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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF

LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOLUME X.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,
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CONTENTS.

Army, Sanitary Condition of the, ... *Edward Jarvis, M. D.* 463
Autumnal Tints, ... *H. D. Thoreau* 385
Axtell, Mr., ... 148, 312, 432, 552, 721

Birds, The Life of, ... *T. W. Higginson* 368
Blind Tom, ... *Author of "Margret Howth"* 580

Cerebral Dynamics, ... *Isaac Ray, M. D.* 272
Children's Cities, The, ... *Author of "Charles Auchester"* 119

David Gaunt, ... *Author of "Margret Howth"* 257, 403
Disagreeable People, Concerning, ... *Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson"* 164

Ericsson and his Inventions, ... *Epes Sargent* 68

Fossil Man, The, ... *C. L. Brace* 670
Friend Eli's Daughter, ... *Bayard Taylor* 99
Friends, A Complaint of, ... *Gail Hamilton* 359
Froude's Henry the Eighth, ... *C. C. Hazewell* 16

Gabriel's Defeat, ... *T. W. Higginson* 337

Hour, The, and the Man, ... *C. C. Hazewell* 623
House-Building, ... *J. Elliot Cabot* 423

Kindergarten — What is it? ..... *E. P. Peabody* 586

Leaders of Secession, Conversational Opinions of the, ... 613
Leamington Spa, ... *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 451
Life in the Open Air, ... *Theodore Winthrop* 203, 293, 526, 678

Methods of Study in Natural History, ... *Professor Louis Agassiz* 87, 325, 571
Moving, ... *Gail Hamilton* 81
My Hunt after "The Captain," ..... *O. W. Holmes* 738
My Lost Art, ... *M. D. Conway* 228

New Atlantic Cable, The, ... *George B. Prescott* 604
New Gymnastics, The, ... *Dio Lewis, M. D.* 129
New Opposition Party, The, ... 377

One of my Clients, ... 657
Originality, ... *D. A. Wasson* 63

Plays and Play-Acting, ... *A. Dexter* 284
Presence, ... *Mrs. S. M. Davis* 32
President's Proclamation, The, ... *R. W. Emerson* 638
Procession of the Flowers, ... *T. W. Higginson* 649

Rifle-Clubs, ... *H. W. S. Cleveland* 303
Rifle, How to Choose a, ... *H. W. S. Cleveland* 635
Russian Serf-System, The Development and Overthrow of the, .. *Prof. A. D. White* 538

Sam Adams Regiments in the Town of Boston, The, .. *Richard Frothingham* 179
San Domingo, The Horrors of, ... *John Weiss* 212, 347
Sheppard, Elizabeth Sara, ... 498
Some Soldier-Poetry, ... *John Weiss* 1
South, Resources of the, ... *E. H. Derby* 502

Taxation no Burden, ... *E. Atkinson* 115
Thoreau, ... *R. W. Emerson* 239
Two and One, ... *Miss S. Hale* 594

War-Matters, Chiefly about, ... *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 43
Warwick, About, ... *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 708
Wild Apples, ... *H. D. Thoreau* 513
Woman, A, ... *Rose Terry* 694

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Poetry.

Amy Wentworth, ... *John G. Whittier* 237
Arab Welcome, An, ... *T. B. Aldrich* 497

Battle Autumn of 1862, The, ... *John G. Whittier* 510
Bethel, ... *A. J. H. Duganne* 345

Cabalistic Words, The, ... *Epes Sargent* 612
Cumberland, The, ... *H. W. Longfellow* 669

Euphorion, ... *Bayard Taylor* 422

Louis Lebeau's Conversion, ... *W. D. Howells* 534
Lyrics of the Street, ... *Mrs. Julia Ward Howe* 98, 720

Minute-Guns, The, ... 62
My Daphne, ... *Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney* 163

Off Shore, ... 292

Picture, A, ... *Horace E. Scudder* 594
Poet, The, to his Readers, ... *O. W. Holmes* 118
Putnam, William Lowell, To, ... *C. A. Bartol* 211

Sculptor, A New, ... *Mrs. Julia Ward Howe* 282
Summer Day, A, ... 249
Syracuse, At, ... *Henry T. Tuckerman* 569

Two Summers, ... *Florence Percy* 311

Waiting, ... 764
War-Time, In, ... *John G. Whittier* 235
Why their Creeds Differed, ... 30

Reviews and Literary Notices.

Bigelow on the Tariff Question, ... 381

Cairnes on the Slave-Power, ... 383
Carlyle's Frederick the Great, ... 642
Christ the Spirit, ... 125
Country Living and Country Thinking, ... 771

Eyes and Ears, ... 765

Golden Hour, The, ... 644

Hugo's, Victor, Les Misérables, Fantine, ... 124

Irving, Washington, The Life and Letters of, ... 646

Jenkins's Vest-Pocket Lexicon, ... 769

Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula, ... 767

Patience of Hope, The, ... 768
Pearl of Orr's Island, The, ... 126

Ravenshoe, ... 251
Rebellion Record, The, ... 512
Rejected Stone, The, ... 644

Tabernacle, The, ... 511

Vanity Fair, ... 252

Williams on the Study of the Diseases of the Eye, ... 769

Recent American Publications, ... 128, 255, 512, 772

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. X.—JULY, 1862.—NO. LVII.

SOME SOLDIER-POETRY.

It is certain that since the time of Homer the deeds and circumstances of war have not been felicitously sung. If any ideas have been the subject of the strife, they seldom appear to advantage in the poems which chronicle it, or in the verses devoted to the praise of heroes. Remove the "Iliad," the "Nibelungenlied," some English, Spanish, and Northern ballads, two or three Old-Bohemian, the war-songs composed by Ziska, and one or two Romaic, from the field of investigation, and one is astonished at the scanty gleaning of battle-poetry, camp-songs, and rhymes that have been scattered in the wake of great campaigns, and many of the above-mentioned are more historical or mythological than descriptive of war. The quantity of political songs and ballads, serious and satirical, which were suggested by the great critical moments of modern history, is immense. Every country has, or might have, its own peculiar collections. In France the troubles of the League gave an impulse to song-writing, and the productions of Desportes and Bertaut are relics of that time. Historical and revolutionary songs abound in all countries; but even the "Marseillaise," the gay, ferocious "Carmagnole," and the "Ça Ira," which somebody wrote upon a drum-head in the Champ de Mars, do not belong to fighting-poetry. The actual business of following into the field the men who represent the tendencies of any time, and of helping to get through with the unavoidable fighting-jobs which they organize, seems to inspire the same rhetoric in every age, and to reproduce the same set of conventional war-images. The range of feeling is narrow; the enthusiasm for great generals is expressed in pompous commonplaces; even the dramatic circumstances of a campaign full of the movement and suffering of great masses of men, in bivouac, upon the march, in the gloomy and perilous defile, during a retreat, and in the hours when wavering victory suddenly turns and lets her hot lips be kissed, are scarcely seen, or feebly hinted at. The horizon of the battle-field itself is limited, and it is impossible to obtain a total impression of the picturesque and terrible fact. After the smoke has rolled away, the historian finds a position whence the

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scenes deliberately reveal to him all their connection, and reënact their passion. He is the real poet of these solemn passages in the life of man.*

One would think that a poet in the ranks would sometimes exchange the pike or musket for the pen in his knapsack, and let all the feelings and landscapes of war distil through his fine fancy from it drop by drop. But the knapsack makes too heavy a draught upon the nervous power which the cerebellum supplies for marching orders; concentration goes to waste in doing porter's work; his tent-lines are the only kind a poet cares for. If he extemporizes a song or hymn, it is lucky if it becomes a favorite of the camp. The great song which the soldier lifts during his halt, or on the edge of battle, is generally written beforehand by some pen unconscious that its glow would tip the points of bayonets, and cheer hearts in suspense for the first cannon-shot of the foe. If anybody undertakes to furnish songs for camps, he prospers as one who resolves to write anthems for a prize-committee to sit on: it is sutler's work, and falls a prey to the provost-marshal.

Nor are poets any more successful, when they propose to make camp-life and soldiers' feelings subjects for æsthetic consideration. Their lines are smooth, their images are spirited; but as well might the campaign itself have been conducted in the poet's study as its situations be deliberately transferred there to verse. The "Wallenstein's Camp" of Schiller is not poetry, but racy and sparkling pamphleteering. Its rhyming does not prevent it from belonging to the historical treatment of periods that are picturesque with many passions and interests, that go clad in jaunty regimental costumes, and require not to be idealized, but simply to be described. Goethe, in his soldier's song in "Faust," idealizes at a touch the rough work, the storming and marauding of the mediæval *Lanzknecht;* set to music, it might be sung by fine *dilettanti* tenors in garrison, but would be stopped at any outpost in the field for want of the countersign. But when Goethe describes what he saw and felt in the campaign in France, with that lucid and observant prose, he reproduces an actual situation. So does Chamisso, in that powerful letter which describes the scenes in Hameln, when it was delivered to the French. But Chamisso has written a genuine soldier's song, which we intend to give. The songs of Körner are well known already in various English dresses.*

But the early poetry which attempts the description of feats at arms which were wrought by men who represented turning-points in the welfare of nations — when, for instance, Germany was struggling to have her middle class against the privileges of the barons — is more interesting than all the modern songs which nicely

* There is a little volume, called *Voices from the Ranks*, in which numerous letters written by privates, corporals, etc., in the Crimea, are collected and arranged. They are full of incident and pathos. Suffering, daring, and humor, the love of home, and the religious dependence of men capable of telling their own Iliad, make this a very powerful book. In modern times the best literature of a campaign will be found in private letters. We have some from Magenta and Solferino, written by Frenchmen; the character stands very clear in them. And here is one written by an English lad, who is describing a landing from boats in Finland, when he shot his first man. The act separated itself from the whole scene, and charged him with it. Instinctively he walked up to the poor Finn; they met for the first time. The wounded man quietly regarded him; he leaned on his musket, and returned the fading look till it went out.

* See translations of Von Zedlitz's *Midnight Review*, of Follen's *Blücher's Ball*, of Freiligrath's *Death of Grabbe*, of Rückert's *Patriot's Lament*, of Arndt's *Field-Marshal Blücher*, of Pfeffel's *Tobacco-Pipe*, of Gleim's *War-Song*, of Tegner's *Veteran*, (Swedish,) of Rahbek's *Peter Colbjornsen*, (Danish,) *The Death-Song of Regner Lodbrock*, (Norse,) and Körner's *Sword-Song*, in Mr. Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. See all of Körner's soldier-songs well translated, the *Sword-Song* admirably, by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, in *Specimens of Foreign Literature*, Vol. XIV. See, in Robinson's *Literature of Slavic Nations*, some Russian and Servian martial poetry.

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depict soldiers' moods.* Language itself was fighting for recognition, as well as industrial and social rights. The verses mark successive steps of a people into consciousness and civilization. Some of this battle-poetry is worth preserving; a few camp-rhymes, also, were famous enough in their day to justify translating. Here are some relics, of pattern more or less antique, picked up from that field of Europe where so many centuries have met in arms.

The Northern war-poetry, before the introduction of Christianity, is vigorous enough, but it abounds in disagreeable commonplaces: trunks are cleft till each half falls sideways; limbs are carved for ravens, who appear as invariably as the Valkyrs, and while the latter pounce upon the souls that issue with the expiring breath, the former banquet upon the remains. The celebration of a victory is an exulting description of actual scenes of revelling, mead-drinking from mounted skulls, division of the spoils, and half-drunken brags † of future prowess. The sense of dependence upon an unseen Power is manifested only in superstitious vows for luck and congratulations that the Strong Ones have been upon the conquering side. There is no lifting up of the heart which checks for a time the joy of victory. They are ferociously glad that they have beaten. This prize-fighting imagery belongs also to the Anglo-Saxon poetry, and is in marked contrast with the commemorative poetry of Franks and Germans after the introduction of Christianity. The allusions may be quite as conventional, but they show that another power has taken the field, and is willing to risk the fortunes of war. Norse poetry loses its vigor when the secure establishment of Christianity abolishes piracy and puts fighting upon an allowance. Its muscle was its chief characteristic. We speak only of war-poetry.

Here, for instance, is the difference plainly told. Hucbald, a monk of the cloister St. Amand in Flanders, wrote "The Louis-Lay," to celebrate the victory gained by the West-Frankish King Louis III. over the Normans, in 881, near Saucourt. It is in the Old-High-German. A few lines will suffice: —

The King rode boldly, sang a holy song,
And all together sang, Kyrie eleison.
The song was sung; the battle was begun;
Blood came to cheeks; thereat rejoiced the Franks;
Then fought each sword, but none so well as Ludwig,
So swift and bold, for 't was his inborn nature;
He struck down many, many a one pierced through,
And at his hands his enemies received
A bitter drink, woe to their life all day.
Praise to God's power, for Ludwig overcame;
And thanks to saints, the victor-fight was his.
Homeward again fared Ludwig, conquering king,
And harnessed as he ever is, wherever the need may be,
Our God above sustain him with His majesty!

Earlier than this it was the custom for soldiers to sing just before fighting. Tacitus alludes to a kind of measured war-cry of the Germans, which they made more sonorous and terrific by shouting it into the hollow of their shields. He calls it *barditus* by mistake, borrowing a term from the custom of the Gauls, who sang before battle by proxy, — that is, their ards chanted the national songs. But Norse and German soldiers loved to sing. King Harald Sigurdson composes verses just before battle; so do the Skalds before the Battle of Stiklestad, which was fatal to the great King Olaf. The soldiers learn the verses and sing them with the Skalds. They also recollect older songs, — the "Biarkamal," for instance, which Biarke

* Among such songs is one by Bayard Taylor, entitled *Annie Laurie*, which is of the very best kind.

† *Braga* was the name of the goblet over which the Norse drinkers made their vows. Probably no Secessionist ever threatened more pompously over his whiskey. The word goes back a great distance. *Paruf* is Sanscrit for rough, and *Rágh*, to be equal to. In reading the Norse poetry, one can understand why *Brága* was the Apollo of the Asa gods, and why the present made to a favorite Scald was called *Bragar-Laun* (*Lohn*). *Bravo* is also a far-travelled form.

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made before he fought.* These are all of the indomitable kind, and well charged with threats of unlimited slaughter.

The custom survived all the social and religious changes of Europe. But the wild war-phrases which the Germans shouted for mutual encouragement, and to derive, like the Highlanders, an omen from the magnitude of the sound, became hymns: they were sung in unison, with the ordinary monkish modulations of the time. The most famous of these was written by Notker, a Benedictine of St. Gall, about the year 900. It was translated by Luther in 1524, and an English translation from Luther's German can be found in the "Lyra Germanica," p. 237.

William's minstrel, Taillefer, sang a song before the Battle of Hastings: but the Normans loved the purely martial strain, and this was a ballad of French composition, perhaps a fragment of the older "Roland's Song." The "Roman de Rou," composed by Master Wace, or Gasse, a native of Jersey and Canon of Bayeux, who died in 1184, is very minute in its description of the Battle of Val des Dunes, near Caen, fought by Henry of France and William the Bastard against Guy, a Norman noble in the Burgundian interest. The year of the battle was 1047. There is a Latin narrative of the Battle of Hastings, in eight hundred and thirty-five hexameters and pentameters. This was composed by Wido, or Guido, Bishop of Amiens, who died in 1075.

The German knights on their way to Jerusalem sang a holy psalm, beginning, "Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of the earth." This was discovered not long ago in Westphalia; a translation of it, with the music, can be found in Mr. Richard Willis's collection of hymns.

One would expect to gather fragments of war-poetry from the early times of the Hungarians, who held the outpost of Europe against the Turks, and were also sometimes in arms against the imperial policy of Germany. But De Gerando informs us that they set both victories and defeats to music. The "Rákótzi" is a national air which bears the name of an illustrious prince who was overcome by Leopold. "It is remarkable that in Hungary great thoughts and deep popular feelings were expressed and consecrated, not by poetry, but by national airs. The armed Diets which were held upon the plain of Rákos were the symbol of ancient liberty to the popular apprehension; there is the 'Air of Rákos,' also the 'Air of Mohács,' which recalls the fall of the old monarchy, and the 'Air of Zrinyi,' which preserves the recollection of the heroic defence of Szigeth."* These airs are not written; the first comer extemporized their inartificial strains, which the feeling of the moment seized upon and transmitted by tradition. Among the Servians, on the contrary, the heroic ballad is full of fire and meaning, but the music amounts to nothing.

The first important production of the warlike kind, after Germany began to struggle with its mediæval restrictions, was composed after the Battle of Sempach, where Arnold Struthahn of Winkelried opened a passage for the Swiss peasants through the ranks of Austrian spears. It is written in the Middle-High-German, by Halbsuter, a native of Lucerne, who was in the fight. Here are specimens of it. There is a paraphrase by Sir Walter Scott, but it is done at the expense of the metre and *naïve* character of the original.

In the thousand and three hundred and six
and eightieth year
Did God in special manner His favor make appear:
Hei! the Federates, I say,
They got this special grace upon St. Cyril's day.

That was July 9, 1386. The Swiss had been exasperated by the establishment of new tolls by the nobility, who were upheld in it by the Duke of Austria. The Federates (*Confederates* can never again be used in connection with a just fight) began to attack the castles which shel-

* Laing's *Sea-Kings of Norway*, Vol. II. p. 312; Vol. III. p. 90.

* A. De Gerando, *La Transylvanie et ses Habitants*, Tom. II. p. 265, et seq.

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tered the oppressive baronial power. The castle behind the little town of Willisow is stormed and burned. Thereupon the nobles swear to put these Swiss free peasants down and get them a master. The poet tells all this, and proceeds to describe their excesses and pride. Then,—

Ye Lowland lords are drawing hither to the Oberland,
To what an entertainment ye do not understand:
Hei! 't were better for shrift to call,
For in the mountain-fields mischances may befall.

To which the nobles are imagined to reply,—

"Indeed! where sits the priest, then, to grant this needful gift?"
In the Schweitz he is all ready,—he 'll give you hearty shrift:
Hei! he will give it to you sheer,
This blessing will he give it with sharp halberds and such gear.

The Duke's people are mowing in the fields near Sempach. A knight insolently demands lunch for them from the Sempachers; a burgher threatens to break his head and lunch them in a heavy fashion, for the Federates are gathering, and will undoubtedly make him spill his porridge. A cautious old knight, named Von Hasenburg, rides out to reconnoitre, and he sees enough to warn the Duke that it is the most serious business in which he ever engaged.

Then spake a lord of Ochsenstein, "O Hasenburg, hare-heart!"
Him answereth Von Hasenburg, "Thy words bring me a smart:
Hei! I say to you faithfully,
Which of us is the coward this very day you 'll see."

So the old knight, not relishing being punned upon for his counsel, dismounts. All the knights, anticipating an easy victory, dismount, and send their horses to the rear, in the care of varlets who subsequently saved themselves by riding them off. The solid ranks are formed bristling with spears. There is a pause as the two parties survey each other. The nobles pass the word along that it looks like a paltry business:—

So spake they to each other: "Yon folk is very small,—
In case such boors should beat us, 't will bring no fame at all:
'Hei! fine lords the boors have mauled!'"
Then the honest Federates on God in heaven called.

"Ah, dear Christ of Heaven, by Thy bitter death we plead,
Help bring to us poor sinners in this our strait and need;
Hei! and stand by us in the field,
And have our land and people beneath Thy ward and shield."

The shaggy bull (of Uri) was quite ready to meet the lion (Leopold), and threw the dust up a little with its hoof.

"Hei! will you fight with us who have beaten you before?"

To this the lion replies,—

"Thank you for reminding me. I have many a knight and varlet here to pay you off for Laupen, and for the ill turn you did me at Morgarten; now you must wait here till I am even with you."

Now drew the growling lion his tail in for a spring:
Then spake the bull unto him, "Wilt have your reckoning?
Hei! then nearer to us get,
That this green meadow may with blood be growing wet."

Then they began a-shooting against us in the grove,
And their long lances toward the pious Federates move:
Hei! the jest it was not sweet,
With branches from the lofty pines down rattling at their feet.

The nobles' front was fast, their order deep and spread;
That vexed the pious mind; a Winkelried he said,
"Hei! if you will keep from need
My pious wife and child, I 'll do a hardy deed.

"Dear Federates and true, my life I give to win;
They have their rank too firm, we cannot break it in:
Hei! a breaking in I 'll make,
The while that you my offspring to your protection take."

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Herewith did he an armful of spears nimbly take;
His life had an end, for his friends a lane did make:
Hei! he had a lion's mood,
So manly, stoutly dying for the Four Cantons' good.

And so it was the breaking of the nobles' front began
With hewing and with sticking,—it was God's holy plan:
Hei! if this He had not done,
It would have cost the Federates many an honest one.

The poem proceeds now with chaffing and slaughtering the broken enemy, enjoining them to run home to their fine ladies with little credit or comfort, and shouting after them an inventory of the armor and banners which they leave behind.*

Veit Weber, a Swiss of Freiburg, also wrote war-verses, but they are pitched on a lower key. He fought against Charles the Bold, and described the Battle of Murten, (Morat,) June 22, 1476. His facetiousness is of the grimmest kind. He exults without poetry. Two or three verses will be quite sufficient to designate his style and temper. Of the moment when the Burgundian line breaks, and the rout commences, he says, —

One hither fled, another there,
With good intent to disappear,
Some hid them in the bushes:

I never saw so great a pinch, —
A crowd that had no thirst to quench
Into the water pushes.

They waded in up to the chin,
Still we our shot kept pouring in,
As if for ducks a-fowling:
In boats we went and struck them dead,
The lake with all their blood was red, —
What begging and what howling!

Up in the trees did many hide,
There hoping not to be espied;
But like the crows we shot them:
The rest on spears did we impale,
Their feathers were of no avail,
The wind would not transport them.

He will not vouch for the number of the killed, but gives it on hearsay as twenty-six thousand drowned and slain; but he regrets that their flight was so precipitate as to prevent him from recording a more refreshing total. He is specially merry over the wealth and luxurious habits of Charles, alludes to his vapor-baths, etc.: —

His game of chess was to his cost,
Of pawns has he a many lost,
And twice* his guard is broken;
His castles help him not a mite,
And see how lonesome stands his knight!
Checkmate 's against him spoken.

The wars of the rich cities with the princes and bishops stimulated a great many poems that are full of the traits of burgher-life. Seventeen princes declared war against Nuremberg, and seventy-two cities made a league with her. The Swiss sent a contingent of eight hundred men. This war raged with great fierceness, and with almost uninterrupted success for the knights, till the final battle which took place near Pillerent, in 1456. A Nuremberg painter, Hans Rosenplüt, celebrated this in verses like Veit Weber's, with equal vigor, but downright prosaic street-touches. Another poem describes the rout of the Archbishop of Cologne, who attempted to get possession of the city, in 1444. All these Low-German poems are full of popular scorn and satire: they do not hate the nobles so much as laugh at them, and their discom-

* It is proper to state that an attack has lately been made in Germany upon the authenticity of the story of Winkelried, on the ground that it is mentioned in no contemporaneous document or chronicle which has yet come to light, and that a poem in fifteen verses composed before this of Halbsuter's does not mention it. Also it is shown that Halbsuter incorporated the previous poem into his own. It is furthermore denied that Halbsuter was a citizen of Lucerne. In short, there was no Winkelried! Perhaps we can afford to "rehabilitate" villains of every description, but need therefore the heroic be reduced to *déshabillé*? That we cannot so well afford. We can give up William Tell's apple as easily as we can the one in Genesis, but Winkelried's "sheaf of Austrian spears" is an essential argument against original sin, being an altogether original act of virtue.

* Once, the year before, at Granson.

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fitures in the field are the occasion of elaborate ridicule.

The *Lanzknechts* were foot-soldiers recruited from the roughs of Germany, and derived their name from the long lance which they carried;* but they were also armed subsequently with the arquebuse. They were first organized into bodies of regular troops by George Frundsberg of Mindelheim, a famous German captain, whose castle was about twenty miles southwest of Augsburg. It was afterwards the centre of a little principality which Joseph I. created for the Duke of Marlborough,† as a present for the victory of Hochstädt (Blenheim). Frundsberg was a man of talent and character, one of the best soldiers of Charles V. He saved the Imperial cause in the campaign of 1522 against the French and Swiss. At Bicocco he beat the famous Swiss infantry under Arnold of Winkelried, a descendant, doubtless, of one of the children whom Arnold Struthahn left to the care of his comrades. At Pavia a decisive charge of his turned the day against Francis I. And on the march to Rome, his unexpected death so inflamed the *Lanzknechts* that the meditated retreat of Bourbon became impossible, and the city was taken by assault. His favorite mottoes were, *Kriegsrath mit der That*, "Plan and Action," and *Viel Feinde, viel Ehre*, "The more foes, the greater honor." He was the only man who could influence the mercenary lancers, who were as terrible in peace as in war.

The *Lanzknecht's* lance was eighteen feet long: he wore a helmet and breastplate, and was taught to form suddenly and to preserve an impenetrable square. Before him all light and heavy cavalry went down, and that great arm of modern war did not recover from its disgrace and neglect till the time of Frederic. But his character was very indifferent: he went foraging when there was no campaign, and in time of peace prepared for war by systematic billeting and plundering. It was a matter of economy to get up a war in order to provide employment for the *Lanzknecht*.

Hans Sachs wrote a very amusing piece in 1558, entitled, "The Devil won't let Landsknechts come to Hell." Lucifer, being in council one evening, speaks of the *Lanzknecht* as a new kind of man; he describes his refreshing traits of originality, and expresses a desire to have one. It is agreed that Beelzebub shall repair as a crimp to a tavern, and lie in wait for this new game. The agent gets behind a stove, which in Germany would shield from observation even Milton's Satan, and listens while the *Lanzknechts* drink. They begin to tell stories which make his hair stand on end, but they also God-bless each other so often, at sneezing and hiccupping, that he cannot get a chance at them. One of them, who had stolen a cock and hung it behind the stove, asks the landlord to go and fetch the poor devil. Beelzebub, soundly frightened, beats a hasty retreat, expressing his wonder that the *Lanzknecht* should know he was there. He apologizes to Lucifer for being unable to enrich his cabinet, and assures him that it would be impossible to live with them; the devils would be eaten out of house and home, and their bishopric taken from them. Lucifer concludes on the whole that it is discreet to limit himself to monks, nuns, lawyers, and the ordinary sinner.

The songs of the *Lanzknecht* are cheerful, and make little of the chances of the fight. Fasting and feasting are both welcome; he is as gay as a Zouave.* To be maimed is a slight matter: if he loses an

* It is sometimes spelled *landsknecht*, as if it meant *country-fellows*, or recruits,—men raised at large. But that was a popular misapprehension of the word, because some of them were Suabian bumpkins.

† The French soldier-song about Marlborough is known to every one.

* Who besings himself thus, in a song from the Solferino campaign:—

"Quand l' zouzou, coiffé de son fez,
A par hasard queuqu' goutt' sous l' nez,
L' tremblement s' met dans la cambuse;
Mais s'il faut se flanquer des coups,
Il sait rendre atouts pour atouts,
Et gare dessous,
C'est l' zouzou qui s'amuse!
Des coups, des coups, des coups,
C'est l' zouzou qui s'amuse."

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arm, he bilks the Swiss of a glove; if his leg goes, he can creep, or a wooden leg will serve his purpose: —

It harms me not a mite,
A wooden stump will make all right;
And when it is no longer good,
Some spital knave shall get the wood.

But if a ball my bosom strikes,
On some wide field I lie,
They 'll take me off upon their pikes, —
A grave is always nigh;
Pumerlein Pum, — the drums shall say
Better than any priest, — Good day!

There is a very characteristic piece, without date or name of the writer, but which, to judge from the German, was written after the time of Luther. Nothing could better express the feeling of a people who have been saved by martial and religious enthusiasm, and brought through all the perils of history. It is the production of some Meistersinger, who introduced it into a History of Henry the Fowler, (fought the Huns, 919–935,) that was written by him in the form of a comedy, and divided into acts. He brings in a minstrel who sings the song before battle. The last verse, with adapted metre and music, is now a soldier's song.

Many a righteous cause on earth
To many a battle growing,
Of music God has thought them worth,
A gift of His bestowing.
It came through Jubal into life;
For Lamech's son inventing
The double sounds of drum and fife,
They both became consenting.
For music good
Wakes manly mood,
Intrepid goes
Against our foes,
Calls stoutly, "On!
Fall on! fall on!
Clear field and street
Of hostile feet,
Shoot, thrust them through, and cleave,
Not one against you leave!"

Elias prophecy would make
In thirsty Israel's passion:
"To me a minstrel bring," he spake,
"Who plays in David's fashion."
Soon came on him Jehovah's hand,
In words of help undoubted, —
Great waters flowed the rainless land,
The foe was also routed.
Drom, Drari, Drom,
Pom, Pom, Pom, Pom,
Drumming and fifing good
Make hero-mood;
Prophets upspring,
Poets, too, sing;
Music is life
To peace and strife, —
And men have ever heeded
What chief by them is needed.

In Dorian mood when he would sing,
Timotheus the charmer,
'T is said the famous lyre would bring
All listeners into armor:
It woke in Alexander rage
For war, and nought would slake it,
Unless he could the world engage,
And his by conquest make it.
Timotheus
Of Miletus
Could strongly sing
To rouse the King
Of Macedon,
Heroic one,
Till, in his ire
And manly fire,
For shield and weapon rising,
He went, the foe chastising.

For what God drives, that ever goes, —
So sang courageous Judith;
No one can such as He oppose;
There prospers what He broodeth.
Who has from God a martial mood,
Through all resistance breaking,
Can prove himself 'gainst heroes good,
On foes a vengeance taking.
Drums, when we droop;
Stand fast, my troop!
Let dart and sabre
The air belabor;
Give them no heed,
But be agreed
That flight 's a breach of honor:
Of that be hearty scorner.

Although a part, as haps alway,
Will faintly take to fleeing,
A lion's heart have I to-day
For Kaiser Henry's seeing.
The wheat springs forth, the chaff's behind;*
Strike harder, then, and braver;

* This was first said by Rudolph of Erlach at the Battle of Laupen, in 1339, fought between citizens of Berne and the neighboring lords. The great array of the nobles caused the rear ranks of the Bernese to shrink. "Good!" cried Erlach, "the chaff is separated from the wheat! Cowards will not share the victory of the brave." — Zschokke's *History of Switzerland*, p. 48, Shaw's translation.

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Perhaps they all will change their mind,
So, brothers, do not waver!
Kyrie eleison!
Pidi, Pom, Pom, Pom,
Alarum beat,
There 's no retreat;
Wilt soon be slashed,
Be pierced and gashed:
But none of these things heeding,
The foe, too, set a-bleeding.

Many good surgeons have we here,
Again to heal us ready;
With God's help, then, be of good cheer,
The Pagans grow unsteady:
Let not thy courage sink before
A foe already flying;
Revenge itself shall give thee more,
And hearten it, if dying.
Drom, Drari, Drom,
Kyrie eleison!
Strike, thrust, — for we
Must victors be;
Let none fall out,
Keep order stout;
Close to my side,
Comrade, abide!
Be grace of God revealed now,
And help us hold the field now!

God doth Himself encamp us round,
Himself the fight inspiring;
The foe no longer stands his ground,
On every side retiring:
Ye brothers, now set boldly on
The hostile ranks! — they waver, —
They break before us and are gone, —
Praise be to God the Saver!
Drom, Drari, Drom,
Come, brother, come!
Drums, make a noise!
My troops, rejoice!
Help now pursue
And thrust and hew;
Pillage restrain, —
The spoils remain
In reach of every finger,
But not a foe will linger.

Ye bold campaigners, praise the Lord,
And strifeful heroes, take now
The prize He doth to us accord,
Good cheer and pillage make now:
What each one finds that let him take,
But friendly share your booty,
For parents', wives', and children's sake,
For household use or beauty.
Pidi, Pom, Pom, Pom,
Field-surgeon come,
My gash to bind,
Am nearly blind, —
The arrows stick,
Out pull them quick, —
A bandage here,
To save my ear, —
Come, bind me up,
And reach a cup, —
Ho, here at hand,
I cannot stand, —
Reach hither what you 're drinking,
My heart is 'neath me sinking.

War-comrades all, heart's-brothers good,
I spare no skill and labor,
For these your hurts in hero-mood
You got from hostile sabre.
Now well behave, keep up thy heart,
God's help itself will tend thee;
Although at present great the smart,
To dress the wound will mend thee:
Wash off the blood,
Time makes it good, —
Reach me the shear, —
A plaster here, —
Hold out your arm,
'T is no great harm, —
Give drink to stay,
He limps away:
Thank God, their wounds all tended,
Be dart- and pike-hole mended!

Three faces does a surgeon wear:
At first God is not higher;
And when with wounds they illy fare,
He comes in angel's tire;
But soon as word is said of pay,
How gracelessly they grieve him!
They bid his odious face away,
Or knavishly deceive him:
No thanks for it
Spoils benefit,
Ill to endure
For drugs that cure;
Pay and respect
Should he collect,
For at his art
Your woes depart;
God bids him speed
To you in need;
Therefore our dues be giving,
God wills us all a living.

No death so blessed in the world
As his who, struck by foeman,
Upon the airy field is hurled,
Nor hears lament of woman;
From narrow beds death one by one
His pale recruits is calling,
But comrades here are not alone,
Like Whitsun blossoms falling.
'T is no ill jest
To say that best

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Of ways to die
Is thus to lie
In honor's sleep,
With none to weep:
Marched out of life
By drum and fife
To airy grave,
Thus heroes crave
A worthy fame, —
Men say his name
Is *Fatherland's Befriender*,
By life and blood surrender.

With the introduction of standing armies popular warlike poetry falls away, and is succeeded by camp-songs, and artistic renderings of martial subjects by professed poets. The people no longer do the fighting; they foot the bills and write melancholy hymns. Weckerlin (1584–1651) wrote some hearty and simple things; among others, *Frisch auf, ihr tapfere Soldaten*, "Ye soldiers bold, be full of cheer." Michael Altenburg, (1583–1640,) who served on the Protestant side, wrote a hymn after the Battle of Leipsic, 1631, from the watch word, "God with us," which was given to the troops that day. His hymn was afterwards made famous by Gustavus Adolphus, who sang it at the head of his soldiers before the Battle of Lützen, November 16, 1632, in which he fell. Here it is. (*Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein.*)

Be not cast down, thou little band,
Although the foe with purpose stand
To make thy ruin sure;
Because they seek thy overthrow,
Thou art right sorrowful and low:
It will not long endure.

Be comforted that God will make
Thy cause His own, and vengeance take, —
'T is His, and let it reign:
He knoweth well His Gideon,
Through him already hath begun
Thee and His Word sustain.

Sure word of God it is to tell
That Satan, world, and gates of hell,
And all their following,
Must come at last to misery:
God is with us, — with God are we, —
He will the victory bring.

Here is certainly a falling off from Luther's *Ein feste Burg*, but his spirit was in the fight; and the hymn is wonderfully improved when the great Swedish captain takes it to his death.

Von Kleist (1715–1759) studied law at Königsberg, but later became an officer in the Prussian service. He wrote, in 1759, an ode to the Prussian army, was wounded at the Battle of Künersdorf, where Frederic the Great lost his army and received a ball in his snuff-box. His poetry is very poor stuff. The weight of the enemy crushes down the hills and makes the planet tremble; agony and eternal night impend; and where the Austrian horses drink, the water fails. But his verses were full of good advice to the soldiers, to spare, in the progress of their great achievements, the poor peasant who is not their foe, to help his need, and to leave pillage to Croats and cowards. The advice was less palatable to Frederic's troops than the verses.

But there were two famous soldier's songs, of unknown origin, the pets of every camp, which piqued all the poets into writing war-verses as soon as the genius of Frederic kindled such enthusiasm among Prussians. The first was an old one about Prince Eugene, who was another hero, loved in camps, and besung with ardor around every watch-fire. It is a genuine soldier's song.

Prince Eugene, the noble captain,
For the Kaiser would recover
Town and fortress of Belgrade;
So he put a bridge together
To transport his army thither,
And before the town parade.

When the floating bridge was ready,
So that guns and wagons steady
Could pass o'er the Danube stream,
By Semlin a camp collected,
That the Turks might be ejected,
To their great chagrin and shame.

Twenty-first of August was it,
When a spy in stormy weather
Came, and told the Prince and swore
That the Turks they all amounted,
Near, at least, as could be counted,
To three hundred thousand men, or more.

Prince Eugenius never trembled
At the news, but straight assembled
All his generals to know:

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Them he carefully instructed
How the troops should be conducted
Smartly to attack the foe.

With the watchword he commanded
They should wait till twelve was sounded
At the middle of the night;
Mounting then upon their horses,
For a skirmish with the forces,
Go in earnest at the fight.

Straightway all to horseback getting,
Weapons handy, forth were setting
Silently from the redoubt:
Musketeers, dragooners also,
Bravely fought and made them fall so, —
Led them such a dance about.

And our cannoneers advancing
Furnished music for the dancing,
With their pieces great and small;
Great and small upon them playing,
Heathen were averse to staying,
Ran, and did not stay at all.

Prince Eugenius on the right wing
Like a lion did his fighting,
So he did field-marshal's part:
Prince Ludwig rode from one to th' other,
Cried, "Keep firm, each German brother,
Hurt the foe with all your heart!"

Prince Ludwig, struck by bullet leaden,
With his youthful life did redden,
And his soul did then resign:
Badly Prince Eugene wept o'er him,
For the love he always bore him, —
Had him brought to Peterwardein.

The music is peculiar, — one flat, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, — a very rare measure, and giving plenty of opportunity for a quaint camp-style of singing.

The other song appeared during Frederic's Silesian War. It contains some choice reminiscences of his favorite rhetoric.

Fridericus Rex, our master and king,
His soldiers altogether to the field would bring,
Battalions two hundred, and a thousand squadrons clear,
And cartridges sixty to every grenadier.

"Cursed fellows, ye!" — his Majesty began, —
"For me stand in battle, each man to man;
Silesia and County Glatz to me they will not grant,
Nor the hundred millions either which I want.

"The Empress and the French have gone to be allied,
And the Roman kingdom has revolted from my side,
And the Russians are bringing into Prussia war; —
Up, let us show them that we Prussians are!

"My General Schwerin, and Field-Marshal Von Keith,
And Von Ziethen, Major-General, are ready for a fight;
Turban-spitting Element! Cross and Lightning get
Who has not found Fritz and his soldiers out yet!

"Now adieu, Louisa! * — Louisa, dry your eyes!
There 's not a soldier's life for every ball that flies;
For if all the bullets singly hit their men,
Where could our Majesties get soldiers then?

"Now the hole a musket-bullet makes is small, —
'T is a larger hole made by a cannon-ball;
But the bullets all are of iron and of lead,
And many a bullet goes for many overhead.

"'T is a right heavy calibre to our artillery,
And never goes a Prussian over to the enemy,
For 't is cursed bad money that the Swedes have to pay;
Is there any better coin of the Austrian? — who can say?

"The French are paid off in pomade by their king,
But each week in pennies we get our reckoning;
Sacrament of Cross and Lightning! Turbans, spit away!
Who draws so promptly as the Prussian his pay?"

With a laurel-wreath adorned, Fridericus my King,
If you had only oftener permitted plundering,
Fridericus Rex, king and hero of the fight,
We would drive the Devil for thee out of sight!

Among the songs which the military ardor of this period stimulated, the best are those by Gleim, (1719–1803,) called "Songs of a Prussian Grenadier." All the literary men, Lessing not excepted, were seized with the Prussian enthusiasm;

* His queen.

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the pen ravaged the domain of sentiment to collect trophies for Father Friedrich. The desolation it produced in the attempt to write the word Glory could be matched only by the sword. But Gleim was a man of spirit and considerable power. The shock of Frederic's military successes made him suddenly drop the pen with which he had been inditing Anacreontics, and weak, rhymeless Horatian moods. His grenadier-songs, though often meagre and inflated, and marked with the literary vices of the time, do still account for the great fame which they acquired, as they went marching with the finest army that Europe ever saw. Here is a specimen :—

VICTORY-SONG AFTER THE BATTLE NEAR PRAGUE.

Victoria! with us is God;
There lies the haughty foe!
He falls, for righteous is our God;
Victoria! he lies low.

'T is true our father* is no more,
Yet hero-like he went,
And now the conquering host looks o'er
From high and starry tent.

The noble man, he led the way
For God and Fatherland,
And scarce was his old head so gray
As valiant his hand.

With fire of youth and hero-craft
A banner snatching, he
Held it aloft upon its shaft
For all of us to see;

And said, — "My children, now attack, —
Take each redoubt and gun!"
And swifter than the lightning track
We followed, every one.

Alas, the flag that led the strife:
Falls with him ere we win!
It was a glorious end of life:
O fortunate Schwerin!

And when thy Frederic saw thee low,
From out his sobbing breath
His orders hurled us on the foe
In vengeance for thy death.

Thou, Henry,* wert a soldier true,
Thou foughtest royally!
From deed to deed our glances flew,
Thou lion-youth, with thee!

A Prussian heart with valor quick,
Right Christian was his mood:
Red grew his sword, and flowing thick
His steps with Pandour †-blood.

Full seven earth-works did we clear,
The bear-skins broke and fled;
Then, Frederic, went thy grenadier
High over heaps of dead:

Remembered, in the murderous fight,
God, Fatherland, and thee, —
Turned, from the deep and smoky night,
His Frederic to see,

And trembled, — with a flush of fear
His visage mounted high;
He trembled, not that death was near,
But lest thou, too, shouldst die:

Despised the balls like scattered seed,
The cannon's thunder-tone,
Fought fiercely, did a hero's deed,
Till all thy foes had flown.

Now thanks be God for all His might,
And sings, Victoria!
And all the blood from out this fight
Flows to Theresia.

And if she will not stay the plague,
Nor peace to thee concede,
Storm with us, Frederic, first her Prague,
Then to Vienna lead!

The love which the soldiers had for Frederic survived in the army after all the veterans of his wars had passed away. It is well preserved in this camp-song:—

THE INVALIDES AT FATHER FREDERIC'S GRAVE.

Here stump we round upon our crutches, round
our Father's grave we go,
And from our eyelids down our grizzled beards
the bitter tears will flow.

* Marshal Schwerin, seventy years of age, who was killed at the head of a regiment, with its colors in his hand, just as it crossed through the fire to the enemy's intrenchments.

* The King's brother.

† A corps of foot-soldiers in the Austrian service, eventually incorporated in the army. They were composed of Servians, Croats, etc., inhabitants of the military frontier, and were named originally from the village of Pandúr in Lower Hungary, where probably the first recruits were gathered.

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'T was long ago, with Frederic living, that we
got our lawful gains:
A meagre ration now they serve us, — life's no
longer worth the pains.

Here stump we round, deserted orphans, and
with tears each other see, —
Are waiting for our marching orders hence,
to be again with thee.

Yes, Father, only could we buy thee, with our
blood, by Heaven, yes, —
We Invalides, forlorn detachment, straight
through death would storming press!

When the German princes issued to their subjects unlimited orders for Constitutions, to be filled up and presented after the domination of Napoleon was destroyed, all classes hastened, fervid with hope and anti-Gallic feeling, to offer their best men for the War of Liberation. Then the poets took again their rhythm from an air vibrating with the cannon's pulse. There was Germanic unity for a while, fed upon expectation and the smoke of successful fields. Most of the songs of this period have been already translated. Rückert, in a series of verses which he called "Sonnets in Armor," gave a fine scholarly expression to the popular desires. Here is his exultation over the Battle of Leipsic:—

Can there no song
Roar with a might
Loud as the fight
Leipsic's region along?

Three days and three nights,
No moment of rest,
And not for a jest,
Went thundering the fights.

Three days and three nights
Leipsic Fair kept: Frenchmen who pleasured
There with an iron yardstick were measured,
Bringing the reckoning with them to rights.

Three days and all night
A battue of larks the Leipsicker makes,
Every haul a hundred he takes,
A thousand each flight.

Ha! it is good,
Now that the Russian can boast no longer
He alone of us is stronger
To slake his steppes with hostile blood.

Not in the frosty North alone,
But here in Meissen,
Here at Leipsic on the Pleissen,'
Can the French be overthrown.

Shallow Pleissen deep is flowing;
Plains upheaving,
The dead receiving,
Seem to mountains for us growing.

They will be our mountains never,
But this fame
Shall be our claim
On the rolls of earth forever.

What all this amounted to, when the German people began to send in their constitutional *cartes-blanches*, is nicely taken off by Hoffman von Fallersleben, in this mock war-song, published in 1842:—

All sing.

Hark to the beating drum!
See how the people come!
Flag in the van!
We follow, man for man.
Rouse, rouse
From hearth and house!
Ye women and children, good night!
Forth we hasten, we hasten to the fight,
With God for our King and Fatherland.

A night-patrol of 1813 *sings.*

O God! and why, and why,
For princes' whim, renown, and might,
To the fight?
For court-flies and other crows,
To blows?
For the nonage of our folk,
Into smoke?
For must-war-meal and class-tax,
To thwacks?
For privilege and censordom —
Hum —
Into battle without winking?
But — I was thinking ——

All sing.

Hark to the beating drum!
See how the people come!
Flag in the van!
We follow, man for man:
In battle's roar
The time is o'er
To ask for reasons, — hear, the drum
Again is calling, — tum — tum — tum, —
With God for King and Fatherland.

Or to put it in two stanzas of his, written

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on a visit to the Valhalla, or Hall of German Worthies, at Regensburg: —

I salute thee, sacred Hall,
Chronicle of German glory!
I salute ye, heroes all
Of the new time and the hoary!

Patriot heroes, from your sleep
Into being could ye pass!
No, a king would rather keep
Patriots in stone and brass.

The Danish sea-songs, like those of the English, are far better than the land-songs of the soldiers: but here is one with a true and temperate sentiment, which the present war will readily help us to appreciate. It is found in a book of Danish popular songs.* (*Herlig er Krigerens Færd.*)

Good is the soldier's trade,
For envy well made:
The lightning-blade
Over force-men he swingeth;
A loved one shall prize
The honor he bringeth;
Is there a duty?
That 's soldier's booty, —
To have it he dies.

True for his king and land
The Northman will stand;
An oath is a band, —
He never can rend it;
The dear coast, 't is right
A son should defend it;
For battle he burneth,
Death's smile he returneth,
And bleeds with delight.

Scars well set off his face, —
Each one is a grace;
His profit they trace, —
No labor shines brighter:
A wreath is the scar
On the brow of a fighter;
His maid thinks him fairer,
His ornament rarer
Than coat with a star.

Reaches the king his hand,
That makes his soul grand,
And fast loyal band
Round his heart it is slinging;
From Fatherland's good
The motion was springing:
His deeds so requited,
Is gratefully lighted
A man's highest mood.

