solved this problem. The steel pen belongs to our age of mighty machinery. It could not have existed in any other age. The demand for the instrument, and the means of supplying it, came together.

The commercial importance of the steel pen was first manifested to our senses a year or two ago at Sheffield. We had witnessed all the curious processes of *converting* iron into

steel, by saturating it with carbon in the converting furnace; of *tilting* the bars so converted into a harder substance, under the thousand hammers that shake the waters of the Sheaf and the Don: of *casting* the steel thus converted and tilted into ingots of higher purity; and, finally, of *milling*, by which the most perfect development of the material is acquired, under enormous rollers. About two miles from the metropolis of steel, over whose head hangs a canopy of smoke through which the broad moors of the distance sometimes reveal themselves, there is a solitary mill where the tilting and rolling processes are carried to great perfection. The din of the large tilts is heard half a mile off. Our ears tingle, our legs tremble, when we stand close to their operation of beating bars of steel into the greatest possible density; for the whole building vibrates as the workmen swing before them in suspended baskets, and shift the bar at every movement of these hammers of the Titans. We pass onward to the more quiet *rolling* department. The bar that has been tilted into the most perfect compactness, has now to acquire the utmost possible tenuity. A large area is occupied by furnaces and rollers. The bar of steel is dragged out of the furnace at almost a white heat. There are two men at each roller. It is passed through the first pair, and its squareness is instantly elongated and widened into flatness; rapidly through a second pair, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. The bar is becoming a sheet of steel. Thinner and thinner it becomes, until it would seem that the workmen can scarcely manage the fragile substance. It has spread out like a morsel of gold under the beater's hammer, into an enormous leaf. The least attenuated sheet is only the hundredth part of an inch in thickness; some sheets are made as thin as the two-hundredth part of an inch. And for what purpose is this result of the labors of so many workmen, of such vast and complicated machinery, destined?—what the final application of a material employing so much capital in every step, from the Swedish mine to its transport by railroad to some other seat of British industry? *The whole is*

*prepared for one steel-pen manufactory at Birmingham.*

There is nothing very remarkable in a steel-pen manufactory, as regards ingenuity of contrivance or factory organization. Upon a large scale of production, the extent of labor engaged in producing so minute an article, is necessarily striking. But the process is just as curious and interesting, if conducted in a small shop as in a large. The pure steel, as it comes from the rolling-mill, is cut up into strips about two inches and a half in width. These are further cut into the proper size for the pen. The pieces are then annealed and cleansed. The maker's name is neatly impressed on the metal; and a cutting-tool forms the slit, although imperfectly in this stage. The pen shape is given by a convex punch pressing the plate into a concave die. The pen is formed when the slit is perfected. It has now to be hardened, and, finally, cleansed and polished, by the simple agency of friction in a cylinder. All the varieties of form of the steel pen are produced by the punch; all the contrivances of slits and apertures above the nib, by the cutting-tool. Every improvement has had for its object to overcome the rigidity of the steel—to imitate the elasticity of the quill, while bestowing upon the pen a superior durability.

The perfection that may reasonably be demanded in a steel pen has yet to be reached. But the improvement in the manufacture is most decided. Twenty years ago, to one who might choose, regardless of expense, between the quill pen and the steel, the best Birmingham and London production was an abomination. But we can trace the gradual acquiescence of most men in the writing implement of the multitude. Few of us, in an age when the small economies are carefully observed, and even paraded, desire to use quill pens at ten or twelve shillings a hundred, as Treasury Clerks once luxuriated in their use—an hour's work, and then a new one. To mend a pen, is troublesome to the old, and even the middle-aged man who once acquired the art; the young, for the most part, have not learned it. The most painstaking and penurious author would never dream of imitating the wondrous

man who translated Pliny with “one gray goose quill.” Steel pens are so cheap, that if one scratches or splutters, it may be thrown away, and another may be tried. But when a really good one is found, we cling to it, as worldly men cling to their friends: we use it till it breaks down, or grows rusty. We can do no more; we handle it as Izaak Walton handled the frog upon his hook, “as if we loved him.” We could almost fancy some analogy between the gradual and decided improvement of the steel pen—one of the new instruments of education—and the effects of education itself upon the mass of the people. An instructed nation ought to present the same gradually perfecting combination of strength with elasticity. The favorites of fortune are like the quill, ready made for social purposes, with a little scraping and polishing. The bulk of the community have to be formed out of ruder and tougher materials—to be converted, welded, and tempered into pliancy. The *manners* of the great British family have decidedly improved under culture—“*emollit mores*:” may the sturdy self-respect of the race never be impaired!

## Snakes And Serpent Charmers. (From Bentley's Miscellany.)

At the present time there are at the London Zoological Gardens two Arabs, who are eminently skilled in what is termed “Snake-Charming.” In this country, happily for ourselves, we have but little practical acquaintance with venomous serpents, and there is no scope for the development of native skill in the art referred to; the visit, therefore, of these strangers is interesting, as affording

an opportunity of beholding feats which have hitherto been known to us only by description. We propose, therefore, to give some account of their proceedings.

Visitors to the Zoological Gardens will remark, on the right hand side, after they have passed through the tunnel, and ascended the slope beyond, a neat wooden building in the Swiss style. This is the reptile-house, and while our readers are bending their steps toward it, we will describe the performance of the Serpent Charmers.

The names of these are Jubar-Abou-Haijab, and Mohammed-Abou-Merwan. The former is an old man, much distinguished in his native country for his skill. When the French occupied Egypt, he collected serpents for their naturalists, and was sent for to Cairo to perform before General Bonaparte. He described to us the general, as a middle-sized man, very pale, with handsome features, and a most keen eye. Napoleon watched his proceedings with great interest, made many inquiries, and dismissed him with a handsome "backsheesh." Jubar is usually dressed in a coarse loose bernoose of brown serge, with a red cap on his head.

The gift, or craft, of serpent-charming, descends in certain families from generation to generation; and Mohammed, a smart active lad, is the old man's son-in-law, although not numbering sixteen years. He is quite an Adonis as to dress, wearing a smart, richly embroidered dark-green jacket, carried—hussar fashion—over his right shoulder, a white loose vest, full white trowsers, tied at the knee, scarlet stockings and slippers, and a fez or red cap, with a blue tassel of extra proportions on his head. In his right ear is a ring, so large that it might pass for a curtain ring.

Precisely as the clock strikes four, one of the keepers places on a platform a wooden box containing the serpents, and the lad Mohammed proceeds to tuck his ample sleeves as far up as possible, to leave the arms bare. He then takes off his cloth jacket, and, opening the box, draws out a large Cobra de Capello,

of a dark copper color: this he holds at arm's length by the tail, and after allowing it to writhe about in the air for some time, he places the serpent on the floor, still holding it as described. By this time the cobra had raised his hood, very indignant at the treatment he is receiving. Mohammed then pinches and teases him in every way; at each pinch the cobra strikes at him, but, with great activity, the blow is avoided. Having thus teased the snake for some time, Mohammed rises, and placing his foot upon the tail, irritates him with a stick. The cobra writhes, and strikes sometimes at the stick, sometimes at his tormentor's legs, and again at his hands, all which is avoided with the utmost nonchalance. After the lapse of about ten minutes, Mohammed coils the cobra on the floor, and leaves him while he goes to the box, and draws out another far fiercer cobra. While holding this by the tail, Mohammed buffets him on the head with his open hand, and the serpent, quite furious, frequently seizes him by the forearm. The lad merely wipes the spot, and proceeds to tie the serpent like a necklace around his neck. Then the tail is tied into a knot around the reptile's head, and again head and tail into a double knot. After amusing himself in this way for some time, the serpent is told to lie quiet, and stretched on his back, the neck and chin being gently stroked. Whether any sort of mesmeric influence is produced we know not, but the snake remains on its back, perfectly still, as if dead. During this time the first cobra has remained coiled up, with head erect, apparently watching the proceedings of the Arab. After a pause, the lad takes up the second cobra, and carrying it to the first, pinches and irritates both, to make them fight; the fiercer snake seizes the other by the throat, and coiling round him, they roll struggling across the stage. Mohammed then leaves these serpents in charge of Jubar and draws a third snake out of the box. This he first ties in a variety of apparently impossible knots, and then holding him at a little distance from his face, allows the snake to strike at it, just dodging back each time sufficiently far to avoid the blow. [681]

The serpent is then placed in his bosom next his skin, and left there, but it is not so easy after a time to draw it out of its warm resting-place. The tail is pulled; but, no! the serpent is round the lad's body, and will not come. After several unsuccessful efforts, Mohammed rubs the tail briskly between his two hands, a process which—judging from the writhings of the serpent, which are plainly visible—is the reverse of agreeable. At last Mohammed pulls him hand-over-hand—as the sailors say—and, just, as the head flies out, the cobra makes a parting snap at his tormentor's face, for which he receives a smart cuff on the head, and is then with the others replaced in the box.

Dr. John Davy, in his valuable work on Ceylon, denies that the fangs are extracted from the serpents which are thus exhibited; and says that the only charm employed is that of courage and confidence—the natives avoiding the stroke of the serpent with wonderful agility; adding, that they will play their tricks with any hooded snake, but with no other poisonous serpent.

In order that we might get at the truth, we sought it from the fountain-head, and our questions were thus most freely answered by Jubar-Abou-Haijib, Hamet acting as interpreter:

*Q.* How are the serpents caught in the first instance?

*A.* I take this adze (holding up a sort of geological hammer mounted on a long handle) and as soon as I have found a hole containing a cobra, I knock away the earth till he comes out or can be got at; I then take a stick in my right hand, and seizing the snake by the tail with the left, hold it at arm's length. He keeps trying to bite, but I push his head away with the stick. After doing this some time I throw him straight on the ground, still holding him by the tail; I allow him to raise his head and try to bite, for some time, in order that he may learn how to attack, still keeping him off with the stick. When this has been done long enough, I slide the stick up to his head and fix it firmly on the ground; then taking the adze, and forcing open the mouth, I break off the fangs with it, carefully removing every portion, and

especially squeezing out all the poison and blood, which I wipe away as long as it continues to flow; when this is done the snake is harmless and ready for use.

*Q.* Do the ordinary jugglers, or only the hereditary snake charmers catch the cobras?

*A.* We are the only persons who dare to catch them, and when the jugglers want snakes they come to us for them; with that adze (pointing to the hammer) I have caught and taken out the fangs of many thousands.

*Q.* Do you use any other snakes besides the cobras for your exhibitions?

*A.* No; because the cobra is the only one that will fight well. The cobra is always ready to give battle, but the other snakes are sluggish, only bite, and can't be taught for our exhibitions.

*Q.* What do the Arabs do if they happen to be bitten by a poisonous snake?

*A.* They immediately tie a cord tight round the arm above the wound, and cut out the bitten part as soon as possible—some burn it; they then squeeze the arm downward, so as to press out the poison, but they don't suck it, because it is bad for the mouth; however, in spite of all this, they sometimes die.

*Q.* Do you think it possible that cobras could be exhibited without the fangs being removed?

*A.* Certainly not, for the least scratch of their deadly teeth would cause death, and there is not a day that we exhibit that we are not bitten and no skill in the world would prevent it.

Such were the particulars given us by a most distinguished professor in the art of snake-charming, and, therefore, they may be relied on as correct; the matter-of-fact way in which he *acted*, as well as related the snake-catching, bore the impress of truth, and there certainly would appear to be far less mystery about the craft than has generally been supposed. The way in which vipers are caught in this country is much less artistic than the Arab mode. The viper-catcher provides himself with a cleftstick,

and stealing up to the reptile when basking, pins his head to the ground with the cleft, and seizing the tail, throws the reptile into a bag. As they do not destroy the fangs, these men are frequently bitten in the pursuit of their business, but their remedy is either the fat of vipers, or salad oil, which they take inwardly, and apply externally, after squeezing the wound. We are not aware of any well-authenticated fatal case in man from a viper bite, but it fell to our lot some years ago to see a valuable pointer killed by one. We were beating for game in a dry, stony district, when suddenly the dog, who was running beneath a hedgerow, gave a yelp and bound, and immediately came limping up to us with a countenance most expressive of pain; a large adder was seen to glide into the hedgerow. Two small spots of blood on the inner side of the left foreleg, close to the body of the dog marked the seat of the wound; and we did our best to squeeze out the poison. The limb speedily began to swell, and the dog laid down, moaning and unable to walk. With some difficulty we managed to carry the poor animal to the nearest cottage, but it was too late. In spite of oil and other remedies the body swelled more and more, and he died in convulsions some two hours after the receipt of the injury.

The Reptile-house is fitted up with much attention to security and elegance of design; arranged along the left side are roomy cages painted to imitate mahogany and fronted with plate-glass. They are ventilated by perforated plates of zinc above, and warmed by hot water pipes below. The bottoms of the cages are strewn with sand and gravel, and in those which contain the larger serpents strong branches of trees are fixed. The advantage of the plate-glass fronts is obvious, for every movement of the reptiles is distinctly seen, while its great strength confines them in perfect safety. Each cage is, moreover, provided with a pan of water.

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Except when roused by hunger, the Serpents are generally in a state of torpor during the day, but as night draws on, they, in

common with other wild denizens of the forest, are roused into activity. In their native state the Boas then lie in wait, coiled round the branches of trees, ready to spring upon the antelopes and other prey as they pass through the leafy glades; and the smaller serpents silently glide from branch to branch in quest of birds on which to feed. As we have had the opportunity of seeing the Reptile-house by night, we will describe the strange scene.

About ten o'clock one evening during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this, imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate-glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the Boas and Pythons, the Rattlesnakes and Cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge Boas and Pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon entwining each other in massive folds, then separating they would rush over and under the branches, hissing and lashing their tails in hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans containing water and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better, and on the uppermost branch of the tree in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the smaller serpents was a little mouse, whose panting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it, at least, disliked its company. Misery is said to make us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but evil must be

the star of that mouse or pigeon whose lot it is to be the comrade and prey of a serpent!

A singular circumstance occurred not long since at the Gardens, showing that the mouse at times has the best of it. A litter of rattlesnakes was born in the Gardens—curious little active things without rattles—hiding under stones, or coiling together in complicated knots, with their clustering heads resembling Medusa's locks. It came to pass that a mouse was put into the cage for the breakfast of the mamma, but she not being hungry, took no notice. The poor mouse gradually became accustomed to its strange companions, and would appear to have been pressed by hunger, for it actually nibbled away great part of the jaw of one of the little rattlesnakes, so that it died! perhaps the first instance of such a turning of the tables. An interesting fact was proved by this, namely, that these reptiles when young are quite defenseless, and do not acquire either the power of injuring others, or of using their rattles until their adolescence.

During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of odd noises were heard; a strange scratching against the glass would be audible; 'twas the Carnivorous Lizard endeavoring to inform us that it was a fast-day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter, and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and, sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze, too, from the brilliant eyes of the huge Pythons, was more fascinating than pleasant, and the scene, taking it all together, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trowsers were well strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house, a great dor beetle which had flown in, attracted by the

light, struck with some force against our right ear; startled indeed we were, for at the moment our impression was that it was some member of the Happy Family around us who had favored us with a mark of his attention.

In feeding the larger serpents, the Boas and Pythons, some care is necessary lest such an accident should occur as that which befell Mr. Cops, of the Lion Office in the Tower, some years ago. Mr. Cops was holding a fowl to the head of the largest of the five snakes which were then there kept; the snake was changing its skin, consequently, being nearly blind (for the skin of the eye is changed with the rest), it darted at the fowl but missed it, and seized the keeper by the left thumb, coiling round his arm and neck in a moment, and fixing itself by its tail to one of the posts of its cage, thus giving itself greater power. Mr. Cops, who was alone, did not lose his presence of mind, and immediately attempted to relieve himself from the powerful constriction by getting at the serpent's head; but the serpent had so knotted itself upon its own head, that Mr. Cops could not reach it, and had thrown himself upon the floor in order to grapple, with greater success, with his formidable opponent, when fortunately, two other keepers came in and rushed to the rescue. The struggle even then was severe, but at length they succeeded in breaking the teeth of the serpent, and relieving Mr. Cops from his perilous situation; two broken teeth were extracted from the thumb; the wounds soon healed, and no further inconvenience followed. Still more severe was the contest which took place between a negro herdsman, belonging to Mr. Abson, for many years Governor at Fort William, on the coast of Africa. This man was seized by a huge Python while passing through a wood. The serpent fixed his fangs in his thigh, but in attempting to throw himself round his body, fortunately became entangled with a tree, and the man being thus preserved from a state of compression which would have instantly rendered him powerless, had presence of mind enough to cut with a large knife which he carried about

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with him, deep gashes in the neck and throat of his antagonist, thereby killing him, and disengaging himself from his frightful situation. He never afterward, however, recovered the use of the limb, which had sustained considerable injury from the fangs and mere force of the jaws, and for many years limped about the fort, a living example of the prowess of these fearful serpents.

The true *Boas*, it is to be observed, are restricted to America, the name *Python* being given to the large serpents of Africa and India. It is related by Pliny that the army of Regulus was alarmed by a huge serpent one hundred and twenty-three feet in length. This account is doubtful; but there is a well-authenticated instance of the destruction of a snake above sixty-two feet long, while in the act of coiling itself round the body of a man. The snakes at the gardens will generally be found coiled and twined together in large clusters, probably for the sake of warmth. Dr. Carpenter knew an instance in which no less than *thirteen hundred* of our English harmless snakes were found in an old lime kiln! The *battûe* which ensued can better be imagined than described.

The cobras, the puff-adders, and some of the other highly-venomous serpents are principally found in rocky and sandy places, and very dangerous they are. Mr. Gould, the eminent ornithologist, had a most narrow escape of his life when in the interior of Australia: there is a serpent found in those arid wastes, whose bite is fatal in an incredibly short time, and it springs at an object with great force. Mr. Gould was a little in advance of his party, when suddenly a native who was with him screamed out, "Oh, massa! dere big snake!" Mr. Gould started, and putting his foot in a hole, nearly fell to the ground. At that instant the snake made its spring, and had it not been for his stumble, would have struck him in the face; as it was, it passed over his head, and was shot before it could do any further mischief. It was a large snake, of the most venomous sort, and the natives gathered round the sportsman anxiously inquiring if it had bitten him? Finding it

had not, all said they thought he was “good for dead,” when they saw the reptile spring.

The expression “sting,” used repeatedly by Shakspeare, as applied to snakes, is altogether incorrect; the tongue has nothing to do with the infliction of injury. Serpents bite, and the difference between the harmless and venomous serpents generally is simply this: the mouths of the harmless snakes and the whole tribe of boas are provided with sharp teeth, but no fangs; their bite, therefore, is innocuous; the poisonous serpents on the other hand, have two poison-fangs attached to the upper jaw which lie flat upon the roof of the mouth when not in use, and are concealed by a fold of the skin. In each fang is a tube which opens near the point of the tooth by a fissure; when the creature is irritated the fangs are at once erected. The poison bag is placed beneath the muscles which act on the lower jaw, so that when the fangs are struck into the victim the poison is injected with much force to the very bottom of the wound.

But how do Boa Constrictors swallow goats and antelopes, and other large animals whole? The process is very simple; the lower jaw is not united to the upper, but is hung to a long stalk-shaped bone, on which it is movable, and this bone is only attached to the skull by ligaments, susceptible of extraordinary extension. The process by which these serpents take and swallow their prey has been so graphically described in the second volume of the “Zoological Journal,” by that very able naturalist and graceful writer, W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S., that we shall transcribe it, being able, from frequent ocular demonstrations, to vouch for its correctness. A large buck rabbit was introduced into the cage of a Boa Constrictor of great size: “The snake was down and motionless in a moment. There he lay like a log without one symptom of life, save that which glared in the small bright eye twinkling in his depressed head. The rabbit appeared to take no notice of him, but presently began to walk about the cage. The snake suddenly, but almost imperceptibly, turned

his head according to the rabbit's movements, as if to keep the object within the range of his eye. At length the rabbit, totally unconscious of his situation, approached the ambushed head. The snake dashed at him like lightning. There was a blow—a scream—and instantly the victim was locked in the coils of the serpent. This was done almost too rapidly for the eye to follow; at one instant the snake was motionless—the next he was one congeries of coils round his prey. He had seized the rabbit by the neck just under the ear, and was evidently exerting the strongest pressure round the thorax of the quadruped; thereby preventing the expansion of the chest, and at the same time depriving the anterior extremities of motion. The rabbit never cried after the first seizure; he lay with his hind legs stretched out, still breathing with difficulty, as could be seen by the motion of his flanks. Presently he made one desperate struggle with his hind legs; but the snake cautiously applied another coil with such dexterity as completely to manacle the lower extremities, and in about eight minutes the rabbit was quite dead. The snake then gradually and carefully uncoiled himself, and finding that his victim moved not, opened his mouth, let go his hold, and placed his head opposite the fore-part of the rabbit. The boa, generally, I have observed, begins with the head; but in this instance, the serpent having begun with the fore-legs was longer in gorging his prey than usual, and in consequence of the difficulty presented by the awkward position of the rabbit, the dilatation and secretion of lubricating mucus were excessive. The serpent first got the fore-legs into his mouth; he then coiled himself round the rabbit, and appeared to draw out the dead body through his folds; he then began to dilate his jaws, and holding the rabbit firmly in a coil, as a point of resistance, appeared to exercise at intervals the whole of his anterior muscles in protruding his stretched jaws and lubricated mouth and throat, at first against, and soon after gradually upon and over his prey. When the prey was completely engulfed the serpent lay for a few moments with his dislocated

jaws still dropping with the mucus which had lubricated the parts, and at this time he looked quite sufficiently disgusting. He then stretched out his neck, and at the same moment the muscles seemed to push the prey further downward. After a few efforts to replace the parts, the jaws appeared much the same as they did previous to the monstrous repast.”

## The Magic Maze. (From Colburn's Monthly Magazine.)

The Germans are said to be a philosophical and sagacious people, with a strong *penchant* for metaphysics and mysticism. They are certainly a *leichtgläubiges Volk*, but, notwithstanding, painstaking and persevering in their search after truth. I know not whence it arises—whether from temperament, climate, or association—but it is very evident that a large portion of their studies is recondite and unsatisfactory, and incapable of being turned to any practical or beneficial account. They meditate on things which do not concern them; they attempt to penetrate into mysteries which lie without the pale of human knowledge. It has been ordained, by an inscrutable decree of Providence, that there are things which man shall not know; but they have endeavored to draw aside the vail which He has interposed as a safeguard to those secrets, and have perplexed mankind with a relation of their discoveries and speculations. They have pretended to a knowledge of the invisible world, and have assumed a position scarcely tenable by the weight of argument adduced in its defense. What has puzzled the minds of the most erudite and

persevering men, I do not presume to decide. Instances of the re-appearance of persons after their decease, may or may not have occurred; there may, for aught I know, be good grounds for the belief in omens, warnings, wraiths, second-sight, with many other descriptions of supernatural phenomena. I attempt not to dispute the point. The human mind is strongly tinctured with superstition; it is a feeling common to all nations and ages. We find it existing among savages, as well as among people of refinement; we read of it in times of antiquity, as well as in modern and more enlightened periods. This universality betokens the feeling to be instinctive, and is an argument in favor of the phenomena which many accredit, and vouch to have witnessed.