Bravery's holy fire,
Beam nobler and higher,
And light our desire
A path out of madness!
By courage and deed
We conquer peace-gladness:
We suffer for that thing,
We strike but for that thing,
And gladly we bleed.

But our material threatens the space we have at command. Four more specimens must suffice for the present. They are all favorite soldier-songs. The first is by Chamisso, known popularly as the author of "Peter Schlemihl's Shadow," and depicts the mood of a soldier who has been detailed to assist in a military execution: —

The muffled drums to our marching play.
How distant the spot, and how long the way!
Oh, were I at rest, and the bitterness through!
Methinks it will break my heart in two!

Him only I loved of all below, —
Him only who yet to death must go;
At the rolling music we parade,
And of me too, me, the choice is made!

Once more, and the last, he looks upon
The cheering light of heaven's sun;
But now his eyes they are binding tight:
God grant to him rest and other light!

Nine muskets are lifted to the eye,
Eight bullets have gone whistling by;
They trembled all with comrades' smart, —
But I — I hit him in his heart!

The next is by Von Holtei: —

THE VETERAN TO HIS CLOAK.

Full thirty years art thou of age, hast many a storm lived through,
Brother-like hast round me tightened,
And whenever cannons lightened,
Both of us no terror knew.

Wet soaking to the skin we lay for many a blessed night,
Thou alone hast warmth imparted,
And if I was heavy-hearted,
Telling thee would make me light.

* *Sange til Brug for blandede Selskaber*, samlede af FREDERIK SCHALDEMOSE. 1816. Songs for Use in Social Meetings, etc.

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My secrets thou hast never spoke, wert ever
still and true;
Every tatter did befriend me,
Therefore I 'll no longer mend thee,
Lest, old chap, 't would make thee new.

And dearer still art thou to me when jests
about thee roll;
For where the rags below are dropping,
There went through the bullets popping, —
Every bullet makes a hole.

And when the final bullet comes to stop a
German heart,
Then, old cloak, a grave provide me,
Weather-beaten friend, still hide me,
As I sleep in thee apart.

There lie we till the roll-call together in the
grave:
For the roll I shall be heedful,
Therefore it will then be needful
For me an old cloak to have.

The next one is taken from a student-song book, and was probably written in 1814: —

THE CANTEEN.

Just help me, Lottie, as I spring;
My arm is feeble, see, —
I still must have it in a sling;
Be softly now with me!
But do not let the canteen slip, —
Here, take it first, I pray, —
For when that 's broken from my lip,
All joys will flow away.

"And why for that so anxious? — pshaw!
It is not worth a pin:
The common glass, the bit of straw,
And not a drop within!"
No matter, Lottie, take it out, —
'T is past your reckoning:
Yes, look it round and round about, —
There drank from it — my King!

By Leipsic near, if you must know, —
'T was just no children's play, —
A ball hit me a grievous blow,
And in the crowd I lay;
Nigh death, they bore me from the scene,
My garments off they fling,
Yet held I fast by my canteen, —
There drank from it — my King!

For once our ranks in passing through
He paused, — we saw his face;
Around us keen the volleys flew,
He calmly kept his place.
He thirsted, — I could see it plain,
And courage took to bring
My old canteen for him to drain, —
He drank from it — my King!

He touched me on the shoulder here,
And said, "I thank thee, friend, —
Thy liquor gives me timely cheer, —
Thou didst right well intend."
O'erjoyed at this, I cried aloud,
"O comrades, who can bring
Canteen like this to make him proud? —
There drank from it — my King!"

That old canteen shall no one have,
The best of treasures mine;
Put it at last upon my grave,
And under it this line:
"He fought at Leipsic, whom this green
Is softly covering;
Best household good was his canteen, —
There drank from it — his King!"

And finally, a song for all the campaigns of life: —

Morning-red! morning-red!
Lightest me towards the dead!
Soon the trumpets will be blowing,
Then from life must I be going,
I, and comrades many a one.

Soon as thought, soon as thought,
Pleasure to an end is brought:
Yesterday upon proud horses, —
Shot to-day, our quiet corses
Are to-morrow in the grave.

And how soon, and how soon,
Vanish shape and beauty's noon!
Of thy cheeks a moment vaunting,
Like the milk and purple flaunting, —
Ah, the roses fade away!

And what, then, and what, then,
Is the joy and lust of men?
Ever caring, ever getting,
From the early morn-light fretting
Till the day is past and gone.

Therefore still, therefore still
I content me, as God will:
Fighting stoutly, nought shall shake me:
For should death itself o'ertake me,
Then a gallant soldier dies.

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FROUDE'S HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE spirit of historical criticism in the present age is on the whole a charitable spirit. Many public characters have been heard through their advocates at the bar of history, and the judgments long since passed upon them and their deeds, and deferentially accepted for centuries, have been set aside, and others of a widely different character pronounced. Julius Cæsar, who was wont to stand as the model usurper, and was regarded as having wantonly destroyed Roman liberty in order to gratify his towering ambition, is now regarded as a political reformer of the very highest and best class,—as the man who alone thoroughly understood his age and his country, and who was Heaven's own instrument to rescue unnumbered millions from the misrule of an oligarchy whose members looked upon mankind as their proper prey. He did not overthrow the freedom of Rome, but he took from Romans the power to destroy the personal freedom of all the races by them subdued. He identified the interests of the conquered peoples with those of the central government, so far as that work was possible,—thus proceeding in the spirit of the early Roman conquerors, who sought to comprehend even the victims of their wars in the benefits which proceeded from those wars. This view of his career is a sounder one than that which so long prevailed, and which enabled orators to round periods with references to the Rubicon. It is not thirty years since one of the first of American statesmen told the national Senate that "Julius Cæsar struck down Roman liberty at Pharsalia," and probably there was not one man in his audience who supposed that he was uttering anything beyond a truism, though they must have been puzzled to discover any resemblance between "the mighty Julius" and Mr. Martin Van Buren, the gentleman whom the orator was cutting up, and who was actually in the chair while Mr. Calhoun was seeking to kill him, in a political sense, by quotations from Plutarch's Lives. We have learnt something since 1834 concerning Rome and Cæsar as well as of our own country and its chiefs, and the man who should now bring forward the conqueror of Gaul as a vulgar usurper would be almost as much laughed at as would be that man who should insist that General Jackson destroyed American liberty when he removed the deposits from the national bank. The facts and fears of one generation often furnish material for nothing but jests and jeers to that generation's successors; and we who behold a million of men in arms, fighting for or against the American Union, and all calling themselves Americans, are astonished when we read or remember that our immediate predecessors in the political world went to the verge of madness on the Currency question. Perhaps the men of 1889 may be equally astonished, when they shall turn to files of newspapers that were published in 1862, and read therein the details of those events that now excite so painful an interest in hundreds of thousands of families. Nothing is so easy as to condemn the past, except the misjudging of the present, and the failure to comprehend the future.

Men of a very different stamp from the first of the Romans have been allowed the benefits that come from a rehearing of their causes. Robespierre, whose deeds are within the memory of many yet living, has found champions, and it is now admitted by all who can effect that greatest of conquests, the subjugation of their prejudices, that he was an honest fanatic, a man of iron will, but of small intellect, who had the misfortune, the greatest that can fall to the lot of humanity, to be placed by the force of circumstances in a position which would have tried the soundest of heads, even had that head been united with the purest

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of hearts. But the apologists of "the sea-green incorruptible," it must be admitted, have not been very successful, as the sense of mankind revolts at indiscriminate murder, even when the murderer's hands have no other stain than that which comes from blood, — for that is a stain which will not "out"; not even printer's ink can erase or cover it; and the attorney of Arras must remain the Raw-Head and Bloody-Bones of history. Benedict Arnold has found no direct defender or apologist; but those readers who are unable to see how forcibly recent writers have dwelt upon the better points of his character and career, while they have not been insensible to the provocations he received, must have read very carelessly and uncritically indeed. Mr. Paget has all but whitewashed Marlborough, and has shaken many men's faith in the justice of Lord Macaulay's judgment and in the accuracy of his assertions. Richard III., by all who can look through the clouds raised by Shakspeare over English history of the fifteenth century, is admitted to have been a much better man and ruler than were the average of British monarchs from the Conquest to the Revolution, thanks to the labors of Horace Walpole and Caroline Halsted, who, however, have only followed in the path struck out by Sir George Buck at a much earlier period. The case of Mary Stuart still remains unsettled, and bids fair to be the Jarndyce and Jarndyce case of history; but this is owing to the circumstance that that unfortunate queen is so closely associated with the origin of our modern parties that justice where her reputation is concerned is scarcely to be looked for. Little has been said for King John; and Mr. Woolryche's kind attempt to reconcile men to the name of Jeffreys has proved a total failure. Strafford has about as many admirers as enemies among those who know his history, but this is due more to the manner of his death than to any love of his life: of so much more importance is it that men should die well than live well, so far as the judgment of posterity is concerned with their actions. Strafford's master, who so scandalously abandoned him to the headsman, owes the existence of the party that still upholds his conduct to the dignified manner in which he faced death, a death at which the whole world "assisted," or might have done so. Catiline, we believe, has found no formal defender, but the Catilinarian Conspiracy is now generally admitted to have been the Popish Plot of antiquity, with an ounce of truth to a pound of falsehood in the narratives of it that have come down to us from Rome's revolutionary age, in political pamphlets and party orations. Cicero's craze on the subject, and that tendency which all men have to overrate the value of their own actions, have made of the business in his lively pages a much more consequential affair than it really was. The flea is in the microscope, and there it will ever remain, to be mistaken for a monster. Truly, the Tullian gibbeted the gentleman of the Sergian *gens*. It must be confessed that Catiline was a proper rascal. How could he have been anything else, and he one of Sulla's men? And a proper rascal is an improper character of the very worst kind. Still, we should like to have had his marginal "notes" on Cicero's speeches, and on Sallust's job pamphlet. They would have been mighty interesting reading, — as full of lies, probably, as the matter commented on, but not the less attractive on that account. What dull affairs libraries would be, if they contained nothing but books full of truth! The Greek tyrants have found defenders, and it has been satisfactorily made out that they were the cleverest men of their time, and that, if they did occasionally bear rather hard upon individuals, it was only because those individuals were so unreasonable as not to submit to be robbed or killed in a quiet and decorous manner. Mr. Grote's rehabilitation of the Greek sophists is a miracle of ingenuity and sense, and does as much honor to the man who wrote it as justice to the men of whom it is written.

Of the doubtful characters of history,

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royal families have furnished not a few, some of whom have stood in as bad positions as those which have been assigned to Robespierre and his immediate associates. Catharine de' Medici and Mary I. of England, the "Bloody Mary" of anti-Catholic localities, are supposed to be models of evil, to be in crinoline; but if you can believe Eugenio Albèri, Catharine was not the harlot, the tyrant, the poisoner, the bigot, and the son-killer that she passes for in the common estimation, and he has made out a capital defence for the dead woman whom he selected as his client. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew was not an "Italian crime," but a French *coup d'état*, and was as rough and coarse as some similar transactions seen by our grandfathers, say the September prison-business at Paris in 1792. As to Mary Tudor, she was an excellent woman, but a bigot; and if she did turn Mrs. Rogers and her eleven children out to the untender mercies of a cold world, by sending Mr. Rogers into a hot fire, it was only that souls might be saved from a hotter and a huger fire, — a sort of argument the force of which we always have been unable to appreciate, no doubt because we are of the heretics, and never believed that persons belonging to our determination ought to be roasted. The incense of the stake, that was so sweet in ecclesiastical nostrils three hundred years ago, and also in vulgar nostrils wherever the vulgar happened to be of the orthodox persuasion, has become an insufferable stench to the more refined noses of the nineteenth century, which, nevertheless, are rather partial to the odor of the gallows. Miss Strickland and other clever historians may dwell upon the excellence of Mary Tudor's private character with as much force as they can make, or with much greater force they may show that Gardiner and other reactionary leaders were the real fire-raisers of her reign; but the common mind will ever, and with great justice, associate those loathsome murders with the name and memory of the sovereign in whose reign they were perpetrated.

The father of Mary I. stands much more in need of defence and apology than does his daughter. No monarch occupies so strange a position in history as Henry VIII. A sincere Catholic, so far as doctrine went, and winning from the Pope himself the title of Defender of the Faith because of his writing against the grand heresiarch of the age, he nevertheless became the chief instrument of the Reformation, the man and the sovereign without whose aid the reform movement of the sixteenth century would have failed as deplorably as the reform movements of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries had failed. A legitimate king, though the heir of a successful usurpation, and holding the royal prerogative as high as any man who ever grasped the sceptre, he was the tool of the mightiest of revolutionists, and poured out more royal and noble blood than ever flowed at the command of all the Jacobins and Democrats that have warred against thrones and dynasties and aristocracies. He is abhorred of Catholics, and Protestants do not love him; for he pulled down the old religious fabric of his kingdom, and furnished to the Reformers a permanent standing-place from which to move the world, while at the same time he slaughtered Protestants as ruthlessly as ever they were disposed of by any ruler of the Houses of Austria and Valois. Reeking with blood, and apparently insensible to anything like a humane feeling, he was yet popular with the masses of his subjects, and no small share of that popularity has descended to our time, in which he is admired by the unreflecting because of the boldness and dash of his actions and on account of the consequences of those actions, so that he is commonly known as "bluff King Hal," a title that speaks more as to the general estimate of his character than would a whole volume of professed personal panegyric, or of elaborate defence of his policy and his deeds. But this is not sufficient for those persons who would have reasons for their historical belief, and who seek to have a solid foundation for the faith they feel in the

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real greatness of the second Tudor king of England. Men of ability have occasionally sought to create an intelligible Henry VIII., and to cause us to respect one whose doings have so potently affected human affairs through ten generations, and the force of whose labors, whether those labors were blindly or rationally wrought, is apparently as unspent as it was on that day on which, having provided for the butchery of the noblest of his servants, he fell into his final sleep. At the head of these philosophic writers, and so far ahead of them as to leave them all out of sight, is Mr. James Anthony Froude, whose "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth" has been brought down to the death of Mary I., in six volumes, — another proof of the grand scale on which history is now written, in order that it may be read on the small scale; for it is not given to many men to have the time for study which even a moderate modern course of history requires in these active days. Mr. Froude is a very different writer from Dr. Nares, but the suggestions made to the heavy Doctor by Macaulay might be borne in mind by the lively historian. He should remember that "the life of man is now threescore years and ten," and not "demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence" as must necessarily be required for the perusal of a history which gives an octavo volume for every five years of the annals of a small, though influential monarchy.

Mr. Froude did not commence his work in a state of blind admiration of his royal hero, — the tone of his first volume being quite calm, and on the whole as impartial as could reasonably have been expected from an Englishman writing of the great men of a great period in his country's history; but so natural is it for a man who has assumed the part of an advocate to identify himself with the cause of his client, that our author rapidly passes from the character of a mere advocate to that of a partisan, and by the time that he has brought his work down to the execution of Thomas Cromwell, Henry has risen to the rank of a saint, with a more than royal inability to do any wrong. That "the king can do no wrong" is an English constitutional maxim, which, however sound it may be in its proper place, is not to be introduced into history, unless we are desirous of seeing that become a mere party-record. The practice of publishing books in an incomplete state is one that by no means tends to render them impartial, when they relate to matters that are in dispute. Mr. Froude's first and second volumes, which bring the work down to the murder of Anne Boleyn, afforded the most desirable material for the critics, many of whom most pointedly dissented from his views, and some of whom severely attacked his positions, and not always unsuccessfully. They were, naturally, not disposed to think that an act bad in itself changed its character when it became the act of Henry VIII. It was contrary to all human experience to suppose that Henry was in all cases in the right, while his opponents and his victims were as invariably in the wrong. If there ever had lived and reigned a man who could not do wrong, it was preposterous to look for him in one who had been a wife-killer, a persecutor, the slayer of the nobility of his kingdom, the exterminator of the last remnants of an old royal race, the patron of fagots and ropes and axes, and a hard-hearted and selfish voluptuary, who seems never to have been open to one kind or generous feeling. Most of those tyrants that have been hung up on high, by way of warning to despots, have had their "uncorrupted hours," in which they vindicated their claim to humanity by the performance of some good deeds. Gratitude for some such acts is supposed to have caused even the tomb of Nero to be adorned with garlands. But Henry VIII. never had a kind moment. He was the same moral monster at eighteen, when he succeeded to his sordid, selfish father, that he was at fifty-six, when he, a dying man, employed the feeble remnants of his once Herculean strength to stamp

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the death-warrants of innocent men. No wonder that Mr. Froude's critics failed to accept his estimate of Henry, or that they arrayed anew the long list of his shocking misdeeds, and dwelt with unction on his total want of sympathy with ordinary humanity. As little surprising is it that Mr. Froude's attachment to the kingly queen-killer should be increased by the course of the critics. That is the usual course. The biographer comes to love the man whom at first he had only endured. To endurance, according to the old notion, succeeds pity, and then comes the embrace. And that embrace is all the warmer because others have denounced the party to whom it is extended. It is fortunate that no man of talent has ever ventured to write the biography of Satan. Assuredly, had any such person done so, there would have been one sincere, enthusiastic, open, devout Devil-worshipper on earth, which would have been a novel, but not altogether a moral, spectacle for the eyes of men. A most clear, luminous, and unsatisfactory account of the conduct of Satan in Eden would have been furnished, and it would have been logically made out that all the fault of the first recorded sin was with Eve, who had been the temptress, not the tempted, and who had taken advantage of the Devil's unsophisticated nature to impose upon his innocence and simplicity, and then had gone about among "the neighbors" to scandalize his character at tea-tables and quilting-parties.

Mr. Froude is too able a man to seek to pass crude eulogy of Henry VIII. upon the world. He knows that the reason why this or that or the other thing was done is what his readers will demand, and he does his best to meet their requirements. Very plausible, and very well sustained by numerous facts, as well as by philosophical theory, is the position which he assumes in reference to Henry's conduct. Henry, according to the Froudean theory, was troubled about the succession to the throne. His great purpose was to prevent the renewal of civil war in England, a war for the succession. When he divorced Catharine of Aragon, when he married Anne Boleyn, when he libelled and murdered Anne Boleyn, when he wedded Jane Seymour, when he became disgusted with and divorced Anne of Cleves, when he married and when he beheaded Catharine Howard, when he patronized, used, and rewarded Cromwell, and when he sent Cromwell to the scaffold and refused to listen to his plaintive plea for mercy, when he caused Plantagenet and Neville blood to flow like water from the veins of old women as well as from those of young men, when he hanged Catholics and burned Protestants, when he caused Surrey to lose the finest head in England,—in short, no matter what he did, he always had his eye steadily fixed across that boiling sea of blood that he had created upon one grand point, namely, the preservation of the internal peace of England, not only while he himself should live, but after his death. His son, or whoso should be his heir, must succeed to an undisputed inheritance, even if it should be necessary to make away with all the nobility of the realm, and most of the people, in order to secure the so-much-desired quiet. Church-yards were to be filled in order that all England might be reduced to the condition of a church-yard. That *Red Spectre* which has so often frightened even sensible men since 1789, and caused some remarkably humiliating displays of human weakness during our generation and its immediate predecessor, was, it should seem, ever present to the eyes of Henry VIII. He saw Anarchy perpetually struggling to get free from those bonds in which Henry VII. had confined that monster, and he cut off nearly every man or woman in whose name a plea for the crown could be set up as against a Tudor prince or princess. Like his father, to use Mr. Froude's admirable expression, "he breathed an atmosphere of suspended insurrection," and he was fixed and firm in his purpose to deprive all rebelliously disposed people of their leaders, or of those to whom they would

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naturally look for lead and direction. The axe was kept continually striking upon noble necks, and the cord was as continually stretched by ignoble bodies, because the King was bent upon making insurrection a failing business at the best. Men and women, patrician and plebeian, might play at rebellion, if they liked it, but they should be made to find that they were playing the losing game.

Now, this succession-question theory has the merit of meeting the very difficulty that besets us when we study the history of Henry's reign, and it is justified by many things that belong to English history for a period of more than two centuries,—that is to say, from the deposition of Richard II., in 1399, to the death of Elizabeth, in 1603. It is a strangely suggestive satire on the alleged excellence of hereditary monarchy as a mode of government that promotes the existence of order beyond any other, that England should not have been free from trouble for two hundred years, because her people could not agree upon the question of the right to the crown, and so long as that question was left unsettled, there could be no such thing as permanent peace for the castle or the cottage or the city. Town and country, citizen, baron, and peasant, were alike dependent upon the ambition of aspiring princes and king-makers for the condition of their existence. The folly of Richard II. enabled Henry of Bolingbroke to convert his ducal coronet into a royal crown, and to bring about that object which his father, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, seems to have ever had at heart. Henry IV. was a usurper, in spite of his Parliamentary title, according to all ideas of hereditary right; for, failing heirs of the body to Richard II., the crown belonged to the House of Mortimer, in virtue of the descent of its chief from the Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III., the Duke of Lancaster being fourth son of that monarch. Henry IV. felt the force of the objection that existed to his title, and he sought to evade it by pretending to found his claim to the crown on descent from Edmund of Lancaster, whom he assumed to have been the *elder* brother of Edward I.; but no weight was attached to this plea by his contemporaries, who saw in him a monarch created by conquest and by Parliamentary action. The struggle that then began endured until both Plantagenets and Tudors had become extinct, and the English crown had passed to the House of Stuart, in the person of James I., who was descended in the female line from the Duke of Clarence, through Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward IV., and wife of Henry VII. Intrigues, insurrections, executions, and finally great civil wars, grew out of the usurpation of the throne by the line of Lancaster. We find the War of the Roses spoken of by nearly all writers on it as beginning in 1455, when the first battle of St. Albans was fought, but in fact the contest of which that war was but the extreme utterance began nearly sixty years earlier than the day of the Battle of St. Albans, its commencement dating from the time that Henry IV. became King. A variety of circumstances prevented it from assuming its severest development until long after all the actors in its early stages had gone to their graves. Henry IV. was a man of superior ability, which enabled him, though not without struggling hard for it, to triumph over all his enemies; and his early death prevented a renewal of the wars that had been waged against him. His son, the overrated Henry V., who was far inferior to his father as a statesman, entered upon a war with France, and so distracted English attention from English affairs; and had he lived to complete his successes, all objection to his title would have disappeared. Indeed, England herself would have disappeared as a nation, becoming a mere French province, a dependency of the House of Plantagenet reigning at Paris. But the victor of Agincourt, like all the sovereigns of his line, died young, comparatively speaking, and left his dominions to a child who was not a year old, the ill-fated Henry VI. Then would have broken out the quarrel that came to a head at the beginning of

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the next generation, but for two circumstances. The first was, that the King's uncles were able men, and maintained their brother's policy, and so continued that foreign distraction which prevented the occurrence of serious internal troubles for some years. The second was, that the Clarence or Mortimer party had no leader.

There is a strange episode in the history of Henry V., which shows how unstable was the foundation of that monarch's throne. While he was preparing, at Southampton, for the invasion of France, a conspiracy was discovered to have been formed to take the throne from him. The chief actor in it was the Earl of Cambridge, who was speedily tried, convicted, and beheaded, sharing the fate of his associates. Cambridge was a son of the Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III., and he had married Anne Mortimer, daughter of Roger Earl of March; and the intention of the conspirators was to have raised that lady's brother, Edmund Earl of March, to Henry's place. March was a feeble character, and Cambridge is believed to have looked to his own wife's becoming Queen-Regnant of England. The plot, according to one account, was betrayed by March to the King, and the latter soon got rid of one whose daring character and ambitious purpose showed that he must be dangerous as an opposition chief. Henry's enemies were thus left without a head, in consequence of their leader's having lost his head; and the French war rapidly absorbing men's attention, all doubts as to Henry's title were lost sight of in the blaze of glory that came from the field of Agincourt. The spirit of opposition, however, revived as soon as the anti-Lancastrians obtained a leader, and public discontent had been created by domestic misrule and failure in France. That leader was the Duke of York, son of that Earl of Cambridge who had been executed for his part in the Southampton conspiracy, which conspiracy has been called by an eminent authority the first spark of the flame which in the course of time consumed the two Houses of York and Lancaster. Left an infant of three years, it was long before York became a party-leader, and probably he never would have disputed the succession but for the weakness of Henry VI., which amounted to imbecility, and the urging of stronger-minded men than himself. As it was, the open struggle began in 1455, and did not end until the defeat and capture of the person called Perkin Warbeck, in 1497. The greatest battles of English history took place in the course of these campaigns, and the greater part of the royal family and most of the old nobility perished in them, or by assassination, or on the scaffold.

But the Yorkist party, though vanquished, was far from extinguished by the military and political successes of Henry VII. It testifies emphatically to the original strength of that party, and to the extent and the depth of its influence, that it should be found a powerful faction as late as the last quarter of Henry VIII.'s reign, fifty years after the Battle of Stoke. "The elements of the old factions were dormant," says Mr. Froude, "but still smouldering. Throughout Henry's reign a White-Rose agitation had been secretly fermenting; without open success, and without chance of success so long as Henry lived, but formidable in a high degree, if opportunity to strike should offer itself. Richard de la Pole, the representative of this party, had been killed at Pavia, but his loss had rather strengthened their cause than weakened it, for by his long exile he was unknown in England; his personal character was without energy; while he made place for the leadership of a far more powerful spirit in the sister of the murdered Earl of Warwick, the Countess of Salisbury, mother of Reginald Pole. This lady had inherited, in no common degree, the fierce nature of the Plantagenets; born to command, she had rallied round her the Courtenays, the Nevilles, and all the powerful kindred of Richard the King-Maker, her grandfather. Her Plantagenet descent was purer than the King's; and on his death, without a male child,

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half England was likely to declare either for one of her sons, or for the Marquis of Exeter, the grandson of Edward IV." Of the general condition of the English mind at about the date of the fall of Wolsey Mr. Froude gives us a very accurate picture. "The country," he says, "had collected itself; the feuds of the families had been chastened, if they had not been subdued; while the increase of wealth and material prosperity had brought out into obvious prominence those advantages of peace which a hot-spirited people, antecedent to experience, had not anticipated, and had not been able to appreciate. They were better fed, better cared for, more justly governed, than they had ever been before; and though abundance of unruly tempers remained, yet the wiser portion of the nation, looking back from their new vantage-ground, were able to recognize the past in its true hatefulness. Henceforward a war of succession was the predominating terror with English statesmen, and the safe establishment of the reigning family bore a degree of importance which it is possible that their fears exaggerated, yet which in fact was the determining principle of their action. It was therefore with no little anxiety that the council of Henry VIII. perceived his male children, on whom their hopes were centred, either born dead, or dying one after another within a few days of their birth, as if his family were under a blight. When the Queen had advanced to an age which precluded hope of further offspring, and the heir presumptive was an infirm girl, the unpromising aspect became yet more alarming. The life of the Princess Mary was precarious, for her health was weak from her childhood. If she lived, her accession would be a temptation to insurrection; if she did not live, and the King had no other children, a civil war was inevitable. At present such a difficulty would be disposed of by an immediate and simple reference to the collateral branches of the royal family; the crown would descend with even more facility than the property of an intestate to the next of kin. At that time, if the rule had been recognized, it would only have increased the difficulty, for the next heir in blood was James of Scotland; and gravely as statesmen desired the union of the two countries, in the existing mood of the people, the very stones in London streets, it was said, would rise up against a king of Scotland who claimed to enter England as sovereign. Even the Parliament itself declared in formal language that they would resist any attempt on the part of the Scotch king 'to the uttermost of their power.'"

There can be no doubt that Mr. Froude has made out his case, and that "the predominating terror," not only of English statesmen, but of the English people and their King, was a war of succession. If we were not convinced by what the historian says, we should only have to look over the reign of Elizabeth, and observe how anxious the statesmen of that time were to have the succession question settled, and how singular was the effect of that question's existence and overshadowing importance on the conduct of the Great Queen. The desire that she should marry, and the pertinacity with which she was urged to abandon her maiden state by Parliament, which strike us of the nineteenth century as being not simply indelicate, but utterly gross even in the coarse sixteenth century, must in fairness be attributed to the fear that prevailed throughout England that that country might again become the theatre of a civil conflict as extensive, as bloody, and as destructive of material prosperity and moral excellence as had been the Wars of the Roses, — a fear which the existence of the contest between Catholicism and Protestantism was well calculated to exaggerate to a very alarming extent. The coquetry and affectation of the Queen, which have been held to detract largely from her claim to be considered a woman of sense and capacity, become natural in her and intelligible to us when we consider them in connection with the succession question. She could not positively declare that she would under no circum-

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stances become a wife, but at the same time she was firm in her heart never to have a husband. So she followed the politician's common plan: she compromised. She allowed her hand to be sought by every empty-handed and empty-headed and hollow-hearted prince or noble in Europe, determined that each in his turn should go empty away; and so she played off princes against her own people, until the course of years had left no doubt that she had become, and must ever remain, indeed "a barren stock." Her conduct, which is generally regarded as having been ridiculous, and which may have been so in its details, and looked upon only from its feminine side, throws considerable light upon the entire field of English politics under the Tudor dynasty.

If it could be established that the conduct of Henry VIII. toward his people, his church, his nobles, and his wives was regulated solely with reference to the succession question, and by his desire to preserve the peace of his kingdom, we believe that few men would be disposed to condemn most of those of his acts that have been long admitted to blacken his memory, and which have placed him almost at the very head of the long roll of heartless tyrants. That the end justifies the means is a doctrine which everybody condemns by word of mouth, but the practice founded upon which almost all men approve in their hearts, whenever it applies to their own schemes, or to schemes the success of which promises to benefit them, either individually or in the mass. As the apologists of the French Jacobins have argued that their favorites were cruel as the grave against Frenchmen only that they might preserve France from destruction, so might the admirers of Henry plead that he was vindictively cruel only that the English masses might live in peace, and be protected in quietly tilling their fields, manuring them after their own fashion, and not having them turned up and fertilized after the fashion of Bosworth and Towton and Barnet. Surely Henry Tudor, second of that name, is entitled to the same grace that is extended to Maximilien Robespierre, supposing the facts to be in his favor.

But are the facts, when fairly stated, in his favor? They are not. His advocates must find themselves terribly puzzled to reconcile his practice with their theory. They prove beyond all dispute that the succession question was the grand thought of England in Henry's time; but they do not prove, because they cannot prove, that the King's action was such as to show that he was ready, we will not say to make important sacrifices to lessen the probabilities of the occurrence of a succession war, but to do anything in that way that required him to control any one of the gross passions or grosser appetites of which he was throughout his loathsome life the slave and the victim. He seems to have passed the last twenty years of his reign in doing deeds that give flat contradiction to the theory set up by his good-natured admirers of after-times, that he was the victim of circumstances, and that, though one of the mildest and most merciful of men in fact, those villanous circumstances did compel him to become a tyrant, a murderer, a repudiator of sacramental and pecuniary and diplomatic obligations, a savage on a throne, and a Nebuchadnezzar for pride and arrogance, only that, unfortunately for his subjects in general, and for his wives in particular, he was not turned out to grass. A beast in fact, he did not become a beast in form. Scarcely one of his acts, after the divorce of Catharine of Aragon, was of a character to favor the continuance of peace in England, while many of them were admirably calculated to bring about a war for the regal succession. Grant that he was justified in putting away his Spanish wife, — a most excellent and eminently disagreeable woman, a combination of qualities by no means uncommon, — where was the necessity of his taking Anne Boleyn to wife? Why could he not have given his hand to some foreign princess, and so have atoned to his subjects for breaking up the Spanish alliance, in the continuance of which the English people had no common political interest, and an

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extraordinary commercial interest? Why could he not have sent to Germany for some fair-haired princess, as he did years later, and got Anne of Cleves for his pains, whose ugly face cost poor Cromwell his head, which was giving the wisest head in England for the worst one out of it? Henry, Mr. Froude would have us believe, divorced Catharine of Aragon because he desired to have sons, as one way to avoid the breaking out of a civil war; and yet it was a sure way to bring Charles V. into an English dispute for the regal succession, as the supporter of any pretender, to repudiate the aunt of that powerful imperial and royal personage. The English nation, Mr. Froude truly tells us, was at that time "sincerely attached to Spain. The alliance with the House of Burgundy" (of which Charles V. was the head) "was of old date; the commercial intercourse with Flanders was enormous,—Flanders, in fact, absorbing all the English exports; and as many as fifteen thousand Flemings were settled in London. Charles himself was personally popular; he had been the ally of England in the late French war; and when, in his supposed character of leader of the anti-Papal party in Europe, he allowed a Lutheran army to desecrate Rome, he had won the sympathy of all the latent discontent which was fomenting in the population." Was it not a strange way to proceed for the preservation of peace in England to offend a foreign sovereign who stood in so strong and influential a position to the English people? Charles was not merely displeased because of the divorce of his relative, his mother's sister, a daughter of the renowned Isabella, who had wrought such great things for Christendom,—promoting the discovery of America, and conquering Granada,—but he was incensed at the mere thought of preferring to her place a private gentlewoman, who would never have been heard of, if Henry had not seen fit to raise her from common life, first to the throne, and then to the scaffold. That was an insult to the whole Austro-Burgundian family, whose dominions rivalled those of the Roman Cæsars, and whose chief had just held a King of France captive and a Pope of Rome besieged. The Emperor might, perhaps, have been soothed, had his relative's place been bestowed upon some lady of corresponding blueness of blood; but it offended his pride, when he reflected on her being supplanted by Mrs. Boleyn. The aristocratical *morgue* was too strong in him to bear such an insult with fortitude. Yet none other than Mrs. Boleyn would Henry have, notwithstanding the certainty of enraging Charles, and with the equal certainty of disgusting a majority of his own subjects. If it had been simply a wife that he desired, and if he was thinking merely of the succession, and so sought only for an opportunity to beget legitimate children, why did he so pertinaciously insist upon having no one but "Mistress Anne" for the partner of his throne and bed?

When he married Jane Seymour on the 20th of May, 1536, having had Anne's head cut off on the 19th, Mr. Froude sees in that infamous proceeding—a proceeding without parallel in the annals of villany, and which would have disgraced the worst members of Sawney Bean's unpromising family—nothing but a simple business-transaction. The Privy Council and the peers, troubled about the succession, asked Henry to marry again without any delay, when Anne had been prepared for condemnation. The King was graciously pleased to comply with this request, which was probably made in compliance with suggestions from himself,—the marriage with Jane Seymour having been resolved upon long before it took place, and the desire to effect it being the cause of the legal assassination of Anne Boleyn, which could be brought about only through the "cooking" of a series of charges that could have originated nowhere out of her husband's vile mind, and which led to the deaths of six innocent persons. "The indecent haste" of the King's marriage with the Seymour, Mr. Froude says, "is usually considered a proof entirely conclusive of the cause of Anne Boleyn's ruin. To my-

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self the haste is an evidence of something very different. Henry, who waited seven years for Anne Boleyn, was not without some control over his passions; and if appetite had been the moving influence with him, he would scarcely, with the eyes of all the world fixed upon his conduct, have passed so extravagant an insult upon the nation of which he was the sovereign. The precipitancy with which he acted is to me a proof that he looked on matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty required at the moment. This was the interpretation which was given to his conduct by the Lords and Commons of England. In the absence of any evidence, or shadow of evidence, that among contemporaries who had means of knowing the truth another judgment was passed upon it, the deliberate assertion of an Act of Parliament must be considered a safer guide than modern unsupported conjecture." *

We submit that the approving action of men who were partakers of Henry's guilt is no proof of his innocence. Their conduct throughout the Boleyn business simply proves that they were slaves, and that the slaves were as brutal as their master. If Henry was so indifferent in the matter of matrimony as to look upon all women with the same feelings, if he married officially as the King, and not lovingly as a man, how came it to pass that he was thrown into such an agony of rage, when, being nearly fifty years old, ugly Anne of Cleves was provided for him? His disappointment and mortification were then so great that they hastened that political change which led to Cromwell's fall and execution. When Henry first saw the German lady, he was as much affected as George, Prince of Wales, was when he first saw Caroline of Brunswick, but he behaved better than George in the lady's presence. Much as he desired children, he never consummated his marriage with Anne of Cleves, though he must have known that the world would be but ill-peopled, if none but beautiful women were to be married. Had he fulfilled the contract made with her, he might have had many sons and daughters, and the House of Tudor might have been reigning over England at this day. Both his fifth and sixth wives, Catharine Howard and Catharine Parr, were fine women; and if he had lived long enough to get rid of the latter, he would, beyond all question, have given her place to the most beautiful woman whom he could have prevailed upon to risk his perilous embraces preliminarily to those of the hangman.

If Henry had married solely for the purpose of begetting children, he never would have divorced and slaughtered Anne Boleyn. During her brief connection with him, she gave birth to two children, one a still-born son, and the other the future Queen Elizabeth, who lived to her seventieth year, and whose enormous vitality and intellectual energy speak well for the physical excellence of her mother. The miscarriage that Anne experienced in February, 1536, was probably the occasion of her repudiation and murder in the following May, as Henry was always inclined to attribute disappointments of this kind to his wives, who ever dwelt in the valley of the shadow of death.* The most charitable view that can be taken of Henry's abominable treatment of his second wife is, that he was

* Mr. Froude mentions that a request that the King would marry, similar to that which he received after the fall of Anne Boleyn, was urged by the Council on the death of Jane Seymour; but, as he allowed more than two years to elapse between the date of Jane's death and the date of his marriage with Anne of Cleves, which marriage he refused to consummate, is not the inference unavoidable that he wedded Jane Seymour so hurriedly merely to gratify his desire to possess her person, and that in 1537–39 he was singularly indifferent to the claims of the succession question upon his attention?

* Henry thought of divorcing Catharine of Aragon some years before she had become too old to bear children. She was born in the last month of 1485, and the "King's secret matter," as the divorce question was called, was in agitation as early as the first half of 1527, and probably at an earlier period. Catharine was the mother of five children, but one of whom lived, namely, the Princess Mary, afterward Mary I.

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led by his superstitious feelings, which *he* called religion, to sacrifice her to the manes of his first wife, whom Anne had badly treated, and who died on the 7th of January, 1536. Henry, after his fashion, was much moved by Catharine's death, and by perusal of the letter which she wrote him from her dying bed; and so he resolved to make the only atonement of which his savage nature was capable, and one, too, which the bigoted Spanish woman would have been satisfied with, could she have foreseen it. As the alliance between the royal houses of England and Spain was sealed with the blood of the innocent Warwick, who was sent to the scaffold by Henry VII. to satisfy Catharine's father, Ferdinand of Aragon, so were the wrongs of Catharine to be acknowledged by shedding the innocent blood of Anne Boleyn. The connection, as it were, began with the butchery of a boy, reduced to idiocy by ill-treatment, on Tower Hill, and it ended with the butchery of a woman, who had been reduced almost to imbecility by cruelty, on the Tower Green. Heaven's judgment would seem to have been openly pronounced against that blood-cemented alliance, formed by two of the greatest of those royal ruffians who figured in the fifteenth century, and destined to lead to nothing but misery to all who were brought together in consequence of it's having been made. If one were seeking for proofs of the direct and immediate interposition of a Higher Power in the ordering of human affairs, it would be no difficult matter to discover them in the history of the royal houses of England during the existence of the Lancastrian, the York, and the Tudor families. Crime leads to crime therein in regular sequence, the guiltless suffering with the guilty, and because of their connection with the guilty, until the palaces of the Henries and the Edwards become as haunted with horrors as were the halls of the Atridæ. The "pale nurslings that had perished by kindred hands," seen by Cassandra when she passed the threshold of Agamemnon's abode, might have been paralleled by similar "phantom dreams," had another Cassandra accompanied Henry VII. when he came from Bosworth Field to take possession of the royal abodes at London. She, too, might have spoken, taking the Tower for her place of denunciation, of "that human shamble-house, that bloody floor, that dwelling abhorred by Heaven, privy to so many horrors against the most sacred ties." And she might have seen in advance the yet greater horrors that were to come, and that hung "over the inexpiable threshold; the curse passing from generation to generation."

Mr. Froude thinks that Catharine Howard, the fifth of Henry's wives, was not only guilty of antenuptial slips, but of unfaithfulness to the royal bed. It is so necessary to establish the fact of her infidelity, in order to save the King's reputation, — for he could not with any justice have punished her for the irregularities of her unmarried life, and not even in this age, when we have organized divorce, could such slips be brought forward against a wife of whom a husband had become weary, — that we should be careful how we attach credit to what is called the evidence against Catharine Howard; and her contemporaries, who had means of weighing and criticizing that evidence, did not agree in believing her guilty. Mr. Froude, who would, to use a saying of Henry's time, find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain, were that necessary to support his royal favorite's hideous cause, not only declares that the unhappy girl was guilty throughout, but lugs God into the tragedy, and makes Him responsible for what was, perhaps, the cruellest and most devilish of all the many murders perpetrated by Henry VIII. The luckless lady was but a child at the time she was devoured by "the jaws of darkness." At most she was but in her twentieth year, and probably she was a year or two younger than that age. Any other king than Henry would have pardoned her, if for no other reason, then for this, that he had coupled her youth with his age, and so placed her in

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an unnatural position, in which the temptation to error was all the greater, and the less likely to be resisted, because of the girl's evil training, — a training that could not have been unknown to the King, and on the incidents of which the Protestant plot for her ruin, and that of the political party of which she was the instrument, had been founded. But of Henry VIII., far more truly than of James II., could it have been said by any one of his innumerable victims, that, though it was in his power to forgive an offender, it was not in his nature to do so.

No tyrant ever was preceded to the tomb by such an array of victims as Henry VIII. If Shakspeare had chosen to bring the highest of those victims around the last bed that Henry was to press on earth, after the fashion in which he sent the real or supposed victims of Richard III. to haunt the last earthly sleep of the last royal Plantagenet, he would have had to bring them up by sections, and not individually, in battalions, and not as single spies. Buckingham, Wolsey, More, Fisher, Catharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Rocheford, Cromwell, Catharine Howard, Exeter, Montague, Lambert, Aske, Lady Salisbury, Surrey, — these, and hundreds of others, selected principally from the patrician order, or from the officers of the old church, might have led the ghostly array which should have told the monarch to die and to despair of redemption; while an innumerable host of victims of lower rank might have followed these more conspicuous sufferers from the King's "jealous rage." Undoubtedly some of these persons had justly incurred death, but it is beyond belief that they were all guilty of the crimes laid to their charge; yet Mr. Froude can find as little good in any of them as of evil in Henry's treatment of them. He would have us believe that Henry was scrupulously observant of the law! and that he allowed Cromwell to perish because he had violated the laws of England, and sought to carry out that "higher law" which politicians out of power are so fond of appealing to, but which politicians in power seldom heed. And such stuff we are expected to receive as historical criticism, and the philosophy of history! And pray, of what breach of the law had the Countess of Salisbury been guilty, that she should be sent to execution when she had arrived at so advanced an age that she must soon have passed away in the course of Nature? She was one of Cromwell's victims, and as he had been deemed unfit to live because of his violations of the laws of the realm, it would follow that one whose attainder had been procured through his devices could not be fairly put to death. She suffered ten months after Cromwell, and could have committed no fresh offence in the interval, as she was a prisoner in the Tower at the time of her persecutor's fall, and so remained until the day of her murder. The causes of her death, however, are not far to seek: she was the daughter of George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., and Henry hated every member of that royal race which the Tudors had supplanted; and she was the mother of Reginald Pole, whom the King detested both for his Plantagenet blood and for the expositions which he made of the despot's crimes.

One of the victims sacrificed by Mr. Froude on the altar of his Moloch even he must have reluctantly brought to the temple, and have offered up with a pang, but whose character he has blackened beyond all redemption, as if he had used upon it all the dirt he has so assiduously taken from the character of his royal favorite. There are few names or titles of higher consideration than that of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. It is sufficient to name Surrey to be reminded of the high-born scholar, the gallant soldier, one of the founders of English literature, and a poet of equal vigor of thought and melodiousness of expression. His early and violent death, at the behest of a tyrant, who himself had not ten days to live when he stamped — for he could no longer write — the death-warrant of his no-

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blest subject, has helped to endear his memory for three centuries; and many a man whose sympathies are entirely with the Reformation and the "new men" of 1546, regrets the untimely death of the Byron of those days, though the noble poet was at the head of the reactionary party, and desired nothing so much as to have it in his power to dispose of the "new men," in which case he would have had the heads of Hertford and his friends chopped off as summarily as his own head fell before the mandate of the King. Everything else is forgotten in the recollection of the Earl's youth, his lofty origin, his brilliant talents, his rank as a man of letters, and his prompt consignment to a bloody grave, the last of the legion of patricians sent by Henry to the block or the gallows. Yet it is Surrey upon whom Mr. Froude makes his last attack, and whom he puts down as a dirty dog, in order that Henry VIII. may not be seen devoting what were all but his very latest hours to the task of completing the judicial murder of one whom he hated because he was so wonderfully elevated above all the rest of his subjects as to be believed capable of snatching at the crown, though three of the King's children were then alive, and there were several descendants of two of his sisters in both Scotland and England. Because, of all men who were then living, Surrey most deserved to reign over England, the jealous tyrant supposed there could be no safety for his youthful son until the House of Howard had been humiliated, and both its present head and its prospective head ceased to exist. Not satisfied with attributing to him political offences that do not necessarily imply baseness in the offender, Mr. Froude indorses the most odious charges that have been brought against Surrey, and which, if well founded, utterly destroy all his claims to be considered, we will not say a man of honor, but a man of common decency. Without having stated much that is absolutely new, Mr. Froude has so used his materials as to create the impression that Surrey, the man honored for three centuries as one of the most chivalrous of Englishmen, and as imbued with the elevating spirit of poetry, was a foul fellow, who sought to engage his sister in one of the vilest intrigues ever concocted by courtier, in order that she might be made a useful instrument in the work of changing the political condition of England. Henry's illegitimate son, Henry Fitz-Roy, Duke of Richmond, whom he had at one time thought of declaring his successor, died, leaving a widow, who was Surrey's sister. This lady told Sir Gawin Carew that her brother had advised her so to bear herself toward the King that possibly "his Majesty might cast some love unto her, whereby in process she should bear as great a stroke about him as Madame d'Estampes did about the French king." Madame d'Estampes was the most notorious and influential of Francis I.'s many mistresses; and if Carew's evidence is to be depended upon, we see what was the part assigned by Surrey to his sister in the political game the old aristocracy and the Catholics were playing. She, the widow of the King's son, was to seduce the King, and to become his mistress! Carew's story was confirmed by another witness, and Lady Richmond had complained of Surrey's "language to her with abhorrence and disgust, and had added, 'that she defied her brother, and said that they should all perish, and she would cut her own throat, rather than she would consent to such villany.'" On Surrey's trial, Lady Richmond also confirmed the story, and "revealed his deep hate of the 'new men,' who, 'when the King was dead,' he had sworn 'should smart for it.'" Such is the tale, and such is the evidence upon which it rests. Its truth at first appears to be beyond dispute, but it is possible that all the witnesses lied, and that the whole process was a made-up thing to aid in reconciling the public to the summary destruction of so illustrious a man as Surrey; and it was well adapted to that end,—the English people having exceeded all others in their regard for domestic decencies and in reverence for the

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family relations of the sexes. Should it be said that it is more probable that Surrey was guilty of the moral offence charged upon him than that his sister could be guilty of inventing the story and then of perjuring herself to support it, we can but reply, that Lady Rocheford, wife of Anne Boleyn's brother, testified that Anne had been guilty of incest with that brother, and afterward, when about to die, admitted that she had perjured herself. Of the two offences, supposing Lady Richmond to have sworn away her brother's life, that of Lady Rocheford was by far the more criminal, and it is beyond all doubt. So long as there is room for doubting Surrey's guilt, we shall follow the teaching of the charitable maxim of our law, and give him the benefit of the doubt which is his due.