I inherit many of the peculiarities of my countrymen. I, too, have felt that deep and absorbing interest in every thing appertaining to the supernatural. This passion was implanted in my breast at a very early age, by an old woman, who lived with us as nurse. I shall remember her as long as I live, for to her may be attributed a very great portion of my sufferings. She was an excellent story-teller. I do not know whether she invented them herself, but she had always a plentiful supply. My family resided at that time in Berlin, where, indeed, I was born. This old woman, when she took me and my sister to bed of an evening, kept us awake for hours and hours, by relating to us tales which were always interesting, and sometimes very frightful. Our parents were not aware of this, or they never would have suffered her to relate them to us. In the long winter nights, when it grew quite dark at four o'clock, she would draw her chair to the stove, and we would cluster round her, and listen to her marvelous stories. Many a time did my limbs shake, many a time did I turn as pale as death, and cling closely to her from fear, as I sat listening with greedy ear to her narratives. So powerful an effect did they produce, that I dared not remain alone. Even in the broad day-light, and when the sun was brightly shining into every chamber, I was afraid to go upstairs by myself; and so timid

did I become, that the least noise instantly alarmed me. That old woman brought misery and desolation into our house; she blasted the fondest hopes, and threw a dark and dismal shadow over the brightest and most cheerful places. Often and often have I wished that she had been sooner removed; but, alas! it was ordered otherwise. She pretended to be very fond of us, and our parents never dreamed of any danger in permitting her to remain under their roof. We were so delighted and captivated with her narratives, that we implicitly obeyed her in every respect; but she laid strong injunctions upon us, that we were not to inform either our father or mother of the nature of them. If we were alarmed at any time, we always attributed it to some other than the true cause; hence the injury she was inflicting upon the family was unperceived. I have sometimes thought that she was actuated by a spirit of revenge, for some supposed injury inflicted upon her, and that she had long contemplated the misfortune into which she eventually plunged my unhappy parents, and which hurried them both to a premature grave.

I will briefly state the cause of the grievous change in our domestic happiness. My sister was a year or two younger than myself, and, at the time of which I speak, about seven years of age. She had always been a gay, romping child, till this old woman was introduced into the family, and then she became grave, timid, and reserved; she lost all that buoyancy of disposition, that joyousness of heart, which were common to her before. Methinks I now see her as she was then—a rosy-cheeked, fair-haired little creature, with soft, blue eyes, that sparkled with animation, a mouth pursed into the pleasantest smile, and a nose and chin exquisitely formed. My sister, as I have already stated, altered much after the old woman had become an inmate of the family. She lost the freshness of her complexion, the bright lustre of her eye, and was often dejected and thoughtful. One night (I shudder even now when I think of it), the wicked old beldame told us, as usual, one of her frightful stories, which had alarmed [685]

us exceedingly. It related to our own house, which she declared had at one time been haunted, and that the apparition had been seen by several persons still living. It appeared as a lady, habited in a green silk dress, black velvet bonnet, with black feathers. After she had concluded her narrative, under some pretense or other, she left the room, though we both strenuously implored her to remain; for we were greatly afraid, and trembling in every limb. She, however, did not heed our solicitation, but said she would return in a few minutes. There was a candle upon the table, but it was already in the socket, and fast expiring. Some ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, and the chamber-door was quietly thrown open. My hand shakes, and my flesh seems to creep upon my bones, as I recall that horrid moment of my past existence. The door was opened, and a figure glided into the room. It seemed to move upon the air, for we heard not its footsteps. By the feeble and sickly light of the expiring taper, we closely examined the appearance of our extraordinary visitor. She had on a green dress, black bonnet and feathers, and, in a word, precisely corresponded with the appearance of the apparition described by the wicked old nurse. My sister screamed hysterically, and I fell into a swoon. The household was disturbed, and in a few minutes the servants and our parents were by the bed-side. The old woman was among them. I described, as well as I was able, what had occurred; and my parents, without a moment's hesitation, laid the mysterious visitation to the charge of the old woman; but she stoutly denied it. My belief, however, to this day, is, that she was concerned in it. My beloved sister became a confirmed idiot, and died about two years after that dreadful night.

My subsequent wretchedness may be traced to this female, for she had already instilled into my mind a love for the marvelous and supernatural. I was not satisfied unless I was reading books that treated of these subjects; and I desired, like the astrologers of old, to read the stars, and to be endowed with the power of

casting the horoscopes of my fellow-creatures.

When directed by my guardians to select a profession, I chose that of medicine, as being most congenial to my taste. I was accordingly placed with a respectable practitioner, and in due time sent to college, to perfect myself in my profession. I found my studies dry and wearisome, and was glad to relieve myself with books more capable of interesting me than those relating to medical subjects.

I had always attached great importance to dreams, and to the various coincidences which so frequently occur to us in life. I shall mention a circumstance or two which occurred about this time, and which made a very forcible impression upon me. I dreamed one night that an intimate friend of mine, then residing in India, had been killed by being thrown from his horse. Not many weeks elapsed, before I received intelligence of his death, which occurred in the very way I have described. I was so struck with the coincidence, that I instituted further inquiry, and ascertained that he had died on the same night, and about the same hour on which I had dreamed that the unfortunate event took place. I reflected a good deal upon this occurrence. Was it possible, I asked myself, that his disinthralled spirit had the power of communicating with other spirits, though thousands of miles intervened? An event so strange I could not attribute to mere chance. I felt convinced that the information had been conveyed by design, although the manner of its accomplishment I could not comprehend.

A circumstance scarcely less remarkable happened to me only a few days subsequently. I had wandered a few miles into the country, and at length found myself upon a rising eminence, commanding a view of a picturesque little village in the distance. Although I had at no period of my life been in this part of the country, the scene was not novel to me. I had seen it before. Every object was perfectly familiar. The mill, with its revolving wheel—the neat cottages, with small gardens in front—and the

little stream of water that gently trickled past.

These matters gave a stronger impulse to my reading, and I devoured, with the greatest voracity, all books appertaining to my favorite subjects. Indeed, I became so engrossed in my employment, that I neglected my proper studies, avoided all society, all exercise, and out-door occupation. For weeks and weeks I shut my self up in my chamber, and refused to see anybody. I would sit for hours of a night, gazing upon the stars, and wondering if they exercised any control over the destinies of mankind. So nervous did this constant study and seclusion render me, that if a door were blown open by a sudden blast of wind, I trembled, and became as pale as death; if a withered bough fell from a neighboring tree, I was agitated, and unable for some seconds to speak; if a sudden footstep was heard on the stairs, I anticipated that my chamber-door would be immediately thrown open, and ere many seconds elapsed to be in the presence of a visitor from the dark and invisible world of shadows. I became pale and feverish, my appetite failed me, and I felt a strong disinclination to perform the ordinary duties of life.

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My friends observed, with anxiety and disquietude, my altered appearance; and I was recommended to change my residence, and to withdraw myself entirely from books. A favorable locality, combining the advantages of pure air, magnificent scenery, and retirement, was accordingly chosen for me, in which it was determined I should remain during the winter months. It was now the latter end of September.

My future residence lay at the distance of about ten German miles from Berlin. It was a fine autumnal day, that I proceeded, in the company of a friend, to take possession of my new abode. Toward the close of the day we found ourselves upon an elevated ground, commanding an extensive and beautiful view of the country for miles around. From this spot we beheld the house, or rather castle (for it had once assumed this character, although it was now dismantled, and a portion only of the eastern

wing was inhabitable), that I was to occupy. It stood in an extensive valley, through which a broad and deep stream held its devious course—now flowing smoothly and placidly along, amid dark, overhanging trees—now dashing rapidly and furiously over the rocks, foaming and roaring as it fell in the most beautiful cascades. The building stood on the margin of the stream, and in the midst of thick and almost impenetrable woods, that rendered the situation in the highest degree romantic and captivating. The scene presented itself to us under the most favorable aspect. The sun was just setting behind the distant hills, and his rays were tinging with a soft, mellow light, the foliage of the trees, of a thousand variegated colors. Here and there, through the interstices of the trees, they fell upon the surface of the water, thus relieving the dark and sombre appearance of the stream. The road we now traversed led, by a circuitous route, into the valley. As we journeyed on, I was more than ever struck with the beauty of the scene. Dried leaves in many places lay scattered upon the ground; but the trees were still well laden with foliage, although I foresaw they would be entirely stripped in a short time. The evening was soft and mild; but occasionally a gentle breeze would spring up, and cause, for a moment, a slight rustling among the trees, and then gradually die away. The sky above our heads was serene and placid, presenting one vast expanse of blue, relieved, here and there, by a few light fleecy clouds. As we got deeper into the valley, the road became bad and uneven, and it was with much difficulty we prevented our horses from stumbling. In one or two instances we had to dismount and lead them, the road in many places being dangerous and precipitous. At length we gained the bottom of the valley. A rude stone bridge was thrown over the stream above described, over which we led our steeds. Arrived at the other side, we entered a long avenue of trees, sufficient to admit of two horsemen riding abreast. When we had gained the extremity of the avenue, the road diverged to the left, and became tortuous and intricate in its windings. It was in a bad

state of repair, for the building had not been inhabited by any body but an old woman for a great number of years. We at length arrived in front of the entrance. As I gazed upon the dilapidated structure, I did not for a moment dream of the suffering and misery I was to undergo beneath its roof. We dismounted and gave our horses into the charge of a man who worked about the grounds during the day-time. We were no sooner admitted into this peculiar-looking place, than a circumstance occurred which plunged me into the greatest distress of mind, and aroused a host of the most painful and agonizing reminiscences. I conceived the event to be ominous of disaster; and so it proved. I recognized, in the woman who admitted us, that execrable being who had already so deeply injured my family, and to whose infernal machinations I unhesitatingly ascribed the idiocy and death of my dearly beloved sister. She gazed earnestly upon me, and seemed to recognize me. This discovery caused me the greatest uneasiness. I hated the sight of the woman; I loathed her; I shuddered when I was in her presence; and a vague, undefinable feeling took possession of me, which seemed to suggest that she was something more than mortal. I know not what evils I anticipated from this discovery. I predicted, however, nothing so awful, nothing so horrible, as what actually befell me.

I took the earliest opportunity of speaking alone with this woman.

“My good woman,” I said to her, “I shall not suffer you to remain here at night.”

“Why not, sir?” she asked.

“There are certain insuperable objections, the nature of which you may probably surmise.”

“Indeed, I do not.”

“Then your memory is short.”

“I do not understand you, sir.”

“It is not of any consequence.”

After some further altercation, she consented to submit to the terms dictated to her.

On the following day, my friend Hoffmeister returned to Berlin, where he had some business to transact, on which depended much of his future happiness. He promised to pay me another visit in the course of a week or ten days.

I spent the first three or four days very comfortably, though I was still very nervous, and in a weak state of health. On the morning of the fifth day, the old woman (who had by some means discovered my profession) asked me if I required a subject for the purpose of dissection. This was what I had long been seeking for, but my efforts to obtain one had hitherto been fruitless. I asked the sex, and she informed me it was a male. I was delighted with the offer, and at once acquiesced in the terms. Toward nightfall it was arranged that the corpse should be conveyed to the castle. [687]

I know not from what cause, but, during the whole of the day, I was in a very abstracted and desponding state of mind, and began to regret that I had agreed to take the body through the mediation of the old woman, whom I almost conceived to be in league with Beelzebub himself.

The day had been exceedingly sultry, and toward evening the sky became overcast with huge masses of dark clouds. The wind, at intervals, moaned fitfully, and as it swept through the long corridors of the building, strongly resembled the mournful and pitiful tones of a human being in distress. The trees that stood in front of the house ever and anon yielded to the intermitting gusts of wind, and bowed their heads as though in submission to a superior power. There was no human being to be seen out of doors, and the cattle, shortly before grazing upon some distant hills, had already been removed. The river flowed sluggishly past, its brawling breaking occasionally upon the ear when the wind was inaudible. Suddenly the wind ceased, and large drops of rain began to fall; presently afterward, it came down in torrents. It was a fearful night. Frequent peals of thunder smote upon

the ear; now it seemed to be at a distance, now immediately overhead. Vivid flashes of lightning were at intervals seen in the distant horizon, illumining for a moment, with supernatural brilliancy, the most minute and insignificant objects. In the midst of the tempest, I fancied I heard a rumbling noise at a distance. It grew more distinct; the cause of it was rapidly approaching. I looked earnestly out of the window, and I thought I could discern a moving object between the interstices of the trees. I was not mistaken. It was the vehicle conveying the dead body. It came along at a rapid pace. It was just in the act of turning an angle of the road, when a tree, of gigantic proportions, was struck by the electric fluid to the ground. The horse shied, and the car narrowly escaped being crushed beneath its ponderous weight. The men drove up to the entrance, and speedily took the box containing the body from the car, and placed it in a room which I showed them into. I directed them to take the body out of the box, and place it upon a deal board, which I had laid horizontally upon a couple of trestles. The corpse was accordingly taken out. It was that of a finely-grown young man. I laid my hand upon it; it was still warm, and I fancied I felt a slight pulsation about the region of the heart. Anxious to dismiss the men as soon as possible, and fearing that the old woman might be imposing upon me, I asked the price.

“*Siebzig Thaler, mein Herr,*” said the man.

“*Danke, danke—tausendmal,*” said he, as I counted the money into his hand.

At this instant a vivid flash of lightning illumined, for a second or two, the livid and ghastly corpse of the man, rendering the object horrible to gaze upon.

“*Gott im Himmel! was für ein schrecklicher Sturm!*” exclaimed the man to whom I had paid the money.

In a few minutes the men departed, and I stood at the window watching them, as they drove furiously away. At length they disappeared altogether from my view.

I was now alone in the house. The storm was as furious as ever. I had never before felt so wretched. I was restless and uneasy, and a thousand dark thoughts flitted across my distracted brain as I wandered from room to room. It was already quite dark, and I was at least a couple of miles distant from any living soul. The frequent flashes of lightning, the loud peals of thunder, the dead body of the man, and my own nervous and superstitious temperament, constituted a multitude of anxieties, fears, and apprehensions, that might have caused the stoutest heart to quail beneath their influence. I seated myself in the sitting-room that had been provided for me, and took up my *meerschaum*, and endeavored to compose myself. It was, however, in vain. I was exceedingly restless, and I know not what vague and indefinable apprehensions entered my imagination. Whenever I have felt a presentiment of evil, it has invariably been followed by some danger or difficulty. It was so in the present instance. I drew the curtains in front of the windows, for I could not bear to look upon the storm that was raging with unabated vehemence out of doors, and I drew my chair closer to the fire, and sat for a considerable time. At length, between ten and eleven o'clock, I took from a small cabinet a bottle containing some excellent French brandy. I poured a portion of it into a tumbler, and diluted it with warm water. I took two or three copious draughts, which I thought imparted new life to my frame.

I was in this way occupied, when a sudden noise in a corner of the room caused a feeling of horror to thrill through my whole system. I sprang upon my legs in a moment; my eyes stared wildly, and every limb in my body shook as though with convulsions. For a moment, I stood still, steadfastly fixing my eyes upon the place from whence the noise proceeded. All was quiet. I heard nothing save the beating of the rain against the windows, and low peals of distant thunder. I walked across the room, and I discovered that a riding-whip had fallen from the nail from which it had been suspended. Satisfied that there was

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no occasion for alarm, I resumed my seat, and indulged in fresh draughts of brandy-and-water. A few minutes elapsed, and a noise similar to the last filled me with new apprehensions. I sprang again from my seat. The pulses of my heart beat quickly. I gazed wildly about me. I could see nothing—hear nothing. I walked a few paces, and found an empty powder-flask upon the floor; it had fallen from a shelf upon which I had placed it in the morning. I was much alarmed; I reeled like a drunken man, and my mind was filled with the most horrible forebodings. I drank the diluted spirit more freely than usual, and stood awaiting the issue. Another article in a few minutes fell from the wall. I now knew what to expect. I had frequently read of this species of disturbance before. It was what, is called in Germany the *Poltergeist*. In a few minutes, the greatest uproar manifested itself. The pictures fell from the walls, the ornaments from the shelves; the jugs, glasses, and bottles leaped from the table; the chairs, &c., by some unseen and infernal agency, were overturned. I ran about like one beside himself; I tore my hair with agony; I groaned with mental affliction; and my heart cursed the devil incarnate that had brought all this misery to pass. It was the woman; I was convinced of it. She, she alone, could conceive and hatch such monstrous and nefarious stratagems. I knew not what to do—whither to fly. The uproar continued. In my distraction, I ran from place to place. I entered the room where the corpse lay. Merciful God! I discovered, by the glimmering light from the other chamber, that it had changed its position. I had laid it upon its back. Its face was now turned downward! My cup was full—my misery complete. I returned to the room I had just quitted. The disturbance had in some measure abated. I was thankful that it was so, and I proceeded to place the tables, chairs, &c., in their usual position. While I was thus engaged, the tumult commenced afresh. No sooner had I placed a chair in an upright direction, than it was immediately overturned; no sooner had I suspended a picture from the wall, than it was again

upon the floor. What was I to do? How was I to escape the horrible spells with which the archfiend had encompassed me? I could not leave the place on account of the storm; and even if I had done so, it was not possible that I could gain admittance into any habitation at that late hour of the night. Wretch that I was! What crime had I committed, wherein had I erred, that I should be visited with so unaccountable and terrible a calamity? My presence seemed to arouse the malignity of the *Poltergeist*, and I deemed it expedient to leave the room. I was afraid to enter that in which the dead (?) man lay, lest I should be exposed to further causes for alarm. There was certainly a room in the higher part of the building in which I had been accustomed to sleep; but I dared not venture there in my present state of mind. I entered an adjoining corridor, and paced up and down for a few minutes, but the air was chilly, and I was in total darkness. The disturbance ceased as soon as I had quitted the room. I could not remain where I was, so I re-entered it, but my return was only the signal for fresh disasters. The uproar was resumed with tenfold energy. However much my heart might revolt from it, there was no other course open than to go into the room where the dead body lay. In the condition of one who is driven to the last stage of desperation, I walked, with as much fortitude as I could command, into that chamber. God of Heaven! I had no sooner reached the threshold than I started back with affright. I will not dwell upon that horrible scene; I will not minutely detail the agony I endured. The corpse sat upright! I drew the chamber-door quickly after me and staggered into the next apartment. Powerless and overcome, I fell to the ground.

When I recovered, it was day. The light was streaming into the chamber, and the storm had subsided. Fresh marvels were to be revealed. I was no longer in the room in which I had been on the preceding night. I was in bed, in the chamber where I had hitherto slept! How came I hither? I knew not. I pressed my hand to my brow, and strove to collect my scattered

senses. I was bewildered and confused, and could only account for the marvelous transition to which I had been exposed, by some remarkable agency, altogether intangible to my senses, and utterly beyond the power of my understanding to comprehend.

I descended, as soon as I was dressed, to breakfast, of which I sparingly partook. I was pale and agitated. My sitting-room was in its usual state of order. I did not venture into the other apartment, neither did I speak to the woman touching the spectacles I had witnessed.

Hoffmeister returned in the evening, some days sooner than he expected. He observed my altered appearance, and said—

*“Was fehlt dir? Du bist krank, nicht wahr?”*

*“Nein; ich bin recht wohl, Gott sei dank.”*

I could not, however, convince Hoffmeister that nothing had happened. I was not disposed to reveal to him what I had witnessed, for I knew he would treat the matter with unbecoming levity. His opinions were very different from mine upon these subjects.

Hoffmeister appeared much depressed in spirits himself. I inquired the cause, but he evaded the question. I concluded that his journey to Berlin had not been attended with satisfactory results, for I could conjecture no other cause for his unhappiness. We retired to rest early, for Hoffmeister appeared fatigued. I proposed that we should sleep together, which my friend gladly assented to.

I was much surprised, when I awoke on the following morning, to find myself alone. What had become of Hoffmeister? Had he, too, been under the domination of some evil power? I knew he was not an early riser, and his absence, therefore, astonished and agitated me. I dressed myself hastily, and immediately went in search of him. I wandered about the adjacent grounds, but he was not there. I could not rest till I had found him. I had known him for many years, and had always loved and esteemed him. He

was, till lately, my constant companion—my bosom-friend—in a word, my *alter ego*.

I resolved to extend my search. I swiftly passed through the avenue of trees, crossed the bridge, and it was not long before I had gained the summit of the road that led into the valley. I stood for a while gazing around me. I gazed earnestly at the dilapidated and time-worn walls of the old castle, in which I had witnessed so many marvelous and horrible sights. I shuddered when I reflected upon them. I resumed my journey, and at length reached a village a few miles distant from my former abode. I walked quickly forward, and on my way met several persons who saluted me, whom I did not remember to have seen before. What could they mean by taking such unwarrantable liberties with me? They did not appear to be drunk, nor to have any intention of insulting me. It was odd—unaccountable. I hurried on. My head began to swim; my eyes were burning hot, and ready to start from their sockets. I was wild—frantic. [689]

I reached the shop of an apothecary, and stepped in to ask for water, to quench my thirst. The man smirked, and asked me how I was. I told him, I did not know him; but he persisted in saying he had been in my company only a night or two before. I was confounded. I seized the glass of water he held in his hand, and took a hearty draught, and precipitately departed. I traveled on. I was bewildered—in a maze, from which I found it impossible to extricate myself. I made inquiries about my friend, but the people stared and laughed, as though there was something extraordinary about me. I wandered about till nightfall, and at last found shelter in a cottage by the road-side, which was inhabited by an infirm old woman.

The next day I returned to the village. I called upon a gentleman with whom I was intimately acquainted. I thought he might be able to give me some tidings of my friend. When I was ushered into his presence he did not know me. I was incredulous. Was I no longer myself? Had I changed my identity? Whence

this mystery? I was unable to fathom it. I handed my card to him; he looked at it, and returned it, saying he did not know Mr. Hoffmeister. The card was that of my friend. How it had come into my possession I knew not. I apologized for the error, and informed him that my name was not Hoffmeister, but Heinrich Gottlieb Langström. My surprise may be conceived, when he informed me Langström—in fact, that I myself was dead, and that my body had been found in the stream that flowed past the village the day previously! I was ready to sink through the floor, and could not find language to reply to the monstrous falsehood. I rushed from his presence, feeling assured that some conspiracy was afoot to drive me mad. I must have become so, or I never would have been exposed to the extraordinary delusion to which I afterward became a victim.

I entered a house of public entertainment, and determined to solve this dreadful enigma. I was, unfortunately, acquainted with the doctrines of Pythagoras, and, at the time to which I refer, no doubt insane.

I requested to be shown into a room, where I could arrange my dress. I was conducted into a chamber, in which all things necessary for that purpose were provided. My object, however, was of greater consequence than this. I wished to unravel the strange mystery that surrounded me—to discover, in a word, whether I were really myself, or some other person. There was no way of freeing myself from this horrible suspense and uncertainty than by examining my features in the looking-glass. There was one placed upon a dressing-table, but I shrank from it as though it had been a demon. I dreaded to approach it; I feared to look into it, lest it should confirm all the vague and monstrous misgivings that agitated my mind. I regarded it as the arbiter of my destiny. It possessed the power either to transport me with happiness, or to plunge me into utter, irretrievable misery. In that brief moment I endured an age of agony and suspense. With a faltering step, with a whirling brain, I advanced toward the

glass. I stood opposite to it; I looked into it. Distraction! horror of horrors! It was not my own face I beheld! I swooned—fell backward.

When I recovered, I found myself in the arms of a man, who bathed my temples with water. I quickly made my escape from the house. I was pale and haggard, like one stricken with some sudden and grievous calamity. I fancied, as I passed along, that the passengers whom I met stared at me, laughed in my face, and seemed to consider my misfortune a fit subject for their mirth and ridicule. Every hubbub in the street, every screeching voice that assailed my ear, I conceived to be attributable to my horrible transformation. I was afraid to look around; I dared not arrest my progress for a moment, lest any of the mocking fiends should make sport of my unhappy situation, and drive me to some act of desperation. On, on, I hurried. I gained the fields. Thank Heaven! the village lay at a distance behind me. The haunts of men were no place for me. I was something more than mortal. I had undergone a change, of which I had never conceived myself susceptible. I sped forward; naught could impede my course. My only relief was in action. Any thing to dissipate the thoughts that flitted across my distracted brain. Bodily pain might be endured—fatigue, hunger, any corporeal suffering; but to think, was death—destruction. Oh! could I have evaded thought for one moment, what joy, what transport! I fled onward; there was no time to pause—to consider. The sun had already sunk behind the hills, and night was about to spread her mantle o'er the earth, when I threw myself down, exhausted and overpowered. Slumber sealed my eyes, and I lay upon the ground, an outcast of men, an isolated and wretched being, to whom the common lot of humanity had been denied.

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I will hurry this painful narrative to a close. I have but a vague idea of the events that occurred during the next few weeks. I remember being told, as I lay in bed, by a young woman who attended me, that I had been found by some workpeople, on the

night above referred to, in the vicinity of my former residence, and conveyed thither, and that I had been attacked by the brain fever, and that my life had been despaired of by my medical attendant.

The body which had been found in the stream, and which was supposed to be mine, was that of my dear friend, Hoffmeister. In his agitation, previously to his committing the dreadful act of suicide, he had inadvertently mistaken my garments for his own.

When I became convalescent, I determined upon leaving, as soon as possible, the scene of my recent suffering. Before doing so, I proceeded to the village which I had previously visited. I called upon the gentleman who had not recognized me on a former occasion; but, strange to say, he now remembered me perfectly, and received me very kindly indeed. I referred to the circumstance of our late interview, but he had no recollection of it. While we were thus conversing, a third person entered the room, the very image of my friend, and who, it appeared was his brother. An explanation at once ensued.

These matters I have thought it necessary to explain. There are, however, occurrences in the narrative, of which I can give no solution, though I may premise, that my conviction is, that those which took place in the village, arose from natural causes, with which I am nevertheless unacquainted. The body of the man, who, I have reason to believe, was not quite dead when he was brought to me, I conveyed with me to Berlin. The old woman I never again beheld.

## The Sun. (From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

Of all the links in the stupendous chain of the cosmos, the sun, next to our own planet, is that which we are most concerned in knowing well, while it is precisely that which we know the least. This glorious orb has always been involved in the deepest mystery. All that had been revealed to us concerning it, till very recently, was derived from the observations and deductions of the elder Herschel. His discovery of a double luminous envelopment, at times partially withdrawn from various portions of the sun's surface, afforded, on the whole, a satisfactory explanation of the numerous spots that are always seen on his disk. This glimpse merely of the external changes which happen on his surface made up the sum of our knowledge of that great luminary on which the animation of our planetary system depends! One main cause of this utter ignorance on the subject, besides its own intrinsic difficulty, lay in the comparatively slight attention it had always received from astronomers generally. No individual observer ever thought of devoting himself to the solar phenomena alone, while the public observatories confined themselves to merely observing the sun's culmination at noon, or to ascertaining the exact duration of its eclipses.

We knew, from the observations of Cassini and Herschel, that the spots on the sun's disk are not alike numerous every year; and Kunowsky particularly drew the attention of astronomers to the fact, that while in the years 1818 and 1819 very large and numerous ones appeared, some visible even to the naked eye, very few, on the contrary, and those of but trifling size, were seen in the years 1822-1824. But it was reserved for the

indefatigable Schwabe of Dessau, who has devoted himself for a long series of years to this one single object, to establish the fact of these spots observing a certain periodicity. Among the results of his labors—for as yet we have only his brief announcements to the scientific world in the “Astronomical Notices”—are the following: 1. That the recurrence of the solar spots has a period of about ten years; 2. That the number of the single groups of one year varies at the minimum time from twenty-five to thirty, while in the maximum years they sometimes rise to above three hundred; 3. That with their greater abundance is combined also a greater local extension and blackness of the spots; 4. That at the maximum time, the sun, for some years together, is never seen without very considerable spots. The last maximum appears to have been of a peculiarly rich character, as, from February, 1837, till December, 1840, solar spots were visible on every day of observation; while the number of groups in the former of those years amounted to 333.

But if a single individual, by observations continued unbroken for entire decenniums, has thus revealed to us the most important fact hitherto known relating to the sun, there are other questions not less important which can only find their solution in the careful observation of a rarely-occurring interval of perhaps one or two minutes. The splendor of the sun is so amazingly great, as to preclude us entirely from perceiving any object in his immediate proximity unless projected before his disk as a darkening object. At ten, or fifteen degrees even from the sun, when this luminary is above the horizon, all the fixed stars vanish from the most powerful telescopes. We are therefore in utter ignorance whether the space between him and Mercury is occupied or not by some other denizen of the planetary system. To enable us to explore the sun's immediate proximity, we require a body that shall exclude his rays from our atmosphere, and yet leave the space round the sun open to our view. Such an object can of course be neither a cloud nor any terrestrial object, natural or artificial, since parts

of the atmosphere will exist behind it which will be impinged on by the sun's rays. Only during a total eclipse can these conditions be fulfilled, and even then but for a very brief interval, which may still be lost to the observer through unfavorable weather or from too low a position of the sun. [691]

Notwithstanding that this rare and precarious opportunity is the only possible one we possess of becoming better acquainted with the physical nature of the great luminary of day, astronomers never availed themselves of it for any other purpose than the admeasurement of the earth, which might have been done as well, if not better, during any planetary eclipse. This error or indifference, whichever it may have been, can not, however, be laid to the charge of our living astronomers. The 8th of July, 1842—the day on which the last total eclipse of the sun took place—witnessed the most distinguished of these assembled for the purpose of making, for the first time, observations calculated to afford us some insight into this greatest mystery of the celestial world. This eclipse was total on a zone which traversed the north of Spain, the south of France, the region of the Alps and Styria, and a portion of Austria, Central Russia and Siberia, terminating in China; so that the observatories of Marseilles, Milan, Venice, Padua, Vienna, and Ofen, all supplied with excellent telescopes, and in full activity, came within its range; while many astronomers, at whose observatories the eclipse was not visible, set out for places situated within the zone just described. Thus Arago and two of his colleagues repaired to Perpignan, Airy to Turin, Schumacker to Vienna, Struve and Sehidloffsky to Lipezk, and Stubendorff to Koerakow. Most of them were favored by the weather. Let us now see what the combined endeavors of these practiced and well-furnished observers have made us acquainted with.

First, as regards the obscurity, it was so great, that five, seven, and in some cases as many as ten stars were visible to the naked eye. A reddish light was seen to proceed from the horizon—that

is, from those regions where the darkness was not total—and by this light print of a moderate size could, with a little difficulty, be read. Such plants as usually close their petals at night were seen in most places to close them also during the eclipse. The thermometer fell from 2 to 3 degrees of Reaumur, and in the fields about Perpignan a heavy dew fell. A change in the color of the light, and consequently of the enlightened objects, was noticed by many, although they were not agreed in their description of it. But this diversity may have been caused by the nature of the air at different places being probably different, and the degree of obscurity very unequal. At Lipezk, where the eclipse lasted the longest, being 3 minutes and 3 seconds, a darkness similar to that of night set in, and there the eclipse began exactly at noon.

The effect of the eclipse on the animal creation was similar to what had been observed before in the like circumstances: they ceased eating; draught animals suddenly stood still; domestic birds fled to the stables, or sought other places of shelter; owls and bats flew abroad, as if night had come on. Of three lively linnets, kept in a cage, one dropped down dead. The insect world too was greatly affected; ants stopped in the midst of their labors, and only resumed their course after the reappearance of the sun; and bees retreated suddenly to their hives. A general restlessness pervaded the animal world; and only those places which were situated more on the boundary of the zone, and where the obscurity was consequently less complete, formed an exception.

During the total eclipse, the dark moon which covered the sun's disk appeared surrounded with a brilliant crown of light or halo. This halo consisted of two concentric belts, of which the inner one was the lightest, and the external less brilliant, and gradually fading. In the direction of the line which connected the point of the commencement of the total eclipse with that of its termination, two parabolic pencils of light—some observers say several—appeared on the halo. Within it also light interwove

veins were observable. The breadth of the inner halo was from 2 to 3 minutes; that of the external one from 10 to 15 minutes; the pencils of light, on the other hand, extended as far as from 1 to 1½ degree; by some they were traced even to 3 degrees. The color of the halo was of a silvery white, and exhibited a violent undulating or trembling motion, its general appearance varying in the briefest space. The light of the halo was intensest near the covered solar rim. Its brilliance at Lipezk was so great, that the naked eye could hardly look on it, and some of the observers almost doubted whether the sun had really altogether disappeared. At Vienna, Milan, and Perpignan, on the contrary, the observers found the light of the halo resembling that of the moon toward its full. Bell, at Verona, who found time to estimate its intensity, ascertained it to be one-seventh of that of the full moon. Its first traces were noticed from 3 to 5 seconds before the entrance of the entire eclipse; in like manner, its last vestiges disappeared only some seconds after the eclipse was over. Vivid, however, as its light was, the halo cast but an extremely faint shadow. Some, indeed, who particularly directed their attention to it, could not detect any. But this might have been owing to those places on which the shadows would have fallen being faintly illumined by the reddish light of the horizon before mentioned. In other respects, during the progress of the eclipse, before and after its maximum, not the least change was observable in the uncovered part of the sun's disk. The cusps were as sharp and distinctly-marked as possible, the lunar mountains were projected on the sun's surface with the most beautiful distinctness and precision, and the color and brilliance of his disk, in the proximity of the moon's rim, were in no way diminished or altered. In short, nothing was seen which could be referred in the smallest degree to a lunar atmosphere.

All these phenomena, striking as they were, were such [692] as the assembled observers were prepared for; for they were such as had already been noticed during previous eclipses of

the sun. But there was one of quite a different character, as mysterious as it was novel to them. This was the appearance of large reddish projections within the halo on the dark rim. The different observers characterized it by the expressions—"red clouds, volcanoes, flames, fire-sheaves," &c.; terms intended of course merely to indicate the phenomenon, and not in any way to explain it. The observers differed in their reports both with respect to the number of these "red clouds," as well as to their apparent heights. Arago stated that he observed two rose-colored projections which seemed to be unchangeable, and a minute high. His two colleagues also saw them, but to them they seemed somewhat larger. A fourth observer saw one of the projections some minutes even after the eclipse was over, while others perceived it with the naked eye. Petit, at Montpellier remarked *three* protections, and even found time to measure one of them. It was 1-3/4 minute high. Littrow, at Vienna, considered them to be as high again as this; and stated "that the streaks were visible before they became colored, and remained visible also after their color had vanished." The light of these projections was soft and quiet, the projections themselves sharp, and their form unchanging till the moment of their extinction. Schidloffsky, at Lipezk, thought he perceived a rose-colored border on the moon in places where these red clouds did not reach; but could not be certain of the fact, on account of the shortness of the time.

These projections or red clouds, mysterious and unexpected as they were to men who directed their attention for the first time to the purely physical phenomena concerned, were in fact, after all, nothing altogether new. The descriptions given by astronomers of earlier eclipses of the sun had been forgotten or overlooked. Stannyan, for instance, in his relation of that of the 20th May, 1706, says, "The egress of the sun from the moon's disk was preceded on its left rim, during an interval of six or seven seconds, by the appearance of a bloodred streak;" and Nassenius, during a total eclipse of the sun observed on the 13th

of May, 1733, mentions having seen “several red spots, three or four in number, without the periphery of the moon's disk, one of them being larger than the others, and consisting, as it were, of three parallel parts inclining toward the moon's disk.” It is clear, therefore, that earlier observers had witnessed the same phenomenon, although they were unable to offer any explanation of it. It seems, however, no unreasonable conclusion to come to, that these projections or red clouds, as well as the halo with its pencils of light before spoken of, are something without the proper solar photosphere, but not forming, as this does, one connected mass of light. What further can be known concerning this *something* must be left to future ages to discover.

## The Household Jewels. (From Dickens's Household Words.)

A traveler, from journeying  
    In countries far away,  
Repassed his threshold at the close  
    Of one calm Sabbath day;  
A voice of love, a comely face,  
    A kiss of chaste delight,  
Were the first things to welcome him  
    On that blessed Sabbath night.

He stretched his limbs upon the hearth,  
    Before its friendly blaze,  
And conjured up mixed memories  
    Of gay and gloomy days;  
And felt that none of gentle soul,  
    However far he roam,  
Can e'er forego, can e'er forget,  
    The quiet joys of home.

“Bring me my children!” cried the sire,  
    With eager, earnest tone;  
“I long to press them, and to mark  
    How lovely they have grown;  
Twelve weary months have passed away  
    Since I went o'er the sea,  
To feel how sad and lone I was  
    Without my babes and thee.”

“Refresh thee, as 'tis needful,” said  
    The fair and faithful wife,  
The while her pensive features paled,  
    And stirred with inward strife;  
“Refresh thee, husband of my heart,  
    I ask it as a boon;  
Our children are reposing, love;  
    Thou shalt behold them soon.”

She spread the meal, she filled the cup,  
    She pressed him to partake;  
He sat down blithely at the board,  
    And all for her sweet sake;  
But when the frugal feast was done,  
    The thankful prayer preferred,  
Again affection's fountain flowed;  
    Again its voice was heard.

“Bring me my children, darling wife  
     I'm in an ardent mood;  
 My soul lacks purer aliment,  
     I long for other food;  
 Bring forth my children to my gaze,  
     Or ere I rage or weep,  
 I yearn to kiss their happy eyes  
     Before the hour of sleep.”

“I have a question yet to ask;  
     Be patient, husband dear.  
 A stranger, one auspicious morn,  
     Did send some jewels here;  
 Until to take them from my care,  
     But yesterday he came,  
 And I restored them with a sigh:  
     —Dost thou approve or blame?”

“I marvel much, sweet wife, that thou  
     Shouldst breathe such words to me;  
 Restore to man, resign to God,  
     Whate'er is lent to thee;  
 Restore it with a willing heart,  
     Be grateful for the trust;  
 Whate'er may tempt or try us, wife,  
     Let us be ever just.”

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She took him by the passive hand.  
     And up the moonlit stair,  
 She led him to their bridal bed,  
     With mute and mournful air;  
 She turned the cover down, and there,  
     In grave-like garments dressed,  
 Lay the twin children of their love,  
     In death's serenest rest.

“These were the jewels lent to me,  
Which God has deigned to own;  
The precious caskets still remain,  
But, ah, the *gems* are flown;  
But thou didst teach me to resign  
What God alone can claim;  
He giveth and he takes away,  
Blest be His holy name!”

The father gazed upon his babes,  
The mother drooped apart,  
While all the woman's sorrow gushed  
From her o'erburdened heart;  
And with the striving of her grief,  
Which wrung the tears she shed.  
Were mingled low and loving words  
To the unconscious dead.

When the sad sire had looked his fill,  
He vailed each breathless face,  
And down in self-abasement bowed,  
For comfort and for grace;  
With the deep eloquence of woe,  
Poured forth his secret soul,  
Rose up, and stood erect and calm,  
In spirit healed and whole.

“Restrain thy tears, poor wife,” he said,  
“I learn this lesson still,  
God gives, and God can take away,  
Blest be His holy will!  
Blest are my children, for they *live*  
From sin and sorrow free,  
And I am not all joyless, wife,  
With faith, hope, love, and thee.”

## The Tea-Plant. (From Hogg's Instructor.)

Hid behind the monster wall that screens in the land of the Celestials from the prying eye of the “barbarian,” the Tea-plant, in common with many things peculiar to those regions, remained long unknown to Europeans, and the snatches of information brought home by early travelers concerning it, were, in too many cases, of that questionable and contradictory kind, so characteristic, even in the present day, of the writings of those who travel in Eastern lands. Tea has now become a general article of domestic consumption in every household of our country having any pretension to social comfort, as well as in that of every other civilized nation, and, indeed, the *tea-table* has no mean influence in refining the manners and promoting the social intercourse of a people. Important, however, as this universal beverage has become as an essential requisite to the social and physical comfort of all classes and conditions of civilized society, yet our knowledge of the plant from which it is produced is still very imperfect; and this, notwithstanding the fact that we have had tea-plants growing in our hothouses since the year 1768. Speaking of the introduction of the plant to this country, Hooker says—“It was not till after tea had been used as a beverage for upwards of a century in England, that the shrub which produces it was brought alive to this country. More than one botanist had embarked for the voyage to China—till lately a protracted and formidable undertaking—mainly in the hope of introducing a growing tea-tree to our greenhouses. No passage across the desert, no Waghorn-facilities, no steam-ship assisted the traveler in those days. The distance to and from China, with

the necessary time spent in that country, generally consumed nearly three years! Once had the tea-tree been procured by Osbeck, a pupil of Linnæus, in spite of the jealous care with which the Chinese forbade its exportation; and when near the coast of England, a storm ensued, which destroyed the precious shrubs. Then the plan of obtaining berries was adopted, and frustrated by the heat of the tropics, which spoiled the oily seeds, and prevented their germination. The captain of a Swedish vessel hit upon a good scheme: having secured fresh berries, he sowed these on board ship, and often stinted himself of his daily allowance of water for the sake of the young plants; but, just as the ship entered the English Channel, an unlucky rat attacked his cherished charge and devoured them all!" So much, then, for the early attempts to introduce the tea-shrub to Europe: often, indeed, is the truth exemplified that

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gee."

The Chinese tea-plants are neat-growing shrubs, with bright glossy green leaves, not unlike those of the bay; or a more exact similitude will be found in the garden camellia, with the *leaves* of which, however, many of our readers may not have acquaintance, although the *flowers* are well known, being extensively used in decorating the female dress for the ball-room in the winter season. The tea-plants are nearly allied to the camellia, and belong to the same natural order: indeed, one species of the latter—the *Camellia sasanqua* of botanists—is cultivated in the tea-grounds of China, on account of its beautiful flowers, which are said to impart fragrance and flavor to other teas.

Comparatively few scientific naturalists have had sufficient opportunities of studying the tea-producing plants in their native *habitats*, or even in the cultivated grounds of China, and consequently a great difference of opinion has all along existed, as

to whether tea is obtained from one, two, or more distinct species of *Thea*. This question is getting day by day more involved as new facts come to light; and, indeed, cultivation seems to have altered the original character of some forms of the plant so much, that the subject bids fair to remain an open question among European botanists for ages to come. The two tea-plants which have been long grown in British gardens, and universally supposed, until within the last few years, to be the only kinds in existence, are the *Thea bohea* and the *Thea viridis*. The former was, until recently, very generally believed to produce the black tea of commerce, and the latter the green tea; but recent travelers have clearly shown that both *black* and *green* tea may be, and are, obtained from the same plant. The difference is caused by the mode of preparation; but it will be afterward seen that very important discrepancies occur between the accounts of this operation given by different observers. Certain it is, that the extreme caution with which the Chinese attempt to conceal a knowledge of their peculiar arts and manufactures from European visitors—and in none is their anxiety to do so more strikingly evinced than in the case of the culture and preparation of tea—tends greatly to frustrate the endeavors of the scientific traveler to acquire accurate information on this point. [694]

In the present state of our knowledge, it is quite impossible to say how many species or varieties of the tea-plant are grown in China. They are now believed to be numerous, although the two kinds to which we have referred are those most extensively cultivated. They have long been allowed to rank as distinct species in botanical books, and grown as such in our greenhouses; but some acute botanists have, at various times, suggested that they might be merely varieties of one plant. Such was the opinion of the editor of the "Botanical Magazine," when he figured and described the Bohea variety (t. 998). Professor Balfour ("Manual of Botany," § 793) enumerates three species—the two already mentioned, and one called *Thea Assamica*, being the one chiefly

cultivated at the tea-grounds of Assam. Most of our readers may be aware that the cultivation and manufacture of tea has been successfully introduced to Northern India. A "Report on the Government Tea Plantations in Kumaon and Gurwahl, by W. Jameson, Esq., the superintendent of the Botanical Gardens in the North-Western Provinces,"<sup>5</sup> has just reached us. In that report—to which we will have occasion afterward to refer—there are "two species, and two well marked varieties" described. Some of these do not appear to have been at all noticed by other writers, although, from specimens of the plants, which we have examined, from the tea-grounds, they appear sufficiently distinct to warrant their being ranked as separate species; and there are, indeed, some botanists who would at once set them down as such.

Having disposed of the question of *species* in such manner as the unsatisfactory state of botanical knowledge on this point will admit, we shall now proceed to communicate some information respecting the culture of the tea-plant, and the manner in which its leaves are made available for the production of the beverage of which the female portion of the community, and more particularly *old wives* (of both sexes), are believed to be so remarkably fond.

The tea-plants are grown in beds conveniently formed for the purpose of irrigating in dry weather, and for plucking the leaves when required. The Chinese sow the seed thus: "Several seeds are dropped into holes four or five inches deep, and three or four feet apart, shortly after they ripen, or in November and December; the plants rise up in a cluster when the rains come on. They are seldom transplanted, but, sometimes, four to six are put quite close, to form a fine bush." In the government plantations of Kumaon and Gurwahl, more care seems to be bestowed in the raising of the plants, whereby the needless expenditure of seeds in the above method is saved. The seeds ripen in September or October, and in elevated districts, sometimes so late as

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<sup>5</sup> Calcutta, 1848. This report is also published in the "Journal of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India," vol. vi. part 2.