The question of the guilt or innocence of Anne Boleyn is a tempting one, in connection with Henry VIII.'s history; but we have not now the space that is necessary to treat it justly. We may take it up another time, and follow Mr. Froude through his ingenious attempts to show that Anne must have been guilty of incest and adultery, or else — dreadful alternative! — we must come to the conclusion that Henry VIII. was not the just man made perfect on earth.

WHY THEIR CREEDS DIFFERED.

BEDDED in stone, a toad lived well,
  Cold and content as toad could be;
As safe from harm as monk in cell,
  Almost as safe from good was he

And "What is life?" he said, and dozed;
  Then, waking, "Life is rest," quoth he:
"Each creature God in stone hath closed,
  That each may have tranquillity.

"And God Himself lies coiled in stone,
  Nor wakes nor moves to any call;
Each lives unto himself alone,
  And cold and night envelop all."

He said, and slept. With curious ear
  Close to the stone, a serpent lay.
"'T is false," he hissed with crafty sneer,
  "For well I know God wakes alway.

"And what is life but wakefulness,
  To glide through snares, alert and wise, —
With plans too deep for neighbors' guess,
  And haunts too close for neighbors' eyes?

"For all the earth is thronged with foes,
  And dark with fraud, and set with toils:
Each lies in wait, on each to close,
  And God is bribed with share of spoils."

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High in the boughs a small bird sang,
  And marvelled such a creed should be.
"How strange and false!" his comment rang;
  "For well I know that life is glee.

"For all the plain is flushed with bloom,
  And all the wood with music rings,
And in the air is scarcely room
  To wave our myriad flashing wings.

"And God, amid His angels high,
  Spreads over all in brooding joy;
On great wings borne, entranced they lie,
  And all is bliss without alloy."

"Ah, careless birdling, say'st thou so?"
  Thus mused a man, the trees among:
"Thy creed is wrong; for well I know
  That life must not be spent in song.

"For what is life, but toil of brain,
  And toil of hand, and strife of will,—
To dig and forge, with loss and pain,
  The truth from lies, the good from ill,—

"And ever out of self to rise
  Toward love and law and constancy?
But with sweet love comes sacrifice,
  And with great law comes penalty.

"And God, who asks a constant soul,
  His creatures tries both sore and long:
Steep is the way, and far the goal,
  And time is small to waste in song."

He sighed. From heaven an angel yearned:
  With equal love his glances fell
Upon the man with soul upturned,
  Upon the toad within its cell.

And, strange! upon that wondrous face
  Shone pure all natures, well allied:
There subtlety was turned to grace,
  And slow content was glorified;

And labor, love, and constancy
  Put off their dross and mortal guise,
And with the look that is to be
  They looked from those immortal eyes.

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To the faint man the angel strong
  Reached down from heaven, and shared his pain:
The one in tears, the one in song,
  The cross was borne betwixt them twain.

He sang the careless bliss that lies
  In wood-bird's heart, without alloy;
He sang the joy of sacrifice;
  And still he sang, "*All* life is joy."

But how, while yet he clasped the pain,
  Thrilled through with bliss the angel smiled,
I know not, with my human brain,
  Nor how the two he reconciled.

PRESENCE.

It was a long and terrible conflict,—I will not say where, because that fact has nothing to do with my story. The Revolutionists were no match in numbers for the mercenaries of the Dictator, but they fought with the stormy desperation of the ancient Scythians, and they won, as they deserved to win: for this was another revolt of freedom against oppression, of conscience against tyranny, of an exasperated people against a foreign despot. Every eye shone with the sublimity of a great principle, and every arm was nerved with a strength grander and more enduring than that imparted by the fierceness of passion or the sternness of pride. As I flew from one part of the field to another, in execution of the orders of my superior officer, I wondered whether blood as brave and good dyed the heather at Bannockburn, or streamed down the mountain-gorge where Tell met the Austrians at Morgarten, or stained with crimson glare the narrow pass held by the Spartan three hundred.

Suddenly my horse, struck by a well-aimed ball, plunged forward in the death-struggle, and fell with me, leaving me stunned for a little time, though not seriously hurt. With returning consciousness came the quickened perception which sometimes follows a slight concussion of the brain, daguerreotyping upon my mind each individual of these fiery ranks, in vivid, even painful clearness. As I watched with intensified interest the hurrying panorama, the fine figure and face of my friend Vilalba flashed before me. I noted at once the long wavy masses of brown hair falling beneath the martial cap; the mouth, a feature seldom beautiful in men, blending sweetness and firmness in rare degree, now compressed and almost colorless; but the eyes! the "empty, melancholy eyes"! what strange, glassy, introspective fixedness! what inexplicable fascination, as if they were riveted on some object unseen by other mortals! A glance sufficed to show to myself, at least, that he was in a state of tense nervous excitation, similar to that of a subject of mesmerism. A preternatural power seemed to possess him. He moved and spoke like a somnambulist, with the same insulation from surrounding minds and superiority to material obstacles. I had long known him as a brave officer; but here was something more than bravery, more than the fierce energy of the hour. His mien, always com-

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manding, was now imperial. In utter fearlessness of peril, he assumed the most exposed positions, dashed through the strongest defences, accomplished with marvellous dexterity a wellnigh impossible *coup-de-main*, and all with the unrecognizing, changeless countenance of one who has no choice, no volition, but is the passive slave of some resistless inspiration.

After the conflict was over, I sought Vilalba, and congratulated him on his brilliant achievement, jestingly adding that I knew he was leagued with sorcery and helped on by diabolical arts. The cold evasiveness of his reply confirmed my belief that the condition I have described was abnormal, and that he was himself conscious of the fact.

Many years passed away, during which I met him rarely, though our relations were always those of friendship. I often heard of him as actively, even arduously employed in public affairs, and rewarded by fortune and position. The prestige of fame, unusual personal graces, and high mental endowments gave him favor in social life; and women avowed that the mingled truth and tenderness of his genial and generous nature were all but irresistible. Nevertheless they were chagrined by his singular indifference to their allurements; and many a fair one, even more interested than inquisitive, vainly sought to break the unconquerable reticence which, under apparent frankness, he relentlessly maintained. He had, indeed, once been married, for a few years only; but his wife was not of those who can concentrate and absorb the fulness of another soul, wedding memory with immortal longing. Thus the problem of my friend's life-long reserve continued to provoke curiosity until its solution was granted to me alone, and, with it, the explanation of his mesmeric entrancement on the occasion to which I have alluded. I repeat the story because it is literally *true*, and because some of its incidents may be classed among those psychological phenomena which form the most occult, the most interesting, and the least understood of all departments of human knowledge.

During a period of summer recreation I induced Vilalba to renew our interrupted acquaintance by passing a month with me in my country home. The moonlight of many years had blended its silver with his still abundant locks, and the lines of thought were deepened in his face, but I found him in other respects unchanged. He had the same deep, metallic voice, so musical that to hear him say the slightest things was a pleasure, the same graceful courtesy and happy elasticity of temperament; and was full as ever of noble purposes, and the Roman self-conviction of power to live them out.

One of those nights that "are not made for slumber" found us lingering beneath the odorous vines which interlocked their gay blossoms around the slight columns of the veranda, until even the gray surprise of dawn, — the "soft, guileless consolations" of our cigars, as Æschylus says of certain other incense, the cool, fragrant breezes, gentle as remembered kisses upon the brow, the tremulous tenderness of the star-beams, the listening hush of midnight, having swayed us to a mood of pensiveness which found a reflex in our conversation. From the warning glare of sunlight the heart shuts close its secrets; but hours like these beguile from its inmost depths those subtile emotions, and vague, dreamy, delicious thoughts, which, like plants, waken to life only beneath the protecting shadows of darkness. "Why is it," says Richter, "that the night puts warmer love in our hearts? Is it the nightly pressure of helplessness, or is it the exalting separation from the turmoils of life, — that veiling of the world in which for the soul nothing then remains but souls, — that causes the letters in which loved names are written to appear like phosphorus-writing by night, on *fire*, while by day, in their cloudy traces, they but *smoke*?"

Insensibly we wandered into one of those weird passages of psychological speculation, the border territory where

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reason and illusion hold contested sway, —where the relations between spirit and matter seem so incomprehensibly involved and complicated that we can only feel, without being able to analyze them, and even the old words created for our coarse material needs seem no more suitable than would a sparrow's wings for the flight of an eagle.

"It is emphatically true of these themes," I remarked, after a long rambling talk, half reverie, half reason, "that language conceals the ideas, or, rather, the imaginations they evolve; for the word idea implies something more tangible than vagaries which the Greek poet would have called 'the dream of the shadow of smoke.' But yet more unsatisfactory than the impotence of the type is the obscurity of the thing typified. We can lay down no premises, because no basis can be found for them,—and establish no axioms, because we have no mathematical certainties. Objects which present the assurance of palpable facts to-day may vanish as meteors to-morrow. The effort to crystallize into a creed one's articles of faith in these mental phantasmagoria is like carving a cathedral from sunset clouds, or creating salient and retreating lines of armed hosts in the northern lights. Though willing dupes to the pretty fancy, we know that before the light of science the architecture is resolved into mist, and the battalions into a stream of electricity."

"Not so," replied Vilalba. "Your sky-visions are a deceit, and you know it while you enjoy them. But the torch of science is by no means incendiary to the system of psychology. Arago himself admits that it may one day obtain a place among the exact sciences, and speaks of the actual power which one human being may exert over another without the intervention of any known physical agent; while Cuvier and other noted scientists concede even more than this."

"Do you, then, believe," I asked, "that there is between the silent grave and the silent stars an answer to this problem we have discussed to-night, of the inter-relation between spirit and matter, between soul and soul? To me it seems hopelessly inscrutable, and all effort to elucidate it, like the language of the Son of Maia, 'by night bringeth darkness before the eyes, and in the daytime nought clearer.' I shall as soon expect to wrest her buried secrets from the Sphinx, or to revive the lost mysteries of the Egyptian priesthood."

"And yet, most of those marvels," answered my friend, "as well as the later oracles of Greece, and the clairvoyance, mesmerism, etc., of modern times, were probably the result of a certain power of the mind to shake off for a time its fetters in defiance of physical impediments, and even to exert its control over the senses and will and perception of another. I do not doubt that in certain conditions of the mind there arise potentialities wonderful as any ever conceived by fiction, and that these are guided by laws unannounced as yet, but which will be found in some future archives, inducted in symmetrical clearness through the proper process of phenomena, classification, and generalized statement. My own experience suffices to myself for both assurance and prophecy. Although the loftiest, sweetest music of the soul is yet unwritten, its faint articulations interblend with the jangling discords of life, as the chimes of distant bells float through the roar of winds and waves, and chant to imperilled hearts the songs of hope and gladness."

His voice fell to the low, earnest tone of one who has found in life a pearl of truth unseen by others; and as his eye gleamed in the starlight, I saw that it wore the same speculative expression as on the battle-field twenty years before. A slight tremor fled through his frame, as though he had been touched by an invisible hand, and a faint smile of recognition brightened his features.

"How can we explain," continued he, after a brief pause, "this mystery of PRESENCE? Are you not often conscious of being actually nearer to a mind a thousand miles distant than to one

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whose outer vestments you can touch? We certainly feel, on the approach of a person repulsive, not necessarily to our senses, but to our instincts, — which in this case are notes of warning from the remote depths of the soul, — as if our entire being intrenched itself behind a vitally repellent barrier, in absolute security that no power in the universe can break through it, in opposition to our will. For the will does not seem to create the barrier, but to guard it; and, thus defended, material contact with the individual affects us no more than the touch of a plaster statue. We are each, and must remain, mutually unknowing and unknown. On the other hand, does not fixed and earnest thought upon one we love seem to bring the companion-spirit within the sacred temple of our own being, infolded as a welcome guest in our warm charities and gentle joys, and imparting in return the lustre of a serene and living beauty? If, then, those whom we do not recognize as kindred are repelled, even though they approach us through the aid and interpretation of the senses, why may not the loved be brought near without that aid, through the more subtile and more potent attraction of sympathy? I do not mean nearness in the sense of memory or imagination, but that actual propinquity of spirit which I suppose implied in the recognition of Presence. Nor do I refer to any volition which is dependent on the known action of the brain, but to a hidden faculty, the germ perhaps of some higher faculty, now folded within the present life like the wings of a chrysalis, which looks through or beyond the material existence, and obtains a truer and finer perception of the spiritual than can be filtered through the coarser organs of sight and hearing."

"Vilalba, you are evidently a disciple of Des Cartes. Your theory is based on the idealistic principle, 'I think, therefore I am.' I confess that I could never be satisfied with mere subjective consciousness on a point which involves the co-operation of another mind. Nothing less than the most positive and luminous testimony of the senses could ever persuade me that two minds could meet and commune, apart from material intervention."

"I know," answered Vilalba, "that it is easier to feel than to reason about things which lie without the pale of mathematical demonstration. But some day, my friend, you will learn that beyond the arid abstractions of the schoolmen, beyond the golden dreams of the poets, there is a truth in this matter, faintly discerned now as the most dim of yonder stars, but as surely a link in the chain which suspends the Universe to the throne of God. However, your incredulity is commendable, for doubt is the avenue to knowledge. I admit that no testimony is conclusive save that of the senses, and such witness I have received."

"You speak perpetual enigmas, and I suspect you — for the second time — of tampering with the black arts. Do you mean to say that you are a believer in the doctrine of palpable spiritual manifestation?"

"I might say in its favor," was the reply, "that apart from the pretences and the plausibilities of to-day, many of which result from the independent action of the mind through clairvoyance, and others from mere excitation of the nervous sensibilities, the truth of that theory is possibly implied in the wants of the soul; for a want proves the existence of an antidote as effectually as a positive and negative interchangeably bear witness to each other's existence. But if you will have patience to listen to a story of my own life, I can better explain how my convictions have been beguiled into the credence which appears to you unphilosophical, if not absurd."

"I will listen with pleasure, — first lighting another cigar to dispel the weird shapes which will probably respond to your incantation."

Vilalba smiled slightly.

"Do not be disturbed. The phantoms will not visit you, nor, I fear, myself either. But you must promise faith in my veracity; for I am about to tell you a tale of fact, and not of fancy.

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"It happened to me many years ago, — how flatteringly that little phrase seems to extend the scale of one's being!—when I had just entered on the active duties of manhood, that some affairs called me to New Orleans, and detained me there several months. Letters of friendship gave me admission into some of the most agreeable French families of that *quasi* Parisian city, and in the reception of their hospitality I soon lost the feeling of isolation which attends a stranger in a crowded mart. My life at that time was without shadows. I had health, friends, education, position,—youth, as well, which then seemed a blessing, though I would not now exchange for it my crown of years and experience. Fortune only I then had not; and because I had it not, I am telling you, to-night, this story.

"It chanced, one day, that I was invited to dine at the house of an aristocratic subject of the old French *régime*. I did not know the family, and a previous engagement tempted me to decline the invitation; but one of those mysterious impulses which are in fact the messengers of Destiny compelled me to go, and I went. Thus slight may be the thread which changes the entire web of the future! After greeting my host, and the party assembled in the drawing-room, my attention was arrested by a portrait suspended in a recess, and partly veiled by purple curtains, like Isis within her shrine. The lovely, living eyes beamed upon me out of the shrine, radiant with an internal light I had never before seen on canvas. The features were harmonious, the complexion pure and clear, and the whole picture wore an air of graceful, gentle girlhood, glowing, like Undine, with the flush of 'the coming soul.' I hardly knew whether the face was strictly beautiful according to the canons of Art; for only a Shakspeare can be at the same time critical and sympathetic, and my criticism was baffled and blinded by the fascination of those wondrous eyes. They reminded me of what a materialist said of the portraits of Prudhon, — that they were enough to make one believe in the immortality of the soul. Life multiplied by feeling into a limitless dream of past and future was mirrored in their clear depths; the questful gaze seemed reading the significance of the one through the symbols of the other, and pondering the lesson with sweetness of assent and ever-earnest longing for fuller revelation.

"As I lingered before this fair shadow, I heard my name pronounced, and, turning, beheld the not less fair original, the daughter of my host. Now do not fear a catalogue of feminine graces, or a lengthened romance of the heart, tedious with such platitudes as have been Elysium to the actors, and weariness to the audience, ever since the world began. The Enchanted Isles wear no enchantment to unanointed vision; their skies of Paradise are fog, their angels Harpies, perchance, or harsh-throated Sirens. Besides, we can never describe correctly those whom we love, because we see them through the heart; and the heart's optics have no technology. It is enough to say, that, from almost the first time I looked upon Blanche, I felt that I had at last found the gift rarely accorded to us here, — the fulfilment of a promise hidden in every heart, but often waited for in vain. Hitherto my all-sufficing self-hood had never been stirred by the mighty touch of Love. I had been amused by trivial and superficial affections, like the gay triflers of whom Rasselas says, 'They fancied they were in love, when in truth they were only idle.' But that sentiment which is never twice inspired, that new birth of

'A soul within the soul, evolving it sublimely,'

had never until now wakened my pulses and opened my eyes to the higher and holier heritage. Perhaps you doubt that Psychal fetters may be forged in a moment's heat; but I believe that the love which is deepest and most sacred, and which Plato calls the memory of divine beings whom we knew in some anterior life, that recognition of kindred natures which precedes reason and

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asks no leave of the understanding, is not a gradual and cautious attraction, like the growth of a coral reef, but sudden and magnetic as the coalescence of two drops of mercury.

"During several following weeks we met many times, and yet, in looking back to that dream of heaven, I cannot tell how often, nor for how long. Time is merely the measure given to past emotions, and those emotions flowed over me in a tidal sweep which merged all details in one continuous memory. The lone hemisphere of my life was rounded into completeness, and its feverish unrest changed to deep tranquillity, as if a faint, tremulous star were transmuted into a calm, full-orbed planet. Do you remember that story of Plato's — I recall the air-woven subtilties of the delightful idealist, to illustrate, not to prove — that story of the banquet where the ripe wines of the Ægean Isles unchained the tongues of such talkers as Pausanias and Socrates and others as witty and wise, until they fell into a discourse on the origin of Love, and, whirling away on the sparkling eddies of fancy, were borne to that preëxistent sphere which, in Plato's opinion, furnished the key to all the enigmas of this? There they beheld the complete and original souls, the compound of male and female, dual and yet one, so happy and so haughty in their perfection of beauty and of power that Jupiter could not tolerate his godlike rivals, and therefore cut them asunder, sending the dissevered halves tumbling down to earth, bewildered and melancholy enough, until some good fortune might restore to each the *alter ego* which constituted the divine unity. 'And thus,' says Plato, 'whenever it happens that a man meets with his other half, the very counterpart of himself, they are both smitten with strong love; they recognize their ancient union; they are powerfully attracted by the consciousness that they belong to each other; and they are unwilling to be again parted, even for a short time. And if Vulcan were to stand over them with his fire and forge, and offer to melt them down and run them together, and of two to make them one again, they would both say that this was just what they desired!'

"I dare say you have read — unless your partiality for the soft Southern tongues has chased away your Teutonic taste — that exquisite poem of Schiller's, 'Das Geheimnitz der Reminiscenz,' the happiest possible crystallization of the same theory. I recall a few lines from Bulwer's fine translation: —

"'Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart?
Is it because its native home thou art?
Or were they brothers in the days of yore,
Twin-bound both souls, and in the links they bore
Sigh to be bound once more?

"'Were once our beings blent and intertwining,
And therefore still my heart for thine is pining?
Knew we the light of some extinguished sun, —
The joys remote of some bright realm undone,
Where once our souls were ONE?

"'Yes, it is so! And thou wert bound to me
In the long-vanished eld eternally!
In the dark troubled tablets which enroll
The past my Muse beheld this blessed scroll, —
"One with thy love, my soul"!'

"Now the Athenian dreamer builded better than he knew. That phantom which perpetually attends and perpetually evades us, — the inevitable guest whose silence maddens and whose sweetness consoles, — whose filmy radiance eclipses all beauty, — whose voiceless eloquence subdues all sound, — ever beckoning, ever inspiring, patient, pleading, and unchanging, — this is the Ideal which Plato called the dearer self, because, when its craving sympathies find reflex and response in a living form, its rapturous welcome ignores the old imperfect being, and the union only is recognized as Self indeed, complete and undivided. And that fulness of human love becomes a faint type and interpreter of the Infinite, as through it we glide into

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grander harmonies and enlarged relations with the Universe, urged on forever by insatiable desires and far-reaching aspirations which testify our celestial origin and intimate our immortal destiny.

"'Lo! arm in arm, through every upward grade,
From the rude Mongol to the starry Greek,
. . . . . everywhere we seek
Union and bond, till in one sea sublime
Of love be merged all measure and all time!'

"I never disclosed in words my love to Blanche. Through the lucid transparency of Presence, I believed that she knew all and comprehended all, without the aid of those blundering symbols. We never even spoke of the future; for all time, past and to come, seemed to converge and centre and repose in that radiant present. In the enchantment of my new life, I feared lest a breath should disturb the spell, and send me back to darkness and solitude.

"Of course, this could not last forever. There came a time when I found that my affairs would compel me to leave New Orleans for a year, or perhaps a little longer. With the discovery my dream was broken. The golden web which had been woven around me shrank beneath the iron hand of necessity, and fell in fragments at my feet. I knew that it was useless to speak to Blanche of marriage, for her father, a stern and exacting man in his domestic relations, had often declared that he would never give his daughter to a husband who had no fortune. If I sought his permission to address her now, my fate was fixed. There was no alternative, therefore, but to wait until my return, when I hoped to have secured, in sufficient measure, the material passport to his favor. Our parting was necessarily sudden, and, strange as it may seem, some fatal repression sealed my lips, and withheld me from uttering the few words which would have made the future wholly ours, and sculptured my dream of love in monumental permanence. Ah! with what narrow and trembling planks do we bridge the abyss of misery and despair! But be patient while I linger for a moment here. The evening before my departure, I went to take leave of her. There were other guests in the drawing-room, the atmosphere was heated and oppressive, and after a little time I proposed to her to retreat with me, for a few moments, to the fragrant coolness of the garden. We walked slowly along through clustering flowers and under arching orange-trees, which infolded us tenderly within their shining arms, as in tremulous silence we waited for words that should say enough and yet not too much. The glories of all summer evenings seemed concentred in this one. The moon now silvered leaf and blossom, and then suddenly fled behind a shadowing cloud, while the stars shone out with gladness brief and bright as the promises of my heart. Skilful artists in the music-room thrilled the air with some of those exquisite compositions of Mendelssohn which dissolve the soul in sweetness or ravish it with delight, until it seems as if all past emotions of joy were melted in one rapid and comprehensive reëxperience, and all future inheritance gleamed in promise before our enraptured vision, and we are hurried on with electric speed to hitherto unscaled heights of feeling, whence we catch faint glimpses of the unutterable mysteries of our being, and foreshadowings of a far-off, glorified existence. The eloquence of earth and sky and air breathed more than language could have uttered, and, as my eyes met the eyes of Blanche, the question of my heart was asked and answered, once for all. I recognized the treasured ideal of my restless, vagrant heart, and I seemed to hear it murmuring gently, as if to a long-lost mate, '*Where hast thou stayed so long?*' I felt that henceforth there was for us no real parting. Our material forms might be severed, but our spirits were one and inseparate.

"'On the fountains of our life a seal was set
To keep their waters clear and bright
Forever.'

And thus, with scarce a word beside, I

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said the 'God be with you!' and went out into the world alone, yet henceforth not alone.

"Two years passed away. They had been years of success in my worldly affairs, and were blessed by memories and hopes which grew brighter with each day. I had not heard of Blanche, save indirectly through a friend in New Orleans, but I never doubted that the past was as sacred, the future as secure, in her eyes as in my own. I was now ready to return, and to repeat in words the vows which my heart had sworn long before. I fixed the time, and wrote to my friend to herald my coming. Before that letter reached him, there came tidings which, like a storm of desolation, swept me to the dust. Blanche was in France, and married,—how or when or to whom, I knew not, cared not. The relentless fact was sufficient. The very foundations of the earth seemed to tremble and slide from beneath me. The sounds of day tortured, the silence of night maddened me. I sought forgetfulness in travel, in wild adventure, in reckless dissipation. With that strange fatality which often leads us to seek happiness or repose where we have least chance of finding it, I, too, married. But I committed no perjury. I offered friendship, and it sufficed. Love I never professed to give, and the wife whom I merely esteemed had not the mental or the magnetic ascendancy which might have triumphed for a time over the image shrined in my inmost heart. I sought every avenue through which I might fly from that and from myself. I tried mental occupation, and explored literature and science, with feverish ardor and some reward. I think it is Coleridge who recommends to those who are suffering from extreme sorrow the study of a new language. But to a mind of deep feeling diversion is not relief. If we fly from memory, we are pursued and overtaken like fugitive slaves, and punished with redoubled tortures. The only sure remedy for grief is self-evolved. We must accept sorrow as a guest, not shun it as a foe, and, receiving it into close companionship, let the mournful face haunt our daily paths, even though it shut out all friends and dim the light of earth and heaven. And when we have learned the lesson which it came to teach, the fearful phantom brightens into beauty, and reveals an 'angel unawares,' who gently leads us to heights of purer atmosphere and more extended vision, and strengthens us for the battle which demands unfaltering heart and hope.

"Do you remember the remark of the child Goethe, when his young reason was perplexed by attempting to reconcile the terrible earthquake at Lisbon with the idea of infinite goodness? 'God knows very well that an immortal soul cannot suffer from mortal accident.' With similar faith there came to me tranquil restoration. The deluge of passion rolled back, and from the wreck of my Eden arose a new and more spiritual creation. But forgetfulness was never possible. In the maddening turbulence of my grief and the ghastly stillness of its reaction, the lovely spirit which had become a part of my life seemed to have fled to the inner temple of my soul, breaking the solitude with glimmering ray and faint melodious murmur. And when I could bear to look and listen, it grew brighter and more palpable, until at last it attended me omnipresently, consoling, cheering, and stimulating to nobler thought and action.

"Nor was it a ghost summoned by memory, or the airy creation of fancy. One evening an incident occurred which will test your credulity, or make you doubt my sanity. I sat alone, and reading,—nothing more exciting, however, than a daily newspaper. My health was perfect, my mind unperturbed. Suddenly my eye was arrested by a cloud passing slowly back and forth several times before me, not projected upon the wall, but floating in the atmosphere. I looked around for the cause, but the doors and windows were closed, and nothing stirred in the apartment. Then I saw a point of light, small as a star at first, but gradually enlarging into a luminous cloud which filled the centre of the room. I shivered with

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strange coldness, and every nerve tingled as if touched by a galvanic battery. From the tremulous waves of the cloud arose, like figures in a dissolving view, the form and features of my lost love, — not radiant as when I last looked upon them, but pale and anguish-stricken, with clasped hands and tearful eyes; and upon my ears fell, like arrows of fire, the words, '*You have been the cause of all this; oh, why did you not*' —— The question was unfinished, and from my riveted gaze, half terror, half delight, the vision faded, and I was alone.

"Of course you will pronounce this mere nervous excitement, but, I pray you, await the sequel. Those burning words told the story of that mistake which had draped in despair our earthly lives. They were no reflection from my own mind. In the self-concentration of my disappointment, I had never dreamed that I alone was in fault, — that I should have anchored my hope on somewhat more defined than the voiceless intelligence of sympathy. But the very reproach of the mysterious visitor brought with it a conviction, positive and indubitable, that the spiritual portion of our being possesses the power to act upon the material perception of another, without aid from material elements. From time to time I have known, beyond the possibility of deception, that the kindred spirit was still my companion, my own inalienable possession, in spite of all factitious ties, of all physical intervention.

"Have you heard that among certain tribes of the North-American Indians are men who possess an art which enables them to endure torture and actual death without apparent suffering or even consciousness? I once chanced to fall in with one of these tribes, then living in Louisiana, now removed to the far West, and was permitted to witness some fantastic rites, half warlike, half religious, in which, however, there was nothing noticeable except this trance-like condition, which some of the warriors seemed to command at pleasure, manifested by a tense rigidity of the features and muscles, and a mental exaltation which proved to be both clairvoyant and clairoyant: a state analogous to that of hypnotism, or the artificial sleep produced by gazing fixedly on a near, bright object, and differing only in degree from the nervous or imaginative control which has been known to arrest and cure disease, which chained St. Simeon Stylites to his pillar, and sustains the Hindoo fakirs in their apparently superhuman vigils. These children of Nature had probed with direct simplicity some of the deep secrets which men of science often fail to discern through tortuous devices. I was assured that this trance was merely the result of a concentrative energy of the will, which riveted the faculties upon a single purpose or idea, and held every nerve and sense in absolute abeyance. We are so little accustomed to test the potency of the will out of the ordinary plane of its operation, that we have little conception how mighty a lever it may be made, or to what new exercise it may be directed; and yet we are all conscious of periods in our lives when, like a vast rock in ocean, it has suddenly loomed up firm and defiant amid our petty purposes and fretful indecisions, waxing grander and stronger under opposition, a something apart from, yet a conscious portion of ourselves, — a master, though a slave, — another revelation of the divinity within.

"I will confess that curiosity led me long ago to slight experiments in the direction in which you say the diabolic lies, but my mind was never concentrated on any one idea of sufficient interest to command success, until, in some periods of mingled peril and excitement, the memory of Blanche, and the conscious, even startling nearness of that sweet presence, have lent to my will unwonted energy and inspiration.

"Twenty years passed slowly away. It is common to speak of the *flight* of time. For me, time has no wings. The days and years are faltering and tardy-footed, laden with the experiences of the outer and the problems of the inner

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world, which seem perpetually multiplied by reflection, like figures in a room mirrorred on all sides. Meanwhile, my wife had died. I have never since sought women beyond the formal pale of the drawing-room: not from insensibility to loveliness, but because the memory, 'dearer far than bliss,' of one irretrievable affection shut out all inferior approach,—like a solitary planet, admitting no dance of satellites within its orbit.

"At last the long silence was broken. I heard that Blanche was free, and, with mingled haste and hesitation, I prepared to seek her. The ideal should be tested, I said to myself, by the actual, and if proved a deceit, then was all faith a mockery, all promise and premonition a glittering lie. As soon as winds and waves could carry me, I was in Louisiana, and in the very dwelling and at the same hour which had witnessed our parting. Again was it a soft summer evening. The same faint golden rays painted the sun's farewell, and the same silver moon looked eloquent response, as on the evening breeze floated sweet remembered odors of jessamine and orange. Again the ideal beauty of the lovely portrait met my gaze and seemed to melt into my heart; and once more, softly, lightly, fell a footstep, and the Presence by which I had never been forsaken, which I could never forsake, stood before me in 'palpable array of sense.' It was indeed the living Blanche, calm and stately as of old,—no longer radiant with the flush of youth, but serene in tenderest grace and sweet reserve, and beautiful through the lustre of the inner light of soul. She uttered a faint cry of joy, and placing her trembling hand in mine, we stood transfixed and silent, with riveted gaze, reading in each other's eyes feelings too sacred for speech, too deep for smiles or tears. In that long, burning look, it seemed as if the emotions of each were imparted to the other, not in slow succession as through words and sentences, but daguerreotyped or electrotyped in perfected form upon the conscious understanding. No language could have made so clear and comprehensible the revelation of that all-centring, unconquerable love which thrilled our inmost being, and pervaded the atmosphere around us with subtile and tremulous vibrations. In that moment all time was fused and forgotten. There was for us no Past, no Future; there was only the long-waited, all-embracing Now. I could willingly have died then and there, for I knew that all life could bring but one such moment. My heart spoke truly. A change passed over the countenance of Blanche,—an expression of unutterable grief, like Eve's retrospective look at Eden. Quivering with strange tremor, again she stood before me, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, in the very attitude of that memorable apparition, and again fell upon my ears the mysterious plaint and the uncompleted question,—'*You have been the cause of all this; oh, why did you not*'——

"Now, my friend, can your philosophy explain this startling verification, this reflex action of the vision, or the fantasy, or whatever else you may please to term it, whose prophetic shadow fell upon my astonished senses long years before? In all the intervening time, we were separated by great distance, no word or sign passed between us, nor did we even hear of each other except indefinitely and through chance. Is there, then, any explanation of that vision more rational than that the spirit thus closely affined with my own was enabled, through its innate potencies, or through some agency of which we are ignorant, to impress upon my bodily perceptions its uncontrollable emotions? That this manifestation was made through what physiologists call the unconscious or involuntary action of the mind was proved by the incredulity and surprise of Blanche when I told her of the wonderful coincidence.

"I need not relate, even if I could do so, the outpouring of long-pent emotions which relieved the yearning love and haunting memories of sad, silent, lingering years. It is enough to tell you briefly of the story which was repeated in

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fragments through many hours of unfamiliar bliss. Soon after my departure from New Orleans, the father of Blanche, with the stern authority which many parents exercise over the matrimonial affairs of their daughters, insisted upon her forming an alliance to which the opposition of her own heart was the only objection. So trifling an impediment was decisively put aside by him, and Blanche, having delayed the marriage as long as possible, until the time fixed for my return was past, and unable to plead any open acknowledgment on my part which could justify her refusal, had no alternative but to obey. 'I confess,' said she, in faltering tones, 'that, after my fate was fixed, and I was parted from you, as I believed for life, I tried to believe that the love which had given so slight witness in words to its truth and fervor must have faded entirely away, and that I was forgotten, and perhaps supplanted. And therefore, in the varied pursuits and pleasures of my new sphere, and in the indulgence and kindness which ministered to the outer, but, alas! never to the inner life, I sought happiness, and I, too, like yourself, strove to forget. Ah! that art of forgetting, which the Athenian coveted as the best of boons, — when was it ever found through effort or desire? In all scenes of beauty or of excitement, in the allurements of society, in solitude and in sorrow, my heart still turned to you with ceaseless longing, as if you alone could touch its master-chord, and waken the harmonies which were struggling for expression. By slow degrees, as I learned to dissever you from the material world, there came a conviction of the nearness of your spirit, sometimes so positive that I would waken from a reverie, in which I was lost to sights and sounds around me, with a sense of having been in your actual presence. I was aware of an effect rather than of an immediate consciousness, — as if the magnetism of your touch had swept over me, cooling the fever of my brain, and charming to deep tranquillity my troubled heart. And thus I learned, through similar experience, the same belief as yours. I have felt the continuous nearness, the inseparable union of our spirits, as plainly as I feel it now, with my hand clasped in yours, and reading in your eyes the unutterable things which we can never hope to speak, because they are foreshadowings of another existence.

"What I possess I see afar off lying,
And what I lost is real and undying."

The material presence is indeed very dear, but I believe that it is not essential to the perpetuity of that love which is nurtured through mutual and perfect understanding.'

"'It is not essential,' I replied, 'but it is, as you say, very, very dear, because it is an exponent and participant of the hidden life which it was designed to aid and to enframe. Blanche, it was you who first wakened my soul to the glorious revelation, the heavenly heritage of love. It was you who opened to me the world which lies beyond the mere external, who gently allured me from the coarse and clouding elements of sense, and infolded me in the holy purity of that marriage of kindred natures which alone is hallowed by the laws of God, and which no accidents of time or place can rend asunder. Apart from the bitterness of this long separation, the lesson might not have been learned; but now that it is ineffaceably engraven on both our hearts, and confirmed in the assurance of this blessed reunion, may I not hope that for the remainder of our earthly lives we may study together in visible companionship such further lessons as may be held in reserve for us?'

"Her face glowed with a soft crimson flush, and again her eyes were suffused with tears, through which beamed a look of sweet, heavenly sorrow,—such as might have shone in the orbs of the angel who enforced upon Adam the sentence of expulsion from Paradise, and who, while sharing the exile's grief, beheld in the remote horizon, far beyond the tangled wilderness of Earth, another gate, wide opening to welcome him to the Immortal

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Land. She was silent for a little time, and then she murmured, lingering gently on the words, 'No, it must not be. We are, indeed, inalienably one, in a nearer and dearer sense than can be expressed by any transient symbol. Let us not seek to quit the spiritual sphere in which we have long dwelt and communed together, for one liable to discord and misinterpretation. I have an irresistible impression that my life here will be very brief. While I remain, come to me when you will, let me be the Egeria of your hours of leisure, and a consoler in your cares, — but let us await, for another and a higher life, the more perfect consummation of our love. For, oh, believe, as I believe, faith is no mockery, nor is the heart's prophecy a lie. We were not born to be the dupes of dreams or the sport of chance. The voice which whispered to me long ago the promise fulfilled in this hour tells me that in a bright Hereafter we shall find compensation for every sorrow, reality for every ideal, and that there at last shall be resolved in luminous perception the veiled and troubled mystery of PRESENCE!'"

CHIEFLY ABOUT WAR-MATTERS.

BY A PEACEABLE MAN.

THERE is no remoteness of life and thought, no hermetically sealed seclusion, except, possibly, that of the grave, into which the disturbing influences of this war do not penetrate. Of course, the general heart-quake of the country long ago knocked at my cottage-door, and compelled me, reluctantly, to suspend the contemplation of certain fantasies, to which, according to my harmless custom, I was endeavoring to give a sufficiently life-like aspect to admit of their figuring in a romance. As I make no pretensions to state-craft or soldiership, and could promote the common weal neither by valor nor counsel, it seemed, at first, a pity that I should be debarred from such unsubstantial business as I had contrived for myself, since nothing more genuine was to be substituted for it. But I magnanimously considered that there is a kind of treason in insulating one's self from the universal fear and sorrow, and thinking one's idle thoughts in the dread time of civil war; and could a man be so cold and hard-hearted, he would better deserve to be sent to Fort Warren than many who have found their way thither on the score of violent, but misdirected sympathies. I remembered the touching rebuke administered by King Charles to that rural squire the echo of whose hunting-horn came to the poor monarch's ear on the morning before a battle, where the sovereignty and constitution of England were to be set at stake. So I gave myself up to reading newspapers and listening to the click of the telegraph, like other people; until, after a great many months of such pastime, it grew so abominably irksome that I determined to look a little more closely at matters with my own eyes.

Accordingly we set out — a friend and myself — towards Washington, while it was still the long, dreary January of our Northern year, though March in name; nor were we unwilling to clip a little margin off the five months' winter, during which there is nothing genial in New England save the fireside. It was a clear, frosty morning, when we started. The sun shone brightly on snow-covered hills in the neighborhood of Boston, and bur-

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nished the surface of frozen ponds; and the wintry weather kept along with us while we trundled through Worcester and Springfield, and all those old, familiar towns, and through the village-cities of Connecticut. In New York the streets were afloat with liquid mud and slosh. Over New Jersey there was still a thin covering of snow, with the face of Nature visible through the rents in her white shroud, though with little or no symptom of reviving life. But when we reached Philadelphia, the air was mild and balmy; there was but a patch or two of dingy winter here and there, and the bare, brown fields about the city were ready to be green. We had met the Spring half-way, in her slow progress from the South; and if we kept onward at the same pace, and could get through the Rebel lines, we should soon come to fresh grass, fruit-blossoms, green peas, strawberries, and all such delights of early summer.

On our way, we heard many rumors of the war, but saw few signs of it. The people were staid and decorous, according to their ordinary fashion; and business seemed about as brisk as usual,—though, I suppose, it was considerably diverted from its customary channels into warlike ones. In the cities, especially in New York, there was a rather prominent display of military goods at the shop-windows,—such as swords with gilded scabbards and trappings, epaulets, carabines, revolvers, and sometimes a great iron cannon at the edge of the pavement, as if Mars had dropped one of his pocket-pistols there, while hurrying to the field. As railway-companions, we had now and then a volunteer in his French-gray great-coat, returning from furlough, or a new-made officer travelling to join his regiment, in his new-made uniform, which was perhaps all of the military character that he had about him,—but proud of his eagle-buttons, and likely enough to do them honor before the gilt should be wholly dimmed. The country, in short, so far as bustle and movement went, was more quiet than in ordinary times, because so large a proportion of its restless elements had been drawn towards the seat of conflict. But the air was full of a vague disturbance. To me, at least, it seemed so, emerging from such a solitude as has been hinted at, and the more impressible by rumors and indefinable presentiments, since I had not lived, like other men, in an atmosphere of continual talk about the war. A battle was momentarily expected on the Potomac; for, though our army was still on the hither side of the river, all of us were looking towards the mysterious and terrible Manassas, with the idea that somewhere in its neighborhood lay a ghastly battle-field, yet to be fought, but foredoomed of old to be bloodier than the one where we had reaped such shame. Of all haunted places, methinks such a destined field should be thickest thronged with ugly phantoms, ominous of mischief through ages beforehand.

Beyond Philadelphia there was a much greater abundance of military people. Between Baltimore and Washington a guard seemed to hold every station along the railroad; and frequently, on the hill-sides, we saw a collection of weather-beaten tents, the peaks of which, blackened with smoke, indicated that they had been made comfortable by stove-heat throughout the winter. At several commanding positions we saw fortifications, with the muzzles of cannon protruding from the ramparts, the slopes of which were made of the yellow earth of that region, and still unsodded; whereas, till these troublous times, there have been no forts but what were grass-grown with the lapse of at least a lifetime of peace. Our stopping-places were thronged with soldiers, some of whom came through the cars, asking for newspapers that contained accounts of the battle between the Merrimack and Monitor, which had been fought the day before. A railway-train met us, conveying a regiment out of Washington to some unknown point; and reaching the capital, we filed out of the station between lines of soldiers, with shouldered muskets, putting us in mind of similar spectacles

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at the gates of European cities. It was not without sorrow that we saw the free circulation of the nation's life-blood (at the very heart, moreover) clogged with such strictures as these, which have caused chronic diseases in almost all countries save our own. Will the time ever come again, in America, when we may live half a score of years without once seeing the likeness of a soldier, except it be in the festal march of a company on its summer tour? Not in this generation, I fear, nor in the next, nor till the Millennium; and even that blessed epoch, as the prophecies seem to intimate, will advance to the sound of the trumpet.

One terrible idea occurs, in reference to this matter. Even supposing the war should end to-morrow, and the army melt into the mass of the population within the year, what an incalculable preponderance will there be of military titles and pretensions for at least half a century to come! Every country-neighborhood will have its general or two, its three or four colonels, half a dozen majors, and captains without end, — besides non-commissioned officers and privates, more than the recruiting-offices ever knew of, — all with their campaign-stories, which will become the staple of fireside-talk forevermore. Military merit, or rather, since that is not so readily estimated, military notoriety, will be the measure of all claims to civil distinction. One bullet-headed general will succeed another in the Presidential chair; and veterans will hold the offices at home and abroad, and sit in Congress and the State legislatures, and fill all the avenues of public life. And yet I do not speak of this deprecatingly, since, very likely, it may substitute something more real and genuine, instead of the many shams on which men have heretofore founded their claims to public regard; but it behooves civilians to consider their wretched prospects in the future, and assume the military button before it is too late.

We were not in time to see Washington as a camp. On the very day of our arrival sixty thousand men had crossed the Potomac on their march towards Manassas; and almost with their first step into the Virginia mud, the phantasmagory of a countless host and impregnable ramparts, before which they had so long remained quiescent, dissolved quite away. It was as if General McClellan had thrust his sword into a gigantic enemy, and, beholding him suddenly collapse, had discovered to himself and the world that he had merely punctured an enormously swollen bladder. There are instances of a similar character in old romances, where great armies are long kept at bay by the arts of necromancers, who build airy towers and battlements, and muster warriors of terrible aspect, and thus feign a defence of seeming impregnability, until some bolder champion of the besiegers dashes forward to try an encounter with the foremost foeman, and finds him melt away in the death-grapple. With such heroic adventures let the march upon Manassas be hereafter reckoned. The whole business, though connected with the destinies of a nation, takes inevitably a tinge of the ludicrous. The vast preparation of men and warlike material, — the majestic patience and docility with which the people waited through those weary and dreary months, — the martial skill, courage, and caution, with which our movement was ultimately made, — and, at last, the tremendous shock with which we were brought suddenly up against nothing at all! The Southerners show little sense of humor nowadays, but I think they must have meant to provoke a laugh at our expense, when they planted those Quaker guns. At all events, no other Rebel artillery has played upon us with such overwhelming effect.

The troops being gone, we had the better leisure and opportunity to look into other matters. It is natural enough to suppose that the centre and heart of Washington is the Capitol; and certainly, in its outward aspect, the world has not many statelier or more beautiful edifices, nor any, I should suppose, more skilfully adapted to legislative purposes, and

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to all accompanying needs. But, etc., etc.*

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We found one man, however, at the Capitol, who was satisfactorily adequate to the business which brought him thither. In quest of him, we went through halls, galleries, and corridors, and ascended a noble staircase, balustraded with a dark and beautifully variegated marble from Tennessee, the richness of which is quite a sufficient cause for objecting to the secession of that State. At last we came to a barrier of pine boards, built right across the stairs. Knocking at a rough, temporary door, we thrust a card beneath; and in a minute or two it was opened by a person in his shirt-sleeves, a middle-aged figure, neither tall nor short, of Teutonic build and aspect, with an ample beard of a ruddy tinge and chestnut hair. He looked at us, in the first place, with keen and somewhat guarded eyes, as if it were not his practice to vouchsafe any great warmth of greeting, except upon sure ground of observation. Soon, however, his look grew kindly and genial, (not that it had ever been in the least degree repulsive, but only reserved,) and Leutze allowed us to gaze at the cartoon of his great fresco, and talked about it unaffectedly, as only a man of true genius can speak of his own works. Meanwhile the noble design spoke for itself upon the wall. A sketch in color, which we saw afterwards, helped us to form some distant and flickering notion of what the picture will be, a few months hence, when these bare outlines, already so rich in thought and suggestiveness, shall glow with a fire of their own, — a fire which, I truly believe, will consume every other pictorial decoration of the Capitol, or, at least, will compel us to banish those stiff and respectable productions to some less conspicuous gallery. The work will be emphatically original and American, embracing characteristics that neither art nor literature have yet dealt with, and producing new forms of artistic beauty from the natural features of the Rocky-Mountain region, which Leutze seems to have studied broadly and minutely. The garb of the hunters and wanderers of those deserts, too, under his free and natural management, is shown as the most picturesque of costumes. But it would be doing this admirable painter no kind office to overlay his picture with any more of my colorless and uncertain words; so I shall merely add that it looked full of energy, hope, progress, irrepressible movement onward, all represented in a momentary pause of triumph; and it was most cheering to feel its good augury at this dismal time, when our country might seem to have arrived at such a deadly stand-still.