November. In his report, Mr. Jameson mentions that, when ripe, the seeds are sown in drills, eight to ten inches apart from each other, the ground having been previously prepared by trenching and manuring. If the plants germinate in November, they are protected from the cold by a "*chupper*," made of bamboo and grass—a small kind of bamboo, called the ringal, being found in great abundance on the hills, at an elevation of 6000 to 7000 feet, and well adapted for the purpose; these *chuppers* are removed throughout the day, and replaced at night. In April and May, they are used for protecting the young plants from the heat of the sun, until the rains commence. When the plants have attained a sufficient size they are transplanted with great care, a ball of earth being attached to their roots. They require frequent waterings, if the weather be dry. During the rains grass springs up around them with great rapidity, so as to render it impossible, with the usual number of hands, to keep the grounds clean. The practice, therefore, is merely to make a "*golah*" or clear space round each plant, these being connected with small water channels, in order to render irrigation easy in times of drought. The plants do not require to be pruned until the fifth year, the plucking of leaves generally tending to make them assume the basket shape, the form most to be desired to procure the greatest quantity of leaves. Irrigation seems absolutely essential for the profitable cultivation of the tea-plant, although, on the other hand, land liable to be flooded during the rains, and upon which water lies for any length of time, is quite unsuitable for its growth. The plant seems to thrive in a great variety of soils, but requires the situation to be at a considerable altitude above the sea level.

According to Mr. Jameson, the season for picking the leaves commences in April and continues until October, the number of gatherings varying, according to the nature of the season, from four to seven. So soon as the new and young leaves have appeared in April, the first plucking takes place. "A certain division of the plantation is marked off, and to each man a small [695]

basket is given, with instructions to proceed to a certain point, so that no plant may be passed over. On the small basket being filled, the leaves are emptied into another large one, which is put in some shady place, and in which, when filled, they are conveyed to the manufactory. The leaves are generally plucked with the thumb and forefinger. Sometimes the terminal part, of a branch having four or five young leaves attached, is plucked off." The old leaves, being too hard to curl, are rejected as of no use; but all new and fresh leaves are indiscriminately collected.

The *manufacture* of the different varieties of tea has been the subject of much difference of opinion. It has been supposed by some writers, as we have already mentioned, that *green* tea was solely obtained from the *Thea viridis*, and *black* tea from the *Thea bohea*, while others have asserted, that the different kinds of the manufactured article are equally produced by both plants. Facts seem now to be quite in favor of the latter opinion, and, indeed, Mr. Fortune, while on his first botanical mission on account of the Horticultural Society of London, ascertained, by visiting the different parts of the coast of China, that the *Bohea* plant was converted into both black and green tea in the south of China, but that in all the northern provinces he found only *Thea viridis* grown, and equally converted into both kinds of tea. Mr. Ball (the late inspector of teas to the East India Company in China), in a work entitled "An Account of the Cultivation and Manufacture of Tea in China," fully confirms the fact that both the green and black teas are prepared from the same plant, and that the differences depend entirely on the processes of manufacture. It is, of course, possible that particular varieties of the same plant, grown in certain soils and situations, may be preferred by the Chinese manufacturers for the preparation of the black and green teas, and the various kinds of both known in commerce. It has been stated by some that the *young leaves* are taken for green tea, and the older ones for the black varieties; this is the popular notion on the subject, but probably it has no foundation.

Although it *now* seems somewhat generally agreed that both green and black teas are made from the leaves of the same plant, yet the various writers on the subject are at considerable variance as to the mode in which the difference of appearance is brought about. Some assert that the *black* being the natural colored tea, the beautiful green tinge is given to the *green* tea by means of substances used for the purpose of dyeing it; while others hold that the green hue depends entirely on the method of roasting.

Among the formers Mr. Fortune, whose account of the "Chinese Method of Coloring Green Tea," as observed by him, is published in a former number of the INSTRUCTOR (No. 240, page 91). From that account, it would appear that the coloring substances used are gypsum, indigo, and Prussian blue, and "for every hundred pounds of green tea which are consumed in England or America, the consumer really eats more than half a pound" of these substances. We hope now to present our tea-drinking readers with a more pleasing picture than this; to show that indeed there is not "death in the cup," nor ought else to be feared. We therefore proceed to explain the modes of manufacture, as detailed by Mr. Ball. And, firstly, the *manufacture* of *black* tea. The leaves, on being gathered, are exposed to the air, until they wither and "become soft and flaccid." In this state they soon begin to emit a slight degree of fragrance, when they are sifted, and then tossed about with the hands in large trays. They are then collected into a heap, and covered with a cloth, being now "watched with the utmost care, until they become spotted and tinged with red, when they also increase in fragrance, and must be instantly roasted, or the tea would be injured." In the first roasting, the fire, which is prepared with dry wood, is kept exceedingly brisk; but "any heat may suffice which produces the crackling of the leaves described by Kæmpfer." The roasting is continued till the leaves give out a fragrant smell, and become quite flaccid, when they are in a fit state to be rolled. The roasting and rolling are often a third, and

sometimes even a fourth time repeated, and, indeed, the process of rolling is continued until the juices can no longer be freely expressed. The leaves are then finally dried in sieves placed in drying-tubs, over a charcoal fire in a common chafing-dish. The heat dissipates much of the moisture, and the leaves begin to assume their black appearance. Smoke is prevented, and the heat moderated, by the ash of charcoal or burnt "paddy-husk" being thrown on the fire. "The leaves are then twisted, and again undergo the process of drying, twisting, and turning as before; which is repeated once or twice more, until they become quite black, well-twisted, and perfectly dry and crisp."

According to Dr. Royle, there are only two gatherings of the leaves of *green* tea in the year; the first beginning about the 20th of April, and the second at the summer solstice. "The green tea factors universally agree that the sooner the leaves of green tea are roasted after gathering the better; and that exposure to the air is unnecessary, and to the sun injurious." The iron vessel in which the green tea is roasted is called a *kuo*. It is thin, about sixteen inches in diameter, and set horizontally (that for Twankey obliquely) in a stove of brickwork, so as to have a depth of about fifteen inches. The fire is prepared with dry wood, and kept very brisk; the heat becomes intolerable, and the bottom of the *kuo* even red-hot, though this is not essential. About half a pound of leaves are put in at one time, a crackling noise is produced, much steam is evolved from the leaves, which are quickly stirred about; at the end of every turn they are raised about six inches above the surface of the stove, and shaken on the palm of the hand, so as to separate them, or to disperse the steam. They are then suddenly collected into a heap, and passed to another man, who stands in readiness with a basket to receive them. The process of rolling is much the same as that employed in the rolling of black tea, the leaves taking the form of a ball. After the balls are shaken to pieces, the leaves are also rolled between the palms of the hands, so that they may be twisted regularly, and in the same direction.

They are then spread out in sieves, and placed on stands in a cool room.

For the second roasting the fire is considerably diminished, and charcoal used instead of wood, and the leaves constantly fanned by a boy who stands near. When the leaves have lost so much of their aqueous and viscous qualities as to produce no sensible steam, they no longer adhere together, but, by the simple action of the fire, separate and curl of themselves. When taken from the kuo, they appear of a dark olive color, almost black; and after being sifted, they are placed on stands as before.

For the third roasting, which is in fact the final drying, the heat is not greater than what the hand can bear for some seconds without much inconvenience. "The fanning and the mode of roasting were the same as in the final part of the second roasting. It was now curious to observe the change of color which gradually took place in the leaves, for it was in this roasting that they began to assume that bluish tint, resembling the bloom on fruit, which distinguishes this tea, and renders its appearance so agreeable."

The foregoing being the general mode of manufacturing green or Hyson tea, it is then separated into different varieties, as Hyson, Hyson-skin, young Hyson, and gunpowder, by sifting, winnowing, and fanning, and some varieties by further roasting.

This account of the preparation of green tea is directly opposed to that given by Mr. Fortune, before referred to, wherein it is mentioned that the coloring of green tea is effected by the admixture of indigo, gypsum, &c. It would appear that both modes are practiced in China; and, with the editor of the "Botanical Gazette," we may ask, Is it not possible that *genuine* green tea is free from artificial coloring matter, and that the Chinese, with their usual *imitative* propensity (exercised, as travelers tell us, in the manufacture of wooden hams, &c, for exportation), may prepare an artificial green tea, since this fetches a higher price than the black? If this be not the case, then we have a difficulty in accounting for the *origin* of the green teas;

“there must have been green teas for the foreigners to become acquainted with and acquire a preference for, or there could not have been a demand for it.” We think Mr. Jameson throws some additional light on the subject when he remarks, in the course of his observations on the manufacture of green tea, “To make the bad or light-colored leaves marketable, they undergo an artificial process of coloring; but this I have prohibited, in compliance with the orders of the Court of Directors, and therefore do not consider this tea at present fit for the market.” In a foot-note he adds, “In China, this process, according to the statement of the tea-manufacturers, is carried on to a great extent.” Whether the process of coloring is confined solely to the light-colored leaves of green tea, or extended to other inferior sorts, we have no means of judging, amid such a variety of discordant statements.

After the tea is thoroughly dried, in the manner above detailed, it is carefully hand-picked, all the old or badly curled, and also light-colored leaves being removed, as well as any leaves of different varieties that may have got intermixed with it. Being now quite dry, it is ready to be packed, which is done in a very careful manner. The woods used for making the boxes in Northern India (according to Mr. Jameson) are toon, walnut, and saul (*Shorea robusta*), all coniferous (pine) woods being unfit for the purpose, on account of their pitchy odor. The tea is firmly packed in a leaden box, and soldered down, being covered with paper, to prevent the action of air through any unobserved holes that might exist in the lead; this leaden box is contained in the wooden one, which it is made exactly to fit. The tea being now ready to go into the hands of the merchant, we need carry our observations no farther, as every housewife will know better than we can tell her how to manage her own tea-pot. We will, therefore, conclude our remarks by submitting the following statistical note of the imports of tea into the United Kingdom in the year 1846, with the view of showing its commercial importance—

Black tea, about	43,000,000 lbs.
Green tea, about	13,000,000 lbs.
Total	56,000,000 lbs.

## Anecdotes Of Dr. Chalmers.

Some curious Anecdotes of Dr. Chalmers are given in the new volume of his life, now on the point of publication. Immediately upon his translation to Glasgow a most enthusiastic attachment sprung up between Chalmers, who was then some thirty-five years of age, and Thomas Smith, the son of his publisher, a young man still in his minority. It was more like a first love than friendship. The friends met regularly by appointment, or in case of absence, daily letters were interchanged. The young man died in the course of a few months. A ring containing his hair was given to Chalmers; and it is noted as a singular fact, showing the intense and lasting nature of his attachment, that the ring, after having been long laid aside, was resumed and worn by him a few months before his death, a period of more than thirty years.... [697]

His keen practical talents did not altogether shield him from attempts at imposition. "On one occasion," he writes, "a porter half-drunk came up to me, and stated that two men were wanting to see me. He carried me to a tavern, where it turned out that there was a wager between these two men whether this said porter was correct in his knowledge of me. I was so revolted at his impertinency, that I made the ears of all who were in the house ring with a reproof well said and strong; and so left them a

little astounded, I have no doubt.”... On another occasion, while busily engaged one forenoon in his study, he was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor. The doctor began to look grave at the interruption; but was propitiated by his visitor telling him that he called under great distress of mind. “Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated,” said the doctor, looking up eagerly, and turning full of interest from his writing table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave among others what is said in the Bible about Melchisedec being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end—“Doctor,” said the visitor, “I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way” At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street door, these words escaping among others—“Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it's too bad! and to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek!...” A discussion arose among the superintendents of his Sabbath-schools whether punishment should ever be resorted to. One of them related an instance of a boy whom he had found so restless, idle, and mischievous, that he was on the point of expelling him, when the thought occurred to him to give the boy an office. The candles used in the school-room were accordingly put under care of the boy; and from that hour he became a diligent scholar. Another superintendent then related his experience. He had been requested to take charge of a school that had become so unruly and unmanageable that it had beaten off every teacher that had gone to it. “I went,” said the teacher, “and told the boys, whom I found all assembled, that I had heard a very bad account of them, that I had come out for the

purpose of doing them good, that I must have peace and attention, that I would submit to no disturbance, and that, in the first place, we must begin with prayer. They all stood up, and I commenced, and certainly did not forget the injunction—Watch and pray. I had not proceeded two sentences, when one little fellow gave his neighbor a tremendous *dig* in the side; I instantly stepped forward and gave *him* a sound cuff on the side of his head. I never spoke a word, but stepped back, concluded the prayer, taught for a month, and never had a more orderly school.” Dr. Chalmers enjoyed the discussion exceedingly; and decided that the question as to punishment and non-punishment stood just where it was before, “inasmuch as it had been found that the judicious appointment of candle-snuffer-general and a good cuff on the *lug* had been about equally efficacious.”... Among the most ardent admirers of the doctor's eloquence, was Mr. Young, professor of Greek. Upon one occasion, he was so electrified that he leaped up from his seat upon the bench near the pulpit, and stood, breathless and motionless, gazing at the preacher till the burst was over, the tears all the while came rolling down his cheeks. Upon another occasion, forgetful of time and place—fancying himself perhaps in the theatre—he rose and made a loud clapping of his hands in an ecstasy of admiration and delight.... He was no exception to the saying that a prophet is not without honor save among his own countrymen. When he preached in London his own brother James never went to hear him. One day, at the coffee-house which he frequented, the brother was asked by some one who was ignorant of the relationship, if he had heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of his, “Yes,” said James, somewhat drily, “I have heard him.” “And what did you think of him?” “Very little indeed,” was the reply. “Dear me,” exclaimed the inquirer, “When did you hear him?” “About half an hour after he was born,” was the cool answer of the brother.... When he preached at his native place, so strong was the feeling of his father against attending any but his own parish church, or so

feeble was his desire to hear his son, that, although the churches of the two parishes of Eastern and Western Anstruther stood but a few hundred yards apart, the old man would not cross the separating *burn* in order to hear him.

## The Pleasures Of Illness. (From the People's Journal.)

Every body knows the pleasures of health; but there are very few, if any, who can appreciate those of illness. Doubtless many people will feel inclined to laugh at the suggestion, but we beg that we may not be prejudged. There is positive pleasure to be derived even from every variety—and there is a choice—of sickness, if we would only put faith in the idea, and then strive to realize it. You may smile, but we are very serious, recollecting especially that the subject is rather a painful one, for which reason it behoves us to begin by treating it philosophically.

The best thing that people can do when they are suffering pain, either acute or otherwise, is—if they can not readily overcome it—to endeavor to forget it; simply because the mere effort, earnestly made and persevered in, will materially assist whatever more direct and efficient means may be adopted to get rid of it. Brooding over any bodily suffering only gives it encouragement, inasmuch as the mind is then actively assisting the ailment of the body; but let us make the most of a temporary cessation from the infliction, and there is a probability of its being dispelled altogether. Now the pleasure of getting rid of

pain is undeniable, and, having achieved that, the best thing we can do to render the cessation permanent is to enjoy a sound sleep, which, though a very simple and ordinary gratification at other times, then becomes an extreme luxury, such, indeed, as we never should have known except through the instrumentality of the suffering that preceded it. The same may be said of many of the remedies that are used for the alleviation of pain: a hot bath, local applications of an exceedingly cold nature, or a delicious draught for cooling fever and quenching thirst—a draught like that of hock and soda-water—a draught “worthy of Xerxes, the great king,” and not to be equaled by sherbet “sublimed with snow;” but then you must (oh, what a pleasure for a king!) “get very drunk,” says Byron, in order thoroughly to enjoy it. You see our author so highly appreciated the pleasures of illness that he actually advises us to make ourselves ill; and that, too, in a most vulgar and degrading manner, in order that we may unreservedly revel in them. But, perhaps, the poet only meant to satirize the excessive proneness of all human beings—and kings have been noted for this quite as much as any—to bring pain upon themselves by some wanton or provoked indiscretion.

No pleasure can compensate for acute and long-endured suffering; but in all eases of illness unattended by pain, the pleasure to be derived is considerably greater than might be imagined. In fact, no one ever thinks of being able to enjoy an illness, for which reason we shall endeavor to show our readers not only the practicability of the idea, but how they are to set about realizing it. Let us take the most common kind of malady there is unattended by actual pain, a cold; a cold all over you, as violent as you please—such, in fact, as is “not to be sneezed at,” one that will confine you to your bed, compel you to take medicine, and restrict you to broth and barley-water. There you are, then, ill; happy fellow! very ill! you have not the least conception how much you are to be envied. The mere fact of being in such a condition, renders you an object of anxiety and

interest. Every body in the house is ready to wait upon you, and all you have to do is to lie still and enjoy your bed, while other people are bustling about the house, or out of doors all day, undergoing the fatigue and irksomeness of their ordinary avocations. You are ill—you are to do nothing—not even to get up to breakfast, but to have it brought to you in bed; a luxury which it is probable you may have often been tempted to enjoy in the winter, though your philosophy enabled you to overcome it. Now you are not only compelled to indulge in it, but are made an object of sympathy on that account; it is so very lamentable to see you propped up with pillows, and cosily encased in flannel around the throat and shoulders. You are not to be hurried over your breakfast, there is no office to go to; nothing to be thought of but the enjoyment of your tea and toast, which you may sip and munch as leisurely as you please, while reading a magazine or newspaper. At length breakfast is over, and you have become tired of reading; down go the pillows to their usual position, and after some gentle hand has smoothed and placed them comfortably, you sink back upon them, overwhelmed by a most delightful sense of mental and bodily indolence. What a blessing it is to have escaped the ordeal of shaving, even for one morning! only think of that; and remember also how the warmth of the bed will encourage the growth of your beard, compelling you of course to send for the barber when you have got well enough to leave your room again. Hark! there's a knock at the door—somebody you don't want to see, probably; “Master's very poorly, and obliged to keep his bed.” Ha! ha! Keep his bed, eh?—no such thing; it's the bed that keeps him—snug and warm, and in a blessed state of exemption from all annoyances, and you must not be subjected to any such infliction; no, you are very ill. You abandon yourself to the idea, nestle your head luxuriously in the pillow, pull the bed clothes over your chin, and fall into a delightful dose. You awake feverish, perhaps, and thirsty. Well, there is some barley-water at your bedside, delicately flavored

with a little lemon juice and sugar; a sort of primitive punch, pleasant to the palate, and not at all likely to prove provocative of headache. You raise a tumblerful to your lips, and drink with intense *gusto*. What a pleasure it is! well worth coming into the world to enjoy, if one was to die the next minute; but you are not going to die yet, don't suppose it—you are only being favored with an opportunity of enjoying the pleasures of illness. But you are so feverish, you say; so much the better. Now, just endeavor to recall to mind the wildest fiction, either in prose or poetry that you have ever read, something very pleasing and highly imaginative—a fairy tale will be as good as any. Go to sleep thinking of it, and you will dream—dream, said we? we were wrong, for the fiction will become a glorious reality; and so it does! but, alas! you awake, once more return to the vulgar commonplaces of mundane existence. A sharp rap at the bedroom door makes you farther conscious that you have only been reveling in what is termed a delusion; but never mind, here comes some one to console you—another corporeality like yourself, intent on feeding you with chicken-broth, and batter-pudding; much more substantial fare than the fairies would have given you, and extremely enjoyable now that you are ill, though at any other time you would have turned up your nose at it. Oh, it's a fine thing is illness for teaching people not to let the palate become irritated by luxurious living! “Very nice,” [699] eh, “but you would have liked a basin of mulligatawny better, and some wine-sauce with the pudding?” Shocking depravity! the pleasures of illness are simple, and you must learn to enjoy *them* as well as those of health; it's all habit. Many medicines would be found extremely palatable if we were not prejudiced against them. Now, black draughts, you “can't bear them;” and yet they are much nicer than castor-oil. Why, what's the matter? you've upset all the broth over that beautifully white counterpane! Delicate stomach, yours, very. Come, try the pudding; and don't let your imagination combine any medicinal sauce with it. You

have eaten it all; that's right. Now, allow us to suggest that a little very ripe fruit will not hurt you—an orange, or some strawberries if in season. But you must not lie there and allow your mind to get either into a wearisome state of vacuity or unpleasant reflection. Send for a book from the library—some novel that you have never read; and if it is too much trouble to read it yourself, get some one to read it to you. It is a capital plan always to endeavor to forget an illness by means of some quiet and absorbing enjoyment. You are fond of music, for instance; and if you hear any good band strike up in the street we recommend you by all means to detain them. You will get up, perhaps, in the evening, and prepare yourself for a refreshing night's rest by having your bed made; should a friend drop in who can give you a game of chess or cribbage be sure to avail yourself of the opportunity, if you feel inclined for such recreation. Do not sit up late, or get into any exciting conversation; but go calmly and quietly to bed, take your basin of gruel, swallow your pills, lay your head on the pillow, and go to sleep. To-morrow it is most probable that you will be well, or only sufficiently indisposed to render it prudent that you should stop at home, when you will indulge in a stronger and more relishing diet; pass the day in a dreamy state of inactivity, or enjoy yourself vivaciously in any reasonable manner you may think proper.

Perhaps, gentle reader, you may have endured prolonged and severe attacks of bodily suffering—perhaps you will tell us that we have not been depicting illness at all, but merely indisposition. You would have had us pick out from the pages of the “Lancet” a thrilling account of torture under the knife, and then made us rack our ingenuity to discover, if possible, some pleasure contingent upon that. You might as well expect us to write an article on the pleasure of being hanged. We will, however, say this much as regards every degree of illness: that there is scarcely any that does not admit of some mitigating gratification. The mere circumstance of being watched and most

carefully tended by those we love, the kindness with which they bear our peevishness, and the desire they display to do every thing they can either to alleviate our pain or to conduce to our convalescence, are pleasures such as illness alone can afford, and must ever merit the highest appreciation, not only because we either are or ought to be duly impressed with them at the time, but for the farther and more substantial reason that they become delightful reminiscences and bonds of affection forever after. It is an excellent thing, morally and socially, is illness, and only requires that we endeavor to make the best instead of the worst of it; and therein lies the whole serious purport of this paper, which we have thought fit to write in as light a style as possible, knowing that the subject, though interesting to all, is very far from being generally palatable.

## Obstructions To The Use Of The Telescope.

It has been long known, both from theory and in practice, that the imperfect transparency of the earth's atmosphere, and the unequal refraction which arises from differences of temperature, combine to set a limit to the use of high magnifying powers in our telescopes. Hitherto, however, the application of such high powers was checked by the imperfections of the instruments themselves; and it is only since the construction of Lord Rosse's telescope that astronomers have found that, in our damp and variable climate, it is only during a few days of the year that telescopes of such magnitude can use successfully the high

magnifying powers which they are capable of bearing. Even in a cloudless sky, when the stars are sparkling in the firmament, the astronomer is baffled by influences which are invisible, and while new planets and new satellites are being discovered by instruments comparatively small, the gigantic Polyphemus lies slumbering in his cave, blinded by thermal currents, more irresistible than the firebrand of Ulysses. As the astronomer, however, can not command a tempest to clear his atmosphere, nor a thunder storm to purify it, his only alternative is to remove his telescope to some southern climate, where no clouds disturb the serenity of the firmament, and no changes of temperature distract the emanations of the stars. A fact has been recently mentioned, which entitles us to anticipate great results from such a measure. The Marquis of Ormonde is said to have seen from Mount Etna, with his naked eye, the satellites of Jupiter. If this be true, what discoveries may we not expect, even in Europe, from a large reflector working above the grosser strata of our atmosphere. This noble experiment of sending a large reflector to a southern climate has been but once made in the history of science. Sir John Herschel transported his telescopes and his family to the south of Africa, and during a voluntary exile of four years' duration he enriched astronomy with many splendid discoveries.—*Sir David Brewster.*

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Monthly Record Of Current Events.

The Political Incidents of the past month have been interesting and important. Congress, after spending eight or nine months in most animated discussion of the principles, results, and relations of various subjects growing out of Slavery in the Southern States, has enacted several provisions of very great importance to the whole country. The debates upon these topics, especially in the Senate, have been exceedingly able, and have engrossed public attention to an unusual degree. The excitement which animated the members of Congress gradually extended to those whom they represented, and a state of feeling had arisen which was regarded, by many judicious and experienced men, as full of danger to the harmony and well-being, if not to the permanent existence, of the American Union. The action of Congress during the month just closed, concludes the controversy upon these questions, and for the time, at least, prevents vigorous and effective agitation of the principles which they involved. What that action has been we shall state with as much detail and precision as our readers will desire.

In the last number of the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, we chronicled the action of the Senate upon several of the bills now referred to. They were sent of course to the House of Representatives, and that body first took up the bill establishing the boundary of Texas, and giving her ten millions of dollars in payment of her claim to the portion of New Mexico which the bill requires her to relinquish. Mr. BOYD, of Kentucky, moved as an amendment, to attach to it the bills for the government of Utah and New Mexico, substantially as they had passed the Senate, both being without any anti-slavery proviso. He subsequently withdrew that portion of the amendment relating to Utah; and an effort was made by Mr. ASHMUN to cut off the remainder of the amendment by the previous question, but the House refused by a vote of 74 ayes to 107 nays. The subject was discussed with a good deal of animation for several days. On the 4th of September, a motion to lay the bill on the table

was defeated—ayes 30, nays 169. A motion to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole, which was considered equivalent to its rejection, was then carried—ayes 109, nays 99;—but a motion to reconsider that vote was immediately passed—ayes 104, nays 98;—and the House then refused to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole by a vote of 101 ayes and 103 nays. Mr. CLINGMAN, of North Carolina, moved an amendment to divide California, and erect the southern part of it into the territory of Colorado;—but this was rejected—ayes 69, nays 130. The question was then taken on the amendment, organizing a territorial government for New Mexico, and was lost—ayes 98, nays 106. The question then came up on ordering the Texas Boundary bill to a third reading, and the House refused to do so by a vote of 80 ayes and 126 nays. Mr. BOYD immediately moved to reconsider that vote, and on the 5th that motion passed—ayes 131, nays 75. Mr. GRINELL, of Massachusetts then moved to reconsider the vote by which Mr. BOYD'S amendment had been rejected, and this was carried by a vote of 106 to 99. An amendment, offered by Mr. FEATHERSTON, of Virginia, to strike out all after the enacting clause, and to make the Rio Grande, from its mouth to its source, the boundary of Texas, was rejected by a vote of 71 in favor to 128 against it. The amendment of Mr. BOYD was then passed by a vote of 106 ayes and 99 noes; and the question was then taken on ordering the bill, as amended, to a third reading. It was lost by a vote of 99 ayes to 107 noes. Mr. HOWARD, of Texas, who had voted against the bill, immediately moved a reconsideration of the vote. The Speaker decided that the motion was not in order, inasmuch as a reconsideration had once been had. Mr. HOWARD appealed from the decision, and contended that the former vote was simply to reconsider the vote on the original bill, whereas this was to reconsider the vote on the bill as amended by Mr. BOYD.—On the fifth, the House reversed the Speaker's decision, 123 to 83,—thus bringing up again the proposition to order the bill to a third reading. Mr. HOWARD

moved the previous question, and his motion was sustained, 103 to 91;—and the bill was then ordered to a third reading by a vote of 108 to 98. The bill was then read a third time, and finally passed by a vote of 108 ayes to 98 nays.—As this bill is one of marked importance, we add, as a matter of record, the following analysis of the vote upon it:—the names of Democrats are in Roman letter, Whigs in italics, and members of the Free Soil party in small capitals:—

AYES.—INDIANA, Albertson, W.J. Brown, Dunham, Fitch, Gorman, McDonald, Robinson.—ALABAMA, *Alston*, W.R.W. Cobb, *Hilliard*.—TENNESSEE, *Anderson*, Ewing, *Gentry*, I.G. Harris, A. Johnson, Jones, Savage, F.P. Stanton, Thomas, *Watkins*, *Williams*.—NEW YORK, *Anrews*, *Bokee*, *Briggs*, *Brooks*, *Duer*, *McKissock*, *Nelson*, *Phænix*, *Rose*, *Schermerhorn*, *Thurman*, *Underhill*, *White*—IOWA, *Leffler*.—RHODE-ISLAND, *Geo. G. King*.—MISSOURI, Bay, Bowlin, Green, Hall.—VIRGINIA, Bayly, Beale, Edmunson, *Haymond*, McDowell, McMullen, *Martin*, Parker.—KENTUCKY, Boyd, *Breck*, G.A. Caldwell, *J.L. Johnson*, *Marshall*, Mason, *McLean*, *Morehead*, R.H. Stanton, *John B. Thompson*.—MARYLAND, *Bowie*, Hammond, *Kerr*, *McLane*.—MICHIGAN, *Buel*.—FLORIDA, *E.C. Cabell*.—DELAWARE, *J.W. Houston*.—PENNSYLVANIA, *Chester Butler*, *Casey*, *Chandler*, *Dimmick*, *Gilmore*, *Levin*, Job Mann, *McLanahan*, *Pitman*, *Robbins*, *Ross*, *Strong*, James Thompson.—NORTH CAROLINA, *R.C. Caldwell*, *Deherry*, *Outlaw*, *Shepperd*, *Stanly*.—Ohio, *Disney*, *Hoagland*, *Potter*, *Taylor*, *Whittlesey*.—MASSACHUSETTS, *Duncan*, *Eliot*, *Grinnell*.—MAINE, *Fuller*, *Gerry*, *Littlefield*.—ILLINOIS, *Thomas L. Harris*, *McClernand*, *Richardson*, *Young*.—NEW-HAMPSHIRE, *Hibbard*, *Peaslee*, *Wilson*.—TEXAS, *Howard*, *Kaufman*.—GEORGIA, *Owen*, *Toombs*, *Welborn*.—NEW JERSEY, *Wildrick*.

NAYS.—NEW YORK, *Alexander*, *Bennett*, *Burrows*, *Clark*, *Conger*, *Gott*, *Holloway*, *W.T. Jackson*, *John A. King*,

PRESTON KING, *Matteson, Putnam, Reynolds, Ramsey, Sackett, Schoolcraft, Silvester*.—MASSACHUSETTS, ALLEN, *Fowler, Horace Mann, Rockwell*.—NORTH CAROLINA, *Clingman, Daniel, Venable*.—VIRGINIA, *Averett, Holiday, Mead, Millson, Powell, Seddon*.—ILLINOIS, *Baker, Wentworth*.—MICHIGAN, *Bingham, SPRAGUE*.—ALABAMA, *Bowdon, S.W. Harris, Hubbard, Inge*.—MISSISSIPPI, *A.G. Brown, Featherston, McWillie, Jacob Thompson*.—SOUTH CAROLINA, *Burt, Colcock, Holmes, Orr, Wallace, Woodward, McQueen*.—CONNECTICUT, *Thomas B. Butler, Waldo, BOOTH*.—OHIO, *Cable, Campbell, Cartter, Corwin, Crowell, Nathan Evans, GIDDINGS, Hunter, Morris, Olds, ROOT, Schenck, Sweetzer, Vinton*.—PENNSYLVANIA, *Calvin, Dickey, HOWE, Moore, Ogle, Reed, Thaddeus Stevens*.—WISCONSIN, *Cole, Doty, DURKEE*.—RHODE ISLAND, *Dixon*.—GEORGIA, *Haralson, Jos. W. Jackson*.—INDIANA, *Harlan, JULIAN, McGaughey*.—VERMONT, *Hebard, Henry, Meacham, Peck*.—ARKANSAS, *Robert W. Johnson*.—NEW JERSEY, *James G. King, Newell, Van Dyke*.—LOUISIANA, *La Sere, Morse*.—MAINE, *Otis, Sawtelle, Stetson*.—MISSOURI, *Phelps*.—NEW HAMPSHIRE, TUCK.

This analysis shows that there voted

For The Bill:

Northern Whigs: 24

Southern Whigs: 25-49

Northern Democrats: 32

Southern Democrats: 27-59

Total: 108.

Against The Bill:

Northern Whigs: 44

Southern Whigs: 1-45

Northern Democrats: 13

Southern Democrats: 30-43

Total: 98.

The bill thus passed in the House was sent to the Senate; and

on the 9th that body, by a vote of 31 to 10, concurred in the amendment which the House had made to it; and it became, by the signature of the President, the law of the land.

On Saturday the 7th, the House took up the bill from the Senate admitting California into the Union. Mr. THOMPSON, of Mississippi, moved an amendment, making the parallel of 36° 30' the southern boundary of California, which was rejected—yeas 71, nays 134. The main question was then taken, and the bill, admitting California, passed—yeas 150, nays 56.—On the same day the bill from the Senate organizing a territorial government for Utah was taken up, and Mr. WENTWORTH, of Illinois, moved to amend it by inserting a clause prohibiting the existence of slavery within the territory. This was lost—ayes 69, nays 78. Mr. FITCH, of Indiana, moved an amendment, declaring that the Mexican law prohibiting slavery, should remain in full force in the territory: after some discussion this was rejected—ayes 51, nays 85. Several other amendments were introduced and lost, and the bill finally passed by a vote of 97 ayes and 85 nays.

The bill to facilitate the recovery of Fugitive slaves was taken up in the Senate on the 20th of August. Mr. DAYTON submitted an amendment providing for a trial by jury of the question, whether the person who may be claimed, is or is not a fugitive slave. After some debate, the amendment was rejected by a vote of ayes 11, nays 27, as follows:

AYES—Messrs. Chase, Davis of Massachusetts, Dayton, Dodge of Wisconsin, Greene, Hamlin, Phelps, Smith, Upham, Walker, Winthrop—11.

NAYS.—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Barnwell, Benton, Berrien, Butler, Cass, Davis of Mississippi, Dawson, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Houston, Jones, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Soulé, Sturgeon, Turney, Underwood, Wales, and Yulee—27.

On the 22d, Mr. PRATT, of Maryland, submitted an amendment, the effect of which would have been to make the United States

responsible in damages for fugitive slaves that might not be recovered. This was rejected by a vote of 10 to 27. Mr. DAVIS, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment extending the right of *habeas corpus* to free colored citizens arriving in vessels at Southern ports, who may be imprisoned there without any alleged offense against the law. This amendment, after debate, was rejected—ayes 13, nays 25. The original bill was then ordered to a third reading by a vote of 27 ayes to 12 nays, as follows:

AYES.—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Barnwell, Bell, Berrien, Butler, Davis of Mississippi, Dawson, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Foote, Houston, Hunter, Jones, King, Mangum, Mason, Pearce, Rusk, Sebastian, Soulé, Spruance, Sturgeon, Turney, Underwood, Wales, and Yulee—27.

NAYS.—Messrs. Baldwin, Bradbury, Chase, Cooper, Davis of Massachusetts, Dayton, Dodge of Wisconsin, Greene, Smith, Upham, Walker, and Winthrop—12.

On the 26th the bill had its third reading and was finally passed. On the 12th of September the House of Representatives took up the bill, and after some slight debate, passed it, under the operation of the previous question, by a vote of 109 ayes to 75 nays.

On the 3d of September the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill abolishing the Slave-trade in the District of Columbia. Mr FOOTE of Mississippi offered a substitute placing the control of the whole matter in the hands of the Corporate Authorities of Washington and Georgetown. To this Mr. PEARCE of Maryland, in committee of the whole, moved an amendment punishing by fine and imprisonment any person who shall induce or attempt to induce slaves to run away, and giving the corporate authorities power to remove free negroes from the District. The first portion of the amendment was passed, ayes 26, nays 15, and the second ayes 24, nays 18. Mr. FOOTE then withdrew his substitute.—On the 10th the consideration of

the bill was resumed. Mr. SEWARD moved to substitute a bill abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia and appropriating \$200,000 to indemnify the owners of slaves who might thus be enfranchised—the claims to be audited and adjusted by the Secretary of the Interior: and submitting the law to the people of the District. The amendment gave rise to a warm debate and on the 12th was rejected, ayes 5, nays 46. The amendments offered by Mr. PEARCE, and passed in committee of the whole, were non-concurred in by the Senate on the 14th, and the bill on the same day was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, by a vote of 32 to 19. On the 16th it was read a third time and finally passed, ayes 33, nays 19, as follows: [702]

AYES.—Messrs. Baldwin, Benton, Bright, Cass, Chase, Clarke, Clay, Cooper, Davis of Mass., Dayton, Dickinson, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Ewing, Felch, Frémont, Greene, Gwin, Hale, Hamlin, Houston, Jones, Norris, Seward, Shields, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Wales, Walker, Whitcomb, and Winthrop—33.

NAYS.—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Barnwell, Bell, Berrien, Butler, Davis of Mississippi, Dawson, Downs, Hunter, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Sebastian, Soulé, Turney, and Yulee—19.

It was taken up in the House of Representatives on the 15th and passed by a vote of 124 to 47.

By the action of Congress during the past month, therefore, bills have been passed upon all the topics which have agitated the country during the year. The bill in regard to the Texas boundary provides that the northern line shall run on the line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  from the meridian of  $100^{\circ}$  to  $103^{\circ}$  of west longitude—thence it shall run south to the 32d parallel of latitude, and on that parallel to the Rio del Norte, and in the channel of that river thence to its mouth. The State of Texas is to cede to the United States all claims to the territory north of that line, and to relinquish all claim for liability for her debts, &c., and is

to receive from the United States as a consideration the sum of ten millions of dollars. The law will, of course, have no validity unless assented to by the State of Texas. No action upon this subject has been taken by her authorities. Previous to the passage of the bill, the Legislature of the State met in special session called by Governor BELL, and received from him a long and elaborate message in regard to the attempt made, under his direction, to extend the laws and jurisdiction of Texas over the Santa Fé district of New Mexico, and to the resistance which he had met from the authorities of the Federal Government. After narrating the circumstances of the case, he urges the necessity of asserting, promptly and by force, the claim of Texas to the territory in question. He recommends the enactment of laws authorizing the Executive to raise and maintain two regiments of mounted volunteers for the Expedition. A bill was introduced in conformity with this recommendation; but of its fate no reliable intelligence has yet been received.—A resolution was introduced into the Texas Legislature calling upon the governor for copies of any correspondence he might have had with other states of the Confederacy, but it was not passed. A letter has been published from General QUITMAN, Governor of Mississippi, stating that in case of a collision between the authorities of Texas and those of the United States, he should deem it his duty to aid the former.—Hon. THOS. J. RUSK, whose term as U.S. Senator expires with the present session, has been re-elected by the Legislature of Texas receiving 56 out of 64 votes. He voted in favor of the bill of adjustment, and his re-election by so large a majority is looked upon as indicating a disposition on the part of the authorities to accept the terms proposed.—Both Houses of Congress have agreed to adjourn on the 30th of September.

Intelligence from the Mexican Boundary Commission has been received to the 31st of August, on which day they were at Indianola, Texas. There was some sickness among the members of the corps, but every thing looked promising.—Hon. WILLIAM

DUER, member of Congress from the Oswego District, New York, has declined a re-election, in a letter in which he vindicates the bills passed by Congress, and earnestly urges his constituents not to encourage or permit any further agitation among them of questions connected with slavery. Hon. E.G. SPAULDING, from the Erie District, and Hon. GEORGE ASHMUN, of Massachusetts, also decline a re-election.—Captain AMMIN BEY, of the Turkish Navy, arrived at New York on the 13th, in the United States ship Erie, being sent out by his Government as special Commissioner to collect information and make personal observations of the character, resources, and condition of the United States. He is a gentleman of ability, education, and experience and has been employed by his Government on various confidential missions. He was the secret agent of Turkey on the frontiers of Hungary during the recent struggle of that gallant people with Austria and Russia. He has been warmly received here, and enjoys every facility for prosecuting the objects of his mission. Congress has appropriated \$10,000 toward defraying the expenses of his mission.—Hon. A.H.H. STUART, of Virginia, has been appointed Secretary of the Interior, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. M'KENNAN. He has accepted the appointment and entered upon the duties of the office. Mr. M'KENNAN resigned on finding, from an experience of a day, that his health was not adequate to the performance of the duties of the place. Mr. STUART has been a member of Congress, where he was universally recognized as a man of ability, assiduity, and character.—Mr. CONRAD, of Louisiana, on accepting the office of Secretary of War, addressed a letter to his constituents, explaining and justifying the course he had taken in Congress. He said that opinions on the subject of the extension of slavery might be classified as follows: 1. There are those who seek, through the direct agency of the Federal Government, to introduce slavery into this territory. 2. Those who wish, by the same means, to prevent this introduction. 3. Those who resist any interference

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with the question by the Federal Government, and would leave to the inhabitants of the country the exclusive right to decide it. He claims to belong to the latter class. The Union, he says, is too great a blessing to be staked upon any game of hazard, and the prolongation of the controversy upon the subject of slavery, he deems in itself a calamity "It alarms the South and agitates the North; it alienates each from the other, and augments the number and influence of those who wage an endless war against slavery, and whom this discussion has raised to a political importance which, without it, they never could have attained."—Dr. HENRY NES, member of Congress from the Fifteenth District of Pennsylvania, died at his residence in York on the 10th.—Several American citizens residing in Paris, having observed in the London papers an account of a gross insult said to have been offered to Hon. Mr. BARRINGER, United States Minister at Madrid, by General NARVAEZ at Naples, wrote to him, assuring him of the cordial response upon which he might count to such measures of redress as he should choose to adopt. Mr. BARRINGER replied by declaring the whole story to be false in every particular. In all his personal and official intercourse with him, he says, General NARVAEZ had been most courteous and respectful.—An election for state officers was held in Vermont on the first Tuesday of September, which resulted in the choice of CHARLES R. WILLIAMS (Whig) for Governor, and the re-election of Hon. Messrs. HEBARD and MEACHAM to Congress, from the Second and Third Districts. THOMAS BARTLETT, jun., Democrat, was elected in the Fourth District, and no choice was effected in the First.—Professor J.W. WEBSTER was executed at Boston on the 30th of August, pursuant to his sentence, for the murder of Dr. PARKMAN. He died with great firmness and composure, professing and evincing the most heartfelt penitence for his crime.—Intelligence has been received of the death of the Reverend ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D., who is known to all the world as the oldest and one of the most laborious missionaries

in foreign lands. He left the United States for Calcutta in 1812, and has devoted the whole of his life since that time to making Christianity known in Burmah. He translated the Bible into the language of the country, besides compiling a Dictionary of it, and performing an immense amount of other literary labor in addition to the regular preaching of the gospel and the discharge of other pastoral duties. He returned to this country in 1847, and married Miss Emily Chubbuck, with whom he soon returned to his field of labor. His health for the past few months has been gradually declining, and during the last spring it had become so seriously impaired that a sea voyage was deemed essential to its restoration. He accordingly embarked on board the French bark, *Aristide Marie*, for the Isle of Bourbon, on the 3d of April; but his disease made rapid advances, and after several days of intense agony, he died on the 12th, and his body was committed to the deep on the next day. Dr. JUDSON was attached to the Baptist Church, but his memory will be held in the profoundest veneration, as his labors have been cheered and sustained, by Christians of all denominations. He was a man of ability, of learning, and of intense devotion to the welfare of his fellow-men.—Bishop H.B. BASCOM, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Louisville, Ky., on the 8th of September, after an illness of some months' continuance. He was in many respects one of the most influential and distinguished members of the large denomination to which he belonged. He enjoyed a very wide reputation for eloquence and was universally regarded, by all who ever heard him, as one of the most brilliant and effective of American orators. His person was large and commanding, his voice sonorous and musical, and his manner exceedingly impressive. His style was exceedingly florid, and elaborate, and his discourses abounded in the most adventurous flights of fancy and imagination. He shared the merits and the faults of what is generally and pretty correctly known as the Southern and Western style of eloquence, and always spoke with great effect.

His labors in the service of the church have been long, arduous, and successful. He has exerted a wide influence and has exerted it in behalf of the noblest and most important of all interests. His death occasions profound and universal regret.—JOHN INMAN, Esq., favorably known to the country as a literary man, and as editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, died at his residence in New York, on the 30th of August, after a lingering illness of several months. Mr. Inman was educated for the bar, and practiced law for some years in New York; but left the profession for the more congenial labors of literature. He was engaged for some years upon the New York Mirror, and soon after became associated with Colonel STONE, in the editorial conduct of the Commercial. Upon the death of that gentleman in 1847, Mr. Inman became the principal editor, and held that post, discharging its duties with ability, skill, and unwearied assiduity, until failing health compelled him to relinquish it during the last spring. He wrote frequently for the reviews and magazines, and sustained confidential relations, as critic and literary adviser, to the house of Harper and Brothers. He was a man of decided talent, of extensive information, great industry and of unblemished character. He died at the age of 47.

The most exciting event of the month has been the arrival of the celebrated Swedish vocalist, JENNY LIND. She reached New York in the Steamer *Atlantic* on the 1st of September, and was received by a demonstration of popular enthusiasm which has seldom been equaled in this country. More than twenty thousand people gathered upon the wharf where she landed, and crowded the streets through which she passed. She gave her first concert at Castle Garden, in New York, on the evening of the 12th, and this was rapidly followed by five others at the same place. The number of persons present on each occasion could not have been less than seven thousand. The receipts on the first night were about thirty thousand dollars, and JENNY LIND immediately bestowed ten thousand upon several of the worthiest charities

of New York City. The enthusiasm which she excites seems fully justified not more by her superiority as an artist than by her personal qualities and character. Of her life a brief but spirited sketch, from the graceful pen of her distinguished countrywoman, Miss BREMER, will be found in another part of this Magazine. Her charities are already well known and honored wherever there are hearts to glow at deeds of enlightened benevolence. A young woman, who has not yet seen thirty years, she has already bestowed upon benevolent objects half a million of dollars, not inherited or won at a throw, but the fruit of a life of severe and disheartening toil, and has appropriated to the benefit of her native country the profits which she will reap from the willing soil of America. As an artist she has powers which are met with but once or twice in a generation. Her voice is in itself a wonder, and unlike most wonders is beautiful to a degree which causes those who come under its influence to forget surprise in pleasure. It is compared to all things beautiful under the sun by those whose grateful task it is to set its attractions forth in detail: to the flood of melody from the nightingale's throat, to light, to water which flows from a pure and inexhaustible spring. We shall be content to say that it appears to us almost the ideal of a beautiful sound. It would puzzle the nicest epicure of the ear, we think, to say in what respect he would have its glorious quality modified. He might object possibly at first to the slightest shade of huskiness which appears sometimes in its lower tones, or to an equally slight sharpness in the very highest, but if he listened long he would surely forget to object. The purely musical quality of JENNY LIND'S voice is its crowning charm and excellence, in comparison with which its great extent, brilliance, and acquired flexibility are of but secondary worth. Its lowest tone can be felt at a distance and above, or rather through, all noisy obstacles and surroundings, whether they be vocal or instrumental. Another of its chief charms is its seeming inexhaustibility. It pours forth in a pellucid flood of sound, and always produces the impression

that there is more yet, amply more, to meet all the demands of the singer.