It was an absolute comfort, indeed, to find Leutze so quietly busy at this great national work, which is destined to glow for centuries on the walls of the Capitol, if that edifice shall stand, or must share its fate, if treason shall succeed in subverting it with the Union which it represents. It was delightful to see him so calmly elaborating his design, while other men doubted and feared, or hoped treacherously, and whispered to one another that the nation would exist only a little longer, or that, if a remnant still held together, its centre and seat of government would be far northward and westward of Washington. But the artist keeps right on, firm of heart and hand, drawing his outlines with an unwavering pencil, beautifying and idealizing our rude, material life, and thus manifesting that we have an indefeasible claim to a more enduring national existence. In honest truth, what with the hope-inspiring influence of the design, and what with Leutze's undisturbed evolvement of it, I was exceedingly encouraged, and allowed these cheerful auguries to weigh against

* We omit several paragraphs here, in which the author speaks of some prominent Members of Congress with a freedom that seems to have been not unkindly meant, but might be liable to misconstruction. As he admits that he never listened to an important debate, we can hardly recognize his qualification to estimate these gentlemen, in their legislative and oratorical capacities.

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a sinister omen that was pointed out to me in another part of the Capitol. The freestone walls of the central edifice are pervaded with great cracks, and threaten to come thundering down, under the immense weight of the iron dome, — an appropriate catastrophe enough, if it should occur on the day when we drop the Southern stars out of our flag.

Everybody seems to be at Washington, and yet there is a singular dearth of imperatively noticeable people there. I question whether there are half a dozen individuals, in all kinds of eminence, at whom a stranger, wearied with the contact of a hundred moderate celebrities, would turn round to snatch a second glance. Secretary Seward, to be sure, — a pale, large-nosed, elderly man, of moderate stature, with a decided originality of gait and aspect, and a cigar in his mouth, — etc., etc.*

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Of course, there was one other personage, in the class of statesmen, whom I should have been truly mortified to leave Washington without seeing; since (temporarily, at least, and by force of circumstances) he was the man of men. But a private grief had built up a barrier about him, impeding the customary free intercourse of Americans with their chief magistrate; so that I might have come away without a glimpse of his very remarkable physiognomy, save for a semi-official opportunity of which I was glad to take advantage. The fact is, we were invited to annex ourselves, as supernumeraries, to a deputation that was about to wait upon the President, from a Massachusetts whip-factory, with a present of a splendid whip.

Our immediate party consisted only of four or five, (including Major Ben Perley Poore, with his note-book and pencil,) but we were joined by several other persons, who seemed to have been lounging about the precincts of the White House, under the spacious porch, or within the hall, and who swarmed in with us to take the chances of a presentation. Nine o'clock had been appointed as the time for receiving the deputation, and we were punctual to the moment; but not so the President, who sent us word that he was eating his breakfast, and would come as soon as he could. His appetite, we were glad to think, must have been a pretty fair one; for we waited about half an hour in one of the antechambers, and then were ushered into a reception-room, in one corner of which sat the Secretaries of War and of the Treasury, expecting, like ourselves, the termination of the Presidential breakfast. During this interval there were several new additions to our group, one or two of whom were in a working-garb, so that we formed a very miscellaneous collection of people, mostly unknown to each other, and without any common sponsor, but all with an equal right to look our head-servant in the face. By-and-by there was a little stir on the staircase and in the passage-way, etc., etc.*

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Good Heavens! what liberties have I been taking with one of the potentates of the earth, and the man on whose conduct more important consequences depend than on that of any other historical personage of the century! But with whom is an American citizen entitled to take a liberty, if not with his own chief magistrate? However, lest the above allusions to President Lincoln's little peculiarities

* We are again compelled to interfere with our friend's license of personal description and criticism. Even Cabinet Ministers (to whom the next few pages of the article were devoted) have their private immunities, which ought to be conscientiously observed, — unless, indeed, the writer chanced to have some very piquant motives for violating them.

* We are compelled to omit two or three pages, in which the author describes the interview, and gives his idea of the personal appearance and deportment of the President. The sketch appears to have been written in a benign spirit, and perhaps conveys a not inaccurate impression of its august subject; but it lacks *reverence*, and it pains us to see a gentleman of ripe age, and who has spent years under the corrective influence of foreign institutions, falling into the characteristic and most ominous fault of Young America.

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(already well known to the country and to the world) should be misinterpreted, I deem it proper to say a word or two, in regard to him, of unfeigned respect and measurable confidence. He is evidently a man of keen faculties, and, what is still more to the purpose, of powerful character. As to his integrity, the people have that intuition of it which is never deceived. Before he actually entered upon his great office, and for a considerable time afterwards, there is no reason to suppose that he adequately estimated the gigantic task about to be imposed on him, or, at least, had any distinct idea how it was to be managed; and I presume there may have been more than one veteran politician who proposed to himself to take the power out of President Lincoln's hands into his own, leaving our honest friend only the public responsibility for the good or ill success of the career. The extremely imperfect development of his statesmanly qualities, at that period, may have justified such designs. But the President is teachable by events, and has now spent a year in a very arduous course of education; he has a flexible mind, capable of much expansion, and convertible towards far loftier studies and activities than those of his early life; and if he came to Washington a backwoods humorist, he has already transformed himself into as good a statesman (to speak moderately) as his prime-minister.

Among other excursions to camps and places of interest in the neighborhood of Washington, we went, one day, to Alexandria. It is a little port on the Potomac, with one or two shabby wharves and docks, resembling those of a fishing-village in New England, and the respectable old brick town rising gently behind. In peaceful times it no doubt bore an aspect of decorous quietude and dulness; but it was now thronged with the Northern soldiery, whose stir and bustle contrasted strikingly with the many closed warehouses, the absence of citizens from their customary haunts, and the lack of any symptom of healthy activity, while army-wagons trundled heavily over the pavements, and sentinels paced the sidewalks, and mounted dragoons dashed to and fro on military errands. I tried to imagine how very disagreeable the presence of a Southern army would be in a sober town of Massachusetts; and the thought considerably lessened my wonder at the cold and shy regards that are cast upon our troops, the gloom, the sullen demeanor, the declared or scarcely hidden sympathy with rebellion, which are so frequent here. It is a strange thing in human life, that the greatest errors both of men and women often spring from their sweetest and most generous qualities; and so, undoubtedly, thousands of warm-hearted, sympathetic, and impulsive persons have joined the Rebels, not from any real zeal for the cause, but because, between two conflicting loyalties, they chose that which necessarily lay nearest the heart. There never existed any other Government against which treason was so easy, and could defend itself by such plausible arguments as against that of the United States. The anomaly of two allegiances (of which that of the State comes nearest home to a man's feelings, and includes the altar and the hearth, while the General Government claims his devotion only to an airy mode of law, and has no symbol but a flag) is exceedingly mischievous in this point of view; for it has converted crowds of honest people into traitors, who seem to themselves not merely innocent, but patriotic, and who die for a bad cause with as quiet a conscience as if it were the best. In the vast extent of our country, — too vast by far to be taken into one small human heart, — we inevitably limit to our own State, or, at farthest, to our own section, that sentiment of physical love for the soil which renders an Englishman, for example, so intensely sensitive to the dignity and well-being of his little island, that one hostile foot, treading anywhere upon it, would make a bruise on each individual breast. If a man loves his own State, therefore, and is content to be ruined with her, let us shoot him, if we can, but

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allow him an honorable burial in the soil he fights for.*

In Alexandria, we visited the tavern in which Colonel Ellsworth was killed, and saw the spot where he fell, and the stairs below, whence Jackson fired the fatal shot, and where he himself was slain a moment afterwards; so that the assassin and his victim must have met on the threshold of the spirit-world, and perhaps came to a better understanding before they had taken many steps on the other side. Ellsworth was too generous to bear an immortal grudge for a deed like that, done in hot blood, and by no skulking enemy. The memorial-hunters have completely cut away the original wood-work around the spot, with their pocket-knives; and the staircase, balustrade, and floor, as well as the adjacent doors and door-frames, have recently been renewed; the walls, moreover, are covered with new paper-hangings, the former having been torn off in tatters; and thus it becomes something like a metaphysical question whether the place of the murder actually exists.

Driving out of Alexandria, we stopped on the edge of the city to inspect an old slave-pen, which is one of the lions of the place, but a very poor one; and a little farther on, we came to a brick church where Washington used sometimes to attend service, — a pre-Revolutionary edifice, with ivy growing over its walls, though not very luxuriantly. Reaching the open country, we saw forts and camps on all sides; some of the tents being placed immediately on the ground, while others were raised over a basement of logs, laid lengthwise, like those of a log-hut, or driven vertically into the soil in a circle,— thus forming a solid wall, the chinks closed up with Virginia mud, and above it the pyramidal shelter of the tent. Here were in progress all the occupations, and all the idleness, of the soldier in the tented field: some were cooking the company-rations in pots hung over fires in the open air; some played at ball, or developed their muscular power by gymnastic exercise; some read newspapers; some smoked cigars or pipes; and many were cleaning their arms and accoutrements,— the more carefully, perhaps, because their division was to be reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief that afternoon; others sat on the ground, while their comrades cut their hair,—it being a soldierly fashion (and for excellent reasons) to crop it within an inch of the skull; others, finally, lay asleep in breast-high tents, with their legs protruding into the open air.

We paid a visit to Fort Ellsworth, and from its ramparts (which have been heaped up out of the muddy soil within the last few months, and will require still a year or two to make them verdant) we had a beautiful view of the Potomac, a truly majestic river, and the surrounding country. The fortifications, so numerous in all this region, and now so unsightly with their bare, precipitous sides, will remain as historic monuments, grass-grown and picturesque memorials of an epoch of terror and suffering: they will serve to make our country dearer and more interesting to us, and afford fit soil for poetry to root itself in: for this is a plant which thrives best in spots where blood has been spilt long ago, and grows in abundant clusters in old ditches, such as the moat around Fort Ellsworth will be a century hence. It may seem to be paying dear for what many will reckon but a worthless weed; but the more historical associations we can link with our localities, the richer will be the daily life that feeds upon the past, and the more valuable the things that have been long established: so that our children will be less prodigal than their fathers in sacrificing good institutions to passionate impulses and impracticable theories. This herb of grace, let us hope, may be found in the old footprints of the war.

Even in an æsthetic point of view, however, the war has done a great deal of enduring mischief, by causing the dev-

* We do not thoroughly comprehend the author's drift in the foregoing paragraph, but are inclined to think its tone reprehensible, and its tendency impolitic in the present stage of our national difficulties.

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astation of great tracts of woodland scenery, in which this part of Virginia would appear to have been very rich. Around all the encampments, and everywhere along the road, we saw the bare sites of what had evidently been tracts of hard-wood forest, indicated by the unsightly stumps of well-grown trees, not smoothly felled by regular axe-men, but hacked, haggled, and unevenly amputated, as by a sword, or other miserable tool, in an unskilful hand. Fifty years will not repair this desolation. An army destroys everything before and around it, even to the very grass; for the sites of the encampments are converted into barren esplanades, like those of the squares in French cities, where not a blade of grass is allowed to grow. As to other symptoms of devastation and obstruction, such as deserted houses, unfenced fields, and a general aspect of nakedness and ruin, I know not how much may be due to a normal lack of neatness in the rural life of Virginia, which puts a squalid face even upon a prosperous state of things; but undoubtedly the war must have spoilt what was good, and made the bad a great deal worse. The carcasses of horses were scattered along the way-side.

One very pregnant token of a social system thoroughly disturbed was presented by a party of contrabands, escaping out of the mysterious depths of Secessia; and its strangeness consisted in the leisurely delay with which they trudged forward, as dreading no pursuer, and encountering nobody to turn them back. They were unlike the specimens of their race whom we are accustomed to see at the North, and, in my judgment, were far more agreeable. So rudely were they attired, — as if their garb had grown upon them spontaneously, — so picturesquely natural in manners, and wearing such a crust of primeval simplicity, (which is quite polished away from the Northern black man,) that they seemed a kind of creature by themselves, not altogether human, but perhaps quite as good, and akin to the fauns and rustic deities of olden times. I wonder whether I shall excite anybody's wrath by saying this. It is no great matter. At all events, I felt most kindly towards these poor fugitives, but knew not precisely what to wish in their behalf, nor in the least how to help them. For the sake of the manhood which is latent in them, I would not have turned them back; but I should have felt almost as reluctant, on their own account, to hasten them forward to the stranger's land; and I think my prevalent idea was, that, whoever may be benefited by the results of this war, it will not be the present generation of negroes, the childhood of whose race is now gone forever, and who must henceforth fight a hard battle with the world, on very unequal terms. On behalf of my own race, I am glad, and can only hope that an inscrutable Providence means good to both parties.

There is an historical circumstance, known to few, that connects the children of the Puritans with these Africans of Virginia, in a very singular way. They are our brethren, as being lineal descendants from the Mayflower, the fated womb of which, in her first voyage, sent forth a brood of Pilgrims upon Plymouth Rock, and, in a subsequent one, spawned slaves upon the Southern soil, — a monstrous birth, but with which we have an instinctive sense of kindred, and so are stirred by an irresistible impulse to attempt their rescue, even at the cost of blood and ruin. The character of our sacred ship, I fear, may suffer a little by this revelation; but we must let her white progeny offset her dark one, — and two such portents never sprang from an identical source before.

While we drove onward, a young officer on horseback looked earnestly into the carriage, and recognized some faces that he had seen before; so he rode along by our side, and we pestered him with queries and observations, to which he responded more civilly than they deserved. He was on General McClellan's staff, and a gallant cavalier, high-booted, with a revolver in his belt, and mounted on a noble horse, which trotted hard and high

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without disturbing the rider in his accustomed seat. His face had a healthy hue of exposure and an expression of careless hardihood; and, as I looked at him, it seemed to me that the war had brought good fortune to the youth of this epoch, if to none beside; since they now make it their daily business to ride a horse and handle a sword, instead of lounging listlessly through the duties, occupations, pleasures — all tedious alike — to which the artificial state of society limits a peaceful generation. The atmosphere of the camp and the smoke of the battle-field are morally invigorating; the hardy virtues flourish in them, the nonsense dies like a wilted weed. The enervating effects of centuries of civilization vanish at once, and leave these young men to enjoy a life of hardship, and the exhilarating sense of danger, — to kill men blamelessly, or to be killed gloriously, — and to be happy in following out their native instincts of destruction, precisely in the spirit of Homer's heroes, only with some considerable change of mode. One touch of Nature makes not only the whole world, but all time, akin. Set men face to face, with weapons in their hands, and they are as ready to slaughter one another now, after playing at peace and good-will for so many years, as in the rudest ages, that never heard of peace-societies, and thought no wine so delicious as what they quaffed from an enemy's skull. Indeed, if the report of a Congressional committee may be trusted, that old-fashioned kind of goblet has again come into use, at the expense of our Northern head-pieces, — a costly drinking-cup to him that furnishes it! Heaven forgive me for seeming to jest upon such a subject! — only, it is so odd, when we measure our advances from barbarism, and find ourselves just here!*

We now approached General McClellan's head-quarters, which, at that time, were established at Fairfield Seminary. The edifice was situated on a gentle elevation, amid very agreeable scenery, and, at a distance, looked like a gentleman's seat. Preparations were going forward for reviewing a division of ten or twelve thousand men, the various regiments composing which had begun to array themselves on an extensive plain, where, methought, there was a more convenient place for a battle than is usually found in this broken and difficult country. Two thousand cavalry made a portion of the troops to be reviewed. By-and-by we saw a pretty numerous troop of mounted officers, who were congregated on a distant part of the plain, and whom we finally ascertained to be the Commander-in-Chief's staff, with McClellan himself at their head. Our party managed to establish itself in a position conveniently close to the General, to whom, moreover, we had the honor of an introduction; and he bowed, on his horseback, with a good deal of dignity and martial courtesy, but no airs nor fuss nor pretension beyond what his character and rank inevitably gave him.

Now, at that juncture, and, in fact, up to the present moment, there was, and is, a most fierce and bitter outcry, and detraction loud and low, against General McClellan, accusing him of sloth, imbecility, cowardice, treasonable purposes, and, in short, utterly denying his ability as a soldier, and questioning his integrity as a man. Nor was this to be wondered at; for when before, in all history, do we find a general in command of half a million of men, and in presence of an enemy inferior in numbers and no better disciplined than his own troops, leaving it still debatable, after the better part of a year, whether he is a soldier or no? The question would seem to answer itself in the very asking. Nevertheless, being most profoundly ignorant of the art of war, like the majority of the General's critics, and, on the other hand, having some considerable impressibility by men's characters, I was glad

* We hardly expected this outbreak in favor of war from the Peaceable Man; but the justice of our cause makes us all soldiers at heart, however quiet in our outward life. We have heard of twenty Quakers in a single company of a Pennsylvania regiment.

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of the opportunity to look him in the face, and to feel whatever influence might reach me from his sphere. So I stared at him, as the phrase goes, with all the eyes I had; and the reader shall have the benefit of what I saw, — to which he is the more welcome, because, in writing this article, I feel disposed to be singularly frank, and can scarcely restrain myself from telling truths the utterance of which I should get slender thanks for.

The General was dressed in a simple, dark-blue uniform, without epaulets, booted to the knee, and with a cloth cap upon his head; and, at first sight, you might have taken him for a corporal of dragoons, of particularly neat and soldier-like aspect, and in the prime of his age and strength. He is only of middling stature, but his build is very compact and sturdy, with broad shoulders and a look of great physical vigor, which, in fact, he is said to possess, — he and Beauregard having been rivals in that particular, and both distinguished above other men. His complexion is dark and sanguine, with dark hair. He has a strong, bold, soldierly face, full of decision; a Roman nose, by no means a thin prominence, but very thick and firm; and if he follows it, (which I should think likely,) it may be pretty confidently trusted to guide him aright. His profile would make a more effective likeness than the full face, which, however, is much better in the real man than in any photograph that I have seen. His forehead is not remarkably large, but comes forward at the eyebrows; it is not the brow nor countenance of a prominently intellectual man, (not a natural student, I mean, or abstract thinker,) but of one whose office it is to handle things practically and to bring about tangible results. His face looked capable of being very stern, but wore, in its repose, when I saw it, an aspect pleasant and dignified; it is not, in its character, an American face, nor an English one. The man on whom he fixes his eye is conscious of him. In his natural disposition, he seems calm and self-possessed, sustaining his great responsibilities cheerfully, without shrinking, or weariness, or spasmodic effort, or damage to his health, but all with quiet, deep-drawn breaths; just as his broad shoulders would bear up a heavy burden without aching beneath it.

After we had had sufficient time to peruse the man, (so far as it could be done with one pair of very attentive eyes,) the General rode off, followed by his cavalcade, and was lost to sight among the troops. They received him with loud shouts, by the eager uproar of which — now near, now in the centre, now on the outskirts of the division, and now sweeping back towards us in a great volume of sound — we could trace his progress through the ranks. If he is a coward, or a traitor, or a humbug, or anything less than a brave, true, and able man, that mass of intelligent soldiers, whose lives and honor he had in charge, were utterly deceived, and so was this present writer; for they believed in him, and so did I; and had I stood in the ranks, I should have shouted with the lustiest of them. Of course I may be mistaken; my opinion on such a point is worth nothing, although my impression may be worth a little more; neither do I consider the General's antecedents as bearing very decided testimony to his practical soldiership. A thorough knowledge of the science of war seems to be conceded to him; he is allowed to be a good military critic; but all this is possible without his possessing any positive qualities of a great general, just as a literary critic may show the profoundest acquaintance with the principles of epic poetry without being able to produce a single stanza of an epic poem. Nevertheless, I shall not give up my faith in General McClellan's soldiership until he is defeated, nor in his courage and integrity even then.

Another of our excursions was to Harper's Ferry, — the Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad having kindly invited us to accompany them on the first trip over the newly laid track, after

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its breaking up by the Rebels. It began to rain, in the early morning, pretty soon after we left Washington, and continued to pour a cataract throughout the day; so that the aspect of the country was dreary, where it would otherwise have been delightful, as we entered among the hill-scenery that is formed by the subsiding swells of the Alleghanies. The latter part of our journey lay along the shore of the Potomac, in its upper course, where the margin of that noble river is bordered by gray, overhanging crags, beneath which — and sometimes right through them — the railroad takes its way. In one place the Rebels had attempted to arrest a train by precipitating an immense mass of rock down upon the track, by the side of which it still lay, deeply imbedded in the ground, and looking as if it might have lain there since the Deluge. The scenery grew even more picturesque as we proceeded, the bluffs becoming very bold in their descent upon the river, which, at Harper's Ferry, presents as striking a vista among the hills as a painter could desire to see. But a beautiful landscape is a luxury, and luxuries are thrown away amid discomfort; and when we alighted into the tenacious mud and almost fathomless puddle, on the hither side of the Ferry, (the ultimate point to which the cars proceeded, since the railroad bridge had been destroyed by the Rebels,) I cannot remember that any very rapturous emotions were awakened by the scenery.

We paddled and floundered over the ruins of the track, and, scrambling down an embankment, crossed the Potomac by a pontoon-bridge, a thousand feet in length, over the narrow line of which — level with the river, and rising and subsiding with it — General Banks had recently led his whole army, with its ponderous artillery and heavily laden wagons. Yet our own tread made it vibrate. The broken bridge of the railroad was a little below us, and at the base of one of its massive piers, in the rocky bed of the river, lay a locomotive, which the Rebels had precipitated there.

As we passed over, we looked towards the Virginia shore, and beheld the little town of Harper's Ferry, gathered about the base of a round hill and climbing up its steep acclivity; so that it somewhat resembled the Etruscan cities which I have seen among the Apennines, rushing, as it were, down an apparently breakneck height. About midway of the ascent stood a shabby brick church, towards which a difficult path went scrambling up the precipice, indicating, one would say, a very fervent aspiration on the part of the worshippers, unless there was some easier mode of access in another direction. Immediately on the shore of the Potomac, and extending back towards the town, lay the dismal ruins of the United States arsenal and armory, consisting of piles of broken bricks and a waste of shapeless demolition, amid which we saw gun-barrels in heaps of hundreds together. They were the relics of the conflagration, bent with the heat of the fire, and rusted with the wintry rain to which they had since been exposed. The brightest sunshine could not have made the scene cheerful, nor have taken away the gloom from the dilapidated town; for, besides the natural shabbiness, and decayed, unthrifty look of a Virginian village, it has an inexpressible forlornness resulting from the devastations of war and its occupation by both armies alternately. Yet there would be a less striking contrast between Southern and New-England villages, if the former were as much in the habit of using white paint as we are. It is prodigiously efficacious in putting a bright face upon a bad matter.

There was one small shop, which appeared to have nothing for sale. A single man and one or two boys were all the inhabitants in view, except the Yankee sentinels and soldiers, belonging to Massachusetts regiments, who were scattered about pretty numerously. A guard-house stood on the slope of the hill; and in the level street at its base were the

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offices of the Provost-Marshal and other military authorities, to whom we forthwith reported ourselves. The Provost-Marshal kindly sent a corporal to guide us to the little building which John Brown seized upon as his fortress, and which, after it was stormed by the United States marines, became his temporary prison. It is an old engine-house, rusty and shabby, like every other work of man's hands in this God-forsaken town, and stands fronting upon the river, only a short distance from the bank, nearly at the point where the pontoon-bridge touches the Virginia shore. In its front wall, on each side of the door, are two or three ragged loop-holes which John Brown perforated for his defence, knocking out merely a brick or two, so as to give himself and his garrison a sight over their rifles. Through these orifices the sturdy old man dealt a good deal of deadly mischief among his assailants, until they broke down the door by thrusting against it with a ladder, and tumbled headlong in upon him. I shall not pretend to be an admirer of old John Brown, any farther than sympathy with Whittier's excellent ballad about him may go; nor did I expect ever to shrink so unutterably from any apophthegm of a sage, whose happy lips have uttered a hundred golden sentences, as from that saying, (perhaps falsely attributed to so honored a source,) that the death of this blood-stained fanatic has "made the Gallows as venerable as the Cross!" Nobody was ever more justly hanged. He won his martyrdom fairly, and took it firmly. He himself, I am persuaded, (such was his natural integrity,) would have acknowledged that Virginia had a right to take the life which he had staked and lost; although it would have been better for her, in the hour that is fast coming, if she could generously have forgotten the criminality of his attempt in its enormous folly. On the other hand, any common-sensible man, looking at the matter unsentimentally, must have felt a certain intellectual satisfaction in seeing him hanged, if it were only in requital of his preposterous miscalculation of possibilities.*

But, coolly as I seem to say these things, my Yankee heart stirred triumphantly when I saw the use to which John Brown's fortress and prison-house has now been put. What right have I to complain of any other man's foolish impulses, when I cannot possibly control my own? The engine-house is now a place of confinement for Rebel prisoners.

A Massachusetts soldier stood on guard, but readily permitted our whole party to enter. It was a wretched place. A room of perhaps twenty-five feet square occupied the whole interior of the building, having an iron stove in its centre, whence a rusty funnel ascended towards a hole in the roof, which served the purposes of ventilation, as well as for the exit of smoke. We found ourselves right in the midst of the Rebels, some of whom lay on heaps of straw, asleep, or, at all events, giving no sign of consciousness; others sat in the corners of the room, huddled close together, and staring with a lazy kind of interest at the visitors; two were astride of some planks, playing with the dirtiest pack of cards that I ever happened to see. There was only one figure in the least military among all these twenty prisoners of war, — a man with a dark, intelligent, moustached face, wearing a shabby cotton uniform, which he had contrived to arrange with a degree of soldierly smartness, though it had evidently borne the brunt of a very filthy campaign. He stood erect, and talked freely with those who addressed him, telling them his place of residence, the number of his regiment, the circumstances of his capture, and such other particulars as their Northern inquisitiveness prompted them to ask. I liked the manliness of his deportment; he was neither ashamed, nor afraid, nor in the slightest degree sullen, peppery, or contumacious, but bore himself as if whatever animosity he had felt towards his enemies was left upon the battle-field,

* Can it be a son of old Massachusetts who utters this abominable sentiment? For shame!

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and would not be resumed till he had again a weapon in his hand.

Neither could I detect a trace of hostile feeling in the countenance, words, or manner of any prisoner there. Almost to a man, they were simple, bumpkin-like fellows, dressed in homespun clothes, with faces singularly vacant of meaning, but sufficiently good-humored: a breed of men, in short, such as I did not suppose to exist in this country, although I have seen their like in some other parts of the world. They were peasants, and of a very low order: a class of people with whom our Northern rural population has not a single trait in common. They were exceedingly respectful, — more so than a rustic New-Englander ever dreams of being towards anybody, except perhaps his minister; and had they worn any hats, they would probably have been self-constrained to take them off, under the unusual circumstance of being permitted to hold conversation with well-dressed persons. It is my belief that not a single bumpkin of them all (the moustached soldier always excepted) had the remotest comprehension of what they had been fighting for, or how they had deserved to be shut up in that dreary hole; nor, possibly, did they care to inquire into this latter mystery, but took it as a godsend to be suffered to lie here in a heap of unwashed human bodies, well warmed and well foddered to-day, and without the necessity of bothering themselves about the possible hunger and cold of to-morrow. Their dark prison-life may have seemed to them the sunshine of all their lifetime.

There was one poor wretch, a wild-beast of a man, at whom I gazed with greater interest than at his fellows; although I know not that each one of them, in their semi-barbarous moral state, might not have been capable of the same savage impulse that had made this particular individual a horror to all beholders. At the close of some battle or skirmish, a wounded Union soldier had crept on hands and knees to his feet, and besought his assistance, — not dreaming that any creature in human shape, in the Christian land where they had so recently been brethren, could refuse it. But this man (this fiend, if you prefer to call him so, though I would not advise it) flung a bitter curse at the poor Northerner, and absolutely trampled the soul out of his body, as he lay writhing beneath his feet. The fellow's face was horribly ugly; but I am not quite sure that I should have noticed it, if I had not known his story. He spoke not a word, and met nobody's eye, but kept staring upward into the smoky vacancy towards the ceiling, where, it might be, he beheld a continual portraiture of his victim's horror-stricken agonies. I rather fancy, however, that his moral sense was yet too torpid to trouble him with such remorseful visions, and that, for his own part, he might have had very agreeable reminiscences of the soldier's death, if other eyes had not been bent reproachfully upon him and warned him that something was amiss. It was this reproach in other men's eyes that made him look aside. He was a wild-beast, as I began with saying, — an unsophisticated wild-beast, — while the rest of us are partially tamed, though still the scent of blood excites some of the savage instincts of our nature. What this wretch needed, in order to make him capable of the degree of mercy and benevolence that exists in us, was simply such a measure of moral and intellectual development as we have received; and, in my mind, the present war is so well justified by no other consideration as by the probability that it will free this class of Southern whites from a thraldom in which they scarcely begin to be responsible beings. So far as the education of the heart is concerned, the negroes have apparently the advantage of them; and as to other schooling, it is practically unattainable by black or white.

Looking round at these poor prisoners, therefore, it struck me as an immense absurdity that they should fancy us their enemies; since, whether we intend it so

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or no, they have a far greater stake on our success than we can possibly have. For ourselves, the balance of advantages between defeat and triumph may admit of question. For them, all truly valuable things are dependent on our complete success; for thence would come the regeneration of a people, — the removal of a foul scurf that has overgrown their life, and keeps them in a state of disease and decrepitude, one of the chief symptoms of which is, that, the more they suffer and are debased, the more they imagine themselves strong and beautiful. No human effort, on a grand scale, has ever yet resulted according to the purpose of its projectors. The advantages are always incidental. Man's accidents are God's purposes. We miss the good we sought, and do the good we little cared for.*

Our Government evidently knows when and where to lay its finger upon its most available citizens; for, quite unexpectedly, we were joined with some other gentlemen, scarcely less competent than ourselves, in a commission to proceed to Fortress Monroe and examine into things in general. Of course, official propriety compels us to be extremely guarded in our description of the interesting objects which this expedition opened to our view. There can be no harm, however, in stating that we were received by the commander of the fortress with a kind of acid good-nature, or mild cynicism, that indicated him to be a humorist, characterized by certain rather pungent peculiarities, yet of no unamiable cast. He is a small, thin old gentleman, set off by a large pair of brilliant epaulets, — the only pair, so far as my observation went, that adorn the shoulders of any officer in the Union army. Either for our inspection, or because the matter had already been arranged, he drew out a regiment of Zouaves that formed the principal part of his garrison, and appeared at their head, sitting on horseback with rigid perpendicularity, and affording us a vivid idea of the disciplinarian of Baron Steuben's school.

There can be no question of the General's military qualities; he must have been especially useful in converting raw recruits into trained and efficient soldiers. But valor and martial skill are of so evanescent a character, (hardly less fleeting than a woman's beauty,) that Government has perhaps taken the safer course in assigning to this gallant officer, though distinguished in former wars, no more active duty than the guardianship of an apparently impregnable fortress. The ideas of military men solidify and fossilize so fast, while military science makes such rapid advances, that even here there might be a difficulty. An active, diversified, and therefore a youthful, ingenuity is required by the quick exigencies of this singular war. Fortress Monroe, for example, in spite of the massive solidity of its ramparts, its broad and deep moat, and all the contrivances of defence that were known at the not very remote epoch of its construction, is now pronounced absolutely incapable of resisting the novel modes of assault which may be brought to bear upon it. It can only be the flexible talent of a young man that will evolve a new efficiency out of its obsolete strength.

It is a pity that old men grow unfit for war, not only by their incapacity for new ideas, but by the peaceful and unadventurous tendencies that gradually possess themselves of the once turbulent disposition, which used to snuff the battle-smoke as its congenial atmosphere. It is a pity; because it would be such an economy of human existence, if time-stricken people (whose value I have the better right to estimate, as reckoning myself one of them) could snatch from their juniors the exclusive privilege of carrying on the war. In case of death upon the battle-field, how unequal would be the comparative sacrifice! On one part, a few

* The author seems to imagine that he has compressed a great deal of meaning into these little, hard, dry pellets of aphoristic wisdom. We disagree with him. The counsels of wise and good men are often coincident with the purposes of Providence; and the present war promises to illustrate our remark.

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unenjoyable years, the little remnant of a life grown torpid; on the other, the many fervent summers of manhood in its spring and prime, with all that they include of possible benefit to mankind. Then, too, a bullet offers such a brief and easy way, such a pretty little orifice, through which the weary spirit might seize the opportunity to be exhaled! If I had the ordering of these matters, fifty should be the tenderest age at which a recruit might be accepted for training; at fifty-five or sixty, I would consider him eligible for most kinds of military duty and exposure, excluding that of a forlorn hope, which no soldier should be permitted to volunteer upon, short of the ripe age of seventy. As a general rule, these venerable combatants should have the preference for all dangerous and honorable service in the order of their seniority, with a distinction in favor of those whose infirmities might render their lives less worth the keeping. Methinks there would be no more Bull Runs; a warrior with gout in his toe, or rheumatism in his joints, or with one foot in the grave, would make a sorry fugitive!

On this admirable system, the productive part of the population would be undisturbed even by the bloodiest war; and, best of all, those thousands upon thousands of our Northern girls, whose proper mates will perish in camp-hospitals or on Southern battle-fields, would avoid their doom of forlorn old-maidenhood. But, no doubt, the plan will be pooh-poohed down by the War Department; though it could scarcely be more disastrous than the one on which we began the war, when a young army was struck with paralysis through the age of its commander.

The waters around Fortress Monroe were thronged with a gallant array of ships of war and transports, wearing the Union flag, — "Old Glory," as I hear it called in these days. A little withdrawn from our national fleet lay two French frigates, and, in another direction, an English sloop, under that banner which always makes itself visible, like a red portent in the air, wherever there is strife. In pursuance of our official duty, (which had no ascertainable limits,) we went on board the flag-ship, and were shown over every part of her, and down into her depths, inspecting her gallant crew, her powerful armament, her mighty engines, and her furnaces, where the fires are always kept burning, as well at midnight as at noon, so that it would require only five minutes to put the vessel under full steam. This vigilance has been felt necessary ever since the Merrimack made that terrible dash from Norfolk. Splendid as she is, however, and provided with all but the very latest improvements in naval armament, the Minnesota belongs to a class of vessels that will be built no more, nor ever fight another battle, — being as much a thing of the past as any of the ships of Queen Elizabeth's time, which grappled with the galleons of the Spanish Armada.

On her quarter-deck, an elderly flag-officer was pacing to and fro, with a self-conscious dignity to which a touch of the gout or rheumatism perhaps contributed a little additional stiffness. He seemed to be a gallant gentleman, but of the old, slow, and pompous school of naval worthies, who have grown up amid rules, forms, and etiquette which were adopted full-blown from the British navy into ours, and are somewhat too cumbrous for the quick spirit of to-day. This order of nautical heroes will probably go down, along with the ships in which they fought valorously and strutted most intolerably. How can an admiral condescend to go to sea in an iron pot? What space and elbow-room can be found for quarter-deck dignity in the cramped lookout of the Monitor, or even in the twenty-feet diameter of her cheese-box? All the pomp and splendor of naval warfare are gone by. Henceforth there must come up a race of enginemen and smoke-blackened cannoneers, who will hammer away at their enemies under the direction of a single pair of eyes; and even heroism — so deadly a gripe is Science laying on our noble possibilities — will

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become a quality of very minor importance, when its possessor cannot break through the iron crust of his own armament and give the world a glimpse of it.

At no great distance from the Minnesota lay the strangest-looking craft I ever saw. It was a platform of iron, so nearly on a level with the water that the swash of the waves broke over it, under the impulse of a very moderate breeze; and on this platform was raised a circular structure, likewise of iron, and rather broad and capacious, but of no great height. It could not be called a vessel at all; it was a machine, — and I have seen one of somewhat similar appearance employed in cleaning out the docks; or, for lack of a better similitude, it looked like a gigantic rat-trap. It was ugly, questionable, suspicious, evidently mischievous, — nay, I will allow myself to call it devilish; for this was the new war-fiend, destined, along with others of the same breed, to annihilate whole navies and batter down old supremacies. The wooden walls of Old England cease to exist, and a whole history of naval renown reaches its period, now that the Monitor comes smoking into view; while the billows dash over what seems her deck, and storms bury even her turret in green water, as she burrows and snorts along, oftener under the surface than above. The singularity of the object has betrayed me into a more ambitious vein of description than I often indulge; and, after all, I might as well have contented myself with simply saying that she looked very queer.

Going on board, we were surprised at the extent and convenience of her interior accommodations. There is a spacious ward-room, nine or ten feet in height, besides a private cabin for the commander, and sleeping accommodations on an ample scale; the whole well lighted and ventilated, though beneath the surface of the water. Forward, or aft, (for it is impossible to tell stem from stern,) the crew are relatively quite as well provided for as the officers. It was like finding a palace, with all its conveniences, under the sea. The inaccessibility, the apparent impregnability, of this submerged iron fortress are most satisfactory; the officers and crew get down through a little hole in the deck, hermetically seal themselves, and go below; and until they see fit to reappear, there would seem to be no power given to man whereby they can be brought to light. A storm of cannon-shot damages them no more than a handful of dried peas. We saw the shot-marks made by the great artillery of the Merrimack on the outer casing of the iron tower; they were about the breadth and depth of shallow saucers, almost imperceptible dents, with no corresponding bulge on the interior surface. In fact, the thing looked altogether too safe; though it may not prove quite an agreeable predicament to be thus boxed up in impenetrable iron, with the possibility, one would imagine, of being sent to the bottom of the sea, and, even there, not drowned, but stifled. Nothing, however, can exceed the confidence of the officers in this new craft. It was pleasant to see their benign exultation in her powers of mischief, and the delight with which they exhibited the circumvolutory movement of the tower, the quick thrusting forth of the immense guns to deliver their ponderous missiles, and then the immediate recoil, and the security behind the closed port-holes. Yet even this will not long be the last and most terrible improvement in the science of war. Already we hear of vessels the armament of which is to act entirely beneath the surface of the water; so that, with no other external symptoms than a great bubbling and foaming, and gush of smoke, and belch of smothered thunder out of the yeasty waves, there shall be a deadly fight going on below,—and, by-and-by, a sucking whirlpool, as one of the ships goes down.

The Monitor was certainly an object of great interest; but on our way to Newport News, whither we next went, we saw a spectacle that affected us with far profounder emotion. It was the sight of the few sticks that are left of the frigate

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Congress, stranded near the shore,—and still more, the masts of the Cumberland rising midway out of the water, with a tattered rag of a pennant fluttering from one of them. The invisible hull of the latter ship seems to be careened over, so that the three masts stand slantwise; the rigging looks quite unimpaired, except that a few ropes dangle loosely from the yards. The flag (which never was struck, thank Heaven!) is entirely hidden under the waters of the bay, but is still doubtless waving in its old place, although it floats to and fro with the swell and reflux of the tide, instead of rustling on the breeze. A remnant of the dead crew still man the sunken ship, and sometimes a drowned body floats up to the surface.

That was a noble fight. When was ever a better word spoken than that of Commodore Smith, the father of the commander of the Congress, when he heard that his son's ship was surrendered? "Then Joe 's dead!" said he; and so it proved. Nor can any warrior be more certain of enduring renown than the gallant Morris, who fought so well the final battle of the old system of naval warfare, and won glory for his country and himself out of inevitable disaster and defeat. That last gun from the Cumberland, when her deck was half submerged, sounded the requiem of many sinking ships. Then went down all the navies of Europe, and our own, Old Ironsides and all, and Trafalgar and a thousand other fights became only a memory, never to be acted over again; and thus our brave countrymen come last in the long procession of heroic sailors that includes Blake and Nelson, and so many mariners of England, and other mariners as brave as they, whose renown is our native inheritance. There will be other battles, but no more such tests of seamanship and manhood as the battles of the past; and, moreover, the Millennium is certainly approaching, because human strife is to be transferred from the heart and personality of man into cunning contrivances of machinery, which by-and-by will fight out our wars with only the clank and smash of iron, strewing the field with broken engines, but damaging nobody's little finger except by accident. Such is obviously the tendency of modern improvement. But, in the mean while, so long as manhood retains any part of its pristine value, no country can afford to let gallantry like that of Morris and his crew, any more than that of the brave Worden, pass unhonored and unrewarded. If the Government do nothing, let the people take the matter into their own hands, and cities give him swords, gold boxes, festivals of triumph, and, if he needs it, heaps of gold. Let poets brood upon the theme, and make themselves sensible how much of the past and future is contained within its compass, till its spirit shall flash forth in the lightning of a song!

From these various excursions, and a good many others, (including one to Manassas,) we gained a pretty lively idea of what was going on; but, after all, if compelled to pass a rainy day in the hall and parlors of Willard's Hotel, it proved about as profitably spent as if we had floundered through miles of Virginia mud, in quest of interesting matter. This hotel, in fact, may be much more justly called the centre of Washington and the Union than either the Capitol, the White House, or the State Department. Everybody may be seen there. It is the meeting-place of the true representatives of the country,—not such as are chosen blindly and amiss by electors who take a folded ballot from the hand of a local politician, and thrust it into the ballot-box unread, but men who gravitate or are attracted hither by real business, or a native impulse to breathe the intensest atmosphere of the nation's life, or a genuine anxiety to see how this life-and-death struggle is going to deal with us. Nor these only, but all manner of loafers. Never, in any other spot, was there such a miscellany of people. You exchange nods with governors of sovereign States; you elbow illustrious men, and tread on the toes of generals; you hear statesmen and orators speaking in their familiar tones. You are mixed up with office-

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seekers, wire-pullers, inventors, artists, poets, prosers, (including editors, army-correspondents, *attachés* of foreign journals, and long-winded talkers,) clerks, diplomatists, mail-contractors, railway-directors, until your own identity is lost among them. Occasionally you talk with a man whom you have never before heard of, and are struck by the brightness of a thought, and fancy that there is more wisdom hidden among the obscure than is anywhere revealed among the famous. You adopt the universal habit of the place, and call for a mint-julep, a whiskey-skin, a gin-cocktail, a brandy-smash, or a glass of pure Old Rye; for the conviviality of Washington sets in at an early hour, and, so far as I had an opportunity of observing, never terminates at any hour, and all these drinks are continually in request by almost all these people. A constant atmosphere of cigar-smoke, too, envelopes the motley crowd, and forms a sympathetic medium, in which men meet more closely and talk more frankly than in any other kind of air. If legislators would smoke in session, they might speak truer words, and fewer of them, and bring about more valuable results.

It is curious to observe what antiquated figures and costumes sometimes make their appearance at Willard's. You meet elderly men with frilled shirt-fronts, for example, the fashion of which adornment passed away from among the people of this world half a century ago. It is as if one of Stuart's portraits were walking abroad. I see no way of accounting for this, except that the trouble of the times, the impiety of traitors, and the peril of our sacred Union and Constitution have disturbed, in their honored graves, some of the venerable fathers of the country, and summoned them forth to protest against the meditated and half-accomplished sacrilege. If it be so, their wonted fires are not altogether extinguished in their ashes, — in their throats, I might rather say; — for I beheld one of these excellent old men quaffing such a horn of Bourbon whiskey as a toper of the present century would be loath to venture upon. But, really, one would be glad to know where these strange figures come from. It shows, at any rate, how many remote, decaying villages and country-neighborhoods of the North, and forest-nooks of the West, and old mansion-houses in cities, are shaken by the tremor of our native soil, so that men long hidden in retirement put on the garments of their youth and hurry out to inquire what is the matter. The old men whom we see here have generally more marked faces than the young ones, and naturally enough; since it must be an extraordinary vigor and renewability of life that can overcome the rusty sloth of age, and keep the senior flexible enough to take an interest in new things; whereas hundreds of commonplace young men come hither to stare with eyes of vacant wonder, and with vague hopes of finding out what they are fit for. And this war (we may say so much in its favor) has been the means of discovering that important secret to not a few.

We saw at Willard's many who had thus found out for themselves, that, when Nature gives a young man no other utilizable faculty, she must be understood as intending him for a soldier. The bulk of the army had moved out of Washington before we reached the city; yet it seemed to me that at least two-thirds of the guests and idlers at the hotel wore one or another token of the military profession. Many of them, no doubt, were self-commissioned officers, and had put on the buttons and the shoulder-straps, and booted themselves to the knees, merely because captain, in these days, is so good a travelling-name. The majority, however, had been duly appointed by the President, but might be none the better warriors for that. It was pleasant, occasionally, to distinguish a grizzly veteran among this crowd of carpet-knights, — the trained soldier of a lifetime, long ago from West Point, who had spent his prime upon the frontier, and very likely could show an Indian bullet-mark on his breast, — if such decorations, won in an obscure warfare, were worth the showing now.

The question often occurred to me, —

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and, to say the truth, it added an indefinable piquancy to the scene, — what proportion of all these people, whether soldiers or civilians, were true at heart to the Union, and what part were tainted, more or less, with treasonable sympathies and wishes, even if such had never blossomed into purpose. Traitors there were among them, — no doubt of that, — civil servants of the public, very reputable persons, who yet deserved to dangle from a cord; or men who buttoned military coats over their breasts, hiding perilous secrets there, which might bring the gallant officer to stand pale-faced before a file of musketeers, with his open grave behind him. But, without insisting upon such picturesque criminality and punishment as this, an observer, who kept both his eyes and heart open, would find it by no means difficult to discern that many residents and visitors of Washington so far sided with the South as to desire nothing more nor better than to see everything reëstablished on a little worse than its former basis. If the cabinet of Richmond were transferred to the Federal city, and the North awfully snubbed, at least, and driven back within its old political limits, they would deem it a happy day. It is no wonder, and, if we look at the matter generously, no unpardonable crime. Very excellent people hereabouts remember the many dynasties in which the Southern character has been predominant, and contrast the genial courtesy, the warm and graceful freedom of that region, with what they call (though I utterly disagree with them) the frigidity of our Northern manners, and the Western plainness of the President. They have a conscientious, though mistaken belief, that the South was driven out of the Union by intolerable wrong on our part, and that we are responsible for having compelled true patriots to love only half their country instead of the whole, and brave soldiers to draw their swords against the Constitution which they would once have died for, — to draw them, too, with a bitterness of animosity which is the only symptom of brotherhood (since brothers hate each other best) that any longer exists. They whisper these things with tears in their eyes, and shake their heads, and stoop their poor old shoulders, at the tidings of another and another Northern victory, which, in their opinion, puts farther off the remote, the already impossible chance of a reunion.

I am sorry for them, though it is by no means a sorrow without hope. Since the matter has gone so far, there seems to be no way but to go on winning victories, and establishing peace and a truer union in another generation, at the expense, probably, of greater trouble, in the present one, than any other people ever voluntarily suffered. We woo the South "as the Lion wooes his bride"; it is a rough courtship, but perhaps love and a quiet household may come of it at last. Or, if we stop short of that blessed consummation, heaven was heaven still, as Milton sings, after Lucifer and a third part of the angels had seceded from its golden palaces,—and perhaps all the more heavenly, because so many gloomy brows, and soured, vindictive hearts, had gone to plot ineffectual schemes of mischief elsewhere.*

* We regret the innuendo in the concluding sentence. The war can never be allowed to terminate, except in the complete triumph of Northern principles. We hold the event in our own hands, and may choose whether to terminate it by the methods already so successfully used, or by other means equally within our control, and calculated to be still more speedily efficacious. In truth, the work is already done.

We should be sorry to cast a doubt on the Peaceable Man's loyalty, but he will allow us to say that we consider him premature in his kindly feelings towards traitors and sympathizers with treason. As the author himself says of John Brown, (and, so applied, we thought it an atrociously cold-blooded *dictum*,) "any common-sensible man would feel an intellectual satisfaction in seeing them hanged, were it only for their preposterous miscalculation of possibilities." There are some degrees of absurdity that put Reason herself into a rage, and affect us like an intolerable crime, — which this Rebellion is, into the bargain.

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THE MINUTE-GUNS.

I STOOD within the little cove,
  Full of the morning's life and hope,
While heavily the eager waves
  Charged thundering up the rocky slope.

The splendid breakers! how they rushed,
  All emerald green and flashing white,
Tumultuous in the morning sun,
  With cheer, and sparkle, and delight!

And freshly blew the fragrant wind,
  The wild sea-wind, across their tops,
And caught the spray and flung it far,
  In sweeping showers of glittering drops.

Within the cove all flashed and foamed,
  With many a fleeting rainbow hue;
Without, gleamed, bright against the sky,
  A tender, wavering line of blue,

Where tossed the distant waves, and far
  Shone silver-white a quiet sail,
And overhead the soaring gulls
  With graceful pinions stemmed the gale.

And all my pulses thrilled with joy,
  Watching the wind's and water's strife, —
With sudden rapture, — and I cried,
  "Oh, sweet is Life! Thank God for Life!"

Sailed any cloud across the sky,
  Marring this glory of the sun's?
Over the sea, from distant forts,
  There came the boom of minute-guns!

War-tidings! Many a brave soul fled,
  And many a heart the message stuns! —
I saw no more the joyous waves,
  I only heard the minute-guns.

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ORIGINALITY.

A GREAT contemporary writer, so I am told, regards originality as much rarer than is commonly supposed. But, on the contrary, is it not far more frequent than is commonly supposed? For one should not identify originality with mere primacy of conception or utterance, as if a thought could be original but once. In truth, it may be so thousands or millions of times; nay, from the beginning to the end of man's times upon the earth, the same thoughts may continue rising from the same fountains in his spirit. Of the central or stem thoughts of consciousness, of the imperial presiding imaginations, this is actually true. Ceaseless re-origination is the method of Nature. This alone keeps history alive. For if every Mohammedan were but a passive appendage to the dead Mohammed, if every disciple were but a copy in plaster of his teacher, and if history were accordingly living and original only in such degree as it is an unprecedented invention, the laws of decay should at once be made welcome to the world.

The fact is otherwise. As new growths upon the oldest cedar or baobab do not merely spin themselves out of the wood already formed,—as they thrive and constitute themselves only by original conversation with sun, earth, and air,—that is, in the same way with any seed or sapling,—so generations of Moslems, Parsees, or Calvinists, while obeying the structural law of their system, yet quaff from the mystical fountains of pure Life the sustenance by which they live. Merely out of itself the tree can give nothing,—literally, nothing. True, if cut down, it may, under favorable circumstances, continue for a time to feed the growing shoots out of its own decay. Yet not even at the cost of decay and speedy exhaustion could the old trunk accomplish this little, but for the draft made upon it by the new growths. It is *their* life, it is the relationship which they assert with sun and rain and all the elements, which is foremost in bringing about even this result. So it is with the great old literatures, with the old systems of philosophy and faith. They are simply avenues, or structural forms, through which succeeding generations of souls come into conversation with eternal Nature, and express their original life.

Observe, again, that the tree lives only while new shoots are produced upon it. The new twigs and leaves not only procure sustenance for themselves, but even keep the trunk itself alive: so that the chief order of support is just opposite what it seems; and the tree lives from above, down,—as do men and all other creatures. So in history, it requires a vast amount of original thought or sentiment to sustain the old structural forms. This gigantic baobab of Catholicism, for example, is kept alive by the conversion of Life into Belief, which takes place age after age in the bosoms of women and men. The trunk was long ago in extensive decay; every wind menaces it with overthrow; but the hearts that bud and blossom upon it yearly send down to the earth and up to the sky such a claim for resource as surrounds the dying trunk with ever new layers of supporting growth. Equally are the thought, poetry, rhetoric of by-gone times kept in significance by the perceiving, the imagining, and the sense of a flowing symbolism in Nature, which our own time brings to them. To make Homer alive to this age,—what an expenditure of imagination, of pure feeling and penetration does it demand! Let the Homeric heart or genius die out of mankind, and from that moment the "Iliad" is but dissonance, the long melodious roll of its echoes becomes a jarring chop of noises. What chiefly makes Homer great is the vast ideal breadth of relationship in which he establishes human beings. But he in whose narrow brain is no space for high Olym-

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pus and deep Orcus,—he whose coarse fibre never felt the shudder of the world at the shaking of the ambrosial locks, nor a thrill in the air when a hero falls,—what can this grand stoop of the ideal upon the actual world signify to him? To what but an ethical genius in men can appeal for guest-rites be made by the noble "Meditations" of Marcus Antoninus, or the exquisite, and perhaps incomparable, "Christian Morals" of Sir Thomas Browne? Appreciative genius is *centrally* the same with productive genius; and it is the Shakspeare in men alone that prints Shakspeare and reads him. So it is that the works of the masters are, as it were, perpetually re-written and renewed in life by the genius of mankind.

In saying that constant re-origination is the method of Nature, I do not overlook the element nor underrate the importance of Imitation. This it is that secures continuity, connection, and structural unity. By vital imitation the embryonic man assumes the features and traits of his progenitors. After birth the infant remains in the matrix of the household; after infancy the glowing youth is held in that of society; and processes kindred with those which bestowed likeness to father and mother go on to assimilate him with a social circle or an age. Complaint is made, and by good men, of that implicit acquiescence which keeps in existence Islam, Catholicism, and the like, long after their due time has come to die; yet, abolish the law of imitation which causes this, and the immediate disintegration of mankind will follow. Mortar is much in the way, when we wish to take an old building to pieces and make other use of the bricks; do you therefore advise its disuse?

But imitation would preserve nothing, did not the law of re-origination keep it company. We are not born from our parents alone, but from the loins of eternal Nature no less. Was Orpheus the grandson of Zeus and Mnemosyne,—of sovereign Unity and immortal Memory? Equally is Shakspeare and every genuine bard. Could the heroes of old Greece trace their derivation from the gods? Little of a hero is he, even in these times of ours, who is not of the like lineage. And indeed, one and all, we have a father and mother whose marriage-morn is of more ancient date than our calendars, and of whose spousal solemnities this universe is the memorial. All life, indeed, whatsoever be its form and rank, has, along with connections of pedigree and lateral association, one tap-root that strikes straight down into the eternal.

Because Life is of this unsounded depth, it may well afford to repeat the same forms forever, nor incurs thereby any danger of exhausting its significance and becoming stale. Vital repetition, accordingly, goes on in Nature in a way not doubtful and diffident, but frank, open, sure, as if the game were one that could not be played out. It is now a very long while that buds have burst and grass grown; yet Spring comes forward still without bashfulness, fearing no charge of having plagiarized from her predecessors. The field blushes not for its blades, though they are such as for immemorial times have spired from the sod; the boughs publish their annual book of many a verdant scroll without apprehension of having become commonplace at last; the bobolink pours his warble in cheery sureness of acceptance, unmindful that it is the same warble with which the throats of other bobolinks were throbbing before there was a man to listen and smile; and night after night forever the stars, and age after age the eyes of women and men, shine on without apology, or the least promise that this shall be positively their last appearance. Life knows itself original always, nor a whit the less so for any repetition of its elected and significant forms. Youth and newness are, indeed, inseparable from it. Death alone is senile; and we become physically aged only by the presence and foothold of this dogged intruder in our bodies. The body is a fortress for the possession of which Death is perpetually contending; only the incessant activity of Life at every foot of the rampart keeps him at bay; but, with the advance of years, the as-

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sailants gain here and there a foothold, pressing the defenders back; and just in proportion as this defeat takes place the man becomes *old*. But Life sets out from the same basis of mystery to build each new body, no matter how many myriads of such forms have been built before; and forsaking it finally, is no less young, inscrutable, enticing than before.

Now Thought, as part of the supreme flowering of Life, follows its law. It cannot be anticipated by any anticipation of its forms and results. There were hazel-brown eyes in the world before my boy was born; but the light that shines in these eyes comes direct from the soul nevertheless. The light of true thought, in like manner, issues only from an inward sun; and shining, it carries always its perfect privilege, its charm and sacredness. Would you have purple or yellow eyes, because the accustomed colors have been so often repeated? Black, blue, brown, gray, forever! May the angels in heaven have no other! Forever, too, and equally, the perpetual loves, thoughts, and melodies of men! Let them come out of their own mystical, ineffable haunts,—let them, that is, be *real*,—and we ask no more.

The question of originality is, therefore, simply one of vitality. Does the fruit really grow on the tree? does it indeed come by vital process?—little more than this does it concern us to know. Truths become cold and commonplace, not by any number of rekindlings in men's bosoms, but by out-of-door reflections without inward kindling. Saying is the royal son of Seeing; but there is many a pretender to the throne; and when these supposititious people usurp, age after age, the honors that are not theirs, the throne and government are disgraced.

Truisms are corpses of truths; and statements are to be found in every stage of approach to this final condition. Every time there is an impotency or unreality in their enunciation, they are borne a step nearer the sepulchre. If the smirking politician, who wishes to delude me into voting for him, bid me his bland "Good-morning," not only does he draw a film of eclipse over the sun, and cast a shadow on city and field, but he throws over the salutation itself a more permanent shadow; and were the words never to reach us save from such lips, they would, in no long time, become terms of insult or of malediction. But so often as the sweet greeting comes from wife, child, or friend, its proper savors are restored. A jesting editor says that "You tell a telegram" is the polite way of giving the lie; and it is quite possible that his witticism only anticipates a serious use of language some century hence. Terms and statements are perpetually saturated by the uses made of them. Etymology and the dictionary resist these effects in vain. And as single words may thus be discharged of their lawful meaning, so the total purport of words, that is, truths themselves, may in like manner be disgraced. If the man of ordinary heart ostentatiously patronize the maxims of perfect charity, if the traditional priest or feeble pietist repeat the word *God* or recite the raptures of adoring bards, the sentences they maunder and the sentiments they belie are alike covered with rust; and in due time some Shelley will turn atheist in the interest of religion, and some Johnson in the interest of morality aver that he writes for money alone.

But Truth does not share the fortunes of her verbal body. The grand ideas, the master-imaginations and moving faiths of men, run in the blood of the race; and a given degree of pure human heat infallibly brings them out. Not more surely does the rose appear on the rose-bush, or the apple, pear, or peach upon the trees of the orchard, than these fruits of the soul upon nations of powerful and thrifty spirit. For want of vitality the shrub may fail to flower, the tree to bear fruit, and man to bring forth his spiritual product; but if Thought be attained, certain thoughts and imaginations will come of it. Let two nations at opposite sides of the globe, and without intercommunication, arrive at equal stages of mental culture, and the language of the one will, on the whole, be equivalent to that of

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the other; nay, the very rhetoric, the very fancies of the one will, in a broad way of comparison, be tantamount to those of the other. The nearer we get to any past age, the more do we find that the totality of its conceptions and imaginings is much the same with that of our own. There are specific variation and generic unity; and he whom the former blinds to the latter reads the old literatures without eyes, and knows neither his own time nor any other. Owen, Agassiz, Carpenter explain the homologies of anatomy and physiology; but a doctrine of the homologies of thought is equally possible, and will sometime be set forth.

The basis, then, of any sufficient doctrine of literature and literary production is found in two statements: —

First, that the perfect truth of the universe issues, by vital representation, into the personality of man.

Secondly, that this truth *tends* in every man, though often in the obscurest way, toward intellectual and artistic expression.

Now just so far as by any man's speech we feel ourselves brought into direct relationship with this ever-issuing fact, so far the impressions of originality are produced. That all his words were in the dictionary before he used them,—that all his thoughts, under some form of intimation, were in literature before he arrived at them, — matters not; it is the verity, the vital process, the depth of relationship, which concerns us.

Nay, in one sense, the older his truth, the *more* do the effects of originality lie open to him. The simple, central, imperial elements of human consciousness are first in order of expression, and continue forever to be first in order of power and suggestion. The great purposes, the great thoughts and melodies issue always from these. This is the quarry which every masterly thinker or poet must work. Homer is Homer because he is so simply true alike to earth and sky, — to the perpetual experience and perpetual imagination of mankind. Had he gone working around the edges, following the occasional *détours* and slips of consciousness, there would have been no "Iliad" or "Odyssey" for mankind to love and for Pope to spoil. The great poets tell us nothing new. They remind us. They bear speech deep into our being, and to the heart of our heart lend a tongue. They have words that correspond to facts in all men and women. But they are not newsmongers.

Yesterday, I read in a prose translation of the "Odyssey" the exquisite idyl of Nausicaa and her Maids, and the discovery of himself by Ulysses. Perhaps the picture came out more clearly than ever before; at any rate, it filled my whole day with delight, and to-day I seem to have heard some sweetest good tidings, as if word had come from an old playmate, dear and distant in memory, or a happy and wealthy letter had arrived from a noble friend. Whence this enrichment? There was nothing in this idyl, to which, even on a first reading, I could give the name of "new truth." The secret is, that I *have* indeed had tidings of old playmates, dear and distant in memory, — of those bright-eyed, brave, imaging playmates of all later ages, the inhabitants of Homer's world. And little can one care for novelties of thought in comparison with these tones from the deeps of undying youth. Bring to our lips these cups of the fresh wine of life, if you would do good. Bring us these; for it is by perpetual rekindlings of the youth in us that our life grows and unfolds. Each advancing epoch of the inward life is no less than this, — a fresh efflux of adolescence from the immortal and exhaustless heart. Everywhere the law is the same,—Become as a little child, to reach the heavenly kingdoms. This, however, we become not by any return to babyhood, but by an effusion or emergence from within of pure life, — of life which takes from years only their wisdom and their chastening, and gives them in payment its perfect renewal.

This, then, is the proof of originality,— that one shall utter the pure consciousness of man. If he live, and live humanly, in his speech, the speech itself

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will live; for it will obtain hospitality in all wealthy and true hearts.

But if the most original speech be, as is here explained, of that which is oldest and most familiar in the consciousness of man, it nevertheless does not lack the charm of surprise and all effects of newness. For, in truth, nothing is so strange to men as the very facts they seem to confess every day of their lives. Truisms, I have said, are the corpses of truths; and they are as far from the fact they are taken to represent as the perished body from the risen soul. The mystery of truth is hidden behind them; and when next it shall come forth, it will bring astonishment, as at first. Every time the grand old truths are livingly uttered, the world thinks it never heard them before. The news of the day is hardly spoken before it is antiquated. For this an hour too late is a century, is forever, too late. But truth of life and the heart, the world-old imaginations, the root-thoughts of human consciousness, — these never lose their privilege to surprise, and at every fresh efflux are wellnigh sure to be persecuted by some as unlawful impositions upon the credence of mankind. Nay, the same often happens with the commonest truths of observation. Mr. Ruskin describes leaves and clouds, objects that are daily before all eyes; and the very artists cry, "Fie upon him!" as a propounder of childish novelties: slowly they perceive that it was leaves and clouds which were novel. Luther thunders in the ears of the Church its own creed; the Pope asks, "Is it possible that he believes all this?" and the priesthood scream, "To the stake with the heretic!" A poet prints in the "Atlantic Monthly" a simple affirmation of the indestructibility of man's true life; numbers of those who would have been shocked and exasperated to hear questioned the Church dogma of immortality exclaim against this as a ridiculous paradox. Once in a while there is grown a heart so spacious that Nature finds in it room to chant aloud the word *God*, and set its echoes rolling billowy through one man's being; and he, lifting up his voice to repeat it among men from that inward hearing, invariably astounds, and it may be infuriates his contemporaries. The simple proposition, God is, could it once be *wholly* received, would shake our sphere as no earthquake ever did, and would leave not one stone upon another, I say not merely of some city of Lisbon, but of entire kingdoms and systems of civilization. The faintest inference from this cannot be vigorously announced in modern senates without sending throbs of terror over half a continent, and eliciting shrieks of remonstrance from the very shrines of worship.

The ancient perpetual truths prove, at each fresh enunciation, not only surprising, but incredible. The reason is, that they overfill the vessels of men's credence. If you pour the Atlantic Ocean into a pint basin, what can the basin do but refuse to contain it, and so spill it over? Universal truths are as spacious and profound as the universe itself; and for the cerebral capacity of most of us the universe is really somewhat large!

But as the major numbers of mankind are too little self-reverent to dispense with the services of self-conceit, they like to think themselves equal, and very easily equal, to any truth, and habitually assume their extempore, off-hand notion of its significance as a perfect measure of the fact. As if a man hollowed his hand, and, dipping it full out of Lake Superior, said, "Lake Superior just fills my hand!" To how many are the words *God*, *Love*, *Immortality* just such complacent handfuls! And when some mariner of God seizes them with loving mighty arms, and bears them in his bark beyond sight of their wonted shores, what wonder that they perceive not the identity of this sky-circled sea with their accustomed handful? Yet, despite egotism and narrowness of brain and every other limitation, the spirit of man will claim its privilege and assert its affinity with all truth; and in such measure as one utters the pure heart of mankind, and states the real relationships of human nature, is he sure of ultimate audience and sufficing love.

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ERICSSON AND HIS INVENTIONS.

No events of the present war will be longer remembered, or will hold a more prominent place in History, than those which took place on the eighth and ninth of March in Hampton Roads, when the Rebel steamer Merrimack attacked the Federal fleet. We all know what havoc she made in her first day's work. When the story of her triumphs flashed over the wires, it fell like a thunderbolt upon all loyal hearts.

The Cumberland, manned by as gallant a crew as ever fought under the Stars and Stripes, had gone down helplessly before her. The Congress, half-manned, but bravely defended, had been captured and burnt. Sailing frigates, such as were deemed formidable in the days of Hull and Decatur, and which some of our old sea-dogs still believed to be the main stay of the navy, were found to be worse than useless against this strange antagonist. Our finest steam-frigates, though accidentally prevented from getting fairly into action, seemed likely, however skilfully handled, to have proved almost as inefficient; for all our batteries and broadsides had produced no effect on this iron-clad monster. She had gone back to her lair uninjured. What was to prevent her from coming out again to break the blockade, bombard our seaports, sink and destroy everything that came in her way?

But we had only seen the first act of the drama. The curtain was to rise again, and a new character was to appear on the stage. The champion of the Union, in complete armor, was about to enter the lists. When the Merrimack steamed out defiantly on Sunday morning, the Monitor was there to meet her. Then, for the first time in naval warfare, two iron-clad vessels were pitted against each other. The Merrimack was driven back disabled. We breathed freely again at this *dénouement*, and congratulated ourselves that the nation had been saved from enormous damage and disgrace. We did not foresee that the great Rebel monster, despairing of a successful encounter with her antagonist, was to end her career by suicide. We thought only of the vast injury which she might have done, and might yet be capable of doing, to the Union cause, but from which we had so providentially escaped. It was indeed a narrow escape. Nothing but the opportune arrival of the Monitor saved us; and for this impregnable vessel we are indebted to the genius of Ericsson.

This distinguished engineer and inventor, although a foreigner by birth, has long been a citizen of the United States. His first work in this country — by which, as in the present instance, he added honor and efficiency to the American navy — was the steam-frigate Princeton, a vessel which in her day was almost as great a novelty as the Monitor is now. The improvements in steam machinery and propulsion and in the arts of naval warfare, which he introduced in her, formed the subject of a lecture delivered before the Boston Lyceum by John O. Sargent, in 1844, from which source we derive some interesting particulars concerning Ericsson's early history.

John Ericsson was born in 1803, in the Province of Vermeland, among the iron mountains of Sweden. His father was a mining proprietor, so that the youth had ample opportunities to watch the operation of the various engines and machinery connected with the mines. These had been erected by mechanicians of the highest scientific attainments, and presented a fine study to a mind of mechanical tendencies. Under such influences, his innate mechanical talent was early developed. At the age of ten years, he had constructed with his own hands, and after his own plans, a miniature saw-mill, and had made numerous drawings of complicated mechanical contrivances,

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with instruments of his own invention and manufacture.

In 1814 he attracted the attention of the celebrated Count Platen, who had heard of his boyish efforts, and desired an interview with him. After carefully examining various plans and drawings which the youth exhibited, the Count handed them back to him, simply observing, in an impressive manner, "Continue as you have commenced, and you will one day produce something extraordinary."

Count Platen was the intimate personal friend of Bernadotte, the King of Sweden, and was regarded by him with a feeling little short of veneration. It was Count Platen who undertook and carried through, in opposition to the views of the Swedish nobility, and of nearly the whole nation, that gigantic work, the Grand Ship Canal of Sweden, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic. He died Viceroy of Norway, and left behind him the reputation of one of the greatest men of the century. The few words of kind encouragement which he spoke, on the occasion to which we have referred, sank deeply into the mind of the young mechanician, and confirmed him in the career on which he had entered.

Immediately after this interview young Ericsson was made a cadet in the corps of engineers, and, after six months' tuition, at the age of twelve years, was appointed *niveleur* on the Grand Ship Canal under Count Platen. In this capacity, in the year 1816, he was required to set out the work for more than six hundred men. The canal was constructed by soldiers. He was at that time not tall enough to look through the levelling-instrument; and in using it, he was obliged to mount upon a stool, carried by his attendants for that purpose. As the discipline in the Swedish army required that the soldier should always uncover the head in speaking to his superior, gray-headed men came, cap in hand, to receive their instructions from this mere child.

While thus employed in the summer months, he was constantly occupied during the winter with his pencil and pen; and there are many important works on the canal constructed after drawings made by Ericsson at this early age. During his leisure hours, he measured up and made working-drawings of every implement and piece of machinery connected with this great enterprise; so that at the age of fifteen he was in possession of accurate plans of the whole work, drawn by his own hand.

His associations with military men on the canal had given him an inclination for military life; and at the age of seventeen he entered the Swedish army as an ensign, without the knowledge of his friend and patron, Count Platen. This step excited the indignation of the Count, who tried to prevail upon him to change his resolution; but finding all his arguments useless, he terminated an angry interview by bidding the young ensign "go to the Devil." The affectionate regard which he entertained for the Count, and gratitude for the interest taken by him in his education, caused the circumstances of this interview to make a deep impression upon Ericsson, but were not sufficient to shake his determination.

Soon after the young ensign had entered upon his regimental duties, an affair occured which threatened to obscure his hitherto bright prospects. His Colonel, Baron Koskull, had been disgraced by the King, about the time that he had recommended Ericsson for promotion. This circumstance induced the King to reject the recommendation. The Colonel was exceedingly annoyed by this rejection; and having in his possession a military map made by the expectant ensign, he took it to his Royal Highness the Crown Prince Oscar, and besought him to intercede for the young man with the King. The Prince received the map very kindly, expressing great admiration of its beautiful finish and execution, and presented himself in person with it to the King, who yielded to the joint persuasion of the Prince and the map, and promoted

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the young ensign to the lieutenancy for which he had been recommended.

About the time of this promotion, the Government had ordered the northern part of Sweden to be accurately surveyed. It being the desire of the King that officers of the army should be employed in this service, Ericsson, whose regiment was stationed in the northern highlands, proceeded to Stockholm, for the purpose of submitting himself to the severe examination then a prerequisite to the appointment of Government surveyor.

The mathematical education which he had received under Count Platen now proved very serviceable. He passed the examination with great distinction, and in the course of it, to the surprise of the examiners, showed that he could repeat Euclid *verbatim*,—not by the exercise of the memory, which in Ericsson is not remarkably retentive, but from his perfect mastery of geometrical science. There is no doubt that it is this thorough knowledge of geometry to which he is indebted for his clear conceptions on all mechanical subjects.

Having returned to the highlands, he entered on his new vocation with great assiduity; and, supported by an unusually strong constitution, he mapped a larger extent of territory than any other of the numerous surveyors employed on the work. There are yet in the archives of Sweden detailed maps of upwards of fifty square miles made by his hand.

Neither the great labors attending these surveys, nor his military duties, could give sufficient employment to the energies of the young officer. In connection with a German engineer, Major Pentz, he now began the arduous task of compiling a work on Canals, to be illustrated by sixty-four large plates, representing the various buildings, machines, and instruments connected with the construction of such works. The part assigned to him in this enterprise was nothing less than that of making all the drawings, as well as of engraving the numerous plates; and as all the plates were to be executed in the style of what is called machine-engraving, he undertook to construct a machine for the purpose, which he successfully accomplished. This work he prosecuted with so much industry, in the midst of his other various labors, that, within the first year of its commencement, he had executed eighteen large plates, which were pronounced by judges of machine-engraving to be of superior merit.

While thus variously occupied, being on a visit to the house of his Colonel, Ericsson on one occasion showed his host, by a very simple experiment, how readily mechanical power may be produced, independently of steam, by condensing flame. His friend was much struck by the beauty and simplicity of the experiment, and prevailed upon Ericsson to give more attention to a principle which he considered highly important. The young officer accordingly made some experiments on an enlarged scale, and succeeded in the production of a motive power equal to that of a steam-engine of ten-horse power. So satisfactory was the result, from the compact form of the machine employed, as well as the comparatively small consumption of fuel, that he conceived the idea of at once bringing it out in England, the great field for all mechanical inventions.

Ericsson accordingly obtained leave from the King to visit England, where he arrived on the eighteenth of May, 1826. He there proceeded to construct a working engine on the principle above mentioned, but soon discovered that his *flame-engine*, when worked by the combustion of mineral coals, was a different thing from the experimental model he had tried in the highlands of Sweden, with fuel composed of the splinters of fine pine wood. Not only did he fail to produce an extended and vivid flame, but the intense heat so seriously affected all the working parts of the machine as soon to cause its destruction.

These experiments, it may well be supposed, were attended with no trifling expenditure; and, to meet these demands upon him, our young adventurer was

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compelled to draw on his mechanical resources.

Invention now followed invention in rapid succession, until the records of the Patent-Office in London were enriched with the drawings of the remarkable steam-boiler on the principle of *artificial draught;* to which principle we are mainly indebted for the benefits conferred on civilization by the present rapid communication by railways. In bringing this important invention before the public, Ericsson thought it advisable to join some old and established mechanical house in London; and accordingly he associated himself with John Braithwaite, a name favorably known in the mechanical annals of England. This invention was hardly developed, when an opportunity was presented for testing it in practice.

The directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, before erecting the stationary engines by which they had intended to draw their passenger and freight carriages, determined to appeal to the mechanical talent of the country, in the hope of securing some preferable form of motor. A prize was accordingly offered, in the autumn of 1829, for the best locomotive engine, to be tested on the portion of the railway then completed. Ericsson was not aware that any such prize had been offered, until within seven weeks of the day fixed for the trial. He was not deterred by the shortness of the time, but, applying all his energies to the task, planned an engine, executed the working-drawings, and had the whole machine constructed within the seven weeks.

The day of trial arrived. Three engines entered the lists for the prize,—namely, the Rocket, by George Stephenson; the Sanspareil, by Timothy Hackworth; and the Novelty, by Ericsson. Both sides of the railway, for more than a mile in length, were lined with thousands of spectators. There was no room for jockeying in such a race, for inanimate matter was to be put in motion, and that moves only in accordance with immutable laws. The signal was given for the start. Instead of the application of whip and spur, the gentle touch of the steam-valve gave life and motion to the novel machine.

Up to that period, the greatest speed at which man had been carried along the ground was that of the race-horse; and no one of the multitude present on this occasion expected to see that speed surpassed. It was the general belief that the maximum attainable by the locomotive engine would not much exceed ten miles. To the surprise and admiration of the crowd, however, the Novelty steam-carriage, the *fastest* engine started, guided by its inventor Ericsson, assisted by John Braithwaite, darted along the track at the rate of upwards of fifty miles an hour!

The breathless silence of the multitude was now broken by thunders of hurras, that drowned the hiss of the escaping steam and the rolling of the engine-wheels. To reduce the surprise and delight excited on this occasion to the universal standard, and as an illustration of the extent to which the value of property is sometimes enhanced by the success of a mechanical invention, it may be stated, that, when the Novelty had run her two miles and returned, the shares of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway had risen *ten per cent.*

But how easily may the just expectations of an inventor be disappointed! Although the principle of *artificial draught* — the principle which gave to the Novelty such decided superiority in speed — is yet retained in all locomotive engines, the mode of producing this draught in our present engines is far different from that introduced by Ericsson, and was discovered by the merest accident; and so soon was this discovery made, after the successful display of the Novelty engine, that Ericsson had no time to derive the least advantage from its introduction. To him, however, belongs the credit of having disproved the correctness of the once established theory, that it was absolutely necessary that a certain *extensive* amount of *surface* should be exposed

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to the fire, to generate a given quantity of steam.

The remarkable lightness and compactness of the new boiler invented by Ericsson led to the employment of steam in many instances in which it had been previously inapplicable. Among these may be mentioned the steam fire-engine constructed by him in conjunction with Mr. Braithwaite, about the same time with the Novelty, and which excited so much interest in London at the time the Argyle Rooms were on fire. A similar engine of greater power was subsequently constructed by Ericsson and Braithwaite for the King of Prussia, which was mainly instrumental in saving several valuable buildings at a great fire in Berlin. For this invention Ericsson received, in 1842, the large gold medal offered by the Mechanics' Institute of New York for the best plan of a steam fire-engine.

In the year 1833 Ericsson brought before the scientific world in London his invention of the Caloric-Engine, which had been a favorite subject of speculation and reflection with him for many years. From the earliest period of his mechanical labors, he had been in the habit of regarding heat as an agent, *which, whilst it exerts mechanical force, undergoes no change.* The steam in the cylinder of a steam-engine, after having lifted the weight of the piston, contains just as much heat as it did before leaving the boiler, — minus only the loss by radiation. Yet in the low-pressure engine we turn the steam, after having performed its office, into a condensing-apparatus, where the heat is in a manner annihilated; and in the high-pressure engine we throw it away into the atmosphere.

The acting medium employed in the Caloric-Engine is atmospheric air; and the leading peculiarity of the machine, as originally designed by Ericsson, is, that by means of an apparatus styled the Regenerator the heat contained in the air which escapes from the working cylinder is taken up by the air which enters it at each stroke of the piston and used over and over again.

The machine constructed by Ericsson in London was a working engine of five-horse power, the performance of which was witnessed by many gentlemen of scientific pretensions in that metropolis. Among others, the popular author, Sir Richard Phillips, examined it; and in his "Dictionary of the Arts of Life and of Civilization," he thus notices the result of this experiment: — "The author has, with inexpressible delight, seen the first model machine of five-horse power at work. With a handful of fuel, applied to the very sensible medium of atmospheric air, and a most ingenious disposition of its differential powers, he beheld a resulting action in narrow compass, capable of extension to as great forces as ever can be wielded or used by man." Dr. Andrew Ure went so far as to say that the invention would "throw the name of his great countryman, James Watt, into the shade." Professor Faraday gave it an earnest approval. But, with these and some other eminent exceptions, the scientific men of the day condemned the principle on which the invention was based as unsound and untenable.

The interest which the subject excited did not escape the British Government. Before many days had elapsed, the Secretary of the Home Department, accompanied by Mr. Brunel, the constructor of the Thames Tunnel, made his appearance in the engine-room where the new motive power was in operation. Mr. Brunel, who was at that time somewhat advanced in years, conceived at the outset an erroneous notion of the nature of the new power, which he would not suffer to be corrected by explanations. A discussion sprang up between him and the inventor, which was followed by a long correspondence. The result was, that an unfavorable impression of the invention was communicated to the British Government.

The invention fared little better at the hands of Professor Faraday, from whose efficient advocacy the most favorable results might have been anticipated. This gentleman had announced that he would

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deliver a lecture on the subject in London, in the spacious theatre of the Royal Institution. The novelty of the invention, combined with the reputation of the lecturer, had attracted a very large audience, including many individuals of eminent scientific attainments. Just half an hour, however, before he was expected to enlighten this distinguished assembly, the celebrated lecturer discovered that he had mistaken the expansive principle which is the very life of the machine. Although he had spent many hours in studying the Caloric-Engine in actual operation, and in testing its absolute force by repeated experiments, Professor Faraday was compelled to inform his hearers, at the very outset, that he did not know why the engine worked at all. He was obliged to confine himself, therefore, to the explanation of the Regenerator, and the process by which the heat is continually returned to the cylinder, and re-employed in the production of force. To this part of the invention he rendered ample justice, and explained it in that felicitous style to which he is indebted for the reputation he deservedly enjoys, as the most agreeable and successful lecturer in England.

Other causes than the misconception of a Brunel and a Faraday operated to retard the practical success of this beautiful invention. The high temperature which it was necessary to keep up in the circulating medium of the engine, and the consequent oxidation, soon destroyed the pistons, valves, and other working parts. These difficulties the inventor endeavored to remedy, in an engine, which he subsequently constructed, of much larger powers, but without success. His failure in this respect, however, did not deter him from prosecuting his invention. He continued his experiments from time to time, as opportunity permitted, confident that he was gradually, but surely, approaching the realization of his great scheme.

Meanwhile he applied himself with his accustomed energy to the practical working out of another favorite idea. The principle of the Ericsson propeller was first suggested to the inventor by a study of the means employed to propel the inhabitants of the air and deep. He satisfied himself that all such propulsion in Nature is produced by oblique action; though, in common with all practical men, he at first supposed that it was inseparably attended by a loss of power. But when he reflected that this was the principle invariably adopted by the Great Mechanician of the Universe, in enabling the birds, insects, and fishes to move through their respective elements, he knew that he must be in error. This he was soon able to demonstrate, and he became convinced, by a strict application of the laws which govern matter and motion, that no loss of power whatever attends the oblique action of the propelling surfaces applied to Nature's locomotives.

After having satisfied himself on the theory of the subject, the first step of the inventor was the construction of a small model, which he tried in the circular basin of a bath in London. To his great delight, so perfectly was his theory borne out in practice, that this model, though less than two feet long, performed its voyage about the basin at the rate of three English miles an hour.

The next step in the invention was the construction of a boat forty feet long, eight feet beam, and three feet draught of water, with two propellers, each of five feet three inches in diameter. So successful was this experiment, that, when steam was turned on the first time, the boat at once moved at a speed of upwards of ten miles an hour, without a single alteration being requisite in her machinery. Not only did she attain this considerable speed, but her power to tow larger vessels was found to be so great that schooners of one hundred and forty tons' burden were propelled by her at the rate of seven miles an hour; and the American packet-ship Toronto was towed in the river Thames by this miniature steamer at the rate of more than five English miles an hour. This feat excited no little interest

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among the boatmen of the Thames, who were astonished at the sight of this novel craft moving against wind and tide without any visible agency of propulsion, and, ascribing to it some supernatural origin, united in giving it the name of the *Flying Devil.* But the engineers of London regarded the experiment with silent neglect; and the subject, when laid before the Lords of the British Admiralty, failed to attract any favorable notice from that august body.

Perceiving its peculiar and admirable fitness for ships of war, Ericsson was confident that their Lordships would at once order the construction of a war-steamer on the new principle. He invited them, therefore, to take an excursion in tow of his experimental boat. Accordingly, the gorgeous and gilt Admiralty Barge was ordered up to Somerset House, and the little steamer was lashed along-side. The barge contained Sir Charles Adam, Senior Lord of the Admiralty, — Sir William Simonds, Chief Constructor of the British Navy, — Sir Edward Parry, the celebrated Arctic navigator, — Captain Beaufort, the Chief of the Topographical Department of the British Admiralty, — and others of scientific and naval distinction.

In the anticipation of a severe scrutiny from so distinguished a personage as the Chief Constructor of the British Navy, the inventor had carefully prepared plans of his new mode of propulsion, which were spread on the damask cloth of the magnificent barge. To his utter astonishment, as we may well imagine, this scientific gentleman did not appear to take the slightest interest in his explanations. On the contrary, with those expressive shrugs of the shoulder and shakes of the head which convey so much to the bystander without absolutely committing the actor, — with an occasional sly, mysterious, undertone remark to his colleagues, — he indicated very plainly, that, though his humanity would not permit him to give a worthy man cause for so much unhappiness, yet that "he could, an if he would," demonstrate by a single word the utter futility of the whole invention.

Meanwhile the little steamer, with her precious charge, proceeded at a steady progress of ten miles an hour, through the arches of the lofty Southwark and London bridges, towards Limehouse, and the steam-engine manufactory of the Messrs. Seaward. Their Lordships having landed, and inspected the huge piles of ill-shaped cast-iron, misdenominated marine engines, intended for some of His Majesty's steamers, with a look at their favorite propelling-apparatus, the Morgan paddle-wheel, they reëmbarked, and were safely returned to Somerset House by the disregarded, noiseless, and unseen propeller of the new steamer.

On parting, Sir Charles Adam, with a sympathizing air, shook the inventor cordially by the hand, and thanked him for the trouble he had been at in showing him and his friends this *interesting* experiment, adding that he feared he had put himself to too great an expense and trouble on the occasion. Notwithstanding this somewhat ominous *finale* of the day's excursion, Ericsson felt confident that their Lordships could not fail to perceive the great importance of the invention. To his surprise, however, a few days afterwards, a friend put into his hands a letter written by Captain Beaufort, at the suggestion, probably, of the Lords of the Admiralty, in which that gentleman, who had himself witnessed the experiment, expressed regret to state that their Lordships had certainly been very much disappointed at its result. The reason for the disappointment was altogether inexplicable to the inventor; for the speed attained at this trial far exceeded anything that had ever been accomplished by any paddle-wheel steamer on so small a scale.

An accident soon relieved his astonishment, and explained the mysterious givings-out of Sir William Simonds on the day of the excursion. The subject having been started at a dinner-table where a friend of Ericsson's was present, Sir William ingeniously and ingenuously re-

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marked, that, "even if the propeller had the power of propelling a vessel, it would be found altogether useless in practice, *because*, the power being applied in the *stern*, it would be *absolutely impossible* to make the vessel steer." It may not be obvious to every one how our naval philosopher derived his conclusion from his premises; but his hearers doubtless readily acquiesced in the oracular proposition, and were much amused at the idea of undertaking to steer a vessel when the power was applied in her stern.

But we may well excuse the Lords of the British Admiralty for exhibiting no interest in the invention, when we reflect that the engineering corps of the empire were arrayed in opposition to it,—alleging that it was constructed upon erroneous principles, and full of practical defects, and regarding its failure as too certain to authorize any speculations even as to its success. The plan was specially submitted to many distinguished engineers, and was publicly discussed in the scientific journals; and there was no one but the inventor who refused to acquiesce in the truth of the numerous demonstrations proving the vast loss of mechanical power which must attend this proposed substitute for the old-fashioned paddle-wheel.

While opposed by such a powerful array of English scientific wisdom, the inventor had the satisfaction of submitting his plan to a citizen of the New World, Mr. Francis B. Ogden,—for many years Consul of the United States at Liverpool,—who was able to understand its philosophy and appreciate its importance. Though not an engineer by profession, Mr. Ogden was distinguished for his eminent attainments in mechanical science, and is entitled to the honor of having first applied the important principle of the expansive power of steam, and of having originated the idea of employing right-angular cranks in marine engines. His practical experience and long study of the subject—for he was the first to stem the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the first to navigate the ocean by the power of steam alone—enabled him at once to perceive the truth of the inventor's demonstrations. And not only did he admit their truth, but he also joined Ericsson in constructing the experimental boat to which we have alluded, and which the inventor launched into the Thames with the name of the "Francis B. Ogden," as a token of respect to his Transatlantic friend.

Other circumstances soon occurred which consoled the inventor for his disappointment in the rejection of the propeller by the British Admiralty. The subject had been brought to the notice of an officer of the United States navy, Captain Robert F. Stockton, who was at that time on a visit to London, and who was induced to accompany him in one of his experimental excursions on the Thames. Captain Stockton is entitled to the credit of being the first naval officer who heard, understood, and dared to act upon the suggestions of Ericsson, as to the application of the propeller to ships of war. At the first glance, he saw the important bearings of the invention; and his acute judgment enabled him at once to predict that it was destined to work a revolution in naval warfare. After making a single trip in the experimental steamboat, from London Bridge to Greenwich, he ordered the inventor to build for him forthwith two iron boats for the United States, with steam-machinery and propeller on the plan of this rejected invention. "I do not want," said Stockton, "the opinions of your scientific men; what I have seen this day satisfies me." He at once brought the subject before the Government of the United States, and caused numerous plans and models to be made, at his own expense, explaining the peculiar fitness of the invention for ships of war. So completely persuaded was he of its great importance in this aspect, and so determined that his views should be carried out, that he boldly assured the inventor that the Government of the United States would test the propeller on a large scale; and so confi

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dent was Ericsson that the perseverance and energy of Captain Stockton would sooner or later accomplish what he promised, that he at once abandoned his professional engagements in England, and came to the United States, where he fixed his residence in the city of New York. This was in the year 1839.

Circumstances delayed, for some two years, the execution of their plan. With the change of the Federal Administration, Stockton was first able to obtain a favorable hearing; and having at length received the necessary authority, the Princeton was built under his superintendence, from the designs of Ericsson. She was completed and ready for sea early in 1844, when she was pronounced by Stockton "the cheapest, fastest, and most certain ship of war in the world."

In this vessel, in addition to the propeller, Ericsson introduced his semicylindrical steam-engine, a beautiful invention, so compact that it occupied only one-eighth of the bulk of the British marine engine of corresponding power, and was placed more than four feet below the water-line. The boilers were also below the water-line, having a peculiar heating-apparatus attached which effected a great saving of fuel, and with their furnaces and flues so constructed as to burn anthracite as well as bituminous coal. Instead of the ordinary tall smoke-pipe, — an insuperable objection to a steamer as a ship of war, — he constructed a smoke-pipe upon the principle of the telescope, which could be elevated or depressed at pleasure; and in order to provide a draught independent of the height of the smoke-pipe, he placed centrifugal blowers in the bottom of the vessel, which were worked by separate small engines, — an arrangement originally applied by him to marine engines in the steam-packet Corsair in 1831. Thus the steam-machinery of the Princeton fulfilled the most important requisites for a war-steamer, combining lightness, compactness, simplicity, and efficiency, and being placed wholly out of reach of the enemy's fire.

The armament of the ship also exhibited many peculiarities. "By the application of the various arts to the purposes of war on board of the Princeton," says Captain Stockton, in his report to the Navy Department, "it is believed that the art of gunnery for sea-service has, for the first time, been reduced to something like mathematical certainty. The distance to which the guns can throw their shot at every necessary angle of elevation has been ascertained by a series of careful experiments. The distance from the ship to any object is readily ascertained with an instrument on board, contrived for that purpose, by an observation which it requires but an instant to make, and by inspection without calculation. By self-acting locks, the guns can be fired accurately at the necessary elevation, — no matter what the motion of the ship may be." The instruments here referred to, namely, the Distance-Instrument and the Self-Acting Gun-Lock, and also the wrought-iron gun-carriage, by means of which Captain Stockton's enormous guns were readily handled and directed, all were the productions of Ericsson's fertile mechanical genius.

A committee of the American Institute, by whom this remarkable vessel was examined, thus concluded their report: — "Your Committee take leave to present the Princeton as every way worthy the highest honors of the Institute. She is a sublime conception, most successfully realized, — an effort of genius skilfully executed, — a grand *unique* combination, honorable to the country, as creditable to all engaged upon her. Nothing in the history of mechanics surpasses the inventive genius of Captain Ericsson, unless it be the moral daring of Captain Stockton, in the adoption of so many novelties at one time." We may add that in the Princeton was exhibited the first successful application of screw-propulsion to a ship of war, and that she was the first steamship ever built with the machinery below the water-line and out of the reach of shot.

Ericsson spent the best part of two

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years in his labors upon the Princeton. Besides furnishing the general plan of the ship and supplying her in every department with his patented improvements, he prepared, with his own hand, the working-drawings for every part of the steam-machinery, propelling-apparatus, and steering-apparatus in detail, and superintended their whole construction and arrangement, giving careful and exact instructions as to the most minute particulars. In so doing, he was compelled to make frequent journeys from New York to Sandy Hook and Philadelphia, involving no small amount of trouble and expense. For the use of his patent rights in the engine and propeller, he had, at the suggestion of Captain Stockton, refrained from charging the usual fees, consenting to accept, as full satisfaction, whatever the Government, after testing the inventions, should see fit to pay. He never imagined, however, that his laborious services as engineer were to go unrequited, or that his numerous inventions and improvements, unconnected with the engine and propeller, were to be furnished gratuitously. Yet, when, after the Princeton, as we have seen, had been pronounced on all hands a splendid success, Ericsson presented his bill to the Navy Department, — *not* for the patent-fees in question, but for the bare repayment of his expenditures, and compensation for his time and labor in the service of the United States, — he was informed that his claim could not be allowed; it could not be recognized as a "legal claim." It was not denied that the services alleged had been rendered, — that the work for which compensation was asked had been done by Ericsson, and well done, — nor that the United States were in the enjoyment of the unpaid results of his labor and invention. A claim based upon such considerations might, it would seem, have been brought within the definition of a legal claim. But if not admissible under the strict rules of the Navy Department, it was certainly an equitable demand against the United States; and Ericsson could not believe that the representatives of the great American people would stand upon technicalities. He accordingly made a direct appeal to them in a Memorial to Congress.