M'lle LIND'S vocalization is to the ordinary ear beyond criticism. Her intended effects are so completely attained, and attained with such apparent ease and consciousness of power, that the hearer does not think of questioning whether they could be better in themselves or better performed, but gives himself up to this unalloyed enjoyment. Her intervals are taken with a certainty and firmness which can not be attained by an instrument, so nicely, so rigidly accurate is her ear, and so absolute is her power over her organ. Her abilities have been best displayed in the first *aria* sung by the Queen of Night in MOZART'S *Zauberflöte*, and by a taking Swedish Herdsman's Song. In the former she vocalizes freely above the lines for many bars, and in one passage takes the astonishing note F *in alt.* with perfect intonation. In the latter, which contains some very difficult and unmelodic intervals, her performance is marked with the same ease and accuracy which appear in her simplest ballad, and the effect of echo which she produces is to be equaled only by Nature herself. M'lle LIND'S shake is probably the most equal and brilliant ever heard. There are some critics and amateurs who object to her manner of delivering her voice and to her unimpassioned style; but although these objections seem to have no little weight, their consideration would involve a deeper investigation of questions of pure Art than we are at present prepared for, and are content to offer our homage, with that of the rest of the world, to the Genius and Benevolence which are united in her fascinating, though, we must say, not beautiful person.

The Gallery of the AMERICAN ART-UNION was re-opened for the season in New York on the 4th of September, JENNY LIND honoring the occasion by her presence. The collection is unusually large and excellent. It already numbers over 300 pictures, several of which are among the best productions of their authors. The number and variety of works of art to be distributed

among the members at the coming anniversary will be greater than ever before. The rapid and wonderful growth of this institution is in the highest degree honorable to the country, and affords marked evidence of the energy and spirit with which its affairs have been conducted. We understand that the subscription list is already larger by some thousands than ever before at the same time.

The LITERARY INTELLIGENCE of the month is devoid of any features of startling interest. G.P.R. JAMES, ESQ. has commenced in Boston a series of six Lectures upon the History of Civilization, and will probably repeat them in New York and other American cities. The subject is one with which Mr. JAMES has made himself familiar in the ordinary course of his studies for his historical novels; and he will undoubtedly bring to its methodical discussion a clear and sound judgment, liberal views, and his characteristic felicity and picturesqueness of description and narrative. The lectures are new, and are delivered for the first time in this country.—All who are interested in Classical Education will welcome the appearance of the edition of FREUND'S Lexicon of the Latin Language, upon which Professor ANDREWS has been engaged for several years. The original work consists of four octavo volumes, averaging about 1100 pages each, which were eleven years in passing through the press, viz., from 1834 to 1845. By the adoption of various typographical expedients, such as adding another column to the page, and using smaller type, the whole will be comprised in a single volume, an improvement which, while it diminishes the cost, adds greatly to the convenience with which it may be used. This Lexicon is intended to give an account of all the Latin words found in the writings of the Romans from the earliest times to the fall of the Western Empire, as well as those from the Greek and other languages. The grammatical inflexions, both regular and irregular, of each word, are accurately pointed out; and the etymologies are made to embrace the results of

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modern scholarship in that department as specifically applicable to the Latin language, without invading the proper province of comparative philology. To the definitions, as the most important department of lexicography, particular attention has been given; and the primary, the transferred, the tropical, and the proverbial uses of words are carefully arranged in the order of their development; the shades of difference in the meanings and uses of synonymous terms are pointed out. Special attention has been given to the chronology of words, *i. e.*, to the time when they were in use, and they are designated accordingly as belonging to all periods of the language, or as “ante-classic,” “quite classic,” “Ciceronian,” “Augustan,” “post-Augustan,” “post-classic,” or “late Latin,” as the case may be. The student is also informed whether a word is used in prose or poetry, or in both, whether it is of common or rare occurrence, &c. &c.; and each of its uses is illustrated by a copious selection of examples, with a reference in every instance to the chapter, section, and verse where found. To those familiar with the subject, this brief description of the work will suffice to show its vast superiority over every dictionary of the Latin language at present in use among us, and how much may be expected in aid of the cause of sound learning from its introduction into our seminaries and colleges. It will appear from the press of the Harpers very soon.—“The History of the United States of America, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the end of the Sixteenth Congress, in three volumes,” is the title of a new work by Mr. HILDRETH, whose three volumes, bringing down the history of the United States to the adoption of the Federal Constitution are already favorably known to the public. The present volumes, the first of which is already in press, are intended to embrace a fully authentic and impartial history of the two great parties of Federalists and Republicans, or Democrats, as they were sometimes called, by which the country was divided and agitated for the first thirty years and upward subsequent to the adoption of

the Federal Constitution. The volume now in press is devoted to the administration of Washington, a subject of great interest and importance, since, during that period, not only were all the germs of the subsequent party distinctions fully developed, but because the real character and operation of the Federal Government, from that day to this, was mainly determined by the impress given to it while Washington remained at the head of affairs. This subject, treated with the candor, discrimination, industry, and ability which Mr. Hildreth's volumes already published give us a right to expect, can hardly fail to attract and reward a large share of public attention.—An Astronomical Expedition has been sent out by the United States Government to Santiago, Chili, for the purpose of making astronomical observations. It is under the charge of Lieut. J.M. GILLIS, of the Navy, one of the ablest astronomers of his age now living. The Chilian Government has received the expedition with great cordiality, and has availed itself of the liberal offer of the United States Government to admit several young men to instruction in the Observatory, by designating three persons for that object. Letters from Lieut. G. show that he is prosecuting his labors with unwearied zeal and assiduity—having, up to the 1st of June, catalogued nearly five thousand stars. HUMBOLDT, in a letter to a friend, which has been published, expresses a high opinion of Lieut. GILLIS, and of the expedition in which he is engaged. In the same letter he speaks in warm terms of the great ability and merit, in their several departments, of TICKNOR, PRESCOTT, FREMONT, EMORY, GOULD, and other literary and scientific Americans.

From CALIFORNIA our intelligence is to the 15th of August, brought by the steamer *Ohio*, which reached New York on the 22d ult. The most important item relates to a deplorable collision which has occurred between persons claiming lands under titles derived from Capt. SUTTER, and others who had taken possession of them and refused to leave. Capt. Sutter held them under his Spanish grant, the validity of which, so far

as the territory in question is concerned, is disputed. Attempts to eject the squatters, in accordance with the decision of the courts, were forcibly resisted at Sacramento City on the 14th of August, and a riot was the result, in which several persons on both sides were killed, and others severely wounded. Several hundred were engaged in the fight. As this occurred just upon the eve of the steamer's departure, the issue of the contest is unknown. There is reason to fear that the difficulties to which it gives rise may not be very soon or very easily settled. Among those killed were Mr. Bigelow, Mayor of Sacramento City, Mr. Woodland, an auctioneer, and Dr. Robinson, the President of the Squatter Association.—The news from the mines continues to be encouraging. In the southern mines the dry season had so far advanced that the Stanislaus and Tuolumne rivers were in good working condition, and yielded good returns. Details are given from the various localities showing that the gold has been by no means exhausted. From the northern mines similar accounts are received.—The total amount received for duties by the Collector at San Francisco from November 12, 1849, to June 30, 1850, was \$889,542.—During the passage of the steamer Panama from San Francisco to Panama the cholera broke out, and seventeen of the passengers died. It was induced by excessive indulgence in fruit at Acapulco.—Rev. HORATIO SOUTHGATE D.D., formerly Missionary Bishop at Constantinople, has been chosen Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Diocese of California.—In Sonora the difficulties which had broken out in consequence of the tax on foreign miners had been obviated, and order was restored.—Mining operations are prosecuted with the greatest vigor and energy, and were yielding a good return. Companies were formed for carrying on operations more thoroughly than has been usual, and new locations have been discovered which promise to be very fertile.

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From OREGON there is no news of interest, though our intelligence comes down to the 25th of July. Business was

prosperous. Gold is said to have been discovered on Rogue's river, and companies had been formed to profit by the discovery. A treaty of peace has been negotiated with the Indians by Gov. LANE.

From JAMAICA we hear of the death of Gen. Herard, ex-President of Hayti, who has been residing in Jamaica for several years. The season has been favorable for the crops, and the harvests of fruit were very abundant. There had been several very severe thunderstorms, and several lives had been lost from lightning. Efforts are made to promote the culture of cotton upon the island.

From NEW MEXICO Major R.H. WEIGHTMAN arrived at St. Louis, Aug. 22d, having been elected U.S. Senator by the state Legislature. He was on his way to Washington where he has since arrived. His colleague was Hon. F.A. CUNNINGHAM. In the popular canvass the friends of a state government carried every county except one, over those who desired a territorial organization. A conflict of authority had occurred between the newly elected state officers and the Civil and Military Governor, the latter refusing to transfer the authority to the former until New Mexico should be admitted as a state. A voluminous correspondence upon the subject between the two governors has been published.—The Indians at the latest dates were still committing the grossest outrages in all parts of the country. The crops were fine and promising.

In ENGLAND the month has been signalized by no event of special interest or importance. The incident which has attracted most attention grew out of the visit to England of General HAYNAU, the commander of the Austrian armies during the war with Hungary, who acquired for himself a lasting and infamous notoriety by the horrible cruelty which characterized his campaigns and his treatment of prisoners who fell into his hands. His proclamations, threatening butchery and extermination to every village any of whose inhabitants should furnish aid or

countenance to the Hungarians, and the inhuman barbarity with which they were put in execution, must be fresh in the public memory, as it certainly was in that of the people of London. It seems that, during his stay in London, General HAYNAU visited the great brewery establishment of Messrs. Barclay & Co. On presenting himself, accompanied by two friends, at the door, they were required, as was customary, to register their names. On looking at the books, the clerks discovered the name and rank of their visitor, and his presence and identity were soon known throughout the establishment. The workmen began to shout after him, and finally to follow and assail him with denunciations and dirt; and before he had crossed the yard he found himself completely beset by a mob of coal-heavers, draymen, brewers' men, and others, who shouted "Down with the Austrian butcher!" and hustled him about with a good deal of violence and considerable injury to his person. Fully realizing the peril of his position, he ran from the mob, and took refuge in a hotel, concealing himself in a secluded room from his pursuers, who ransacked the whole house, until the arrival of a strong police force put an end to the mob and the General's peril. The leading papers, especially those in the Tory interest, speak of this event in the most emphatic terms of denunciation. The Liberal journals exult in the popular spirit which it evinced, while they regret the disregard of law and order which attended it.

Parliament was prorogued on the 15th of August by the Queen in person, to the 25th of October. The ceremonial was unusually splendid. The Queen tendered her thanks for the assiduity and care which had marked the business of the session, and expressed her satisfaction with the various measures which had been consummated. In approving of the Colonial Government Act, she said it would always be gratifying to her to extend the advantages of republican institutions to colonies inhabited by men who are capable of exercising, with benefit to themselves, the privileges of freedom: she looks for the most beneficial

consequences, also, from the act extending the elective franchise in Ireland.—Previous to the prorogation, Parliament transacted very little business of much interest to our readers. Marlborough House was set apart for the residence of the Prince of Wales when he shall need it, and meantime it is to be used for the exhibition of the Vernon pictures. Lord BROUGHAM created something of a sensation in the House of Lords on the 2d, by complaining that all savings in the Civil List should accrue to the nation, and not to the royal privy purse,—as the spirit of the constitution required the Sovereign to have no private means, but to be dependent wholly on the nation. His movement excited a good deal of feeling, and was very warmly censured by all the Lords who spoke upon it, as betraying an eagerness to pry into the petty details of private expenditures unworthy of the House, and indelicate toward the Sovereign. Lord BROUGHAM resented these censures with bitterness, and reproached the Whigs with having changed their sentiments and their conduct since they had tasted the sweets of office. This course, he said, showed most painfully that absolute prostration of the understanding which takes place, even in the minds of the bravest, when the word “prince” is mentioned in England.—We mentioned in our last number the presentation of a petition concerning the Liverpool waterworks, many of the signatures to which were found to be forgeries. The case was investigated by the Lords, and the presenters of the petition, Mr. C. Cream and Mr. M.A. Gage, were declared to have been guilty of a breach of privilege, and sent to Newgate for a fortnight.—Lord CAMPBELL, on the 14th, expressed the opinion, “as one of the judges of the land,” that the new regulations forbidding the delivery or transit of letters on Sunday, had a tendency, so far as the administration of justice was concerned, to obstruct works of necessity and mercy. The regulations have been essentially modified.—The bill concerning parliamentary voters in Ireland, after passing the House of Lords with the rate requisite for franchise at £15, was amended in the Commons by substituting

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£12;—the amendment was concurred in by the Lords, and in that form the bill became a law. The effect of it will be to add some two hundred thousand to the number of voters in the kingdom.—Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in reply to a question from Mr. HUME, explained the nature of the British claims on Tuscany for injuries sustained by British subjects after the revolt of Leghorn, and the occupation of that city by an Austrian corps acting as auxiliaries to the Grand Duke. After all resistance was over, it seems, that corps plundered a number of houses, and among them houses belonging to British residents, and conspicuously marked as such by the British consul. The amount claimed was £1530.—Complaint was made in the Commons by Mr. BERNAL, of the defective state of the regulations for the immigration of Africans into the West Indies. He said that contracts were now limited to one year, which often caused serious loss to the employer. He thought the evil might be remedied by making the contract for three years. He was told in reply that Lord Grey had already sanctioned contracts for three years in British Guiana and Trinidad, and would, of course, be quite prepared to do so in Jamaica. The immigration of free labor from Africa had proved a failure; but this was not the case with the immigration of Coolies. Many requests had been made to renew it, and arrangements had been made to comply with those requests. Arrangements had also been made, in consequence of communications with Dr. Gutzlaff, for introducing free Chinese immigrants into Trinidad. The Tenant-right conference of Ireland held its session on the 6th in Dublin. The attendance of delegates was large. Resolutions were adopted declaring that a fair valuation of rent between landlord and tenant was indispensable, that the tenant should not be disturbed so long as he pays the rent fixed; that no further rent shall be recoverable by process of law; and that an equitable valuation for rent should divide between landlord and tenant the net profits of cultivation. A tenant league is to be formed.—A dinner was given by the Fishmongers' Company

of London to the Ministers on the 1st. Lord BROUGHAM was present, and excited attention and mirth by his way of testing the sentiments of the Company on matters of public reform. If they applauded what he was about to say, they were reformers, as of old: if not, it would show that they had been corrupted. He was made a Fishmonger in 1820, and he hoped the Company were not ashamed of what they did in favor of an oppressed queen against an aggressive king and his minions of ministers. The remark was not applauded, whereupon Lord B. drew his fore gone conclusion:—"Ah, I see;—you are far from having the same feeling you had in 1820. Honors corrupt manners—being in power is a dangerous thing to public virtue."—The report of the Railway Commissioners for 1849 states that in course of the year the Board had sanctioned the opening of 869 miles of new railway—630 in England, 108 in Scotland, and 131 in Ireland—making the total extent of railway communication at the end of the year, 5996 miles, of which 4656 are in England, 846 in Scotland, and 494 in Ireland.—The Queen left on the 22d for a short visit to the King of the Belgians at Ostend. She was received with great enthusiasm, and returned the next day—Prince Albert completed his thirty-first year on the 26th of August. The Queen left town on the 27th for Scotland.—Sir George Anderson has been appointed Governor of Ceylon, in place of Lord Torrington, who has been recalled.—The American steamer *Pacific* arrived at New York at half-past six P.M., on Saturday, the 21st ult., having left Liverpool at two P.M. on the 11th. She thus made the passage in *ten days, four and a half hours*: this is by several hours the quickest voyage ever made between the two ports.

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From FRANCE the only news of general interest relates to the tour of the President through the provinces. The Assembly had previously broken up, there not being a quorum present on the 9th. It was to re-assemble on the 11th of November. A Committee of *Surveillance* was to sit during the recess. On the 12th, the

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President started on his tour. He had given several military banquets, which, from their imperial aspect, and the political spirit manifested by the guests, created a great sensation. On one of these occasions, a dinner was given to the officers of a portion of the garrison of Paris; it is told, that after the company left the table, they adjourned into the garden to smoke their cigars; and there Louis Napoleon seeing a musket, took it up, and went through the manual exercise with great dexterity, to the great delight of the sergeants and corporals, who shouted "Vive le petit Corporal!" (the Emperor's pet-name among the soldiers) with great enthusiasm. During his tour, which was unattended by any very noticeable incident, he made very liberal distribution of crosses of honor, sometimes accompanied by gratuities to old officers and soldiers of the imperial army. He had a most brilliant reception at Lyons, where he spent a day, and was entertained at a grand dinner by the Chamber of Commerce. At Besançon he had a less gracious reception: at a ball given to him in the evening a mob broke into the room, shouting "Vive la Republique," and creating great confusion. The President left the room, which was cleared by General Castellane at the point of the bayonet. At several other places demonstrations were made of a similar character, but much less violent.

LOUIS PHILLIPE, late King of France, died on the 26th of August, at Claremont, England, where he has resided since he became an exile. His health had gradually failed since he first left France, but it was not until the 24th, that he became fully sensible of the gravity of his disease. On that day he was carried out into the open air, and was present at dinner with his family, although he ate nothing. During the night he was restless, and was informed by the queen that his medical attendants despaired of his recovery. The next morning, the doctor, on being asked his opinion, hesitated. "I understand," says the king, "you bring me notice to quit." To Col. Dumas he dictated a last page of his memoirs, which terminated a recital in which he had been

engaged for the last four months. The king then sent for his chaplain, with whom he had a long interview. He repeatedly expressed his readiness for death, which came upon him at eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 26th. Louis PHILLIPE was born in Paris, Oct. 6, 1773, and was the eldest son of Phillipe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, known to the world by the *sobriquet* of Phillipe Egalité. His education was intrusted to Madame de Genlis, under whose direction he made himself familiar with the English, German, and Italian languages, and with the ordinary branches of scientific knowledge. In 1792, being then Duke de Chartres, he made his first campaign against the Austrians, fighting at Valmy and Jemappes. His father was executed January 21, 1793, and he was summoned with Gen. Dumouriez, before the Committee of Public Safety, seven months after. Both, however, fled, and escaped to Austria. Retiring to private life, and refusing the offer of Austria, he was joined by his sister Adelaide and their former preceptress, and repaired to Zurich, whence, however, he was soon compelled to make his escape. He became greatly straitened for means, and, finally, found protection in the house of M. de Montesquion, at Baumgarten, where he remained until the end of 1794, when he quitted the place, and resolved to go to the United States. He was compelled to abandon this project from lack of funds, and traveled on foot through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Negotiations were now opened on the part of the Directory, who had in vain attempted to discover the place of his exile, to induce him to go to the United States, promising, in the event of his compliance, that the condition of the Duchess D'Orleans should be ameliorated, and that his younger brothers should be permitted to join him. Through the agency of M. Westford, of Hamburg, this letter was conveyed to the duke, who at once accepted the terms offered, and sailed from the mouth of the Elbe in the American, taking with him his servant Baudoin. He departed on the 24th of September, 1796, and arrived in Philadelphia after a passage

of twenty-seven days. In the November following, the young prince was joined by his two brothers, after a stormy passage from Marseilles; and the three brothers remained at Philadelphia during the winter. They afterward visited Mount Vernon, where they became intimate with General Washington; and they soon afterward traveled through the western country, and after a long and fatiguing journey they returned to Philadelphia; proceeding afterward to New Orleans, and, subsequently, by an English ship, to Havanna. The disrespect of the Spanish authorities at the Havanna, soon compelled them to depart, and they proceeded to the Bahama Islands, where they were treated with much kindness by the Duke of Kent, who, however, did not feel authorized to give them a passage to England in a British frigate. They, accordingly, embarked for New York, and thence sailed to England in a private vessel, arriving at Falmouth in February, 1800. After proceeding to London they took up their residence at Twickenham, where for some time they enjoyed comparative quiet, being treated with distinction by all classes of society. Their time was now principally spent in study, and no event of any importance disturbed their retreat, until the death of the Duke de Montpensier, on the 18th of May, 1807. The Count Beaujolais soon afterward proceeded to Malta, where he died in 1808. The Duke of Orleans now quitted Malta, and went to Messina, in Sicily, accepting an invitation from King Ferdinand. During his residence at Palermo he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, and was married to her in 1809. No event of any material importance marked the life of the young couple until the year 1814, when it was announced in Palermo that Napoleon had abdicated the throne, and that the restoration of the Bourbon family was about to take place. The duke sailed immediately, and arrived in Paris on the 18th of May, where, in a short time, he was in the enjoyment of the honors to which he was so well entitled. The return of Napoleon in 1815, soon disturbed his tranquillity; and, having sent his family to England,

he proceeded, in obedience to the command of Louis XVIII., to take the command of the army of the north. He remained in this situation until the 24th of March, 1815, when he resigned his command to the Duke de Treviso and retired to Twickenham. On the return of Louis, after the hundred days—in obedience to the ordinance issued, requiring all the princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers—the duke returned to France in 1815; and, by his liberal sentiments, rendered himself so little agreeable to the administration, that he returned to England, where he remained until 1817. In that year he returned to France, continuing now in a private capacity, as he was not a second time summoned to sit in the Chamber of Peers. For some years after this period the education of his family deeply engaged his attention; and while the Duke of Orleans was thus pursuing a career apart from the court, a new and unexpected scene was opened in the drama of his singularly eventful and changeful life. In 1830 that revolution occurred in France which eventuated in the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne. The cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons having been pronounced hopeless, the king in effect being discrowned, and the throne rendered vacant, the Provisional Government which had risen out of the struggle, and in which Laffitte, Lafayette, Thiers, and other politicians, had taken the lead, turned toward the Duke of Orleans, whom it was proposed, in the first instance, to invite to Paris, to become Lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and afterward, in a more regular manner, to become King. The Duke of Orleans, during the insurrection, had been residing in seclusion at his country seat, and, if watching the course of events, apparently taking no active part in dethroning his kinsman. M. Thiers and M. Scheffer were appointed to conduct the negotiation with the duke, and visited Neuilly for the purpose. The duke, however, was absent, and the interview took place with the duchess and Princess Adelaide, to whom they represented the danger with which the nation was menaced, and that anarchy could only be

averted by the prompt decision of the duke to place himself at the head of the new constitutional monarchy. M. Thiers expressed his conviction "that nothing was left the Duke of Orleans but a choice of dangers; and that, in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty was to run full upon the republic and its inevitable violences." The substance of the communication having been made known to the duke, on a day's consideration he acceded to the request, and at noon on the 31st came to Paris to accept the office which had been assigned to him. On the 2d of August the abdication of Charles X. and his son was placed in the hands of the Lieutenant-general, the abdication, however, being in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux. On the 7th the Chamber of Deputies declared the throne vacant; and on the 8th the Chamber went in a body to the Duke of Orleans, and offered him the Crown on the terms of a revised charter. His formal acceptance of the offer took place on the 9th. From the accession of Louis Philippe as King of the French, in 1830, his life is universally known. His reign was marked by sagacity and upright intentions. He committed the unpardonable error, however, of leaving the people entirely out of his account, and endeavored to fortify himself by allying his children to the reigning families of Europe. He married his eldest son Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans (born 1810) to the Princess Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; his daughter Louisa (born 1812) to Leopold, King of the Belgians; his son Louis, Duke of Nemours (born 1814) to the Princess Victoria of Saxe Coburg Gotha; his daughter Clementina (born 1817) to Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg Gotha; his son Francis, Prince of Joinville (born 1818) to the Princess Frances Caroline, of Brazil; his son the Duke of Aumale (born 1822) to the Princess Caroline, of Salerno, and his son Antony, Duke of Montpensier (born 1824) to Louisa, sister and heir presumptive of the reigning Queen of Spain. But these royal alliances served him not in the day of his distress. The fatal 24th of February came, and swept away the throne he

had taken so much pains to consolidate, and he signed his act of abdication, accepting the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. His subsequent fate is familiar to all. His flight from Paris to the sea-shore; his escape in disguise to England; his kind reception in that country, are well known. Claremont was given him as an abode, and there, with the exception of occasional visits to Richmond and St. Leonard's, Louis Philippe continued to reside. There, too, he breathed his last on Monday morning, the 26th of August, in the 77th year of his age. His death excited general comment, but was universally regarded as an event of no political importance.—A very imposing review of the French fleet at the harbor of Cherbourg, took place on the 7th inst. A great number of the English nobility and gentlemen were present by special invitation, and a magnificent display was made of British yachts. An immense concourse of people was in attendance, and the President, Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON, was received with distinguished honors. The parting salute at sunset, when over two thousand pieces of ordnance crashed forth with a simultaneous roar, was highly effective.—The trade of Paris is said to be unusually brisk this season. Wheat is abundant and all the harvests yield good returns, though fears are entertained that the quality of the vintage may be inferior.—The proceedings of the General Councils of sixty-four of the eighty-five departments of France are now known.—Forty-seven have pronounced in favor of the revision of the actual constitution. Seven have rejected resolutions recommending the revision, and ten have declined the expression of an opinion upon the subject. Only three have declared themselves in favor of an extension and continuance of the power now confided to LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. Nearly all have expressly desired that the revision should be effected in the mode and time prescribed by the constitution itself. [710]