We may as well here give the further history of this claim. It met with the usual delays and obstructions that private claims, having nothing but their intrinsic merits to support them, are compelled to encounter. It called forth the usual amount of legislative pettifogging. Session after session passed away, and still it hung between the two Houses of Congress, until the very time which had elapsed since it was first presented began to be brought up as an argument against it. At length, when Congress established the Court of Claims, a prospect opened of bringing it to a fair hearing and a final decision. It was submitted to that tribunal six years ago. The Court decided in its favor, — the three judges (Gilchrist, Scarborough, and Blackford) being unanimous in their judgment. A bill directing its payment was reported to the Senate, — and there it is still. Although favorably reported upon by two committees at different sessions, and once passed by the Senate, without a vote recorded against it, it has never yet got through both Houses of Congress. For furnishing this Government with the magnificent war-steamer which was pronounced by Captain Stockton "the cheapest, fastest, and most certain ship of war in the world," Ericsson has never been paid a dollar. It remains to be seen whether the present Congress will permit this stain upon the national good faith to continue. If it does, its "votes of thanks" are little better than a mockery.

The efficiency and utility of the propeller having been established beyond a doubt, it went at once into extensive use. But the inventor was again disappointed in his just expectation of reaping an adequate pecuniary benefit from his exertions. Upon the strength of some attempts at screw-propulsion, — made and abandoned by various experimenters, — which had never resulted, and probably

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never would have resulted, in any practical application, rival machines, which conflicted with Ericsson's patent, soon made their appearance. A long litigation followed, during which all attempts to collect patent-fees were necessarily suspended; and the result was, that the invention was virtually abandoned to the public. But no one can take from Ericsson the honor of having first introduced the screw-propeller into actual use, and demonstrated its value,—an honor which is now freely accorded to him by the highest scientific authorities at home and abroad.

Although the first five years of his American experience had been less profitable, in a pecuniary sense, than he had anticipated, he continued to reside in the city of New York, where he found an ample field for the exercise of his great powers in the line of his profession. He planned the war-steamer Pomone, the first screw-vessel introduced into the French navy. He planned revenue-cutters for the United States Government, taking care always to have his contracts so distinctly made that no question could again arise as to his "legal claim." He invented a useful apparatus for supplying the boilers of sea-going steamers with fresh water. He invented various modifications of the steam-engine.

In the American division of the London Industrial Exhibition of all Nations in 1851, he exhibited the Distance-Instrument, for measuring distances at sea,—the Hydrostatic Gauge, for measuring the volume of fluids under pressure,—the Reciprocating Fluid-Metre, for measuring the quantity of water which passes through pipes during definite periods,—the Alarm-Barometer,—the Pyrometer, intended as a standard measure of temperature, from the freezing-point of water up to the melting-point of iron,—a Rotary Fluid-Metre, the principle of which is the measurement of fluids by the velocity with which they pass through apertures of different dimensions,—and a Sea-Lead, contrived for taking soundings at sea without rounding the vessel to the wind, and independently of the length of the lead-line. For these inventions he received the prize-medal of the Exhibition.

But while thus continually occupied with new enterprises and objects, he did not lose sight of his great idea, the Caloric-Engine. All his spare hours and spare funds were devoted to experiments with the view of overcoming the practical difficulties which stood in the way of its success. Towards the end of the year 1851 he seemed to be on the point of realizing his hopes, having constructed a large stationary engine, which was applied with great success, at the Phœnix Foundry in New York, to the actual work of pumping water. Soon after, through the liberality of Mr. John B. Kitching, a well-known merchant of New York, he was enabled to test the invention on a magnificent scale. A ship of two thousand tons, propelled by the power of caloric-engines, was planned and constructed by him in the short space of seven months, and in honor of the inventor received the name of the "Ericsson."

Every one will remember the interest which this caloric-ship excited throughout the country. She made a trip from New York to Alexandria on the Potomac, in very rough weather, in the latter part of February, 1853. On this trip the engines were in operation for seventy-three hours without being stopped for a moment, and without requiring the slightest adjustment, the consumption of fuel being only five tons in twenty-four hours. At Alexandria she was visited by the President and President elect, the heads of the departments, a large number of naval officers, and many members of both Houses of Congress, and subsequently by the foreign ministers in a body, and by the Legislature of Virginia, then in session. Ericsson was invited by a committee of the Legislature to visit Richmond as the guest of the State. The Secretary of the Navy recommended, in a special communication to Congress, the passage of a resolution authorizing him to contract for the construction of a frigate of two thousand tons to be equipped with caloric-

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engines, and to appropriate for this purpose five hundred thousand dollars. This recommendation failed in consequence of the pressure of business at the close of the session.

But notwithstanding the surprise and admiration which this achievement excited in the scientific world, the speed attained was not sufficient to meet the practical exigencies of commerce; and the repetition of the engines on this large scale could not be undertaken at the charge of individuals. Ericsson accordingly wisely devoted himself to perfecting the Caloric-Engine on a small scale, and in 1859 he produced it in a form which has since proved a complete success. It is no longer a subject of experiment, but exists as a perfect, practical machine. More than five hundred of these engines, with cylinders varying from a diameter of six inches to one of forty inches, are now in successful operation. It is applied to purposes of pumping, printing, hoisting, grinding, sawing, turning light machinery, working telegraphic instruments and sewing-machines, and propelling boats. No less than forty daily papers (among which we may mention the "National Intelligencer") are printed by means of this engine. In Cuba it is used for grinding sugar-cane, on Southern plantations for ginning cotton; and there is an endless variety of domestic, agricultural, and mechanical uses to which it may be advantageously applied.

The extent of power attainable by this machine, consistently with its application to practical uses, is not yet precisely defined. Within the limit thus far given to it, its power is certain, uniform, and entirely sufficient. It is not attended with the numerous perils that make the steam-engine so uncomfortable a servant, but is absolutely free from danger. It requires no engineering supervision. It consumes a very small amount of fuel (about one-third of the amount required by the steam-engine) and requires no water. These peculiarities not only make it a very desirable substitute for the steam-engine, but render it available for many purposes to which the steam-engine would never be applied.

In addition to his regular professional avocations, Ericsson was industriously occupied in devising new applications of the Caloric-Engine, when the attempted secession of the Southern States plunged the country into the existing war and struck a blow at all the arts of peace. His whole heart and mind were given at once to the support of the Union. Liberal in all his ideas, he is warmly attached to republican institutions, and has a hearty abhorrence of intolerance and oppression in all their forms. His early military education and his long study of the appliances of naval warfare increased the interest with which he watched the progress of events. The abandonment of the Norfolk navy-yard to the Rebels struck him as a disgrace that might have been avoided. He foresaw the danger of a formidable antagonist from that quarter in the steamship which we had so obligingly furnished them. The building of gun-boats with steam-machinery *above* the water-line — where the first shot from an enemy might render it useless — seemed to him, in view of what he had done and was ready to do again, a very unnecessary error. Knowing thoroughly all the improvements made and making in the war-steamers of England and France, and feeling the liability of their interference in our affairs, he could not appreciate the wisdom of building new vessels according to old ideas. The blockade of the Potomac by Rebel batteries, in the very face of our navy, seemed to him an indignity which need not be endured, if the inventive genius of the North could have fair play.

An impregnable iron gun-boat was, in his judgment, the thing that was needed; and he determined that the plan of such a vessel should be his contribution towards the success of the war. The subject was not a new one to him. He had given it much consideration, and his plan, in all its essential features, had been matured long before. Proposals for iron-clad vessels having been invited by the

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Navy Department, Ericsson promptly submitted his plans and specifications. Knowing the opposition that novelties always encounter, he had no great expectation that his proposal would be accepted. "I have done my part," said he; "I have offered my plan. It is for the Government to say whether I shall be allowed to carry it out." He felt confident, however, that, if the plan should be brought to the notice of the President, his practical wisdom and sound common sense could not fail to decide in its favor. Fortunately for the country, Ericsson's offer was accepted by the Navy Department. He immediately devoted all his energies to the execution of his task, and the result was the construction of the vessel to which he himself gave the name of the "Monitor." What she is and what she has accomplished, we need not here repeat. Whatever may be her future history, we may safely say, in the words of the New York Chamber of Commerce, that "the floating-battery Monitor deserves to be, and will be, forever remembered with gratitude and admiration."

We rejoice to believe that the merits and services of Ericsson are now fully appreciated by the people of the United States. The thanks of the nation have been tendered to him by a resolution of Congress. The Boston Board of Trade and the New York Chamber of Commerce have passed resolutions expressive of their gratitude. The latter body expressed also their desire that the Government of the United States should make to Captain Ericsson "such suitable return for his services as will evince the gratitude of a great nation." Upon hearing this suggestion, Ericsson, with characteristic modesty, remarked,—"All the remuneration I desire for the Monitor I get out of the construction of it. It is all-sufficient." Nevertheless we think the suggestion well worthy of consideration. In the same spirit of manly independence, he discountenanced the movement set on foot among the merchants of New York for the subscription of a sum of money to be presented to him. He asks nothing but fair remuneration for services rendered,—and that, it is to be hoped, the people will take care that he shall receive.

Ericsson is now zealously at work in constructing six new iron gun-boats on the plan of the Monitor. If that remarkable structure can be surpassed, he is the man to accomplish it. His ambition is to render the United States impregnable against the navies of the world. "Give me only the requisite means," he writes, "and in a very short time we can say to those powers now bent on destroying republican institutions, '*Leave the Gulf with your frail craft, or perish!*' I have all my life asserted that mechanical science will put an end to the power of England over the seas. The ocean is Nature's highway between the nations. It should be free; and surely Nature's laws, when properly applied, will make it so."

His reputation as an engineer is world-wide. In 1852 he was made a Knight of the Order of Vasa by King Oscar of Sweden. The following extract from a poem "To John Ericsson" we translate from "Svenska Tidningen," the Government journal of Stockholm. It is eloquently expressive of the pride and admiration with which he is regarded in his native country.

"World-wide his fame, so gracefully adorning
His native Sweden with enduring radiance!
Not a king's crown could give renown so noble:
For his is Thought's great triumph, and the sceptre
He wields is over elements his subjects!"

Although now in his sixtieth year, Ericsson has the appearance of a man of forty. He is in the very maturity of a vigorous manhood, and retains all the fire and enthusiasm of youth. He has a frame of iron, cast in a large and symmetrical mould. His head and face are indicative of intellectual power and a strong will. His presence impresses one, at the first glance, as that of an extraordinary man. His bearing is dignified

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and courteous, with a touch perhaps of military *brusquerie* in his mode of address. He has a keen sense of humor, a kindly and generous disposition, and a genial and companionable nature. He is a "good hater" and a firm friend. Like all men of strong character and outspoken opinions, he has some enemies; but his chosen friends he "grapples to his heart with hooks of steel."

He is not a mere mechanician, but has great knowledge of men and of affairs, and an ample fund of information on all subjects. His conversation is engaging and instructive; and when he seeks to enlist coöperation in his mechanical enterprises, few men can withstand the force of his arguments and the power of his personal magnetism.

Although his earnings have sometimes been large, his heavy expenditures in costly experiments have prevented him from acquiring wealth. Money is with him simply a means of working out new ideas for the benefit of mankind; and in this way he does not scruple to spend to the utmost limit of his resources. He lives freely and generously, but is strictly temperate and systematic in all his habits.

The amount of labor which he is capable of undergoing is astonishing. While engaged in carrying out his inventions, it is a common thing for him to pass sixteen hours a day at his table, in the execution of detailed mechanical drawings, which he throws off with a facility and in a style that have probably never been surpassed. He does not seem to need such recreation as other men pine after. He never cares to run down to the seashore, or take a drive into the country, or spend a week at Saratoga or at Newport. Give him his drawing-table, his plans, his models, the noise of machinery, the clatter of the foundry, and he is always contented. Week in and week out, summer and winter, he works on and on, — and the harder he works, the more satisfied he seems to be. He is as untiring as one of his own engines, which never stop so long as the fire burns. Endowed with such a constitution, it is to be hoped that new triumphs and many years of honor and usefulness are yet before him.

MOVING.

Man is like an onion. He exists in concentric layers. He is born a bulb and grows by external accretions. The number and character of his involutions certify to his culture and courtesy. Those of the boor are few and coarse. Those of the gentleman are numerous and fine. But strip off the scales from all and you come to the same germ. The core of humanity is barbarism. Every man is a latent savage.

You may be startled and shocked, but I am stating fact, not theory. I announce not an invention, but a discovery. You look around you, and because you do not see tomahawks and tattooing you doubt my assertion. But your observation is superficial. You have not penetrated into the secret place where souls abide. You are staring only at the outside layer of your neighbors; just peel them and see what you will find.

I speak from the highest possible authority, — my own. Representing the gentler half of humanity, of respectable birth, tolerable parts, and good education, as tender-hearted as most women, not unfamiliar with the best society, mingling, to some extent, with those who understand and practise the minor moralities, you would at once infer from my circumstances that I was a very fair speci-

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men of the better class of Americans,—and so I am. For one that stands higher than I in the moral, social, and intellectual scale, you will undoubtedly find ten that stand lower. Yet through all these layers gleam the fiery eyes of my savage. I thought I was a Christian. I have endeavored to do my duty to my day and generation; but of a sudden Christianity and civilization leave me in the lurch, and the "old Adam" within me turns out to be just such a fierce Saxon pirate as hurtled down against the white shores of Britain fifteen hundred years ago.

For we have been moving.

People who live in cities and move regularly every year from one good, finished, right-side-up house to another will think I give a very small reason for a very broad fact; but they do not know what they are talking about. They have fallen into a way of looking upon a house only as an exaggerated trunk, into which they pack themselves annually with as much *nonchalance* as if it were only their preparation for a summer trip to the seashore. They don't strike root anywhere. They don't have to tear up anything. A man comes with cart and horses. There is a stir in the one house,—they are gone;—there is a stir in the other house,—they are settled,—and everything is wound up and set going to run another year. We do these things differently in the country. We don't build a house by way of experiment and live in it a few years, then tear it down and build another. We live in a house till it cracks, and then we plaster it over; then it totters, and we prop it up; then it rocks, and we rope it down; then it sprawls, and we clamp it; then it crumbles, and we have a new underpinning,—but keep living in it all the time. To know what moving really means, you must move from just such a rickety-rackety old farmhouse, where you have clung and grown like a fungus ever since there was anything to grow,—where your life and luggage have crept into all the crevices and corners, and every wall is festooned with associations thicker than the cobwebs, though the cobwebs are pretty thick,—where the furniture and the pictures and the knick-knacks are so become a part and parcel of the house, so grown with it and into it, that you do not know they are chiefly rubbish till you begin to move them and they fall to pieces, and don't know it then, but persist in packing them up and carrying them away for the sake of auld lang syne, till, set up again in your new abode, you suddenly find that their sacredness is gone, their dignity has degraded into dinginess, and the faded, patched chintz sofa, that was not only comfortable, but respectable, in the old wainscoted sitting-room, has suddenly turned into "an object," when lang syne goes by the board and the heirloom is incontinently set adrift. Undertake to move from this tumble-down old house, strewn thick with the *débris* of many generations, into a tumble-up, peaky, perky, plastery, shingly, stary new one, that is not half finished, and never will be, and good enough for it, and you will perhaps comprehend how it is that I find a great crack in my life. On the farther side are prosperity, science, literature, philosophy, religion, society, all the refinements, and amenities, and benevolences, and purities of life,—in short, all the arts of peace, and civilization, and Christianity,—and on this side —— moving. You will also understand why that one word comprises, to my thinking, all the discomforts short of absolute physical torture that can be condensed into the human lot. Condensed, did I say? If it were a condensed agony, I could endure it. One great, stunning, overpowering blow is undoubtedly terrible, but you rally all your fortitude to meet and resist it, and when it is over it is over and the recuperative forces go to work; but a trouble that worries and baffles and pricks and rasps you, that penetrates into all the ramifications of your life, that fills you with profound disgust, and fires you with irrepressible fury, and makes of you an Ishmaelite indeed, with your hand against every man and every man's hand against you,—ah! that is the *experimentum crucis.*

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Such is moving, in the country, — not an act, but a process, — not a volition, but a fermentation.

We will say that the first of September is the time appointed for the transit. The day approaches. It is the twenty-ninth of August. I prepare to take hold of the matter in earnest. I am nipped in the bud by learning that the woman who was to help about the carpets cannot come, because her baby is taken with the croup. I have not a doubt of it. I never knew a baby yet that did not go and have the croup, or the colic, or the cholera infantum, just when it was imperatively necessary that it should not have them. But there is no help for it. I shudder and bravely gird myself for the work. I tug at the heavy, bulky, unwieldy carpets, and am covered with dust and abomination. I think carpets are the most untidy, unwholesome nuisances in the whole world. It is impossible to be clean with them under your feet. You may sweep your carpet twenty times and raise a dust on the twenty-first. I am sure I heard long ago of some new fashion that was to be introduced, — some Italian style, tiles, or mosaic-work, or something of the sort. I should welcome anything that would dispense with these vile rags. I sigh over the good old sanded floors that our grandmothers rejoiced in, — and so, apotheosizing the past and anathematizing the present, I pull away, and the tacks tear my fingers, and the hammer slips and lets me back with a jerk, and the dust fills my hair and nose and eyes and mouth and lungs, and my hands grow red and coarse and ragged and sore and begrimed, and I pull and choke and cough and strangle and pull.

So the carpets all come up and the curtains all come down. The bureaus march out of the chamber-windows and dance on a tight-rope down into the yard below. The chairs are set at "heads and points." The clothes are packed into the trunks. The flour and meal and sugar, all the wholesale edibles, are carted down to the new house and stored. The forks are wrapped up and we eat with our fingers, and have nothing to eat at that. Then we are informed that the new house will not be ready short of two weeks at least. Unavoidable delays. The plasterers were hindered; the painters misunderstood orders; the paperers have defalcated, and the universe generally comes to a pause. It is no matter in what faith I was nurtured, I am now a believer in total depravity. Contractors have no conscience; masons are not men of their word; carpenters are tricky; all manner of cunning workmen are bruised reeds. But there is nothing to do but submit and make the best of it, — a horrible kind of mechanism. We go forthwith into a chrysalis state for two weeks. The only sign of life is an occasional lurch towards the new house, just sufficient to keep up the circulation. One day I dreamily carry down a basket of wine-glasses. At another time I listlessly stuff all my slippers into a huge pitcher and take up the line of march. Again a bucket is filled with tea-cups, or I shoulder the fire-shovel. The two weeks drag themselves away, and the cry is still, "Unfinished!" To prevent petrifying into a fossil remain, or relapsing into primitive barbarism, or degenerating into a dormouse, I rouse my energies and determine to put my own shoulder to the wheel and see if something cannot be accomplished. I rise early in the morning and walk to Dan, to hire a painter who is possessed of "gumption," "faculty." Arrived in Dan, I am told that he is in Beersheba. Nothing daunted, I take a short cut across the fields to Beersheba, bearding manifold dangers from rickety stone-walls, strong enough to keep women in, but not strong enough to keep bears, bulls, and other wild beasts out, — toppling enough to play the mischief with draperies, but not toppling enough to topple over when urgently pressed to do so. But I secure my man, and remember no more my sorrow of bulls and stones for joy at my success. From Beersheba I proceed to Padan-aram to buy seven pounds of flour, thence to Galilee of the Gentiles for a pound of

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cheese, thence to the land of Uz for a smoked halibut, thence to the ends of the earth for a lemon to make life tolerable, — and the days hobble on.

"The flying gold of the ruined woodlands" drives through the air, the signal is given, and there is no longer "quiet on the Potomac." The unnatural calm gives way to an unearthly din. Once more I bring myself to bear on the furniture and the trumpery, and there is a small household whirlpool. All that went before "pales its ineffectual fires." Now comes the strain upon my temper, and my temper bends, and quivers, and creaks, and cracks. Ithuriel touches me with his spear; all the integuments of my conventional, artificial, and acquired gentleness peel off, and I stand revealed a savage. Everything around me sloughs off its usual habitude and becomes savage. Looking-glasses are shivered by the dozen. A bit is nicked out of the best China sugar-bowl. A pin gets under the matting that is wrapped around the centre-table and jags horrible hieroglyphics over the whole polished surface. The bookcase that we are trying to move tilts, and trembles, and goes over, and the old house through all her frame gives signs of woe. A crash detonate on the stairs brings me up from the depths of the closet where I am burrowing. I remember seeing Petronius disappear a moment ago with my lovely and beloved marble Hebe in his arms. I rush rampant to the upper landing in time to see him couchant on the lower. "I have broken my leg," roars Petronius, as if I cared for his leg. A fractured leg is easily mended; but who shall restore me the nose of my nymph, marred into irremediable deformity and dishonor?

Occasionally a gleam of sunshine shoots athwart the darkness to keep me back from rash deeds. Behind the sideboard I find a little cross of dark, bright hair and gold and pearls, that I lost two years ago and would not be comforted. O happy days woven in with the dark, bright hair! O golden, pearly days, come back to me again! "Never mind your gewgaws," interposes real life; "what is to be done with the things in this drawer?" Lying atop of a heap of old papers in the front-yard, waiting the match that is to glorify them into flame, I find a letter that mysteriously disappeared long since and caused me infinite alarm lest indelicate eyes might see it and indelicate hands make ignoble use of its honest and honorable meaning. I learn also sundry new and interesting facts in mechanics. I become acquainted for the first time with the *modus operandi* of "roller-cloths." I never understood before how the roller got inside the towel. It was one of those gentle domestic mysteries that repel even while they invite investigation. I shall not give the result of my discovery to the public. If you wish very much to find out, you can move, as I did.

But the rifts of sunshine disappear, the clouds draw together and close in. The savage walks abroad once more, and I go to bed tired of life.

I have scarcely fallen asleep, when I am reluctantly, by short and difficult stages, awakened. A rumbling, grating, strident noise first confuses, then startles me. Is it robbers? Is it an earthquake? Is it the coming of fate? I lie rigid, bathed in a cold perspiration. I hear the tread of banditti on the moaning stairs. I see the flutter of ghostly robes by the uncurtained windows. A chill, uncanny air rushes in and grips at my damp hair. I am nerved by the extremity of my terror. I will die of anything but fright. I jerk off the bedclothes, convulse into an upright posture, and glare into the darkness. Nothing. I rise softly, creep cautiously and swiftly over the floor, that always creaked, but now thunders at every footfall. A light gleams through the open door of the opposite room whence the sound issues. A familiar voice utters an exclamation which I recognize. It is Petronius, the unprincipled scoundrel, who is uncording a bed, dragging remorselessly through innumerable holes the long rope whose doleful wail came near giving me an epilepsy. My savage

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lets loose the dogs of war. Petronius would fain defend himself by declaring that it is morning. I indignantly deny it. He produces his watch. A fig for his watch! I stake my consciousness against twenty watches, and go to bed again; but Sleep, angry goddess, once repulsed, returns no more. The dawn comes up the sky and confirms the scorned watch. The golden daggers of the morning prick in under my eyelids, and Petronius introduces himself upon the scene once more to announce, that, if I don't wish to be corded up myself, I must abdicate that bed. The threat does not terrify me. Indeed, nothing at the moment seems more inviting than to be corded up and let alone; but duty still binds me to life, and, assuring Petronius that the just law will do that service for him, if he does not mend his ways, I slowly emerge again into the world, — the dreary, chaotic world, — the world that is never at rest.

And there is hurrying to and fro, and a clang of many voices, and the clatter of much crockery, and a lifting, and balancing, and battering against walls and curving around corners, and sundry contusions, and a great waste of expletives, and a loading of wagons, and a driving of patient oxen back and forth with me generally on the top of the load, steadying a basket of eggs with one foot, keeping a tin can of something from upsetting with the other, and both arms stretched around a very big and very square picture-frame that knocks against my nose or my chin every time the cart goes over a stone or drops into a rut, and the wind threatening to blow my hat off, and blowing it off, and my "back-hair" tumbling down, — and the old house is at last despoiled. The rooms stand bare and brown and desolate. The sun, a handbreadth above the horizon, pours in through the unblinking windows. The last load is gone. The last man has departed. I am left alone to lock up the house and walk over the hill to the new home. Then, for the first time, I remember that I am leaving. As I pass through the door of my own room, not regretfully, I turn. I look up and down and through and through the place where I shall never rest again, and I rejoice that it is so. As I stand there, with the red, solid sunshine lying on the floor, lying on the walls, unfamiliar in its new profusion, the silence becomes audible. In the still October evening there is an effort in the air. The dumb house is striving to find a voice. I feel the struggle of its insensate frame. The old timbers quiver with the unusual strain. The strong, blind, vegetable energy agonizes to find expression, and, wrestling like a pinioned giant, the soul of matter throws off the weight of its superincumbent inertia. Slowly, gently, most sorrowfully through the golden air cleaves a voice that is somewhat a wail, yet not untuned by love. Inarticulate at first, I catch only the low mournfulness; but it clears, it concentrates, it murmurs into cadence, it syllables into intelligence, and thus the old house speaks: —

"Child, my child, forward to depart, stay for one moment your eager feet. Put off from your brow the crown which the sunset has woven, and linger yet a little longer in the shadow which enshrouds me forever. I remember, in this parting hour, the day of days which the tremulous years bore in their bosom, — a day crimson with the woodbine's happy flush and glowing with the maple's gold. On that day a tender, tiny life came down, and stately Silence fled before the pelting of baby-laughter. Faint memories of far-off olden time were softly stirred. Blindly thrilled through all my frame a vague, dim sense of swelling buds, and singing-birds, and summer-gales, — of the purple beauty of violets, the smells of fragrant earth, and the sweetness of summer dews and darks. Many a harvest-moon since then has filled her yellow horn, and queenly Junes crowned with roses have paled before the sternness of Decembers. But Decembers and Junes alike bore royal gifts to you, — gifts to the busy brain and the awakening heart. In dell and copse and meadow

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and gay green-wood you drank great draughts of life. Yet, even as I watched, your eyes grew wistful. Your lips framed questions for which the Springs found no reply, and the sacred mystery of living brought its sweet, uncertain pain. Then you went away, and a shadow fell. A gleam passed out of the sunshine and a note from the robin's song. The knights that pranced on the household hearth grew faint and still, and died for want of young eyes to mark their splendor. But when your feet, ever and anon, turned homeward, they used a firmer step, and I knew, that, though the path might be rough, you trod it bravely. I saw that you had learned how doing is a nobler thing than dreaming, yet kept the holy fire burning in the holy place. But now you go, and there will be no return. The stars are faded from the sky. The leaves writhe on the greensward. The breezes wail a dirge. The summer rain is pallid like winter snow. And — O bitterest cup of all! — the golden memories of the past have vanished from your heart. I totter down to the grave, while you go on from strength to strength. The Junes that gave you life brought death to me, and you sorrow not. O child of my tender care, look not so coldly on my pain! Breathe one sigh of regret, drop one tear of pity, before we part!"

The mournful murmur ceased. I am not adamant. My savage crouched out of sight among the underbrush. I think something stirred in the back of my eyes. There was even a suspicion of dampness in front. I thrust my hand in my pocket to have my handkerchief ready in case of a catastrophe. It was an unfortunate proceeding. My pocket was crammed full. I had to push my fingers in between all manner of rubbish, to get at the required article, and when I got hold of it, I had to pull with all my might to get it out, and when it did come, out with it came a tin box of mustard-seed, a round wooden box of tooth-powder, a ball of twine, a paper of picture-books, and a pair of gloves. Of course, the covers of both the boxes came off. The seed scattered over the floor. The tooth-powder puffed a white cloud into my face. The ball of twine unrolled and trundled to the other side of the room. I gathered up what I could, but, by the time order was restored and my handkerchief ready for use, I had no use for it. The stirring in the back of my eyes had stopped. The dewiness had disappeared. My savage sprang out from the underbrush and brandished his tomahawk. And to the old house I made answer as a Bushman of Caffraria might, or a Sioux of the Præ-Pilgrimic Age: —

"Old House, hush up! Why do you talk stuff? 'Golden memories' indeed! To hear you, one might suppose you were an ivied castle on the Rhine, and I a fair-haired princess, cradled in the depths of regal luxury, feeding on the blossoms of a thousand generations, and heroic from inborn royalty. 'Tender care'! Did you not wake me in the middle of the night, last summer, by trickling down water on my face from a passing shower? and did I not have to get up at that unearthly hour to move the bed, and step splash into a puddle, and come very near being floated away? Did not the water drip, drip, drip upon my writing-desk, and soak the leather and swell the wood, and stain the ribbon and spoil the paper inside, and all because you were treacherous at the roof and let it? Have you not made a perfect rattery of yourself, yawning at every possible chink and crumbling at the underpinning, and keeping me awake night after night by the tramp of a whole brigade of the Grand Army that slaughtered Bishop Hatto? Whenever a breeze comes along stout enough to make an aspen-leaf tremble, don't you immediately go into hysterics, and rock, and creak, and groan, as if you were the shell of an earthquake? Don't you shrivel at every window to let in the northeasters and all the snow-storms that walk abroad? Whenever a needle, or a pencil, or a penny drops, don't you open somewhere and take it in? 'Golden memories'! Leaden memories! Wooden memories! Mudden memories!"

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My savage gave a war-whoop. I turned scornfully. I swept down the staircase. I banged the front-door. I locked it with an accent, and marched up the hill. A soft sighing breathed past me. I knew it was the old house mourning for her departing child. The sun had disappeared, but the western sky was jubilant in purple and gold. The cool evening calmed me. The echoes of the war-whoop vibrated almost tenderly along the hushed hillside. I paused on the summit of the hill and looked back. Down in the valley stood the sorrowful house, tasting the first bitterness of perpetual desolation. The maples and the oaks and the beech-trees hung out their flaming banners. The pond lay dark in the shadow of the circling hills. The years called to me,—the happy, sun-ripe years that I had left tangled in the apple-blossoms, and moaning among the pines, and tinkling in the brook, and floating in the cups of the water-lilies. They looked up at me from the orchard, dark and cool. They thrilled across from the hill-tops, glowing still with the glowing sky. I heard their voice by the lilac-bush. They smiled at me under the peach-trees, and where the blackberries had ripened against the southern wall. I felt them once more in the clover-smells and the new-mown hay. They swayed again in the silken tassels of the crisp, rustling corn. They hummed with the bees in the garden-borders. They sang with the robins in the cherry-trees, and their tone was tender and passing sweet. They besought me not to cast away their memory for despite of the black-browed troop whose vile and sombre robes had mingled in with their silver garments. They prayed me to forget, but not all. They minded me of the sweet counsel we had taken together, when summer came over the hills and walked by the watercourses. They bade me remember the good tidings of great joy which they had brought me when my eyes were dim with unavailing tears. My lips trembled to their call. The war-whoop chanted itself into a vesper. A happy calm lifted from my heart and quivered out over the valley, and a comfort settled on the sad old house as I stretched forth my hands and from my inmost soul breathed down a *Benedicite!*

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

It may seem to some of my readers that I have wandered from my subject and forgotten the title of these articles, which purport to be a series of papers on "Methods of Study in Natural History." But some idea of the progress of Natural History, of its growth as a science, of the gradual evolving of general principles out of a chaotic mass of facts, is a better aid to the student than direct instruction upon special modes of investigation; and it is with the intention of presenting the study of Natural History from this point of view that I have chosen my title.

I have endeavored thus far to show how scientific facts have been systematized so as to form a classification that daily grows more true to Nature, in proportion as its errors are corrected by a more intimate acquaintance with the facts; but I will now attempt a more difficult task, and try to give some idea of the mental process by which facts are transformed into scientific truth. I fear that the subject may seem very dry to my readers, and I would again ask their indulgence for details absolutely essential to my purpose, but which would indeed be very wearisome, did they not

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lead us up to an intelligent and most significant interpretation of their meaning.

I should be glad to remove the idea that science is the mere amassing of facts. It is true that scientific results grow out of facts, but not till they have been fertilized by thought. The facts must be collected, but their mere accumulation will never advance the sum of human knowledge by one step; — it is the comparison of facts and their transformation into ideas that lead to a deeper insight into the significance of Nature. Stringing words together in incoherent succession does not make an intelligible sentence; facts are the words of God, and we may heap them together endlessly, but they will teach us little or nothing till we place them in their true relations and recognize the thought that binds them together as a consistent whole.

I have spoken of the plans that lie at the foundation of all the variety of the Animal Kingdom as so many structural ideas which must have had an intellectual existence in the Creative Conception independently of any special material expression of them. Difficult though it be to present these plans as pure abstract formulæ, distinct from the animals that represent them, I would nevertheless attempt to do it, in order to show how the countless forms of animal life have been generalized into the few grand, but simple intellectual conceptions on which all the past populations of the earth as well as the present creation are founded. In such attempts to divest the thought of its material expression, especially when that expression is multiplied in such thousand-fold variety of form and color, our familiarity with living animals is almost an obstacle to our success. For I shall hardly be able to allude to the formula of the Radiates, for instance, — the abstract idea that includes all the structural possibilities of that division of the Animal Kingdom, — without recalling to my readers a Polyp or a Jelly-Fish, a Sea-Urchin or a Star-Fish. Neither can I present the structural elements of the Mollusk plan, without reminding them of an Oyster or a Clam, a Snail or a Cuttle-Fish, — or of the Articulate plan, without calling up at once the form of a Worm, a Lobster, or an Insect, — or of the Vertebrate plan, without giving it the special character of Fish, Reptile, Bird, or Mammal. Yet I insist that all living beings are but the different modes of expressing these formulæ, and that all animals have, within the limits of their own branch of the Animal Kingdom, the same structural elements, though each branch is entirely distinct. If this be true, and if these organic formulæ have the precision of mathematical formulæ, with which I have compared them, they should be susceptible of the same tests.

The mathematician proves the identity of propositions that have the same mathematical value and significance by their convertibility. If they have the same mathematical quantities, it must be possible to transform them, one into another, without changing anything that is essential in either. The problem before us is of the same character. If, for instance, all Radiates, be they Sea-Anemones, Jelly-Fishes, Star-Fishes, or Sea-Urchins, are only various modes of expressing the same organic formula, each having the sum of all its structural elements, it should be possible to demonstrate that they are reciprocally convertible. This is actually the case, and I hope to be able to convince my readers that it is no fanciful theory, but may be demonstrated as clearly as the problems of the geometer. The naturalist has his mathematics, as well as the geometer and the astronomer; and if the mathematics of the Animal Kingdom have a greater flexibility than those of the positive sciences, and are therefore not so easily resolved into their invariable elements, it is because they have the freedom and pliability of life, and evade our efforts to bring all their external variety within the limits of the same structural law which nevertheless controls and includes them all.

I wish that I could take as the illustra-

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tion of this statement animals with whose structure the least scientific of my readers might be presumed to be familiar; but such a comparison of the Vertebrates, showing the identity and relation of structural elements throughout the Branch, or even in any one of its Classes, would be too extensive and complicated, and I must resort to the Radiates, — that branch of the Animal Kingdom which, though less generally known, has the simplest structural elements.

I will take, then, for the further illustration of my subject, the Radiates, and especially the class of Echinoderms, Star-Fishes, Sea-Urchins, and the like, both in the fossil and the living types; and though some special description of these animals is absolutely essential, I will beg my readers to remember that the general idea, and not its special manifestations, is the thing I am aiming at, and that, if we analyze the special parts characteristic of these different groups, it is only that we may resolve them back again into the structural plan that includes them all.

I have already in a previous article named the different Orders of this Class in their relative rank, and have compared the standing of the living ones, according to the greater or less complication of their structure, with the succession of the fossil ones. Of the five Orders, Beches-de-Mer, Sea-Urchins, Star-Fishes, Ophiurans, and Crinoids, — or, to name them all according to their scientific nomenclature, Holothurians, Echinoids, Asteroids, Ophiurans, and Crinoids,—the last-named are lowest in structure and earliest in time. Cuvier was the first naturalist who detected the true nature af the Crinoids, and placed them where they belong in the classification of the Animal Kingdom. They had been observed before, and long and laborious investigations had been undertaken upon them, but they were especially baffling to the student, because they were known only in the fossil condition from incomplete specimens; and though they still have their representatives among the type of Echinoderms as it exists at present, yet, partly owing to the rarity of the living specimens and partly to the imperfect condition of the fossil ones, the relation between them was not recognized. The errors about them certainly did not arise from any want of interest in the subject among naturalists, for no less than three hundred and eighty different authors have published their investigations upon the Crinoids, and the books that have been printed about these animals, many of which were written long before their animal nature was suspected, would furnish a library in themselves. The ancients knew little about them. The only one to be found in the European seas resembles the Star-Fish closely, and they called it Asterias; but even Aristotle was ignorant of its true structural relations, and alludes only to its motion and general appearance. Some account of the gradual steps by which naturalists have deciphered the true nature of these lowest Echinoderms and their history in past times may not be without interest, and is very instructive as showing how such problems may be solved.

In the sixteenth century some stones were found bearing the impression of a star on their surface. They received the name of Trochites, and gave rise to much discussion. Naturalists puzzled their brains about them, called them star-shaped crystals, aquatic plants, corals; and to these last Linnæus himself, the great authority of the time on all such questions, referred them. Beside these stony stars, which were found in great quantities when attention was once called to them, impressions of a peculiar kind had been observed in the rocks, resembling flowers on long stems, and called "stone lilies" naturally enough, for their long, graceful stems, terminating either in a branching crown or a closer cup, recall the lily tribe among flowers. The long stems of these seeming lilies are divided transversely at regular intervals; — the stem is easily broken at any of these natural divisions, and on each such fragment is stamped

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a star-like impression resembling those found upon the loose stones or Trochites.

About a century ago, Guettard the naturalist described a curious specimen from Porto Rico, so similar to these fossil lilies of the rocks that he believed they must have some relation to each other. He did not detect its animal nature, but from its long stem and branching crown he called it a marine palm. Thus far neither the true nature of the living specimen, nor of the Trochites, nor of the fossil lilies was understood, but it was nevertheless an important step to have found that there was a relation between them. A century passed away, and Guettard's specimen, preserved at the Jardin des Plantes, waited with Sphinx-like patience for the man who should solve its riddle.

Cuvier, who held the key to so many of the secrets of Nature, detected at last its true structure; he pronounced it to be a Star-Fish with a stem, and at once the three series of facts respecting the Trochites, the fossil lilies, and Guettard's marine palm assumed their true relation to each other. The Trochites were recognized as simply the broken portions of the stem of some of these old fossil Crinoids, and the Crinoids themselves were seen to be the ancient representatives of the present Comatulæ and Star-Fishes with stems. So is it often with the study of Nature; many scattered links are collected before the man comes who sees the connection between them and speaks the word that reconstructs the broken chain.

I will begin my comparison of all Echinoderms with an analysis of the Star-Fishes and Sea-Urchins, because I think I can best show the identity of parts between them, notwithstanding the difference in their external form; the Sea-Urchins having always a spherical body, while the Star-Fishes are always star-shaped, though in some the star is only hinted at, sketched out, as it were, in a simply pentagonal outline, while in others the indentations between the rays are very deep, and the rays themselves so intricate in their ramifications as to be broken up into a complete net-work of branches. But under all this variety of outline, our problem remains always the same: to build with the same number of pieces a star and a sphere, having the liberty, however, of cutting the pieces differently and changing their relative proportions. Let us take first the Sea-Urchin and examine in detail all parts of its external structure. I shall say nothing of the internal structure of any of these animals, because it does not affect the comparison of their different forms and the external arrangement of parts, which is the subject of the present article.

On the lower side is the mouth, and we may call that side and all the parts that radiate from it the *oral region.* On the upper side is a small area to which the parts converge, and which, from its position just opposite the so-called mouth or oral opening, we may call the *ab-oral region.* I prefer these more general terms, because, if we speak of the mouth, we are at once reminded of the mouth in the higher animals, and in this sense the word, as applied to the aperture through which the Sea-Urchins receive their food, is a misnomer. Very naturally the habit has become prevalent of naming the different parts of animals from their function, and not from their structure; and in all animals the aperture through which food enters the body is called the mouth, though there is not the least structural relation between the organs so designated, except within the limits of each different branch or division. To speak of these opposite regions in the Sea-Urchin as the upper and lower sides would equally mislead us, since, as we have seen, there is, properly speaking, no above and below, no right and left sides, no front and hind extremities in these animals, all parts being evenly distributed around a vertical axis. I will, therefore, although it has been my wish to avoid technicalities as much as possible in these papers, make use of the unfamiliar terms oral and ab-oral regions, to indicate the mouth

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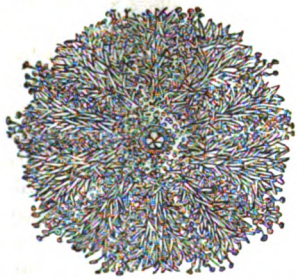
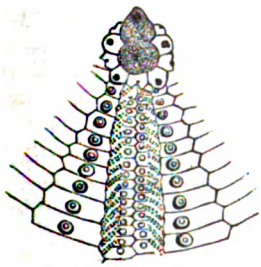
with the parts diverging from it and the opposite area towards which all these parts converge.*



Sea-Urchin seen from the oral side, showing the zones with the spines and suckers; for the ab-oral side, on the summit of which the zones unite, see February Number, p. 216.

The whole surface of the animal is divided by zones, — ten in number, five broader ones alternating with five narrower ones. The five broad zones are composed of large plates on which are the most prominent spines, attached to tubercles that remain on the surface even



Portion of Sea-Urchin representing one narrow zone with a part of the broad zones on either side and the ab-oral area on the summit.

when the spines drop off after death, and mark the places where the spines have been. The five small zones are perforated with regular rows of holes, and through these perforations pass the suckers or water-tubes which are their locomotive appendages. For this reason these narrower zones are called the *ambulacra*, while the broader zones intervening between them and supporting the spines are called the *interambulacra*. Motion, however, is not the only function of these suckers; they are subservient also to respiration and circulation, taking in water, which is conveyed through them into various parts of the body.

The oral aperture is occupied by five plates, which may be called jaws, remembering always that here again this word signifies the function, and not the structure usually associated with the presence of jaws in the higher animals; and each of these jaws or plates terminates in a tooth. Even the mode of eating in these animals is controlled by their radiate structure; for these jaws, evenly distributed about the circular oral aperture, open to receive the prey and then are brought together to crush it, the points meeting in the centre, thus working concentrically, instead of moving up and down or from right to left, as in other animals. From the oral opening the ten zones diverge, spreading over the whole surface, like the ribs on a melon, and converging in the opposite direction till they meet in the small space which we have called the ab-oral region opposite the starting-point.

Here the broad zones terminate in five large plates differing somewhat from those that form the zones in other parts of the body, and called ovarian plates, because the eggs pass out through certain openings in them; while the five narrow zones terminate in five small plates on each of which is an eye, making thus five eyes alternating with five ovarian plates. The centre of this area containing the ovarian plates and the visual plates is filled up with small movable plates closing the space between them. I should add that one of the five ovarian plates is larger than the other four, and has a peculiar structure, long a puzzle to naturalists. It is perforated with minute holes, forming an exceedingly delicate sieve, and this is actually the purpose it serves. It is, as it were, a filter, and opens into a canal which conducts water through the interior of the body; closed by this sieve on the outside, all the water

* When reference is made to the whole structure, including the internal organs as well as the solid parts of the surface, the terms *actinal* and *ab-actinal* are preferable to oral and ab-oral.

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that passes into it is purified from all foreign substances that might be injurious to the animal, and is thus fitted to pass into the water-system, from which arise the main branches leading to the minute suckers which project through the holes in the narrow zones of plates.

Now in order to transform theoretically our Sea-Urchin into a Star-Fish, what have we to do? Let the reader imagine for a moment that the small ab-oral area closing the space between the ovarian plates and the eye-plates is elastic and may be stretched out indefinitely; then split the five broad zones along the centre and draw them down to the same level with the mouth, carrying the ovarian plates between them. We have then a star, just as, dividing, for instance, the peel of an orange into five compartments, leaving them, of course, united at the base, then stripping it off and spreading it out flat, we should have a five-rayed star.

Star-Fish from the ab-oral side.

But in thus dividing the broad zones of the Sea-Urchins, we leave the narrow zones in their original relation to them, except that every narrow zone, instead of being placed between two broad zones, has now one-half of each of the zones with which it alternated in the Sea-Urchin on either side of it and lies between them. The adjoining wood-cut represents a single ray of a Star-Fish, drawn from what we call its lower side or the oral side. Along the centre of every such ray, diverging from the central opening or the

One arm of Star-Fish from the oral side.

mouth, we have a furrow, corresponding exactly to the narrower zones of the Sea-Urchin. It is composed of comparatively small perforated plates through which pass the suckers or locomotive appendages. On either side of the furrows are other plates corresponding to the plates of the broad zones in the Sea-Urchin. Where shall we look for the five eyes? Of course, at the tip of every ray; exactly where they were when the rays were drawn up to form the summit of a sphere, so that the eyes, which are now at their extremities, were clustered together at their point of meeting. Where shall we look for the ovarian plates? At each angle of the five rays, because, when the broad zones of which they formed the summit were divided, they followed the split, and now occupy the place which, though it seems so different on the surface of the Star-Fish, is nevertheless, relatively to the rest of the body, the same as they occupied in the Sea-Urchin. Assuming, as we premised, that the central area of the ab-oral region, forming the space between the plates at the summit of the zones in the Sea-Urchin, is elastic, it has stretched with the spreading out of the zones, following the indentation between the rays, and now forms the whole upper surface of the body. All the internal organs of the animal lie between the oral and ab-oral regions, just as they did in the Sea-Urchin, only that in the Star-

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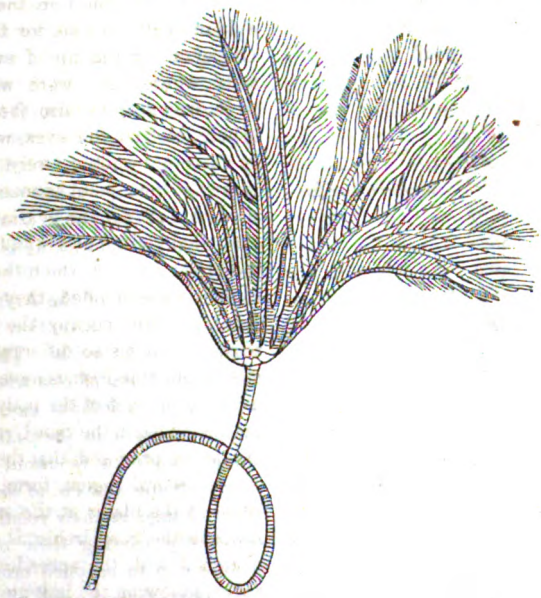
Fish these regions are coequal in extent, while in the Sea-Urchin the ab-oral region is very contracted, and the oral region with the parts belonging to it occupies the greater part of its surface.

Such being the identity of parts between a Star-Fish and a Sea-Urchin, let us see now how the Star-Fish may be transformed into the Pedunculated Crinoid, the earliest representative of its Class, or into a Comatula, one of the free animals that represent the Crinoids in our day.

We have seen that in the Sea-Urchins the ab-oral region is very contracted, the oral region and the parts radiating from it and forming the sides being the predominant features in the structure; and we shall find, as we proceed in our comparison, that the different proportion of these three parts, the oral and ab-oral regions and the sides, determines the different outlines of the various Orders in this Class. In the Sea-Urchin the oral region and the sides are predominant, while the ab-oral region is very small. In the Star-Fish, the oral and ab-oral regions are brought into equal relations, neither preponderating over the other, and the sides are compressed, so that, seen in profile, the outline of the Star-Fish is that of a slightly convex disk, instead of a sphere, as in the Sea-Urchin. But when we come to the Crinoids, we find that the great preponderance of the ab-oral region determines all that peculiarity of form that distinguishes them from the other Echinoderms, while the oral region is comparatively insignificant. The ab-oral region in the Crinoid rises to form a sort of cup-like or calyx-like projection. The plates forming it, which in the Star-Fish or the Sea-Urchin are movable, are soldered together so as to be perfectly immovable in the Crinoid. Let this seeming calyx be now prolonged into a stem, and we see at once how striking is the resemblance to a flower; turn it



Crinoid with branching crown; oral side turned upward.

downwards, an attitude which is natural to these Crinoids, and the likeness to a drooping lily is still more remarkable. The oral region, with the radiating ambulacra, is now limited to the small flat area opposite the juncture of the stem with the calyx; and whether it stretches out to form long arms, or is more com-

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pact, so as to close the calyx like a cup, it seems in either case to form a flower-like crown. In these groups of Echinoderms the interambulacral plates are absent; there are no rows of plates of a different kind alternating with the ambulacral ones, as in the Sea-Urchins and the Star-Fishes, but the ab-oral region closes immediately upon the ambulacra.

It seems a contradiction to say, that, though these Crinoids were the only representatives of their Class in the early geological ages, while it includes five Orders at the present time, Echinoderms were as numerous and various then as now. But, paradoxical as it may seem, this is nevertheless true, not only for this Class, but for many others in the Animal Kingdom. The same numerical proportions, the same richness and vividness of conception were manifested in the early creation as now; and though many of the groups were wanting that are most prominent in modern geological periods, those that existed were expressed in such endless variety that the Animal Kingdom seems to have been as full then as it is to-day. The Class of the Echinoderms is one of the most remarkable instances of this. In the Silurian period, the Crinoids stood alone; there were neither Ophiurans, Asteroids, Echinoids, nor Holothurians; and yet in one single locality, Lockport, in the State of New York, over an area of not more than a few square miles, where the Silurian deposits have been carefully examined, there have been found more different Species of Echinoderms than are living now along our whole Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida.

There is nothing more striking in these early populations of the earth than the richness of the types. It would seem as if, before the world was prepared for the manifold existences that find their home here now, when organic life was limited by the absence of many of the present physical conditions, the whole wealth of the Creative Thought lavished itself upon the forms already introduced upon the globe. After thirty years' study of the fossil Crinoids, I am every day astonished by some new evidence of the ingenuity, the invention, the skill, if I may so speak, shown in varying this single pattern of animal life. When one has become, by long study of Nature, in some sense intimate with the animal creation, it is impossible not to recognize in it the immediate action of thought, and even to specialize the intellectual faculties it reveals. It speaks of an infinite power of combination and analysis, of reminiscence and prophecy, of that which has been in eternal harmony with that which is to be; and while we stand in reverence before the grandeur of the Creative Conception as a whole, there breaks from it such lightness of fancy, such richness of invention, such variety and vividness of color, nay, even the ripple of mirthfulness,—for Nature has its humorous side also,—that we lose our grasp of its completeness in wonder at its details, and our sense of its unity is clouded by its marvellous fertility. There may seem to be an irreverence in thus characterizing the Creative Thought by epithets which we derive from the exercise of our own mental faculties; but it is nevertheless true, that, the nearer we come to Nature, the more does it seem to us that all our intellectual endowments are merely the echo of the Almighty Mind, and that the eternal archetypes of all manifestations of thought in man are found in the Creation of which he is the crowning work.

In no group of the Animal Kingdom is the fertility of invention more striking than in the Crinoids. They seem like the productions of one who handles his work with an infinite ease and delight, taking pleasure in presenting the same thought under a thousand different aspects. Some new cut of the plates, some slight change in their relative position is constantly varying their outlines, from a close cup to an open crown, from the long pear-shaped oval of the calyx in some to its circular or square or pentagonal form in others. An angle that is simple in one projects by a fold of the surface and becomes a fluted column in another; a plate that was smooth but now

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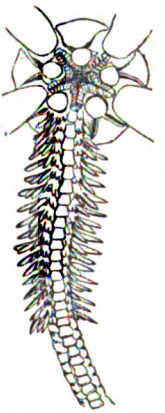
has here a symmetrical figure upon it drawn in beaded lines; the stem which is perfectly unbroken in one, except by the transverse divisions common to them all, in the next puts out feathery plumes at every such transverse break. In some the plates of the stem are all rigid and firmly soldered together; in others they are articulated upon each other in such a manner as to give it the greatest flexibility, and allow the seeming flower to wave and bend upon its stalk. It would require an endless number of illustrations to give even a faint idea of the variety of these fossil Crinoids. There is no change that the fancy can suggest within the limits of the same structure that does not find expression among them. Since I have become intimate with their wonderful complications, I have sometimes amused myself with anticipating some new variation of the theme, by the introduction of some undescribed structural complication, and then seeking for it among the specimens at my command, and I have never failed to find it in one or other of these ever-changing forms.

The modern Crinoid without stem, or the Comatula, though agreeing with the ancient in all the essential elements of structure, differs from it in some specific features. It drops its stem when full-grown, though the ab-oral region still remains the predominant part of the body and retains its cup-like or calyx-like form. The Comatulæ are not abundant, and though represented by a number of Species, yet the type as it exists at present is meagre in comparison to its richness in former times. Indeed, this group of Echinoderms, which in the earliest periods was the exponent of all its kind, has dwindled gradually, in proportion as other representatives of the Class have come in, and there exists only one species now, the Pentacrinus of the West Indies, which retains its stem in its adult condition. It is a singular fact, to which I have before alluded, and which would seem to have especial reference to the maintenance of the same numeric proportions in all times, that, while a Class is represented by few types, those types are wonderfully rich and varied, but in proportion as other expressions of the same structure are introduced, the first dwindle, and, if they do not entirely disappear, become at least much less prominent than before.

There remain only two other Orders to be considered, the Ophiurans and the Holothurians. The Ophiurans approach the Crinoids more nearly than any other group of Echinoderms, and in our classifications are placed next above them. In them the ab-oral region, which has such a remarkable predominance in the Crinoid, has become depressed; it no longer extends into a stem, nor does it even rise into the calyx-like or cup-like projection so characteristic of the Crinoids, — though, when the animal is living, the ab-oral side of the disk is still quite convex. The disk in the Ophiurans is small in comparison to the length of the arms, and perfectly circular; it does not merge gradually in the arms as in the Star-Fish, but the arms start abruptly from its periphery. In these, as in the Crinoids, the interambulacral plates are absent, and the interambulacral spaces



Ophiuran; showing one ray from the oral side.

are filled by an encroachment of the ab-oral region upon them. There is an infinite variety and beauty both of form and color in these Sea-Stars. The arms frequently measure many times the diameter of the whole disk, and are so differ-

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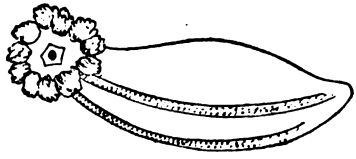
ent in size and ornamentation in the different Species that at first sight one might take them for animals entirely distinct from each other. In some the arms are comparatively short and quite simple, — in others they are very long, and may be either stretched to their full length or partly contracted to form a variety of graceful curves; in some they are fringed all along the edges, — in others they are so ramified that every arm seems like a little bush, as it were, and, intertwining with each other, they make a thick network all around the animal. In the geological succession, these Ophiurans follow the Crinoids, being introduced at about the Carboniferous period, and perhaps earlier. They have had their representatives in all succeeding times, and are still very numerous in the present epoch.

To show the correspondence of the Holothurians with the typical formula of the whole class of Echinoderms, I will return to the Sea-Urchins, since they are more nearly allied with that Order than with any of the other groups. We have seen that the Sea-Urchins approach most nearly to the sphere, and that in them the oral region and the sides predominate so greatly over the ab-oral region that the latter is reduced to a small area on the summit of the sphere. In order to transform the Sea-Urchin into a Holothurian, we have only to stretch it out from end to end till it becomes a cylinder, with the oral region or mouth at one extremity, and the ab-oral region, which in the Holothurian is reduced to its minimum, at the other. The zones of the



Holothurian.

Sea-Urchin now extend as parallel rows on the Holothurian, running from one end to the other of the long cylindrical body. On account of their form, some of them have been taken for Worms, and so classified by naturalists; but as soon as their true structure was understood, which agrees in every respect with that of the other Echinoderms, and has no affinity whatever with the articulated structure of the Worms, they found their true place in our classifications.

The natural attitude of these animals is different from that of the other Echinoderms: they lie on one side, and move with the oral opening forward, and this has been one cause of the mistakes as to their true nature. But when we would compare animals, we should place them, not in the attitude which is natural to them in their native element, but in what I would call their normal position, — that is, such a position as brings the corresponding parts in all into the same relation. For instance, the natural attitude of the Crinoid is with the ab-oral region downward, attached to a stem, and the oral region or mouth upward; the Ophiuran turns its oral region, along which all the suckers or ambulucra are arranged, toward the surface along which it moves; the Star-Fish does the same; the Sea-Urchin also has its oral opening downward; but the Holothurian moves on one side, mouth foremost, as represented in the adjoining wood-cut, dragging itself onward, like all the rest, by means of its rows of suckers. If, now, we compare these animals in the various attitudes natural to them, we may fail to recognize the identity of parts, or, at least, it will not strike us at once. But if we place them all — Holothurian, Sea-Urchin, Star-Fish, Ophiuran, and Crinoid — with the oral or mouth side downward, for instance, we shall see immediately that the small area at the opposite end of the Holothurian corresponds to the area on the top of the Sea-Urchin; that the upper side of the Star-Fish is the same region enlarged; that, in the Ophiuran, that region makes one side of the small circular disk; while in the Crinoid it is enlarged and extended to make the calyx-like projection and stem. In the same way, if we place them in the same atti-

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tude, we shall see that the long, straight rows of suckers along the length of the Holothurian, and the arching zones of suckers on the spherical body of the Sea-Urchin, and the furrows with the suckers protruding from them along the arms of the Star-Fish and Ophiuran, and the radiating series of pores from the oral opening in the Crinoid are one and the same thing in all, only altered somewhat in their relative proportion and extent. Around the oral opening of the Holothurian there are appendages capable of the most extraordinary changes, which seem at first to be peculiar to these animals, and to have no affinity with any corresponding feature in the same Class. But a closer investigation has shown them to be only modifications of the locomotive suckers of the Star-Fish and Sea-Urchin, but ramifying to such an extent as to assume the form of branching feelers. The little tufts projecting from the oral side in the Sea-Urchins, described as gills, are another form of the same kind of appendage.

The Holothurians have not the hard, brittle surface of the other Echinoderms; on the contrary, their envelope is tough and leathery, capable of great contraction and dilatation. No idea can be formed of the beauty of these animals either from dried specimens or from those preserved in alcohol. Of course, in either case, they lose their color, become shrunken, and the movable appendages about the mouth shrivel up. One who had seen the Holothurian only as preserved in museums would be amazed at the spectacle of the living animal, especially if his first introduction should be to one of the deep, rich crimson-colored species, such as are found in quantities in the Bay of Fundy. I have seen such an animal, when first thrown into a tank of sea-water, remain for a while closely contracted, looking like a soft crimson ball. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, as it becomes accustomed to its new position, it begins to elongate; the fringes creep softly out, spreading gradually all their ramifications, till one end of the animal seems crowned with feathery, crimson sea-weeds of the most delicate tracery. It is much to be regretted that these lower marine animals are not better known. The plumage of the tropical birds, the down on the most brilliant butterfly's wing, are not more beautiful in coloring than the hues of many Radiates, and there is no grace of motion surpassing the movements of some of them in their native element. The habit of keeping marine animals in tanks is happily growing constantly more popular, and before long the beauty of these inhabitants of the ocean will be as familiar to us as that of Birds and Insects. Many of the most beautiful among them are, however, difficult to obtain, and not easily kept alive in confinement, so that they are not often seen in aquariums.

Having thus endeavored to sketch each different kind of Echinoderm, let us try to forget them all in their individuality, and think only of the structural formula that applies equally to each. In all, the body has three distinct regions, the oral, the ab-oral, and the sides; but by giving a predominance to one or other of these regions, a variety of outlines characteristic of the different groups is produced. In all, the parts radiate from the oral opening, and join in the ab-oral region. In all, this radiation is accompanied by rows of suckers following the line of the diverging rays. It is always the same structure, but, endowed with the freedom of life, it is never monotonous, notwithstanding its absolute permanence. In short, drop off the stem of the Crinoid, and depress its calyx to form a flat disk, and we have an Ophiuran; expand that disk, and let it merge gradually in the arms, and we have a Star-Fish; draw up the rays of the Star-Fish, and unite them at the tips so as to form a spherical outline, and we have a Sea-Urchin; stretch out the Sea-Urchin to form a cylinder, and we have a Holothurian.

And now let me ask, — Is it my ingenuity that has imposed upon these structures the conclusion I have drawn from them? — have I so combined them in my thought that they have become to

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me a plastic form, out of which I draw a Crinoid, an Ophiuran, a Star-Fish, a Sea-Urchin, or a Holothurian at will? or is this structural idea inherent in them all, so that every observer who has a true insight into their organization must find it written there? Had our scientific results anything to do with our invention, every naturalist's conclusions would be colored by his individual opinions; but when we find all naturalists converging more and more towards each other, arriving, as their knowledge increases, at exactly the same views, then we must believe that these structures are the Creative Ideas in living reality. In other words, so far as there is truth in them, our systems are what they are, not because Aristotle, Linnæus, Cuvier, or all the men who ever studied Nature, have so thought and so expressed their thought, but because God so thought and so expressed His thought in material forms when He laid the plan of Creation, and when man himself existed only in the intellectual conception of his Maker.

LYRICS OF THE STREET.

II.

THE WEDDING.

In her satin gown so fine
Trips the bride within the shrine.
Waits the street to see her pass,
Like a vision in a glass.
Roses crown her peerless head:
Keep your lilies for the dead!

Something of the light without
Enters with her, veiled about;
Sunbeams, hiding in her hair,
Please themselves with silken wear;
Shadows point to what shall be
In the dim futurity.

Wreathe with flowers the weighty yoke
Might of mortal never broke!
From the altar of her vows
To the grave's unsightly house
Measured is the path, and made;
All the work is planned and paid.

As a girl, with ready smile,
Where shall rise some ponderous pile,
On the chosen, festal day,
Turns the initial sod away,
So the bride with fingers frail
Founds a temple or a jail,—

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Or a palace, it may be,
Flooded full with luxury,
Open yet to deadliest things,
And the Midnight Angel's wings.
Keep its chambers purged with prayer:
Faith can guard it, Love is rare.

Organ, sound thy wedding-tunes!
Priest, recite the sacred runes!
Hast no ghostly help nor art
Can enrich a selfish heart,
Blessing bind 'twixt greed and gold,
Joy with bloom for bargain sold?

Hail, the wedded task of life!
Mending husband, moulding wife.
Hope brings labor, labor peace;
Wisdom ripens, goods increase;
Triumph crowns the sainted head,
And our lilies wait the dead.

FRIEND ELI'S DAUGHTER.

I.

The mild May afternoon was drawing to a close, as Friend Eli Mitchenor reached the top of the long hill, and halted a few minutes, to allow his horse time to recover breath. He also heaved a sigh of satisfaction, as he saw again the green, undulating valley of the Neshaminy, with its dazzling squares of young wheat, its brown patches of corn-land, its snowy masses of blooming orchard, and the huge, fountain-like jets of weeping-willow, half concealing the gray stone fronts of the farm-houses. He had been absent from home only six days, but the time seemed almost as long to him as a three-years' cruise to a New-Bedford whaleman. The peaceful seclusion and pastoral beauty of the scene did not consciously appeal to his senses; but he quietly noted how much the wheat had grown during his absence, that the oats were up and looking well, that Friend Comly's meadow had been ploughed, and Friend Martin had built his half of the line-fence along the top of the hill-field. If any smothered delight in the loveliness of the spring-time found a hiding-place anywhere in the well-ordered chambers of his heart, it never relaxed or softened the straight, inflexible lines of his face. As easily could his collarless drab coat and waistcoat have flushed with a sudden gleam of purple or crimson.

Eli Mitchenor was at peace with himself and the world, — that is, so much of the world as he acknowledged. Beyond the community of his own sect, and a few personal friends who were privileged to live on its borders, he neither knew, nor cared to know, much more of the human race than if it belonged to a planet farther from the sun. In the discipline of the Friends he was perfect; he was privileged to sit on the high seats, with the elders of the Society; and the travelling brethren from other States, who visited

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Bucks County, invariably blessed his house with a family-meeting. His farm was one of the best on the banks of the Neshaminy, and he also enjoyed the annual interest of a few thousand dollars, carefully secured by mortgages on real estate. His wife, Abigail, kept even pace with him in the consideration she enjoyed within the limits of the sect; and his two children, Moses and Asenath, vindicated the paternal training by the strictest sobriety of dress and conduct. Moses wore the plain coat, even when his ways led him among "the world's people"; and Asenath had never been known to wear, or to express a desire for, a ribbon of a brighter tint than brown or fawn-color. Friend Mitchenor had thus gradually ripened to his sixtieth year in an atmosphere of life utterly placid and serene, and looked forward with confidence to the final change, as a translation into a deeper calm, a serener quiet, a prosperous eternity of mild voices, subdued colors, and suppressed emotions.

He was returning home, in his own old-fashioned "chair," with its heavy square canopy and huge curved springs, from the Yearly Meeting of the Hicksite Friends, in Philadelphia. The large bay farm-horse, slow and grave in his demeanor, wore his plain harness with an air which made him seem, among his fellow-horses, the counterpart of his master among men. He would no more have thought of kicking than the latter would of swearing a huge oath. Even now, when the top of the hill was gained, and he knew that he was within a mile of the stable which had been his home since colthood, he showed no undue haste or impatience, but waited quietly, until Friend Mitchenor, by a well-known jerk of the lines, gave him the signal to go on. Obedient to the motion, he thereupon set forward once more, jogging soberly down the eastern slope of the hill, — across the covered bridge, where, in spite of the tempting level of the hollow-sounding floor, he was as careful to abstain from trotting as if he had read the warning notice, — along the wooded edge of the green meadow, where several cows of his acquaintance were grazing, — and finally, wheeling around at the proper angle, halted squarely in front of the gate which gave entrance to the private lane.

The old stone house in front, the spring-house in a green little hollow just below it, the walled garden, with its clumps of box and lilac, and the vast barn on the left, all joined in expressing a silent welcome to their owner, as he drove up the lane. Moses, a man of twenty-five, left his work in the garden, and walked forward in his shirt-sleeves.

"Well, father, how does thee do?" was his quiet greeting, as they shook hands.

"How 's mother, by this time?" asked Eli.

"Oh, thee need n't have been concerned," said the son. "There she is. Go in: I 'll 'tend to the horse."

Abigail and her daughter appeared on the piazza. The mother was a woman of fifty, thin and delicate in frame, but with a smooth, placid beauty of countenance which had survived her youth. She was dressed in a simple dove-colored gown, with book-muslin cap and handkerchief, so scrupulously arranged that one might have associated with her for six months without ever discovering a spot on the former or an uneven fold in the latter. Asenath, who followed, was almost as plainly attired, her dress being a dark-blue calico, while a white pasteboard sun-bonnet, with broad cape, covered her head.

"Well, Abigail, how art thou?" said Eli, quietly giving his hand to his wife.

"I 'm glad to see thee back," was her simple welcome.

No doubt they had kissed each other as lovers, but Asenath had witnessed this manifestation of affection but once in her life, — after the burial of a younger sister. The fact impressed her with a peculiar sense of sanctity and solemnity: it was a caress wrung forth by a season of tribulation, and therefore was too earnest to be profaned to the uses of joy. So far,

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therefore, from expecting a paternal embrace, she would have felt, had it been given, like the doomed daughter of the Gileadite, consecrated to sacrifice.

Both she and her mother were anxious to hear the proceedings of the Meeting, and to receive personal news of the many friends whom Eli had seen; but they asked few questions until the supper-table was ready and Moses had come in from the barn. The old man enjoyed talking, but it must be in his own way and at his own good time. They must wait until the communicative spirit should move him. With the first cup of coffee the inspiration came. Hovering, at first, over indifferent details, he gradually approached those of more importance, — told of the addresses which had been made, the points of discipline discussed, the testimony borne, and the appearance and genealogy of any new Friends who had taken a prominent part therein. Finally, at the close of his relation, he said, —

"Abigail, there is one thing I must talk to thee about. Friend Speakman's partner — perhaps thee 's heard of him, Richard Hilton — has a son who is weakly. He 's two or three years younger than Moses. His mother was consumptive, and they 're afraid he takes after her. His father wants to send him into the country for the summer, — to some place where he 'll have good air, and quiet, and moderate exercise, and Friend Speakman spoke of us. I thought I 'd mention it to thee, and if thee thinks well of it, we can send word down next week, when Josiah Comly goes."

"What does *thee* think?" asked his wife, after a pause.

"He 's a very quiet, steady young man, Friend Speakman says, and would be very little trouble to thee. I thought perhaps his board would buy the new yoke of oxen we must have in the fall, and the price of the fat ones might go to help set up Moses. But it 's for thee to decide."

"I suppose we could take him," said Abigail, seeing that the decision was virtually made already; "there 's the corner-room, which we don't often use. Only, if he should get worse on our hands" ——

"Friend Speakman says there 's no danger. He 's only weak-breasted, as yet, and clerking is n't good for him. I saw the young man at the store. If his looks don't belie him, he 's well-behaved and orderly."

So it was settled that Richard Hilton the younger was to be an inmate of Friend Mitchenor's house during the summer.

II.

At the end of ten days he came.

In the under-sized, earnest, dark-haired and dark-eyed young man of three-and-twenty Abigail Mitchenor at once felt a motherly interest. Having received him as a temporary member of the family, she considered him entitled to the same watchful care as if he were in reality an invalid son. The ice over an hereditary Quaker nature is but a thin crust, if one knows how to break it; and in Richard Hilton's case, it was already broken before his arrival. His only embarrassment, in fact, arose from the difficulty which he naturally experienced in adapting himself to the speech and address of the Mitchenor family. The greetings of old Eli, grave, yet kindly, of Abigail, quaintly familiar and tender, of Moses, cordial and slightly condescending, and finally of Asenath, simple and natural to a degree which impressed him like a new revelation in woman, at once indicated to him his position among them. His city manners, he felt, instinctively, must be unlearned, or at least laid aside for a time. Yet it was not easy for him to assume, at such short notice, those of his hosts. Happening to address Asenath as "Miss Mitchenor," Eli turned to him with a rebuking face.

"We do not use compliments, Richard," said he; "my daughter's name is Asenath."

"I beg pardon. I will try to accus-

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tom myself to your ways, since you have been so kind as to take me for a while," apologized Richard Hilton.

"Thee 's under no obligation to us," said Friend Mitchenor, in his strict sense of justice; "thee pays for what thee gets."

The finer feminine instinct of Abigail led her to interpose.

"We 'll not expect too much of thee, at first, Richard," she remarked, with a kind expression of face, which had the effect of a smile; "but our ways are plain and easily learned. Thee knows, perhaps, that we 're no respecters of persons."

It was some days, however, before the young man could overcome his natural hesitation at the familiarity implied by these new forms of speech. "Friend Mitchenor" and "Moses" were not difficult to learn, but it seemed a want of respect to address as "Abigail" a woman of such sweet and serene dignity as the mother, and he was fain to avoid either extreme by calling her, with her cheerful permission, "Aunt Mitchenor." On the other hand, his own modest and unobtrusive nature soon won the confidence and cordial regard of the family. He occasionally busied himself in the garden, by way of exercise, or accompanied Moses to the cornfield or the woodland on the hill, but was careful never to interfere at inopportune times, and willing to learn silently, by the simple process of looking on.

One afternoon, as he was idly sitting on the stone wall which separated the garden from the lane, Asenath, attired in a new gown of chocolate-colored calico, with a double-handled willow work-basket on her arm, issued from the house. As she approached him, she paused and said, —

"The time seems to hang heavy on thy hands, Richard. If thee 's strong enough to walk to the village and back, it might do thee more good than sitting still."

Richard Hilton at once jumped down from the wall.

"Certainly I am able to go," said he, "if you will allow it."

"Have n't I asked thee?" was her quiet reply.

"Let me carry your basket," he said, suddenly, after they had walked, side by side, some distance down the lane.

"Indeed, I shall not let thee do that. I 'm only going for the mail, and some little things at the store, that make no weight at all. Thee must n't think I 'm like the young women in the city, who, — I 'm told, — if they buy a spool of cotton, must have it sent home to them. Besides, thee must n't over-exert thy strength."

Richard Hilton laughed merrily at the gravity with which she uttered the last sentence.

"Why, Miss — Asenath, I mean — what am I good for, if I have not strength enough to carry a basket?"

"Thee 's a man, I know, and I think a man would almost as lief be thought wicked as weak. Thee can't help being weakly-inclined, and it 's only right that thee should be careful of thyself. There 's surely nothing in that that thee need be ashamed of."

While thus speaking, Asenath moderated her walk, in order, unconsciously to her companion, to restrain his steps.

"Oh, there are the dog's-tooth violets in blossom!" she exclaimed, pointing to a shady spot beside the brook; "does thee know them?"

Richard immediately gathered and brought to her a handful of the nodding yellow bells, trembling above their large, cool, spotted leaves.

"How beautiful they are!" said he; "but I should never have taken them for violets."

"They are misnamed," she answered. "The flower is an *Erythronium;* but I am accustomed to the common name, and like it. Did thee ever study botany?"

"Not at all. I can tell a geranium, when I see it, and I know a heliotrope by the smell. I could never mistake a red cabbage for a rose, and I can recognize a hollyhock or a sunflower at a consider-

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able distance. The wild flowers are all strangers to me; I wish I knew something about them."

"If thee 's fond of flowers, it would be very easy to learn. I think a study of this kind would pleasantly occupy thy mind. Why could n't thee try? I would be very willing to teach thee what little I know. It 's not much, indeed, but all thee wants is a start. See, I will show thee how simple the principles are."

Taking one of the flowers from the bunch, Asenath, as they slowly walked forward, proceeded to dissect it, explained the mysteries of stamens and pistils, pollen, petals, and calyx, and, by the time they had reached the village, had succeeded in giving him a general idea of the Linnæan system of classification. His mind took hold of the subject with a prompt and profound interest. It was a new and wonderful world which suddenly opened before him. How surprised he was to learn that there were signs by which a poisonous herb could be detected from a wholesome one, that cedars and pine-trees blossomed, that the gray lichens on the rocks belonged to the vegetable kingdom! His respect for Asenath's knowledge thrust quite out of sight the restraint which her youth and sex had imposed upon him. She was teacher, equal, friend; and the simple, candid manner which was the natural expression of her dignity and purity thoroughly harmonized with this relation.

Although, in reality, two or three years younger than he, Asenath had a gravity of demeanor, a calm self-possession, a deliberate balance of mind, and a repose of the emotional nature, which he had never before observed, except in much older women. She had had, as he could well imagine, no romping girlhood, no season of careless, light-hearted dalliance with opening life, no violent alternation even of the usual griefs and joys of youth. The social calm in which she had expanded had developed her nature as gently and securely as a sea-flower is unfolded below the reach of tides and storms.

She would have been very much surprised, if any one had called her handsome; yet her face had a mild, unobtrusive beauty, which seemed to grow and deepen from day to day. Of a longer oval than the Greek standard, it was yet as harmonious in outline; the nose was fine and straight, the dark-blue eyes steady and untroubled, and the lips calmly, but not too firmly closed. Her brown hair, parted over a high white forehead, was smoothly laid across the temples, drawn behind the ears, and twisted into a simple knot. The white cape and sunbonnet gave her face a nun-like character, which set her apart, in the thoughts of "the world's people" whom she met, as one sanctified for some holy work. She might have gone around the world, repelling every rude word, every bold glance, by the protecting atmosphere of purity and truth which inclosed her.

The days went by, each bringing some new blossom to adorn and illustrate the joint studies of the young man and maiden. For Richard Hilton had soon mastered the elements of botany, as taught by Priscilla Wakefield, — the only source of Asenath's knowledge, — and entered, with her, upon the text-book of Gray, a copy of which he procured from Philadelphia. Yet, though he had overtaken her in his knowledge of the technicalities of the science, her practical acquaintance with plants and their habits left her still his superior. Day by day, exploring the meadows, the woods, and the clearings, he brought home his discoveries to enjoy her aid in classifying and assigning them to their true places. Asenath had generally an hour or two of leisure from domestic duties in the afternoons, or after the early supper of summer was over; and sometimes, on "Seventh-days," she would be his guide to some locality where the rarer plants were known to exist. The parents saw this community of interest and exploration without a thought of misgiving. They trusted their daughter as themselves; or, if any possible fear had flitted across their hearts, it was allayed by the absorbing delight with which Rich-

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ard Hilton pursued his study. An earnest discussion as to whether a certain leaf was ovate or lanceolate, whether a certain plant belonged to the species *scandens* or *canadensis*, was, in their eyes, convincing proof that the young brains were touched, and therefore *not* the young hearts.

But love, symbolized by a rose-bud, is emphatically a botanical emotion. A sweet, tender perception of beauty, such as this study requires, or develops, is at once the most subtile and certain chain of communication between impressible natures. Richard Hilton, feeling that his years were numbered, had given up, in despair, his boyish dreams, even before he understood them: his fate seemed to preclude the possibility of love. But, as he gained a little strength from the genial season, the pure country air, and the release from gloomy thoughts which his rambles afforded, the end was farther removed, and a future—though brief, perhaps, still a *future*—began to glimmer before him. If this could be his life, —an endless summer, with a search for new plants every morning, and their classification every evening, with Asenath's help, on the shady portico of Friend Mitchenor's house,—he could forget his doom, and enjoy the blessing of life unthinkingly.

The azaleas succeeded to the anemones, the orchis and trillium followed, then the yellow gerardias and the feathery purple pogonias, and finally the growing gleam of the golden-rods along the wood-side and the red umbels of the tall eupatoriums in the meadow announced the close of summer. One evening, as Richard, in displaying his collection, brought to view the blood-red leaf of a gum-tree, Asenath exclaimed,—

"Ah, there is the sign! It is early, this year."

"What sign?" he asked.

"That the summer is over. We shall soon have frosty nights, and then nothing will be left for us except the asters and gentians and golden-rods."

Was the time indeed so near? A few more weeks, and this Arcadian life would close. He must go back to the city, to its rectilinear streets, its close brick walls, its artificial, constrained existence. How could he give up the peace, the contentment, the hope he had enjoyed through the summer? The question suddenly took a more definite form in his mind: How could he give up Asenath? Yes,—the quiet, unsuspecting girl, sitting beside him, with her lap full of the September blooms he had gathered, was thenceforth a part of his inmost life. Pure and beautiful as she was, almost sacred in his regard, his heart dared to say,—"I need her and claim her!"

"Thee looks pale to-night, Richard," said Abigail, as they took their seats at the supper-table. "I hope thee has not taken cold."

III.

"WILL thee go along, Richard? I know where the rudbeckias grow," said Asenath, on the following "Seventh-day" afternoon.

They crossed the meadows, and followed the course of the stream, under its canopy of magnificent ash and plane trees, into a brake between the hills. It was an almost impenetrable thicket, spangled with tall autumnal flowers. The eupatoriums, with their purple crowns, stood like young trees, with an undergrowth of aster and blue spikes of lobelia, tangled in a golden mesh of dodder. A strong, mature odor, mixed alike of leaves and flowers, and very different from the faint, elusive sweetness of spring, filled the air. The creek, with a few faded leaves dropped upon its bosom, and films of gossamer streaming from its bushy fringe, gurgled over the pebbles in its bed. Here and there, on its banks, shone the deep yellow stars of the flower they sought.

Richard Hilton walked as in a dream, mechanically plucking a stem of rudbeckia, only to toss it, presently, into the water.

"Why, Richard! what 's thee doing?"

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cried Asenath; "thee has thrown away the very best specimen."

"Let it go," he answered, sadly. "I am afraid everything else is thrown away."

"What does thee mean?" she asked, with a look of surprised and anxious inquiry.

"Don't ask me, Asenath. Or — yes, I *will* tell you. I must say it to you now, or never afterwards. Do you know what a happy life I've been leading since I came here? — that I've learned what life is, as if I'd never known it before? I want to live, Asenath, — and do you know why?"

"I hope thee will live, Richard," she said, gently and tenderly, her deep-blue eyes dim with the mist of unshed tears.

"But, Asenath, how am I to live without you? But you can't understand that, because you do not know what you are to me. No, you never guessed that all this while I've been loving you more and more, until now I have no other idea of death than not to see you, not to love you, not to share your life!"

"Oh, Richard!"

"I knew you would be shocked, Asenath. I meant to have kept this to myself. You never dreamed of it, and I had no right to disturb the peace of your heart. The truth is told now, — and I cannot take it back, if I wished. But if you cannot love, you can forgive me for loving you, — forgive me now and every day of my life."

He uttered these words with a passionate tenderness, standing on the edge of the stream, and gazing into its waters. His slight frame trembled with the violence of his emotion. Asenath, who had become very pale as he commenced to speak, gradually flushed over neck and brow as she listened. Her head drooped, the gathered flowers fell from her hands, and she hid her face. For a few minutes no sound was heard but the liquid gurgling of the water, and the whistle of a bird in the thicket beside them. Richard Hilton at last turned, and, in a voice of hesitating entreaty, pronounced her name, —

"Asenath!"

She took away her hands and slowly lifted her face. She was pale, but her eyes met his with a frank, appealing, tender expression, which caused his heart to stand still a moment. He read no reproach, no faintest thought of blame; but — was it pity? — was it pardon? — or ——

"We stand before God, Richard," said she, in a low, sweet, solemn tone. "He knows that I do not need to forgive thee. If thee requires it, I also require His forgiveness for myself."

Though a deeper blush now came to cheek and brow, she met his gaze with the bravery of a pure and innocent heart. Richard, stunned with the sudden and unexpected bliss, strove to take the full consciousness of it into a being which seemed too narrow to contain it. His first impulse was to rush forward, clasp her passionately in his arms, and hold her in the embrace which encircled, for him, the boundless promise of life; but she stood there, defenceless, save in her holy truth and trust, and his heart bowed down and gave her reverence.

"Asenath," said he, at last, "I never dared to hope for this. God bless you for those words! Can you trust me? — can you indeed love me?"

"I can trust thee, — I *do* love thee!"

They clasped each other's hands in one long, clinging pressure. No kiss was given, but side by side they walked slowly up the dewy meadows, in happy and hallowed silence. Asenath's face became troubled as the old farm-house appeared through the trees.

"Father and mother must know of this, Richard," said she. "I am afraid it may be a cross to them."

The same fear had already visited his own mind, but he answered, cheerfully, —

"I hope not. I think I have taken a new lease of life, and shall soon be strong enough to satisfy them. Besides, my father is in prosperous business."

"It is not that," she answered; "but thee is not one of us."

It was growing dusk when they reached

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the house. In the dim candle-light Asenath's paleness was not remarked; and Richard's silence was attributed to fatigue.

The next morning the whole family attended meeting at the neighboring Quaker meeting-house, in the preparation for which, and the various special occupations of their "First-day" mornings, the unsuspecting parents overlooked that inevitable change in the faces of the lovers which they must otherwise have observed. After dinner, as Eli was taking a quiet walk in the garden, Richard Hilton approached him.

"Friend Mitchenor," said he, "I should like to have some talk with thee."

"What is it, Richard?" asked the old man, breaking off some pods from a seedling radish, and rubbing them in the palm of his hand.

"I hope, Friend Mitchenor," said the young man, scarcely knowing how to approach so important a crisis in his life, "I hope thee has been satisfied with my conduct since I came to live with thee, and has no fault to find with me as a man."

"Well," exclaimed Eli, turning around and looking up, sharply, "does thee want a testimony from me? I've nothing, that I know of, to say against thee."

"If I were sincerely attached to thy daughter, Friend Mitchenor, and she returned the attachment, could thee trust her happiness in my hands?"

"What?" cried Eli, straightening himself and glaring upon the speaker, with a face too amazed to express any other feeling.

"Can you confide Asenath's happiness to my care? I love her with my whole heart and soul, and the fortune of my life depends on your answer."

The straight lines in the old man's face seemed to grow deeper and more rigid, and his eyes shone with the chill glitter of steel. Richard, not daring to say a word more, awaited his reply in intense agitation.

"So!" he exclaimed at last, "this is the way thee 's repaid me! I did n't expect *this* from thee! Has thee spoken to her?"

"I have."

"Thee has, has thee? And I suppose thee 's persuaded her to think as thee does. Thee 'd better never have come here. When I want to lose my daughter, and can't find anybody else for her, I 'll let thee know."

"What have you against me, Friend Mitchenor?" Richard sadly asked, forgetting, in his excitement, the Quaker speech he had learned.

"Thee need n't use compliments now! Asenath shall be a Friend while *I* live; thy fine clothes and merry-makings and vanities are not for her. Thee belongs to the world, and thee may choose one of the world's women."

"Never!" protested Richard; but Friend Mitchenor was already ascending the garden-steps on his way to the house.

The young man, utterly overwhelmed, wandered to the nearest grove and threw himself on the ground. Thus, in a miserable chaos of emotion, unable to grasp any fixed thought, the hours passed away. Towards evening, he heard a footstep approaching, and sprang up. It was Moses.

The latter was engaged, with the consent of his parents, and expected to "pass meeting" in a few weeks. He knew what had happened, and felt a sincere sympathy for Richard, for whom he had a cordial regard. His face was very grave, but kind.

"Thee 'd better come in, Richard," said he; "the evenings are damp, and I 've brought thy overcoat. I know everything, and I feel that it must be a great cross for thee. But thee won't be alone in bearing it."

"Do you think there is no hope of your father relenting?" he asked, in a tone of despondency which anticipated the answer.

"Father 's very hard to move," said Moses; "and when mother and Asenath can't prevail on him, nobody else need try. I 'm afraid thee must make up thy

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mind to the trial. I 'm sorry to say it, Richard, but I think thee 'd better go back to town."

"I 'll go to-morrow,—go and die!" he muttered hoarsely, as he followed Moses to the house.

Abigail, as she saw his haggard face, wept quietly. She pressed his hand tenderly, but said nothing. Eli was stern and cold as an Iceland rock. Asenath did not make her appearance. At supper, the old man and his son exchanged a few words about the farm-work to be done on the morrow, but nothing else was said. Richard soon left the room and went up to his chamber to spend his last, his only unhappy night at the farm. A yearning, pitying look from Abigail accompanied him.

"Try and not think hard of us!" was her farewell the next morning, as he stepped into the old chair, in which Moses was to convey him to the village where he should meet the Doylestown stage. So, without a word of comfort from Asenath's lips, without even a last look at her beloved face, he was taken away.

IV.

True and firm and self-reliant as was the nature of Asenath Mitchenor, the thought of resistance to her father 's will never crossed her mind. It was fixed that she must renounce all intercourse with Richard Hilton; it was even sternly forbidden her to see him again during the few hours he remained in the house; but the sacred love, thus rudely dragged to the light and outraged, was still her own. She would take it back into the keeping of her heart, and if a day should ever come when he would be free to return and demand it of her, he would find it there, unwithered, with all the unbreathed perfume hoarded in its folded leaves. If that day came not, she would at the last give it back to God, saying, "Father, here is Thy most precious gift: bestow it as Thou wilt."

As her life had never before been agitated by any strong emotion, so it was not outwardly agitated now. The placid waters of her soul did not heave and toss before those winds of passion and sorrow: they lay in dull, leaden calm, under a cold and sunless sky. What struggles with herself she underwent no one ever knew. After Richard Hilton's departure, she never mentioned his name, or referred, in any way, to the summer's companionship with him. She performed her household duties, if not cheerfully, at least as punctually and carefully as before; and her father congratulated himself that the unfortunate attachment had struck no deeper root. Abigail's finer sight, however, was not deceived by this external resignation. She noted the faint shadows under the eyes, the increased whiteness of the temples, the unconscious traces of pain which sometimes played about the dimpled corners of the mouth, and watched her daughter with a silent, tender solicitude.

The wedding of Moses was a severe test of Asenath's strength, but she stood the trial nobly, performing all the duties required by her position with such sweet composure that many of the older female Friends remarked to Abigail, "How womanly Asenath has grown!" Eli Mitchenor noted, with peculiar satisfaction, that the eyes of the young Friends — some of them of great promise in the sect, and well endowed with worldly goods — followed her admiringly. "It will not be long," he thought, "before she is consoled."

Fortune seemed to favor his plans, and justify his harsh treatment of Richard Hilton. There were unfavorable accounts of the young man's conduct. His father had died during the winter, and he was represented as having become very reckless and dissipated. These reports at last assumed such a definite form that Friend Mitchenor brought them to the notice of his family.

"I met Josiah Comly in the road," said he, one day at dinner. "He 's just come from Philadelphia, and brings bad news of Richard Hilton. He 's taken to drink, and is spending in wickedness the money

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his father left him. His friends have a great concern about him, but it seems he 's not to be reclaimed."

Abigail looked imploringly at her husband, but he either disregarded or failed to understand her look. Asenath, who had grown very pale, steadily met her father's gaze, and said, in a tone which he had never yet heard from her lips, —

"Father, will thee please never mention Richard Hilton's name when I am by?"

The words were those of entreaty, but the voice was that of authority. The old man was silenced by a new and unexpected power in his daughter's heart: he suddenly felt that she was not a girl, as heretofore, but a woman, whom he might persuade, but could no longer compel.

"It shall be as thee wishes, Asenath," he said; "we had best forget him."

Of their friends, however, she could not expect this reserve, and she was doomed to hear stories of Richard which clouded and embittered her thoughts of him. And a still severer trial was in store. She accompanied her father, in obedience to his wish, and against her own desire, to the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia. It has passed into a proverb, that the Friends, on these occasions, always bring rain with them; and the period of her visit was no exception to the rule. The showery days of "Yearly-Meeting Week" glided by, until the last, and she looked forward with relief to the morrow's return to Bucks County, glad to have escaped a meeting with Richard Hilton, which might have confirmed her fears, and could but have given her pain in any case.

As she and her father joined each other, outside the meeting-house, at the close of the afternoon meeting, a light rain was falling. She took his arm, under the capacious umbrella, and they were soon alone in the wet streets, on their way to the house of the Friends who entertained them. At a crossing, where the water, pouring down the gutter towards the Delaware, caused them to halt, a man, plashing through the flood, staggered towards them. Without an umbrella, with dripping, disordered clothes, yet with a hot, flushed face, around which the long black hair hung wildly, he approached, singing to himself, with maudlin voice, a song which would have been sweet and tender in a lover's mouth. Friend Mitchenor drew to one side, lest his spotless drab should be brushed by the unclean reveller; but the latter, looking up, stopped suddenly, face to face with them.

"Asenath!" he cried, in a voice whose anguish pierced through the confusion of his senses, and struck down into the sober quick of his soul.

"Richard!" she breathed, rather than spoke, in a low, terrified voice.

It was indeed Richard Hilton who stood before her, or rather — as she afterwards thought, in recalling the interview — the body of Richard Hilton, possessed by an evil spirit. His cheeks burned with a more than hectic red, his eyes were wild and bloodshot, and though the recognition had suddenly sobered him, an impatient, reckless devil seemed to lurk under the set mask of his features.

"Here I am, Asenath," he said at length, hoarsely. "I said it was death, did n't I? Well, it 's worse than death, I suppose; but what matter? You can't be more lost to me now than you were already. This is *thy* doing, Friend Eli!" he continued, turning to the old man, with a sneering emphasis on the "*thy*." "I hope thee 's satisfied with thy work!"

Here he burst into a bitter, mocking laugh, which it chilled Asenath's blood to hear.

The old man turned pale. "Come away, child!" said he, tugging at her arm. But she stood firm, strengthened for the moment by a solemn feeling of duty which trampled down her pain.

"Richard," she said, with the music of an immeasurable sorrow in her voice, "oh, Richard, what has thee done? Where the Lord commands resignation, thee has been rebellious; where He chasteneth to purify, thee turns blindly to sin. I had not expected this of

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thee, Richard; I thought thy regard for me was of the kind which would have helped and uplifted thee, — not through me, as an unworthy object, but through the hopes and the pure desires of thy own heart. I expected that thee would so act as to justify what I felt towards thee, not to make my affection a reproach, — oh, Richard, not to cast over my heart the shadow of thy sin!"

The wretched young man supported himself against the post of an awning, buried his face in his hands, and wept passionately. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but his voice was choked by sobs, and, after a look from the streaming eyes which Asenath could scarcely bear to meet, he again covered his face. A stranger, coming down the street, paused out of curiosity. "Come, come!" cried Eli, once more, eager to escape from the scene. His daughter stood still, and the man slowly passed on.

Asenath could not thus leave her lost lover, in his despairing grief. She again turned to him, her own tears flowing fast and free.

"I do not judge thee, Richard, but the words that passed between us give me a right to speak to thee. It was hard to lose sight of thee then, but it is still harder for me to see thee now. If the sorrow and pity I feel could save thee, I would be willing never to know any other feelings. I would still do anything for thee except that which thee cannot ask, as thee now is, and I could not give. Thee has made the gulf between us so wide that it cannot be crossed. But I can now weep for thee and pray for thee as a fellow-creature whose soul is still precious in the sight of the Lord. Fare thee well!"