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The LITERARY INTELLIGENCE from abroad lacks special interest. The Magazines for September contain nothing worthy of mention,

which will not be found in the foregoing pages of this number. BULWER commences a new novel in Blackwood, the opening chapters of which are here reprinted. It is in continuation of "The Caxtons," and promises to be exceedingly interesting. It will, of course, be given to our readers as rapidly as it appears. Our opening paper this month is a spirited and eloquent notice of WORDSWORTH, evidently from the popular and effective pen of GILFILLAN, who is a constant contributor to the London Eclectic Review from which it is taken. "David Copperfield" by DICKENS, and "Pendennis" by THACKERAY, draw toward their end, and our readers may therefore anticipate new productions from their pens ere long.—The question whether an American can hold a copyright in England comes up before the English Courts in a suit brought by Murray for interference with his rights by a publisher who has issued an edition of Washington Irving. It is stated that Irving has received from the Murrays the sum of £9767 for the English copyrights of his various works.—The Gallery of Paintings of the King of Holland has been sold at auction and the returns are stated at \$450,000. The Emperor of Russia, and the Marquis of Hertford in England, were extensive purchasers. Two portraits of Vandyke were bought by the latter at 63,000 florins.—LAMARTINE writes to the *Debats* from Marseilles, denying, so far as he is concerned, the truth of statements contained in Mr. CROKER'S article in the London Quarterly upon the flight of Louis Phillipe. He has commenced the publication of a new volume of "Confidences" in the *feuilleton* of the *Presse*.—The Household Narrative in its summary of English Literary Intelligence, notices the appearance of an elaborate work on *Tubular Bridges* by Mr. Edwin Clark, with a striking folio of illustrative drawings and lithographs. Also of an Essay in two goodly octavos on *Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs*, by Mr. Kenrick, full of learning, yet full of interest, because grafting on the ascertained old history all the modern elucidations of travelers and artists, critics and

interpreters. It appears to be but a portion of a contemplated work comprehending a complete history of those countries of the East whose civilization preceded and influenced that of Greece; and to our proper understanding of which, the discovery of the hieroglyphic character, and such researches as those of Mr. Layard, have lately contributed an entire new world of information. Another book remarkable for the precision and completeness of its knowledge, is Doctor Latham's *Natural History of the Varieties of Man*, a very important contribution to the literature of ethnology; and with this is connected in subject, though not in any other kind of merit, an eccentric fragment on the *Races of Man*, by Dr. Robert Knox.—Mrs. Jameson has published a second series of her *Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, in a volume of *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, similarly illustrated; and nothing can be more graceful than this lady's treatment of a subject which has not much that is graceful in itself.—To biography, a new volume of the *Life of Chalmers* has been the most interesting addition. A *Life of Ebenezer Elliott*, by his son-in-law, possesses also some interest; and, with a little less of the biographer and more of the biography, would have been yet more successful. In English fiction, a semi-chartist novel called *Alton Locke*, full of error and earnestness, and evidently by a University man of the so-called Christian Socialist school, is the most noticeable work of the kind that has lately appeared. The other romances of the month have been translations from the German and French. The *Two Brothers* is somewhat in the school of Miss Bremer; and *Stella and Vanessa* is a novel by a graceful French writer, very agreeably translated by Lady Duff Gordon, of which the drift is to excuse Swift for his conduct to Mrs. Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh. The subject is curious, and the treatment (for a Frenchman) not less so. Nothing painful or revolting is dwelt upon, and if it does not satisfy it fails to offend.—The London *Morning Chronicle* has an extended and elaborate review of Mr. TICKNOR'S great "History of Spanish

Literature," in which it pays the highest possible compliments to the accomplished author. "The masterly sweep of his general grasp," it says, "and the elaborated finish of his constituent sketches, silence the caviller at the very outset, and enforce him to respectful study, while the unaffected ease of the style, lively but not flippant, charms the attention, and not seldom disguises the amount of research and indigation which has been bestowed upon each stage of the history." It closes its review with this emphatic praise: "this History will at once take its position as the standard book of reference upon Spanish literature, but it will not take the cold honors of the shelf usually accorded to such volumes, for it will not only be consulted but read. We cordially congratulate our American friends upon possessing a compatriot who is able to make such a contribution to English literature—we are not aware that we are equally fortunate."—The third series of SOUTHEY'S Common-Place Book has just appeared. Unlike the former series, which consisted of selections of rare and striking passages, and so possessed a general and independent value, the present volume consists mainly of brief notes or references to important passages in a great variety of works, bearing upon the subjects of Civil and Ecclesiastical History, Biography, and Literature in general. The references are so brief, and the works referred to so rare, that the book will prove of little service except to those who have access to large public libraries. Probably not one book in ten of those referred to is to be found in any library in this country. The volume, however, furnishes evidence still stronger than the others, of the wonderful extent, variety, and accuracy of Southey's reading; it shows that he was a sort of living library, a walking study; he read almost every thing that appeared, and methodized, and laid up in his mind all that was worth preserving, of what he read, and thus gained a super-eminence of information which has rarely been surpassed. The third volume of his Common-Place Book is not altogether destitute of those quaint and singular selections which gave so

rare a charm to those that preceded.—The North British Review for the current quarter, from which we gave some extracts in our September number, has an article upon the disputed claims of Messrs. Stephenson & Fairbairn to the credit of having invented the Tubular bridge. If the facts upon which the reasonings of the reviewer are based, are correctly stated, there can be no doubt that a large, perhaps the larger share of the credit due to this greatest triumph of modern engineering, belongs to WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, of Manchester, by whom all the experiments were undertaken that demonstrated the practicability of the undertaking, and proved that a square form was much stronger than the elliptical one, which was originally proposed. Mr. Fairbairn, it is stated, showed conclusively by actual experiment, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Stephenson, that suspension chains, as an additional means of support, were not needed, thus avoiding an outlay of some £200,000. Successful as the experiment has been in a scientific point of view, the railroad of which this bridge forms a link, has been most unfortunate in a pecuniary aspect. The stock consists of two kinds, the original, and preferential. In July, 1850, the former was selling at a loss of £72 10s., and the latter at a loss of £33 6s. 8d. on every £100, involving a total loss to the stockholders of £1,764,000.—The *Barbarigo Gallery* at Venice, celebrated for ages for its rich collection, especially of the works of Titian, has been purchased by the court of Russia for 560,000 francs, or £22,400 sterling. A new singer, Madame Fiorentini, has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, who attracts considerable attention. She is a native of Seville, and married to Mr. Jennings, an English officer. She received her musical education in London, and made her first public appearance at Berlin only twelve months since.—The telegraphic wires between Dover and Calais, or rather Cape Grinez, have been laid and got into operation. Dispatches have been received in this country which were sent from Paris to London by this means. Thirty miles of wire, incased in a

strong coating of gutta percha, have been imbedded, as far as this could possibly be done, in the bottom of the channel, by means of leaden weights. It remains now to be seen whether the precautions taken are sufficient to protect the wire from the ravages of the ocean's denizens, the assaults of ships' anchors, and the shifting sands which are known to underlie the Straits of Dover.—A duel took place at Perigueux between MM. CHAVOIX and DUPONT, in which the latter was killed. The latter was editor of a paper called *Echo de Vesone*, and had offended M. Chavoix, a wealthy proprietor, by severe strictures on his conduct. Both were members of the Assembly. They fought with pistols at twenty-five paces. M. Chavoix won the throw for the choice of position, and M. Dupont for first fire. Dupont fired and missed. Chavoix, declaring that he could not see clearly, waited till the smoke of his adversary's discharge passed, and fired at an interval of some seconds. His ball struck the forehead of Dupont, who fell stark dead upon the plain without uttering a cry or a groan.—The distinguished French Novelist M. BALZAC died at Paris on the 18th of August, aged 51. He was in many important respects, the foremost of French writers. He was originally a journeyman printer at Tours, his native place. His earlier works obtained a fair measure of success, but it was not until after many years' apprenticeship, either anonymously or under assumed cognomens, that he ventured to communicate his name to the public. And no sooner was the name given than it became popular—and in a little while famous—famous not in France alone, but all over Europe. His success was almost as brilliant as that of Walter Scott himself. In addition to his romances, Balzac wrote some theatrical pieces, and for a while edited and contributed a good deal to the *Revue Parisienne*. Since the revolution Balzac published nothing, but was engaged in visiting the battle-fields of Germany and Russia, and in piling up materials for a series of volumes, to be entitled *Scenes de la Vie Militaire*. He leaves behind several MS. works, partially or

wholly completed. His design was to make all his romances form one great work, under the title of the *Comédie Humaine*,—the whole being a minute dissection of the different classes of French society. Only a little while before his death, he stated that, in what he had done, he had but half accomplished his task. Next to his great celebrity, the most remarkable feature in his career is a strong passion which he formed for a Russian countess, and which, after years of patient suffering, he had the satisfaction of having rewarded by the gift of the lady's hand. Shortly after his marriage—which took place some two years ago—he was attacked with a disease of the heart, and that carried him off. He and his wife had only been a few months in Paris when this sad event took place. His funeral was celebrated with a good deal of ceremony, and an eloquent funeral oration was pronounced by M. VICTOR HUGO.—Sir MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, President of the Royal Academy, died at Brighton on the 19th, in his 80th year. He was elected to the above office in 1830, on the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, when he received the honor of knighthood. He retired in 1845 from the active duties of the office, which have been since performed by Mr. Turner.—The late Sir ROBERT PEEL has left directions in his will for the early publication of his political memoirs, and has ordered that the profits arising from the publication shall be given to some public institution for the education of the working classes. He has confided the task of preparing these memoirs to Lord Mahon and Mr. Cardwell. [712]

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In the settlement of GERMAN affairs little progress has yet been made by the Congress at Frankfort. At a meeting on the 8th of August, at which Count Thun, the Austrian plenipotentiary, presided, it was decided that Austria should formally invite all the members of the Bund to assemble at Frankfort on the 1st of September next. A circular note of the 18th of August, in which the Minister-President reiterates the assurances so solemnly given in the circular of the 19th July, that it is the

earnest wish of Austria to make such reforms in the Act of Confederation as may be required by the recent change of circumstances in Germany, and may conduce to the unity of the common fatherland, was accordingly dispatched with the Frankfort summons to the different courts on the 15th. It remains to be seen whether Prussia and the League will accept this proposal.—The third meeting of the General Peace Congress commenced at Frankfort on the 22d of August. There were some two thousand delegates in attendance, mostly from England, France, the United States, and Germany. Gen. Haynau was present for a time. Resolutions were submitted, discussed, and adopted, deprecating a resort to arms, and urging the propriety and expediency of settling all international differences by arbitration. Dr. JAUP presided, and speeches were made by delegates from every nation. Among the most prominent representatives from the United States were Elihu Burritt, Professor Cleaveland, Dr. Hitchcock, and George Copway, an Indian chief; Mr. Cobden, of England, and Cormenin and Girardin, of France were also in attendance. The session lasted three days.

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In PIEDMONT a great sensation has been produced by a collision with the papal power. The Sardinian Minister of Finance, the Cavalière Santa Rosa, who had supported the ministry in passing the law which rendered the clergy amenable to the civil courts, being on his death-bed, was refused the sacrament by the monks, under the direction of Franzoni the Archbishop of Turin. At his funeral such excitement was manifested by the people, that to avoid an actual outbreak, the monks were ordered to leave the city, and the possessions of their order were sequestered. In the search through their house, documents were found which inculpated the Archbishop Franzoni himself, and he was consequently arrested and imprisoned in the fortress of Fenestrelles. Both Austria and France, however, have interfered; and, in consequence, the editor of *L'Opinione*, a liberal journal, has been banished from the

Sardinian States. It is stated that Lord Palmerston has addressed to the Court of the Vatican a most energetic note, in which he cautions it against adopting violent measures toward Sardinia, and persevering in the system hitherto pursued by the Pope with regard to that Government.

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A letter from Rome, of the 20th, in the *Constitutionnel*, states that several persons have been arrested there for a supposed conspiracy to assassinate the Pope, on Assumption day, by throwing crystal balls filled with explosive substances into his carriage when on his way to church to pronounce the benediction. The discovery of the plot prevented all danger. There was some agitation on the following Sunday, as it was supposed that there had been a plot against the Austrian Ambassador, on the anniversary of the birth of the Emperor. A strong armed force was placed near his palace to protect it, and in the evening some arrests were made.

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A continuance of heavy rain in BELGIUM on the 15th, 16th, and 17th has produced disastrous inundations in various parts of that country. At Antwerp there was a tremendous storm of rain, wind, and thunder. The lightning struck several buildings; many of the streets were under water, and large trees were uprooted in the neighboring country. At Ghent a large sugar manufactory was destroyed by lightning, and people were killed by it in different places. A great part of the city of Brussels and the neighboring villages were under water for nearly two days; and many houses were so much damaged that they fell, and a number of persons perished. Near Charleroi all the fields were submerged, and the injury done to the crops was immense. At Valenciennes the Scheldt overflowed, inundating the neighboring country, and causing vast devastation. The damage done to the crops has produced a rise in the price of flour. Many bridges have

been swept away, and the injury done to the railways has been immense.

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From SCHLESWIG HOLSTEIN, we learn that the continued rains have prevented all renewal of operations in the field. The Danes have established a permanent camp near Ramstedt, and the marshes in that vicinity have been completely flooded. The Emperor of Russia has created General KROGH, the Danish Commander-in-Chief, Knight of the Order of St. Anne of the first class, for the distinguished bravery and prudence which he displayed in the engagements of the 24th and 25th of July, at Idstedt.

## Literary Notices.

*Rural Hours*, by A LADY, published by G.P. Putnam, is an admirable volume, the effect of which is like a personal visit to the charming scenes which the writer portrays with such a genuine passion for nature, and so much vivacity and truthfulness of description. Without the faintest trace of affectation, or even the desire to present the favorite surroundings of her daily life in overdone pictures, she quietly jots down the sights and sounds, and odorous blossomings of the seasons as they pass, and by this intellectual honesty and simplicity, has given a peculiar charm to her work, which a more ambitious style of composition would never have been able to command. Her eye for nature is as accurate as her enthusiasm is sincere. She dwells on the minute phenomena of daily occurrence in their season with a just discrimination, content with clothing them in their own beauty, and never seeking to increase their brilliancy by any artificial gloss. Whoever has a love for communing with nature in the "sweet hour of prime," or in the "still twilight," for watching the varied glories of the revolving year, will be grateful to the writer of this picturesque volume for such a fragrant record of rural experience. The author is stated to be a daughter of Cooper, the distinguished American novelist, and she certainly exhibits an acuteness of observation, and a vigor of description, not unworthy of her eminent parentage.

A new edition of the *Greek and English Lexicon*, by Professor EDWARD ROBINSON (Harper and Brothers) will be received with lively satisfaction by the large number of Biblical students in this country and in England who are under such deep obligations to the previous labors of Dr. ROBINSON in this department of philology. The work exhibits abundant evidence of the profound

and discriminating research, the even more than German patience of labor, the rigid impartiality, and the rare critical acumen for which the name of the author is proverbial wherever the New-Testament Lexicography is made the object of earnest study. Since the publication of the first edition, fourteen years since, which was speedily followed by three rival editions in Great Britain, and two abridgments, the science of Biblical philology has made great progress; new views have been developed by the learned labors of Wahl, Bretschneider, Winer, and others; the experience of the author in his official duties for the space of ten years, had corrected and enlarged his own knowledge; he had made a personal exploration of many portions of the Holy Land; and under these circumstances, when he came to the revision of the work, he found that a large part of it must be re-written, and the remainder submitted to such alterations, corrections, and improvements, as were almost as laborious as the composition of a new Lexicon. The plan of the work in its present enlarged form, embraces the etymology of each word given—the logical deduction of all its significations, which occur in the New Testament—the various combinations of verbs and adjectives—the different forms and inflections of words—the interpretation of difficult passages—and a reference to every passage of the New Testament in which the word is found. No scholar can examine the volume, without a full conviction of the eminent success with which this comprehensive plan has been executed, and of the value of the memorial here presented to the accuracy and thoroughness of American scholarship. The practical use of the work will be greatly facilitated by the clearness and beauty of the Greek type on which it is printed, being an admirable specimen of the Porson style.

*The Berber, or Mountaineer of the Atlas*, by WILLIAM S. MAYO, M.D., published by G.P. Putnam, is toned down to a very considerable degree from the high-colored pictures which produced such a dazzling effect in *Kaloolah*, the work by which

the author first became known to the public. The scene is laid in Morocco, affording the writer an occasion for the use of a great deal of geographical and historical lore, which is introduced to decided advantage as a substantial back-ground to the story, which, in itself, possesses a sustained and powerful interest. Dr. Mayo displays a rare talent in individualizing character: his groups consist of distinct persons, without any confused blundering or repetition; he is not only a painter of manners, but an amateur of passion; and hence his admirable descriptions are combined with rapid and effective touches, which betray no ordinary insight into the subtle philosophy of the heart. The illusion of the story is sometimes impaired by the introduction of the novelist in the first person, a blemish which we should hardly have looked for in a writer who is so obviously well acquainted with the resources of artistic composition as the author of this volume.

Harper and Brothers have issued the Fifth Part of *The Life and Correspondence of* ROBERT SOUTHEY, which brings the biography down to the fifty-fifth year of his age, and to the close of the year 1828. The next number will complete the work, which has sustained a uniform interest from the commencement, presenting a charming picture of the domestic habits, literary enterprises, and characteristic moral features of its eminent subject. Mr. Southey's connection with the progress of English literature during the early part of the present century, his strong political predilections, the extent and variety of his productions, and his singular devotion to a purely intellectual life, make his biography one of the most entertaining and instructive records that have recently been published in this department of letters. His son, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, by whom the work is edited, has acquitted himself of his task with admirable judgment and modesty, never obtruding himself on the notice of the reader, and leaving the correspondence, which, in fact, forms a continuous narrative, to make its natural impression, without weakening its force by

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superfluous comment. The present number contains several letters to our distinguished countryman, GEORGE TICKNOR, Esq., of Boston, which will be read with peculiar interest on account of their free remarks on certain American celebrities, and their criticisms on some of the popular productions of American literature.

Among the late valuable theological publications, is *The Works of Joseph Bellamy, D.D., with a Memoir of his Life and Character*, by TRYON EDWARDS, issued by the Doctrinal Tract and Book Society, Boston, in two volumes. As models of forcible reasoning, and of ingenious and subtle analysis, the theological disquisitions of Dr. Bellamy have seldom been surpassed, and their reproduction in the present form will be grateful to many readers who have not been seduced by the excitements of the age from their love of profound and acute speculation. The memoir prefixed to these volumes gives an interesting view of the life of a New England clergyman of the olden time.

*Adelaide Lindsay*, from the prolific and vigorous pen of Mrs. MARSH, the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "The Wilmingtons," &c, forms the one hundred and forty—seventh number of Harper and Brothers' "Library of Select Novels."

*Popular Education; for the Use of Parents and Teachers* (Harper and Brothers), is the title of a volume by IRA MAYHEW, prepared in accordance with a resolution of the Legislature of Michigan, and discussing the subject, in its multifarious aspects and relations, with a thoroughness, discrimination, and ability, which can not fail to make it a work of standard authority in the department to which it is devoted. The author has been Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Michigan; his official position has put him in possession of a great amount of facts and statistics in relation to the subject; he is inspired with a noble zeal in the cause of education; and in the production of this volume, has given a commendable proof of his industry, good sense, and thorough acquaintance with an interest on which he

rightly judges that the future prosperity of the American Republic essentially depends.

C.S. Francis and Co. have published *The Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* in a beautiful edition of two volumes, including "The Seraphim, with other Poems," as first published in England in 1838, and the contents of the previous American edition. This edition is introduced with a Critical Essay, by H.T. TUCKERMAN, taken from his "Thoughts on the Poets," presenting in refined and tasteful language, a discriminating view of Mrs. BROWNING'S position among the living poets of England. Mr. Tuckerman makes use of no extravagant encomium in his estimate of her powers; his remarks are less enthusiastic than critical; and, indeed, the more ardent admirers of Mrs. Browning would deem them of too subdued a tone, and deficient in an adequate appreciation of her peculiar boldness, originality, and beauty. The edition now presented to the public will be thankfully accepted by the wide circle which has learned to venerate Mrs. Browning's genius, and will serve to extend the healthful interest cherished by American readers in the most remarkable poetess of modern times.

*The Companion; After Dinner Table Talk*, by CHETWOOD EVELYN, Esq. (New York: G.P. Putnam), is the title of a popular compilation from favorite English authors, prepared with a good deal of tact and discrimination, and forming an appropriate counterpart to *The Lift for the Lazy*, published some time since by the same house.

George P. Putnam has just issued *The Deer Slayer*, by J. FENIMORE COOPER, being the first volume of the author's revised edition of *The Leather Stocking Tales*.

Among the swarm of Discourses and Funeral Orations, occasioned by the death of the late President Taylor, we have seen none of a more striking character than *The Sermon delivered at the Masonic Hall*, Cincinnati, by T.H. STOCKTON. It presents a series of glowing and impressive pictures of public life in

Washington, of the tombs of the departed Presidents, of eminent American statesmen now no more, of the progress of discovery in this country, and of the march of improvement in modern times. The too florid character of some portions of the Discourse is amply redeemed by the spirit of wise patriotism and elevated religion with which it is imbued, while it has the rare merit of being entirely free from the commonplaces of the pulpit. In a note to this discourse, it is stated that the author is desirous of forming a collection of Sermons, Orations, Addresses, &c., on the death of General Taylor, and that editors and speakers will confer a favor on him by forwarding him a copy of their several publications.

*The Relations of the American Scholar to his Country and his Times* (Baker and Scribner), is the title of an Address delivered by HENRY J. RAYMOND, before the Associate Alumni of the University of Vermont, maintaining the doctrine that educated men, instead of retiring from the active interests and contending passions of the world, to some fancied region of serene contemplation, are bound to share in the struggle, the competition, the warfare of society. This is argued, with a variety of illustrations, from the character of the education of the scholar, as combining theory and practice, and from the peculiar tendencies of American society, now in a state of rapid fermentation and development. Mr. Raymond endeavors to do justice both to the Conservative and Radical elements, which are found in our institutions and national character, and to discuss those difficult problems in a spirit of moderation, and without passion. Of the literary character of this production, the writer of the present notice can speak with more propriety in another place.

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*The Recent Progress of Astronomy*, by ELIAS LOOMIS (Harper and Brothers), exhibits the most important astronomical discoveries made within the last ten years, with special reference to the condition of the science in the United States. Among

the topics treated in detail, are the discovery of the planet Neptune, the addition to our knowledge of comets, with a full account of Miss Mitchell's comet, the new stars and nebulae, the determination of longitude by the electric telegraph, the manufacture of telescopes in the United States, and others of equal interest both to men of science and the intelligent reader in general. Professor LOOMIS displays a singularly happy talent in bringing the results of scientific investigation to the level of the common mind, and we predict a hearty welcome to his little volume, as a lucid and delightful compendium of valuable knowledge. The author states in the Preface, that "he has endeavored to award equal and exact justice to all American astronomers; and if any individual should feel that his labors in this department have not been fairly represented, he is requested to furnish in writing a minute account of the same," and he shall receive amends in a second edition of the work.

Professor LOOMIS's *Mathematical Course* has met with signal favor at the hands of the best instructors in our higher institutions of learning. New editions of his *Algebra* and the *Geometry* have recently been issued; and a new volume on *Analytical Geometry*, and the *Calculus*, completing the course, will soon appear.

*Truth and Poetry, from my own Life, or the Autobiography of Goethe*, edited by PARKE GODWIN, is issued in a second edition by George P. Putnam, with a preface, showing the plagiarisms which have been committed on it in a pretended English translation from the original, by one John Oxenford. This enterprising person has made a bold appropriation of the American version, with only such changes as might serve the purpose of concealing the fraud. In addition to this felonious proceeding, he charges the translation to which he has helped himself so freely, with various inaccuracies, not only stealing the property, but giving it a bad name. The work of the American editor has thus found a singular, but effectual guarantee for its value, and is virtually pronounced to be a translation incapable of essential improvement. With

the resources possessed by Mr. GODWIN, in his own admirable command both of the German and of the English language, and the aid of the rare scholarship in this department of letters of Mr. CHARLES A. DANA and Mr. JOHN S. DWIGHT, to whom a portion of the work was intrusted, he could not fail to produce a version which would leave little to be desired by the most fastidious critic. It is unnecessary to speak of the merits of the original, which is familiar to all who have the slightest tincture of German literature. As a history of the progress of literary culture in Germany, as well as of the rich development of Goethe's own mind, it is one of the most instructive, and at the same time, the most entertaining biographies in any language.

Daniel Adee has republished, in a cheap form, the twenty-first part of *Braithwaite's Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery*, a work richly entitled to a place in every physician's library.

*Domestic History of the Revolution*, by Mrs. ELLET (Baker and Scribner), follows the thread of the Revolutionary drama, unfolding many agreeable and often touching incidents, which have not been brought to light before, and illustrating the manners and society of that day, in connection with the great struggle for national life. The researches of the author in collecting materials for "The Women of the Revolution," have put her in possession of a variety of domestic details and anecdotes, illustrative of the state of the country at different intervals, which she has used with excellent effect in the composition of this volume. Without indulging in fanciful embellishment, she has confined herself to the simple facts of history, rejecting all traditional matter, which is not sustained by undoubted authority. The events of the war in the upper districts of South Carolina, are described at length, as, in the opinion of Mrs. Ellet, no history has ever yet done justice to that portion of the country, nor to the chivalrous actors who there signalized themselves in the Revolutionary contest.

D. Appleton and Company have published an interesting

volume of American biography, entitled *Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men*, by JAMES WYNNE, M.D., comprising memoirs of Franklin, President Edwards, Fulton, Chief Justice Marshall, Rittenhouse, and Eli Whitney. They are composed in a tone of great discrimination and reserve, and scarcely in a single estimate come up to the popular estimation of the character described. Doctor Franklin and President Edwards, especially, are handled in a manner adapted to chill all enthusiasm which may have been connected with their names. Nor does the scientific fame of Robert Fulton gather any new brightness under the author's hands. This cool dissection of the dead may not be in accordance with the public taste, but in justice to the author, it should be borne in mind that he is a surgeon by profession.

The same house has issued an edition of *Cicero's Select Orations*, with Notes, by Professor E.A. JOHNSON, in which liberal use has been made of the most recent views of eminent German philologists. The volume is highly creditable to the industry and critical acumen of the Editor, and will prove a valuable aid to the student of the classics.

*Lady Willoughby's Diary* is reprinted by A.S. Barnes and Co., New York—the first American edition of a volume unrivaled for its sweetness and genuine pathos.

*The Young Woman's Book of Health*, by Dr. WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, published by Tappan, Whittemore, and Co., Boston, is an original summary of excellent physiological precepts, expressed with the simplicity and distinctness for which the author is celebrated. [716]

*Songs of Labor and Other Poems* is the title of a new volume by JOHN G. WHITTIER, published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston, containing the spirited lyrics which have already gained a large share of favor in the public journals.

*Poems of the Heart*, by GEORGE W. NICHOLSON, (G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia), is the "last production of the author's boyhood," and exhibits the most decided marks of its origin.

*The Mariner's Vision* is the title of a Poem by T.L. DONNELLY, Philadelphia, evidently written with little preparation, but showing some traces of poetic talent, which may ripen into excellence at a future day.

A beautiful reprint of *Æsop's Fables*, edited by Rev. THOMAS GARNES, with more than Fifty Illustrations from TENNIAL'S designs has been issued by Robert B. Collins, New York, in a style of superb typography, which can not fail to command the admiration of the amateur.

The volume before us awakens recollections of “by-gone days,” in the Publishers of this Magazine, upon which we love to dwell. *Æsop's Fables* was among the first books which passed through our press. Some thirty years since, we printed an edition of it for the late EVERT DUYCKINCK, Esq. (father of the present accomplished editors of the *Literary World*), one of the leading booksellers and publishers of his day, and, in every sense, “a good man and true,” as well as one of our earliest and best friends. His memory to us is precious—his early kindness will ever live in our recollection.

The name of COLLINS (publisher of the present edition), has been so long and closely associated with the book trade in this country, that we apprehend the public may feel some interest in a short sketch of the rise and progress of this most respectable publishing firm. ISAAC COLLINS, a member of the Society of Friends, was the founder of the house. He originally came from Virginia, and commenced the printing and bookselling business in the city of Trenton, New Jersey, about the close of the Revolutionary War, where he printed the first quarto Bible published in America. This Bible was so highly esteemed for its correctness, that the American Bible Society was at some pains to obtain a copy, from which to print their excellent editions of the Scriptures. It would take too much space to follow the various changes in the firm, under the names of Isaac Collins, Isaac Collins & Son, Collins, Perkins & Co., Collins & Co., down to

the establishment of the house of Collins & Hannay, about the close of the last war. This concern was composed of BENJAMIN S. COLLINS (the son of Isaac), and SAMUEL HANNAY, who had been educated for the business by the old house of Collins & Co. The enterprise, liberality, and industry of this firm soon placed them at the head of the book trade in the city of New York, where they are still remembered with respect and esteem by the thousands of customers scattered all over our immense country, and with affection and gratitude by many whose fortunes were aided, and whose credit was established, by their generous confidence and timely aid. Mr. BENJAMIN S. COLLINS is now living in dignified retirement, on his farm in Westchester County. Several other members of the family, formerly connected with the bookselling business, have also retired with a competency, and are now usefully devoting their time and attention to the promotion of the various charitable institutions of the country. Mr. HANNAY died about a year since—and here we may be permitted to record our grateful memory of one of the best men, and one of the most enterprising booksellers ever known in our country. His exceeding modesty prevented his marked and excellent qualities from being much known out of the small circle of his immediate friends—but by them he is remembered with feelings of love and veneration. The house of Collins & Hannay became subsequently B. & S. Collins; Collins, Keese, & Co.; Collins, Brother, & Co.; and Collins & Brother; now at last ROBERT B. COLLINS, the publisher of the work under notice. We trust he may pursue the path to fortune with the same honorable purposes, by the same honorable means, and with the same gratifying result, which signaled the efforts of his worthy predecessors. Nor are the names of the printer and stereotyper of the present volume without a fraternal interest. The printer, Mr. VAN NORDEN, one of our early and highly esteemed associates, may now be termed a typographer of the old school. The quality of his work is good evidence that he is entitled to the reputation, which has been

long accorded to him, of being one of the best printers in the country. The stereotyper of this work, our old friend SMITH, is by no means a novice in his department. We are glad to see that he, too, so ably maintains his long-established reputation. May the publisher, the printer, and the stereotyper of this edition of *Æsop*, ever rejoice in the sunshine of prosperity, and may their shadows never be less!

Geo. P. Putnam has published a work entitled *New Elements of Geometry*, by SEBA SMITH, which can not fail to attract the notice of the curious reader, on account of the good faith and evident ability with which it sustains what must be regarded by all orthodox science as a system of enormous mathematical paradoxes. The treatise is divided into three parts, namely, The Philosophy of Geometry, Demonstrations in Geometry, and Harmonies of Geometry. In opposition to the ancient geometers, by whom the definitions and axioms of the science were fixed, Mr. SMITH contends that the usual division of magnitudes into lines, surfaces, and solids is without foundation, that every mathematical line has a breadth, as definite, as measurable, and as clearly demonstrable as its length, and that every mathematical surface has a thickness, as definite, as measurable, and as clearly demonstrable as its length or breadth. The neglect of this fact has hitherto prevented a perfect understanding of the true relation between numbers, magnitudes, and forms. Hence, the barrenness of modern analytical speculation, which has been complained of by high authorities, the mathematical sciences having run into a luxuriant growth of foliage, with comparatively small quantities of fruit. This evil Mr. SMITH supposes will be avoided by adopting the principle, that as the measurement of extension is the object of geometry, lines without breadth, and surfaces without thickness, are imaginary things, of which this rigid and exact science can take no cognizance. Every thing which comes within the reach of geometry must have extension, must have magnitude, must occupy a portion of space, and accordingly

must have extension in every direction from its centre. Hence, as there is but one kind of quantity in geometry, lines, surfaces, and solids must have identically the same unit of comparison, and must be always perfect measures of each other. The unit may be infinitely varied in size—it being the name or representative of any assumed magnitude to which it is applied—but it always represents a magnitude of a definite form, and hence a magnitude which has an extension in every direction from its centre, and consequently represents not only one in length, but also one in breadth, and one in thickness. One inch, for example, in pure geometry, is always one cubic inch, but when used to measure a line, or extension in one direction, we take only one dimension of the unit, namely, the linear edge of the cube, and thus the operation not demanding either the breadth or the thickness of the unit, geometers have fallen into the error of supposing that a line is length without any breadth. These are the leading principles on which Mr. SMITH attempts the audacious task of rearing a new fabric of geometrical science, without regard to the wisdom of antiquity or the universal traditions of the schools. To us outside barbarians in the mysteries of mathematics, we confess that the work has the air of an ingenious paradox; but we must leave it to the professors to decide upon its claims to be a substitute for Euclid, Playfair, and Legendre. Every one who has a fondness for dipping into these recondite subjects will perceive in Mr. SMITH'S volume the marks of profound research, of acute and subtle powers of reasoning, and of genuine scientific enthusiasm, combined with a noble freedom of thought, and a rare intellectual honesty. For these qualities, it is certainly entitled to a respectful mention among the curiosities of literature, whatever verdict may be pronounced on the scientific claims of the author by a jury of his peers.

Little and Brown, Boston, have issued an interesting work by the Nestor of the New England press, JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, entitled *Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal*

*Memoirs, Anecdotes and Reminiscences*, which comes with a peculiar propriety from his veteran pen. The personal experience of the author, in connection with the press, extends over a period of more than fifty years, during a very considerable portion of which time he has been at the head of a leading journal in Boston, and in the enjoyment of a wide reputation, both as a bold and vigorous thinker, and a pointed, epigrammatic, and highly effective writer. In this last respect, indeed, few men in any department of literature can boast of a more familiar acquaintance with the idiomatic niceties of our language, or a more skillful mastery of its various resources, than the author of the present volumes. His influence has been sensibly felt, even among the purists of the American Athens, and under the very droppings of the Muses' sanctuary at Cambridge, in preserving the "wells of English undefiled" from the corruptions of rash innovators on the wholesome, recognized canons of language. His sarcastic pen has always been a terror to evil doers in this region of crime. In the work before us, we should have been glad of a larger proportion from the author himself, instead of the copious extracts from the newspapers of old times, which, to be sure, have a curious antiquarian interest, but which are of too remote a date to command the attention of this "fast" generation. The sketches which are given of several New England celebrities of a past age are so natural and spicy, as to make us wish that we had more of them. Materials for a third volume, embracing matters of a more recent date, we are told by the author, are not wanting; we sincerely hope that he will permit them to see the light; and especially that the call for this publication may not be defeated by an event, as he intimates, "to which all are subject—an event which may happen to-morrow, and must happen soon."

A new edition of EDWARD EVERETT'S *Orations and Speeches*, in two large and elegant octavos, has been published by Little and Brown, including in the first volume the contents of the former

edition, and in the second volume, the addresses delivered on various occasions, since the year 1836. In an admirably-written Preface to the present edition, Mr. Everett gives a slight, autobiographical description of the circumstances in which his earlier compositions had their origin, and in almost too deprecatory a tone, apologizes for the exuberance of style and excess of national feeling with which they have sometimes been charged. In our opinion, this appeal is uncalled for, as we can nowhere find productions of this class more distinguished for a virginal purity of expression, and grave dignity of thought. As a graceful, polished, and impressive rhetorician, it would be difficult to name the superior of Mr. Everett, and had he not been too much trammelled by the scruples of a fastidious taste, with his singular powers of fascination, he would have filled a still broader sphere than that which he has nobly won in the literature of his country. We gratefully welcome the announcement with which the preface concludes, and trust that it will be carried into effect at an early date. “It is still my purpose, should my health permit, to offer to the public indulgence a selection from a large number of articles contributed by me to the North American Review, and from the speeches, reports, and official correspondence, prepared in the discharge of the several official stations which I have had the honor to fill at home and abroad. Nor am I wholly without hope that I shall be able to execute the more arduous project to which I have devoted a good deal of time for many years, and toward which I have collected ample materials—that of a systematic treatise on the modern law of nations, more especially in reference to those questions which have been discussed between the governments of the United States and Europe since the peace of 1783.” [718]

*Echoes of the Universe* is the title of a work by HENRY CHRISTMAS, reprinted by A. Hart, Philadelphia, containing a curious store of speculation and research in regard to the more mystical aspects of religion, with a strong tendency to pass the

line which divides the sphere of legends and fictions from the field of well-established truth. The author is a man of learning and various accomplishments; he writes in a style of unusual sweetness and simplicity; his pages are pervaded with reverence for the wonders of creation; and with a singular freedom from the skeptical, destructive spirit of the day, he is startled by no mystery of revelation, however difficult of comprehension by the understanding. The substance of this volume was originally delivered in the form of letters to an Episcopal Missionary Society in England. It is now published in a greatly enlarged shape, with the intention of presenting the truths of religion in an interesting aspect to minds that are imbued with the spirit of modern cultivation. Among the Echoes that proceed from the world of matter, the author includes those that are uttered by the solar system, the starry heavens, the laws of imponderable fluids, the discoveries of geology, and the natural history of Scripture. To these, he supposes, that parallel Echoes may be found from the world of Spirit, such as the appearance of a Divine Person, recorded in Sacred History, the visitations of angels and spirits of an order now higher than man, the apparitions of the departed spirits of saints, the cases recorded of demoniacal possession, and the manner in which these narratives are supported and explained by reason and experience. The seen and the unseen, the physical and the immaterial, according to the author, will thus be shown to coincide, and the Unity of the Voice proved by the Unity of the Echo. This is the lofty problem of the volume, and if it is not solved to the satisfaction of every reader, it will not be for the want of a genial enthusiasm and an adamant faith on the part of the author.

The same house has published a neat edition of MISS BENDER'S popular *Memoir of Anne Boleyn*.

A new work by W. GILMORE SIMMS, entitled *The Lily and Totem*, (Baker and Scribner, New York) consists of the romantic legends connected with the establishment of the Huguenots in

Florida, embroidered upon a substantial fabric of historical truth, with great ingenuity and artistic effect. The basis of the work is laid in authentic history; facts are not superseded by the romance; all the vital details of the events in question are embodied in the narrative but when the original record is found to be deficient in interest, the author has introduced such creations of his own as he judged in keeping with the subject, and adapted to picturesque impression. It was his first intention to have made the experiment of Coligny in the colonization of Florida, the subject of a poem; but dreading the want of sympathy in the mass of readers, he decided on the present form, as more adapted to the popular taste, though perhaps less in accordance with the character of the theme. With his power of graphic description, and the mild poetical coloring which he has thrown around the whole narrative, Mr. SIMMS will delight the imaginative reader, while his faithful adherence to the spirit of the history renders him an instructive guide through the dusky and faded memorials of the past. One of the longest stories in the volume is the "Legend of Guernache," a record of love and sorrow, scarcely surpassed in sweetness and beauty by any thing in the romance of Indian history.

*Reminiscences of Congress*, by CHARLES W. MARCH, (Baker and Scribner, New York), is principally devoted to the personal and political history of DANIEL WEBSTER, of whom it relates a variety of piquant anecdotes, and at the same time giving an analysis of his most important speeches on the floor of Congress. The leading statesmen of the United States, without reference to party, are made to sit for their portraits, and are certainly sketched with great boldness of delineation, though, in some cases, the free touches of the artist might be accused of caricature. Among the distinguished public men who are introduced into this gallery are John Q. Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Jackson, and Van Buren, whose features can not fail to be recognized at sight, however twisted, in some respects, they may be supposed to be by their

respective admirers. Mr. MARCH has had ample opportunities for gaining a familiar acquaintance with the subjects he treats; his observing powers are nimble and acute; without any remarkable habits of reflection, he usually rises to the level of his theme; and with a command of fluent and often graceful language, his style, for the most part, is not only readable but eminently attractive.

A new and greatly enlarged edition of *Mental Hygeine*, by WILLIAM SWEETSER, has been published by Geo. P. Putnam—a volume which discusses the reciprocal influence of the mental and physical conditions, with clearness, animation, and good sense. It is well adapted for popular reading, no less than for professional use.

## Autumn Fashions.



Fig. 1. Evening Costume.

Evening Dresses. White is generally adopted for the evening toilet. Muslin, *tulle*, and *barege* form elegant and very beautiful textures for this description of dress. They are decorated with festooned flounces, cut in deep square vandykes; the muslins are richly embroidered. A *barege*, trimmed with narrow *ruches* of white silk ribbon, placed upon the edge, has the appearance of being pinked at the edge. Those of white *barege* covered with bouquets of flowers, are extremely elegant, trimmed with three deep flounces, finished at the edge with a *chicoree* of green ribbon forming a wave; the same description of *chicoree* may be placed upon the top of the flounces. Corsage *a la Louis XV.*, trimmed with *ruches* to match. For dresses of *tulle*, those with double skirts are most in vogue. Those composed of Brussels *tulle* with five skirts, each skirt being finished with a broad hem,

through which passes a pink ribbon, are extremely pretty. The skirts are all raised at the sides with a large moss rose encircled with its buds, the roses diminishing in size toward the upper part. These skirts are worn over a petticoat of a lively pink silk, so that the color shows through the upper fifth skirt. As to the corsage, they all resemble each other; the Louis XV. and Pompadour being those only at present in fashion.



Fig. 2. Morning Costume.

A very beautiful evening dress is represented by fig. 1, which shows a front and back view. It is a pale lavender dress of striped satin; the body plaited diagonally, both back and front, the plaits meeting in the centre. It has a small *jacquette*, pointed at the back as well as the front; plain sleeve reaching nearly to the elbow, finished by a lace ruffle, or frill of the same. The skirt is long and full, and has a rich lace flounce at the bottom. The breadths of satin are put together so that the stripes meet in points at the seams. Head dress, with lace lappets.

Fig. 2 represents an elegant style of body, worn over a skirt of light lavender silk, with three flounces, each edged with a double

*rûche*, trimmed with narrow ribbon. The body is of embroidered muslin, the small skirt of which is trimmed with two rows of lace; the sleeves are wide; they are three-quarter length and are trimmed with three rows of lace and rosettes of pink satin ribbon. This is for a morning costume.

Another elegant style of morning home dress, is composed of Valenciennes cambric; the corsage plaited or fulled, so as to form a series of crossway fullings, which entirely cover the back and front of the bust, the centre of which is ornamented with a *petit décolleté* in the shape of a lengthened heart; the same description of centre-piece is placed at the back, where it is closed by means of buttons and strings, ingeniously hidden by the fullings. The lower part of the body forms but a slight point, and is round and stiffened, from which descends a *châtelaine*, formed by a wreath of *plumetis*, descending to the edge of the dress, and bordered on each side with a large inlet, gradually widening toward the lower part of the skirt.

Fashionable Colors. It is almost impossible to state which colors most prevail, all are so beautifully blended and intermixed; those, however, which seem most in demand are maroon, sea-green, blue, *pensée*, &c.



# Footnotes



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OCTOBER, 1850, VOLUME I.\*\*\*



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