He seized the hand she extended, bowed down, and showered mingled tears and kisses upon it. Then, with a wild sob in his throat, he started up and rushed down the street, through the fast-falling rain. The father and daughter walked home in silence. Eli had heard every word that was spoken, and felt that a spirit whose utterances he dared not question had visited Asenath's tongue.

She, as year after year went by, regained the peace and patience which give a sober cheerfulness to life. The pangs of her heart grew dull and transient; but there were two pictures in her memory which never blurred in outline or faded in color: one, the brake of autumn flowers, under the bright autumnal sky, with bird and stream making accordant music to the new voice of love; the other, a rainy street, with a lost, reckless man leaning against an awning-post, and staring in her face with eyes whose unutterable woe, when she dared to recall it, darkened the beauty of the earth, and almost shook her trust in the providence of God.

V.

Year after year passed by, but not without bringing change to the Mitchenor family. Moses had moved to Chester County soon after his marriage, and had a good farm of his own. At the end of ten years Abigail died; and the old man, who had not only lost his savings by an unlucky investment, but was obliged to mortgage his farm, finally determined to sell it and join his son. He was getting too old to manage it properly, impatient under the unaccustomed pressure of debt, and depressed by the loss of the wife to whom, without any outward show of tenderness, he was, in truth, tenderly attached. He missed her more keenly in the places where she had lived and moved than in a neighborhood without the memory of her presence. The pang with which he parted from his home was weakened by the greater pang which had preceded it.

It was a harder trial to Asenath. She shrank from the encounter with new faces, and the necessity of creating new associations. There was a quiet satisfaction in the ordered, monotonous round of her life, which might be the same elsewhere, but here alone was the nook which held all the morning sunshine she had ever known. Here still lingered the halo of the sweet departed summer, — here still grew the familiar wild-flowers which

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the first Richard Hilton had gathered. This was the Paradise in which the Adam of her heart had dwelt, before his fall. Her resignation and submission entitled her to keep those pure and perfect memories, though she was scarcely conscious of their true charm. She did not dare to express to herself, in words, that one everlasting joy of woman's heart, through all trials and sorrows,—"I have loved, I have been beloved."

On the last "First-day" before their departure, she walked down the meadows to the lonely brake between the hills. It was the early spring, and the black buds of the ash had just begun to swell. The maples were dusted with crimson bloom, and the downy catkins of the swamp-willow dropped upon the stream and floated past her, as once the autumn leaves. In the edges of the thickets peeped forth the blue, scentless violet, the fairy cups of the anemone, and the pink-veined bells of the miskodeed. The tall blooms through which the lovers walked still slept in the chilly earth; but the sky above her was mild and blue, and the remembrance of the day came back to her with a delicate, pungent sweetness, like the perfume of the trailing arbutus in the air around her. In a sheltered, sunny nook, she found a single erythronium, lured forth in advance of its proper season, and gathered it as a relic of the spot, which she might keep without blame. As she stooped to pluck it, her own face looked up at her out of a little pool filled by the spring rains. Seen against the reflected sky, it shone with a soft radiance, and the earnest eyes met hers, as if it were her young self, evoked from the past, to bid her farewell. "Farewell!" she whispered, taking leave at once, as she believed, of youth and the memory of love.

During those years she had more than once been sought in marriage, but had steadily, though kindly, refused. Once, when the suitor was a man whose character and position made the union very desirable in Eli Mitchenor's eyes, he ventured to use his paternal influence. Asenath's gentle resistance was overborne by his arbitrary force of will, and her protestations were of no avail.

"Father," she finally said, in the tone which he had once heard and still remembered, "thee can take away, but thee cannot give."

He never mentioned the subject again.

Richard Hilton passed out of her knowledge shortly after her meeting with him in Philadelphia. She heard, indeed, that his headlong career of dissipation was not arrested,—that his friends had given him up as hopelessly ruined,—and, finally, that he had left the city. After that, all reports ceased. He was either dead, or reclaimed and leading a better life, somewhere far away. Dead, she believed,—almost hoped; for in that case might he not now be enjoying the ineffable rest and peace which she trusted might be her portion? It was better to think of him as a purified spirit, waiting to meet her in a holier communion, than to know that he was still bearing the burden of a soiled and blighted life. In any case, her own future was plain and clear. It was simply a prolongation of the present,—an alternation of seed-time and harvest, filled with humble duties and cares, until the Master should bid her lay down her load and follow Him.

Friend Mitchenor bought a small cottage adjacent to his son's farm, in a community which consisted mostly of Friends, and not far from the large old meeting-house in which the Quarterly Meetings were held. He at once took his place on the upper seat, among the elders, most of whom he knew already, from having met them, year after year, in Philadelphia. The charge of a few acres of ground gave him sufficient occupation; the money left to him after the sale of his farm was enough to support him comfortably; and a late Indian summer of contentment seemed now to have come to the old man. He was done with the earnest business of life. Moses was gradually taking his place, as father and Friend; and Asenath would be reasonably provided for at his death. As his bodily energies decayed,

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his imperious temper softened, his mind became more accessible to liberal influences, and he even cultivated a cordial friendship with a neighboring farmer who was one of "the world's people." Thus, at seventy-five, he was really younger, because tenderer of heart and more considerate, than he had been at sixty.

Asenath was now a woman of thirty-five, and suitors had ceased to approach her. Much of her beauty still remained, but her face had become thin and wasted, and the inevitable lines were beginning to form around her eyes. Her dress was plainer than ever, and she wore the scoop-bonnet of drab silk, in which no woman can seem beautiful, unless she be very old. She was calm and grave in her demeanor, save that her perfect goodness and benevolence shone through and warmed her presence; but, when earnestly interested, she had been known to speak her mind so clearly and forcibly that it was generally surmised among the Friends that she possessed "a gift," which might, in time, raise her to honor among them. To the children of Moses she was a good genius, and a word from "Aunt 'Senath" oftentimes prevailed when the authority of the parents was disregarded. In them she found a new source of happiness; and when her old home on the Neshaminy had been removed a little farther into the past, so that she no longer looked, with every morning's sun, for some familiar feature of its scenery, her submission brightened into a cheerful content with life.

It was summer, and Quarterly-Meeting Day had arrived. There had been rumors of the expected presence of "Friends from a distance," and not only those of the district, but most of the neighbors who were not connected with the sect, attended. By the by-road through the woods, it was not more than half a mile from Friend Mitchenor's cottage to the meeting-house, and Asenath, leaving her father to be taken by Moses in his carriage, set out on foot. It was a sparkling, breezy day, and the forest was full of life. Squirrels chased each other along the branches of the oaks, and the air was filled with fragrant odors of hickory-leaves, sweet-fern, and spice-wood. Picking up a flower here and there, Asenath walked onward, rejoicing alike in shade and sunshine, grateful for all the consoling beauty which the earth offers to a lonely heart. That serene content which she had learned to call happiness had filled her being until the dark canopy was lifted and the waters took back their transparency under a cloudless sky.

Passing around to the "women's side" of the meeting-house, she mingled with her friends, who were exchanging information concerning the expected visitors. Micajah Morrill had not arrived, they said, but Ruth Baxter had spent the last night at Friend Way's, and would certainly be there. Besides, there were Friend Chandler, from Nine Partners, and Friend Carter, from Maryland: they had been seen on the ground. Friend Carter was said to have a wonderful gift, — Mercy Jackson had heard him once, in Baltimore. The Friends there had been a little exercised about him, because they thought he was too much inclined to "the newness," but it was known that the Spirit had often manifestly led him. Friend Chandler had visited Yearly Meeting once, they believed. He was an old man, and had been a personal friend of Elias Hicks.

At the appointed hour they entered the house. After the subdued rustling which ensued upon taking their seats, there was an interval of silence, shorter than usual, because it was evident that many persons would feel the promptings of the Spirit. Friend Chandler spoke first, and was followed by Ruth Baxter, a frail little woman, with a voice of exceeding power. The not unmelodious chant in which she delivered her admonitions rang out, at times, like the peal of a trumpet. Fixing her eyes on vacancy, with her hands on the wooden rail before her, and her body slightly swaying to and fro, her voice soared far aloft at the commencement of every sentence, gradually dropping, through a melodious

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scale of tone, to the close. She resembled an inspired prophetess, an aged Deborah, crying aloud in the valleys of Israel.

The last speaker was Friend Carter, a small man, not more than forty years of age. His face was thin and intense in its expression, his hair gray at the temples, and his dark eye almost too restless for a child of "the stillness and the quietness." His voice, though not loud, was clear and penetrating, with an earnest, sympathetic quality, which arrested, not the ear alone, but the serious attention of the auditor. His delivery was but slightly marked by the peculiar rhythm of the Quaker preachers; and this fact, perhaps, increased the effect of his words, through the contrast with those who preceded him.

His discourse was an eloquent vindication of the law of kindness, as the highest and purest manifestation of true Christian doctrine. The paternal relation of God to man was the basis of that religion which appealed directly to the heart: so the fraternity of each man with his fellow was its practical application. God pardons the repentant sinner: we can also pardon, where we are offended; we can pity, where we cannot pardon. Both the good and the bad principles generate their like in others. Force begets force; anger excites a corresponding anger; but kindness awakens the slumbering emotions even of an evil heart. Love may not always be answered by an equal love, but it has never yet created hatred. The testimony which Friends bear against war, he said, is but a general assertion, which has no value except in so far as they manifest the principle of peace in their daily lives, — in the exercise of pity, of charity, of forbearance, and Christian love.

The words of the speaker sank deeply into the hearts of his hearers. There was an intense hush, as if in truth the Spirit had moved him to speak, and every sentence was armed with a sacred authority. Asenath Mitchenor looked at him, over the low partition which divided her and her sisters from the men's side, absorbed in his rapt earnestness and truth. She forgot that other hearers were present: he spake to her alone. A strange spell seemed to seize upon her faculties and chain them at his feet: had he beckoned to her, she would have arisen and walked to his side.

Friend Carter warmed and deepened as he went on. "I feel moved to-day," he said, — "moved, I know not why, but I hope for some wise purpose, — to relate to you an instance of Divine and human kindness which has come directly to my own knowledge. A young man of delicate constitution, whose lungs were thought to be seriously affected, was sent to the house of a Friend in the country, in order to try the effect of air and exercise."

Asenath almost ceased to breathe, in the intensity with which she gazed and listened. Clasping her hands tightly in her lap to prevent them from trembling, and steadying herself against the back of the seat, she heard the story of her love for Richard Hilton told by the lips of a stranger! — not merely of his dismissal from the house, but of that meeting in the street, at which only she and her father were present! Nay, more, she heard her own words repeated, she heard Richard's passionate outburst of remorse described in language that brought his living face before her! She gasped for breath, — his face *was* before her! The features, sharpened by despairing grief, which her memory recalled, had almost anticipated the harder lines which fifteen years had made, and which now, with a terrible shock and choking leap of the heart, she recognized. Her senses faded, and she would have fallen from her seat but for the support of the partition against which she leaned. Fortunately, the women near her were too much occupied with the narrative to notice her condition. Many of them wept silently, with their handkerchiefs pressed over their mouths.

The first shock of death-like faintness passed away, and she clung to the speaker's voice, as if its sound alone could give her strength to sit still and listen further.

"Deserted by his friends, unable to stay

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his feet on the evil path," he continued, "the young man left his home and went to a city in another State. But here it was easier to find associates in evil than tender hearts that might help him back to good. He was tired of life, and the hope of a speedier death hardened him in his courses. But, my friends, Death never comes to those who wickedly seek him. The Lord withholds destruction from the hands that are madly outstretched to grasp it, and forces His pity and forgiveness on the unwilling soul. Finding that it was the principle of *life* which grew stronger within him, the young man at last meditated an awful crime. The thought of self-destruction haunted him day and night. He lingered around the wharves, gazing into the deep waters, and was restrained from the deed only by the memory of the last loving voice he had heard. One gloomy evening, when even this memory had faded, and he awaited the approaching darkness to make his design secure, a hand was laid on his arm. A man in the simple garb of the Friends stood beside him, and a face which reflected the kindness of the Divine Father looked upon him. 'My child,' said he, 'I am drawn to thee by the great trouble of thy mind. Shall I tell thee what it is thee meditates?' The young man shook his head. 'I will be silent, then, but I will save thee. I know the human heart, and its trials and weaknesses, and it may be put into my mouth to give thee strength.' He took the young man's hand, as if he had been a little child, and led him to his home. He heard the sad story, from beginning to end; and the young man wept upon his breast, to hear no word of reproach, but only the largest and tenderest pity bestowed upon him. They knelt down, side by side, at midnight; and the Friend's right hand was upon his head while they prayed.

"The young man was rescued from his evil ways, to acknowledge still further the boundless mercy of Providence. The dissipation wherein he had recklessly sought death was, for him, a marvelous restoration to life. His lungs had become sound and free from the tendency to disease. The measure of his forgiveness was almost more than he could bear. He bore his cross thenceforward with a joyful resignation, and was mercifully drawn nearer and nearer to the Truth, until, in the fulness of his convictions, he entered into the brotherhood of the Friends.

"I have been powerfully moved to tell you this story," Friend Carter concluded, "from a feeling that it may be needed, here, at this time, to influence some heart trembling in the balance. Who is there among you, my friends, that may not snatch a brand from the burning? Oh, believe that pity and charity are the most effectual weapons given into the hands of us imperfect mortals, and leave the awful attribute of wrath in the hands of the Lord!"

He sat down, and dead silence ensued. Tears of emotion stood in the eyes of the hearers, men as well as women, and tears of gratitude and thanksgiving gushed warmly from those of Asenath. An ineffable peace and joy descended upon her heart.

When the meeting broke up, Friend Mitchenor, who had not recognized Richard Hilton, but had heard the story with feelings which he endeavored in vain to control, approached the preacher.

"The Lord spoke to me this day through thy lips," said he; "will thee come to one side, and hear me a minute?"

"Eli Mitchenor!" exclaimed Friend Carter; "Eli! I knew not thee was here! Does n't thee know me?"

The old man stared in astonishment. "It seems like a face I ought to know," he said, "but I can't place thee."

They withdrew to the shade of one of the poplars. Friend Carter turned again, much moved, and, grasping the old man's hands in his own, exclaimed,—

"Friend Mitchenor, I was called upon to-day to speak of myself. I am—or, rather, I *was*—the Richard Hilton whom thee knew."

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Friend Mitchenor's face flushed with mingled emotions of shame and joy, and his grasp on the preacher's hands tightened.

"But thee calls thyself Carter?" he finally said.

"Soon after I was saved," was the reply, "an aunt on the mother's side died, and left her propery to me, on condition that I should take her name. I was tired of my own then, and to give it up seemed only like losing my former self; but I should like to have it back again now."

"Wonderful are the ways of the Lord, and past finding out!" said the old man. "Come home with me, Richard, — come for my sake, for there is a concern on my mind until all is clear between us. Or, stay, — will thee walk home with Asenath, while I go with Moses?"

"Asenath?"

"Yes. There she goes, through the gate. Thee can easily overtake her. I 'm coming, Moses!" — and he hurried away to his son's carriage, which was approaching.

Asenath felt that it would be impossible for her to meet Richard Hilton there. She knew not why his name had been changed; he had not betrayed his identity with the young man of his story; he evidently did not wish it to be known, and an unexpected meeting with her might surprise him into an involuntary revelation of the fact. It was enough for her that a saviour had arisen, and her lost Adam was redeemed, — that a holier light than the autumn sun's now rested, and would forever rest, on the one landscape of her youth. Her eyes shone with the pure brightness of girlhood, a soft warmth colored her cheek and smoothed away the coming lines of her brow, and her step was light and elastic as in the old time.

Eager to escape from the crowd, she crossed the highway, dusty with its string of returning carriages, and entered the secluded lane. The breeze had died away, the air was full of insect-sounds, and the warm light of the sinking sun fell upon the woods and meadows. Nature seemed penetrated with a sympathy with her own inner peace.

But the crown of the benignant day was yet to come. A quick footstep followed her, and erelong a voice, near at hand, called her by name.

She stopped, turned, and for a moment they stood silent, face to face.

"I knew thee, Richard!" at last she said, in a trembling voice; "may the Lord bless thee!"

Tears were in the eyes of both.

"He has blessed me," Richard answered, in a reverent tone; "and this is His last and sweetest mercy. Asenath, let me hear that thee forgives me."

"I have forgiven thee long ago, Richard, — forgiven, but not forgotten."

The hush of sunset was on the forest, as they walked onward, side by side, exchanging their mutual histories. Not a leaf stirred in the crowns of the tall trees, and the dusk, creeping along between their stems, brought with it a richer woodland odor. Their voices were low and subdued, as if an angel of God were hovering in the shadows, and listening, or God Himself looked down upon them from the violet sky.

At last Richard stopped.

"Asenath," said he, "does thee remember that spot on the banks of the creek, where the rudbeckias grew?"

"I remember it," she answered, a girlish blush rising to her face.

"If I were to say to thee now what I said to thee there, what would be thy answer?"

Her words came brokenly.

"I would say to thee, Richard, — 'I can trust thee, — I *do* love thee!'"

"Look at me, Asenath."

Her eyes, beaming with a clearer light than even then when she first confessed, were lifted to his. She placed her hands gently upon his shoulders, and bent her head upon his breast. He tenderly lifted it again, and, for the first time, her virgin lips knew the kiss of man.

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TAXATION NO BURDEN.

According to returns made by the Census Bureau to the Secretary of the Treasury, the gross value of the productions of the United States for 1860 was $3,900,000,000: namely,—the product of Manufactures, the Mechanic Arts, Mining, and the Fisheries, $1,900,000,000; the product of Agriculture, $2,000,000,000.

It is a well-understood principle of political economy, that the annual product of a country is the source from which internal taxes are to be derived.

The nation is to be considered a partnership, the several members engaged in the various departments of business, and producing annually products of the value of $3,900,000,000, which are distributed among the partners, affording to each a certain share of profit. The firm is out of debt, but a sudden emergency compels an investment, in a new and not immediately profitable branch of business, of $1,500,000,000, which sum the firm borrows. As the consequence of this liability, the firm must afterward incur an annual additional expense as follows: $100,000,000 for the payment of members not engaged in productive labor, $90,000,000 for interest upon the debt incurred, and $60,000,000 for a sinking-fund which shall pay the debt in less than twenty years.

It is absolutely necessary for the future prosperity of the business of the firm, that this immense investment, so unexpectedly called for, shall be made to pay. How shall this problem be solved?

Large sums are confusing, and tend to prevent a clear understanding of the matter; therefore let the nation be represented by Uncle Sam, an active, middle-aged man, owning a farm and a factory, of which the annual product is $40,000. The largest and best portion of his farm is very badly cultivated; no intelligent laborers can be induced to remain upon it, owing to certain causes, easily removable, but which, being an easy-going man, well satisfied with his income as it has been, Uncle Sam has been unwilling to take hold of with any determination.

Suddenly and without notice, he is compelled to borrow $15,000, and spend it upon this portion of his farm; and he then finds, while expending the money for another object and not a profitable one, he can remove the only obstacle which prevented his obtaining a full supply of the best and most intelligent labor, and that he can very soon increase his annual product to $42,500. The increase of $2,500 each year will enable him to pay his additional clerks, to meet the interest on his liabilities, and to accumulate a sinking-fund sufficient to pay his debts before his children come of age. He will be able to take some comfort and satisfaction in his agricultural laborers; he will have a larger amount of cotton to spin and to sell than ever before, and so much wool, that, instead of being obliged to buy one-third the amount required by his factory, as he has heretofore done, he will have more than he can spin; and lastly, he will be able to raise fruit, to make wine, to produce indigo, cochineal, and a great variety of articles never produced on his farm before.

What sound business-man would not thus regulate his investment, when compelled to make it, even though he had been unwilling to borrow the money for the simple purpose of making such an improvement?

If a farm and factory, which badly managed produce $40,000 annually, can by good management be made to produce $42,500, and can be very much increased in value and ease of management by the process, the owner had better borrow $15,000 to accomplish the object, and the tax upon him of $2,500 required to meet the interest and sink the principal will be no burden. That

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is the whole problem, — no more, no less.

We have been driven into a war to maintain the boundaries of our farm; in so doing we shall probably spend $1,500,000,000. It behooves us not only to meet the expenditure promptly, but to make the investment pay.

We have but to increase the annual product of the country six and one-half per cent., and we shall meet the tax for expenses, interest, and sinking-fund, and be as well off as we now are, provided the tax be equitably assessed.

This increase can be made without any increase in the number of laborers, by securing a larger return from those now employed, and by the permanent occupation of the fertile soil of the South by a large portion of the Union army, as settlers and cultivators, who have heretofore spent their energies upon the comparatively unproductive soil of the North.

Slavery is the one obstacle to be removed in order to render this war a paying operation.

Under the false pretence that the climate of the South is too hot for white men to labor in the fields, the degradation involved in field-labor in a Slave State excludes intelligent cultivators from the cotton-fields, a very large portion of which have a climate less hot and less unsuitable for white men than that of Philadelphia, while there is not a river-bottom in the whole South in which the extremes of heat during the summer are so great as in St. Louis. Slave-labor cultivates, in a miserable, shiftless manner, less than two per cent. of the area of the Cotton States; and upon this insignificant portion a crop of cotton has been raised in one year worth over $200,000,000.

There is ample and conclusive evidence to be found in the statistics of the few well-managed and well-cultivated cotton-plantations, that skilful, educated farmers can get more than double the product to the hand or to the acre that is usually obtained as the result of slave-labor.

Again, it will be admitted that $350 per annum is more than an average return for the work of a common laborer on an average New-England farm, including his own support.

It is capable of demonstration from actual facts that an average laborer, well directed, can produce a gross value of $1,000 per annum, upon the uplands of Georgia and South Carolina, in the cultivation of cotton and grain. Negro slaves under a negro driver, with no white man on the premises, have produced this result in Hancock County, Georgia, upon lands previously considered worthless, with a system of cultivation singular and exceptional in that region, but common in all well-cultivated sections, namely, a simple rotation of crops and a moderate amount of manure.

Elevate the negro from a state of slavery to the dignity of a free laborer, and his consumption of manufactured goods increases enormously. In proof of this may be cited the trade with Hayti, and the immense increase in the import of manufactured goods into the British West Indies since emancipation. Slaves are furnished with two suits of clothes in a year, made from the coarsest and cheapest materials: it is safe to estimate, that, if the fair proportion of their earnings were paid them, their demand upon the North for staple articles would be doubled, while the importations of silks, velvets, and other foreign luxuries, upon which their earnings have been heretofore lavished by their masters, would decrease.

The commonly received view of the position of the cotton-planter is that he is in a chronic state of debt. Such is the fact; not, however, because he does not make a large amount of profit, — for cotton-planting is the most profitable branch of agriculture in the United States,—but because his standard of value is a negro, and not a dollar, and, in the words of a Southern writer, "He is constantly buying more land to make more cotton to buy more negroes to cultivate more land to raise more cotton to buy more ne-

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groes," and for every negro he buys he gets trusted for another.

Both himself and his hands are of the least possible value to the community. By maintaining his system he excludes cheap labor from the cultivation of cotton,—slave-labor being the most wasteful and the most expensive of any. He purchases for his laborers the least possible amount of manufactured articles, and he wastes his own expenditure in the purchase of foreign luxuries.

Reference has been made to the increase to be expected in the product of wool, after the removal or destruction of Slavery.

We import annually 30,000,000 pounds of wool, and make little or no use of the best region for growing wool in the whole country,— the western slope of the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains and of the Blue Ridge. Free laborers will not go there, although few slaves are there to be found; for they well know that there is no respect or standing for the free laborer in any Slave State.

Again, throughout the uplands of Georgia, the Carolinas, and Alabama, it has been proved that sheep can be raised upon the English system with the greatest success. Upon their light lands, (selling at less than $1 per acre,) turnips can be raised in great abundance and fed to sheep in the field, and by the process the fields brought to a point of fertility, for cotton or grain, equal to the best bottom-lands of Mississippi or Louisiana. This fact has been sufficiently proved by the experience of the very few good farmers in Georgia.

The climate of these sections is wonderfully healthy, and is far better adapted to the production of wool than that of England, the extremes of heat and cold being far greater, and yet the cold not being sufficient to prevent the raising of turnips or feeding from the field in winter. To produce fine fleece-wool, a warm summer and a cool winter are requisite.

Let any one examine Southern writings upon agriculture, and note the experience of the few working, sensible cultivators, who, by a system of rewards and premiums partially equivalent to the payment of wages to their slaves, have obtained the best results of which Slavery is capable, and he will realize the immense increase to be expected when free and intelligent labor shall be applied to Southern agriculture.

We hold, therefore, that by the destruction of Slavery, and by that only, this war can be made to pay, and taxation become no burden.

By free labor upon Southern soil we shall add to the annual product of the country a sum more than equal to the whole tax which will be required to pay interest and expenses, and to accumulate a sinking-fund which will pay the debt in less than twenty years; while to the North will come the immensely increased demand for manufactured articles required by a thrifty and prosperous middle class, instead of the small demand for coarse, cheap articles required by slaves, and the demand for foreign luxuries called for by the masters.

The addition of $250,000,000 to the product of the country would be a gain to every branch of industry; and if the equable system of taxation by a stamp-tax on all sales were adopted, the burden would not be felt. The additional product being mostly from an improved system of agriculture at the South, a much larger demand would exist for the manufactures of the North, and a much larger body of distributors would be required.

Let us glance for a moment at the alternative,—the restoration of the Union without the removal of Slavery.

The system of slave-labor has been shaken to its foundation, and for years to come its aggregate product will be far less than it has been, thus throwing upon the North the whole burden of the taxes with no compensating gain in resources.

Only the refuse of our army could remain in the Slave States, to become to us in the future an element of danger and not of security,— the industrious and respectable portion would come back to the

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North, to find their places filled and a return to the pursuits of peace difficult to accomplish.

With Slavery removed, the best part of our army will remain upon the fertile soil and in the genial climate of the South, forming communities, retaining their arms, keeping peace and good order with no need of a standing army, and constituting the *nuclei* around which the poor-white trash of the South would gather to be educated in the labor-system of the North, and thus, and thus only, to become loyal citizens.

The mass of the white population of the South are ignorant and deluded; they need leaders, and will have them. We have allowed them to be led by slaveholders, and are reaping our reward. Remove Slavery, and their present leaders are crushed out forever.

Give them new leaders from among the earnest and industrious portion of our army, and we increase our resources and render taxation no burden, and we restore the Union in fact and not simply in name.

Leave Slavery in existence, and we decrease our resources, throw the whole tax upon the North, reinforce the Secession element with the refuse of our army, and bequeath to our children the shadow of a Union, a mockery and a derision to all honest men.

THE POET TO HIS READERS.

NAY, blame me not; I might have spared
  Your patience many a trivial verse,
Yet these my earlier welcome shared,
  So let the better shield the worse.

And some might say, — "Those ruder songs
  Had freshness which the new have lost:
To spring the opening leaf belongs,
  The chestnut-burrs await the frost."

When those I wrote, my locks were brown;
  When these I write —— ah, well-a-day!
The autumn thistle's silvery down
  Is not the purple bloom of May!

Go, little book, whose pages hold
  Those garnered years in loving trust;
How long before your blue and gold
  Shall fade and whiten in the dust?

O sexton of the alcoved tomb,
  Where souls in leathern cerements lie,
Tell me each living poet's doom!
  How long before his book shall die?

It matters little, soon or late,
  A day, a month, a year, an age, —
I read oblivion in its date,
  And Finis on its title-page.

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Before we sighed, our griefs were told;
Before we smiled, our joys were sung;
And all our passions shaped of old
In accents lost to mortal tongue.

In vain a fresher mould we seek:
Can all the varied phrases tell,
That Babel's wandering children speak,
How thrushes sing or lilacs smell?

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,
Love wastes unheard its tenderest tone;
The soul that sings must dwell apart,
Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled, —
The promise still outruns the deed, —
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's glow,
Accept them; but to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow.

THE CHILDREN'S CITIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLES AUCHESTER."

THERE was a certain king who had three sons, and who, loving them all alike, desired to leave them to reign over his kingdom as brothers, and not one above another.

His kingdom consisted of three beautiful cities, divided by valleys covered with flowers and full of grass; but the cities lay so near each other that from the walls of each you could see the walls of the other two. The first city was called the city of Lessonland, the second the city of Confection, and the third the city of Pastime.

The king, feeling himself very old and feeble, sent for the lawyers to write his will for him, that his children might know how he wished them to behave after he was dead. So the lawyers came to the palace and went into the king's bed-room, where he lay in his golden bed, and the will was drawn up as he desired.

One day, not long after the will was made, the king's fool was trying to make a boat of a leaf to sail it upon the silver river. And the fool thought the paper on which the will was written would make a better boat, — for he could not read what

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was written; so he ran to the palace quickly, and knowing where it was laid, he got the will and made a boat of it and set it sailing upon the river, and away it floated out of sight. And the worst of all was, that the king took such a fright, when the will blew away, that he could speak no more when the lawyers came back with the golden ink. And he never made another will, but died without telling his sons what he wished them to do.

However, the king's sons, though they had little bodies, because they were princes of the Kingdom of Children, were very good little persons,—at least, they had not yet been naughty, and had never quarrelled,—so that the child-people loved them almost as well as they loved each other. The child-people were quite pleased that the princes should rule over them; but they did not know how to arrange, because there was no king's will, and by rights the eldest ought to have the whole kingdom. But the eldest, whose name was Gentil, called his brothers to him and said,—

"I am quite sure, though there is no will, that our royal papa built the three cities that we might each have one to reign over, and not one reign over all. Therefore I will have you both, dear brothers, choose a city to govern over, and I will govern over the city you do not choose."

And his brothers danced for joy; and the people too were pleased, for they loved all the three princes. But there were not enough people in the kingdom to fill more than one city quite full. Was not this very odd? Gentil thought so; but, as he could not make out the reason, he said to the child-people,—

"I will count you, and divide you into three parts, and each part shall go to one city."

For, before the king had built the cities, the child-people had lived in the green valleys, and slept on beds of flowers.

So Joujou, the second prince, chose the city of Pastime; and Bonbon, the youngest prince, chose the city of Confection; and the city of Lessonland was left for Prince Gentil, who took possession of it directly.

And first let us see how the good Gentil got on in his city.

The city of Lessonland was built of books, all books, and only books. The walls were books, set close like bricks, and the bridges over the rivers (which were very blue) were built of books in arches, and there were books to pave the roads and paths, and the doors of the houses were books with golden letters on the outside. The palace of Prince Gentil was built of the largest books, all bound in scarlet and green and purple and blue and yellow. And inside the palace all the loveliest pictures were hung upon the walls, and the handsomest maps; and in his library were all the lesson-books and all the story-books in the world. Directly Gentil began to reign, he said to himself,—

"What are all these books for? They must mean that we are to learn, and to become very clever, in order to be good. I wish to be very clever, and to make my people so; so I must set them a good example."

And he called all his child-people together, who would do anything for the love of him, and he said,—

"If we mean to be of any use in the world, we must learn, learn, learn, and read, read, read, and always be doing lessons."

And they said they would, to please him; and they all gathered together in the palace council-chamber, and Gentil set them tasks, the same as he set himself, and they all went home to learn them, while he learned his in the palace.

Now let us see how Joujou is getting on. He was a good prince, Joujou,—oh, so fond of fun! as you may believe, from his choosing the city of Pastime. Oh, that city of Pastime! how unlike the city of dear, dull Lessonland! The walls of the city of Pastime were beautiful toy-bricks, painted all the colors of the rainbow; and the streets of the city were filled with carriages just big enough for

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child-people to drive in, and little gigs, and music-carts, and post-chaises, that ran along by clock-work, and such rocking-horses! And there was not to be found a book in the whole city, but the houses were crammed with toys from the top to the bottom, — tops, hoops, balls, battle-doors, bows and arrows, guns, peep-shows, drums and trumpets, marbles, ninepins, tumblers, kites, and hundreds upon hundreds more, for there you found every toy that ever was made in the world, besides thousands of large wax dolls, all in different court-dresses. And directly Joujou began to reign, he said to himself, —

"What are all these toys for? They must mean that we are to play always, that we may be always happy. I wish to be very happy, and that my people should be happy, always. Won't I set them an example?"

And Joujou blew a penny-trumpet, and got on the back of the largest rocking-horse and rocked with all his might, and cried, —

"Child-people, you are to play always, for in all the city of Pastime you see nothing else but toys!"

The child-people did not wait long; some jumped on rocking-horses, some drove off in carriages, and some in gigs and music-carts. And organs were played, and bells rang, and shuttlecocks and kites flew up the blue sky, and there was laughter, laughter, in all the streets of Pastime!

And now for little Bonbon, how is he getting on? He was a dear little fat fellow, — but, oh, so fond of sweets! as you may believe, from his choosing the city of Confection. And there were no books in Confection, and no toys; but the walls were built of gingerbread, and the houses were built of gingerbread, and the bridges of barley-sugar, that glittered in the sun. And rivers ran with wine through the streets, sweet wine, such as child-people love; and Christmas-trees grew along the banks of the rivers, with candy and almonds and golden nuts on the branches; and in every house the tables were made of sweet brown chocolate, and there were great plum-cakes on the tables, and little cakes, and all sorts of cakes. And when Bonbon began to reign he did not think much about it, but began to eat directly, and called out, with his mouth full, —

"Child-people, eat always! for in all the city of Confection there is nothing but cakes and sweets."

And did not the child-people fall to, and eat directly, and eat on, and eat always?

Now by this time what has happened to Gentil? for we left him in the city of Lessonland. All the first day he learned the lessons he had set himself, and the people learned theirs too, and they all came to Gentil in the evening to say them to the Prince. But by the time Gentil had heard all the lessons, he was very, very tired, — so tired that he tumbled asleep on the throne; and when the child-people saw their prince was asleep, they thought they might as well go to sleep too. And when Gentil awoke, the next morning, behold! there were all his people asleep on the floor. And he looked at his watch and found it was very late, and he woke up the people, crying, with a very loud voice, —

"It is very late, good people!"

And the people jumped up, and rubbed their eyes, and cried, —

"We have been learning always, and we can no longer see to read, — the letters dance before our eyes."

And all the child-people groaned, and cried very bitterly behind their books. Then Gentil said, —

"I will read to you, my people, and that will rest your eyes."

And he read them a delightful story about animals; but when he stopped to show them a picture of a lion, the people were all asleep. Then Gentil grew angry, and cried in a loud voice, —

"Wake up, idle people, and listen!"

But when the people woke up, they were stupid, and sat like cats and sulked. So Gentil put the book away, and sent them home, giving them each a long task for their rudeness. The child-people

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went away; but, as they found only books out of doors, and only books at home, they went to sleep without learning their tasks. And all the fifth day they slept. But on the sixth day Gentil went out to see what they were doing; and they began to throw their books about, and a book knocked Prince Gentil on the head, and hurt him so much that he was obliged to go to bed. And while he was in bed, the people began to fight, and to throw the books at one another.

Now as for Joujou and his people, they began to play, and went on playing, and did nothing else but play. And would you believe it?—they got tired too. The first day and the second day nobody thought he ever could be tired, amongst the rocking-horses and whips and marbles and kites and dolls and carriages. But the third day everybody wanted to ride at once, and the carriages were so full that they broke down, and the rocking-horses rocked over, and wounded some little men; and the little women snatched their dolls from one another, and the dolls were broken. And on the fourth day the Prince Joujou cut a hole in the very largest drum, and made the drummer angry; and the drummer threw a drumstick at Joujou, and Prince Joujou told the drummer he should go to prison. Then the drummer got on the top of the painted wall, and shot arrows at the Prince, which did not hurt him much, because they were toy-arrows, but which made Joujou very much afraid, for he did not wish his people to hate him.

"What do you want?" he cried to the drummer. "Tell me what I can do to please you. Shall we play at marbles, or balls, or knock down the golden ninepins? Or shall we have Punch and Judy in the court of the palace?"

"Yes! yes!" cried the people, and the drummer jumped down from the wall. "Yes! yes! Punch and Judy! We are tired of marbles, and balls, and ninepins. But we sha'n't be tired of Punch and Judy!"

So the people gathered together in the court of the palace, and saw Punch and Judy over and over again, all day long on the fifth day. And they had it so often, that, when the sixth day came, they pulled down the stage, and broke Punch to pieces, and burned Judy, and screamed out that they were so hungry they did not know what to do. And the drummer called out,—

"Let us eat Prince Joujou!"

But the people loved him still; so they answered,—

"No! but we will go out of the city and invade the city of Confection, and fight them, if they won't give us anything to eat!"

So out they went, with Joujou at their head; for Joujou, too, was dreadfully hungry. And they crossed the green valley to the city of Confection, and began to try and eat the gingerbread walls. But the gingerbread was hard, because the walls had been built in ancient days; and the people tried to get on the top of the walls, and when they had eaten a few holes in the gingerbread, they climbed up by them to the top. And there they saw a dreadful sight. All the people had eaten so much that they were ill, or else so fat that they could not move. And the people were lying about in the streets, and by the side of the rivers of sweet wine, but, oh, so sick, that they could eat no more! And Prince Bonbon, who had got into the largest Christmas-tree, had eaten all the candy upon it, and grown so fat that he could not move, but stuck up there among the branches. When the people of Pastime got upon the walls, however, the people of Confection were very angry; and one or two of those who could eat the most, and who still kept on eating while they were sick, threw apples and cakes at the people of Pastime, and shot Joujou with sugar-plums, which he picked up and ate, while his people were eating down the plum-cakes, and drinking the wine till they were tipsy.

As soon as Gentil heard what a dreadful noise his people were making, he got up, though he still felt poorly, and went out into the streets. The people were

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fighting, alas! worse than ever; and they were trying to pull down the strong book-walls, that they might get out of the city. A good many of them were wounded in the head, as well as Prince Gentil, by the heavy books falling upon them; and Gentil was very sorry for the people.

"If you want to go out, good people," he said, "I will open the gates and go with you; but do not pull down the book-walls."

And they obeyed Gentil, because they loved him, and Gentil led them out of the city. When they had crossed the first green valley, they found the city of Pastime empty, not a creature in it! and broken toys in the streets. At sight of the toys, the poor book-people cried for joy, and wanted to stop and play. So Gentil left them in the city, and went on alone across the next green valley. But the city of Confection was crammed so full with sick child-people belonging to Bonbon, and with Joujou's hungry ones, that Gentil could not get in at the gate. So he wandered about in the green valleys, very unhappy, until he came to his old father's palace. There he found the fool, sitting on the banks of the river.

"O fool," said Gentil, "I wish I knew what my father meant us to do!"

And the fool tried to comfort Gentil; and they walked together by the river where the fool had made the boat of the will, without knowing what it was. They walked a long way, Gentil crying, and the fool trying to comfort him, when suddenly the fool saw the boat he had made, lying among some green rushes. And the fool ran to fetch it, and brought it to show Gentil. And Gentil saw some writing on the boat, and knew it was his father's writing. Then Gentil was glad indeed; he unfolded the paper, and thereon he read these words, — for a good king's words are not washed away by water: —

"My will and pleasure is, that my dearly beloved sons, Prince Gentil, Prince Joujou, and Prince Bonbon, should all reign together over the three cities which I have built. But there are only enough child-people to fill one city; for I know that the child-people cannot live always in one city. Therefore let the three princes, with Gentil, the eldest, wearing the crown, lead all the child-people to the city of Lessonland in the morning, that the bright sun may shine upon their lessons and make them pleasant; and Gentil to set the tasks. And in the afternoon let the three princes, with Joujou wearing the crown, lead all the child-people to the city of Pastime, to play until the evening; and Joujou to lead the games. And in the evening let the three princes, with Bonbon wearing the crown, lead all the child-people to the city of Confection, to drink sweet wine and pluck fruit off the Christmas-trees until time for bed; and little Bonbon to cut the cake. And at time for bed, let the child-people go forth into the green valleys and sleep upon the beds of flowers: for in Child Country it is always spring."

This was the king's will, found at last; and Gentil, whose great long lessons had made him wise, (though they had tired him too,) thought the will the cleverest that was ever made. And he hastened to the city of Confection, and knocked at the gate till they opened it; and he found all the people sick by this time, and very pleased to see him, for they thought him very wise. And Gentil read the will in a loud voice, and the people clapped their hands and began to get better directly, and Bonbon called to them to lift him down out of the tree where he had stuck, and Joujou danced for joy.

So the king's will was obeyed. And in the morning the people learned their lessons, and afterwards they played, and afterwards they enjoyed their feasts. And at bed-time they slept upon the beds of flowers, in the green valleys: for in Child Country it is always spring.

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REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

1. VICTOR HUGO. *Les Misérables. Fantine.* New York: F. W. Christern. 8vo.
2. *The Same.* Translated from the Original French, by CHARLES E. WILBOUR. New York: G. W. Carleton. 8vo.

"FANTINE," the first of five novels under the general title of "Les Misérables," has produced an impression all over Europe, and we already hear of nine translations. It has evidently been "engineered" with immense energy by the French publisher. Translations have appeared in numerous languages almost simultaneously with its publication in Paris. Every resource of bookselling ingenuity has been exhausted in order to make every human being who can read think that the salvation of his body and soul depends on his reading "Les Misérables." The glory and the obloquy of the author have both been forced into aids to a system of puffing at which Barnum himself would stare amazed, and confess that he had never conceived of "a dodge" in which literary genius and philanthropy could be allied with the grossest bookselling humbug. But we trust, that, after our American showman has recovered from his first shock of surprise, he will vindicate the claim of America to be considered the "first nation on the face of the earth," by immediately offering Dickens a hundred thousand dollars to superintend his exhibition of dogs, and Florence Nightingale a half a million to appear at his exhibition of babies.

The French bookseller also piqued the curiosity of the universal public by a story that Victor Hugo wrote "Les Misérables" twenty-five years ago, but, being bound to give a certain French publisher all his works after his first celebrated novel, he would not delight the world with this product of his genius until he had forced the said publisher into a compliance with his terms. The publisher shrank aghast from the sum which the author demanded, and this sum was yearly increased in amount, as years rolled away and as Victor Hugo's reputation grew more splendid. At last the publisher died, probably from vexation, and Victor Hugo was free. Then he condescended to allow the present publisher to issue "Les Misérables" on the payment of eighty thousand dollars. It is not surprising, that, to get his money back, this publisher has been compelled to resort to tricks which exceed everything known in the whole history of literature.

"Fantine," therefore, comes before us, externally, as the most desperate of bookselling speculations. The publisher, far from drinking his wine out of the skull of his author, is in danger of having neither wine nor ordinary cup, and is forced into the most reckless *charlatanerie* to save himself from utter ruin and complete loss of the generous fluid. Internally, "Fantine" comes before us as an attempt both to include and to supersede the Christian religion. Wilkinson, in a preface to one of his books, stated that he thought that "Christendom was not the error of which *Chapmandom* was the correction," — Chapman being then the English publisher of a number of skeptical books. In the same way we may venture to affirm that Christendom is not the beginning of which *Hugoism* is the complement and end. We think that the revelation made by the publisher of "Les Misérables" sadly interferes with the revelation made by Victor Hugo. Saint Paul may be inferior to Saint Hugo, but everybody will admit that Saint Paul would not have hesitated a second in deciding, in the publication of *his* epistles, between the good of mankind and his own remuneration. Saint Hugo confessedly waited twenty-five years before he published his new gospel. The salvation of Humanity had to be deferred until the French saviour received his eighty thousand dollars. At last a bookselling Barnum appears, pays the price, and a morality which utterly eclipses that of Saint Paul is given to an expectant world.

This morality, sold for eighty thousand dollars, is represented by Bishop Myriel. The character is drawn with great force, and is full both of direct and subtle satire on the worldliness of ordinary churchmen. The portion of the work in which it figures contains many striking sayings. Thus, we are told, that, when the Bishop "had money,

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his visits were to the poor; when he had none, he visited the rich." "Ask not," he said, "the name of him who asks you for a bed; it is especially he whose name is a burden to him who has need of an asylum." This man, who embodies all the virtues, carries his goodness so far as to receive into his house a criminal whom all honest houses reject, and, when robbed by his infamous guest, saves the life of the latter by telling the officers who had apprehended the thief that he had given him the silver. This so works on the criminal's conscience, that, like Peter Bell, he "becomes a good and pious man," starts a manufactory, becomes rich, and uses his wealth for benevolent purposes. Fantine, the heroine, after having been seduced by a Parisian student, comes to work in his factory. She has a child that she supports by her labor. This fact is discovered by some female gossip, and she is dismissed from the factory as an immoral woman, and descends to the lowest depths of prostitution, — still for the purpose of supporting her child. Jean Valjean, the reformed criminal, discovers her, is made aware that her debasement is the result of the act of his foreman, and takes her, half dead with misery and sickness, to his own house. Meanwhile he learns that an innocent person, by being confounded with himself, is in danger of being punished for his former deeds. He flies from the bedside of Fantine, appears before the court, announces himself as the criminal, is arrested, but in the end escapes from the officers who have him in charge. Fantine dies. Her child is to be the heroine of Novel Number Two of "Les Misérables," and will doubtless have as miserable an end as her mother.

From this bare abstract, the story does not seem to promise much pleasure to novel-readers, yet it is all alive with the fiery genius of Victor Hugo, and the whole representation is so intense and vivid that it is impossible to escape from the fascination it exerts over the mind. Few who take the book up will leave it until they have read it through. It is morbid to a degree that no eminent English author, not even Lord Byron, ever approached; but its morbid elements are so combined with sentiments abstractly Christian that it is calculated to wield a more pernicious influence than Byron ever exerted. Its tendency is to weaken that abhorrence of crime which is the great shield of most of the virtue which society possesses, and it does this by attempting to prove that society itself is responsible for crimes it cannot prevent, but can only punish. To legislators, to Magdalen societies, to prison-reformers, it may suggest many useful hints; but, considered as a passionate romance, appealing to the sympathies of the ordinary readers of novels, it will do infinitely more harm than good. The bigotries of virtue are better than the charities of vice. On the whole, therefore, we think that Victor Hugo, when he stood out twenty-five years for his price, did a service to the human race. The great value of his new gospel consisted in its *not* being published. We wish that another quarter of a century had elapsed before it found a bookseller capable of venturing on so reckless a speculation.

Christ the Spirit: being an Attempt to state the Primitive View of Christianity. By the Author of "Remarks on Alchemy and the Alchemists," and "Swedenborg a Hermetic Philosopher." 2 vols. New York: James Miller.

THIS remarkable work is said to be by Major-General Hitchcock, of the United States Army, whose important services in the Mexican campaign and in our war with the Florida Indians will always command for him the grateful remembrance of his country. It presents many striking views, and at first glance appears to sweep somewhat breezily through the creeds and ceremonies of the external church. The danger, however, may not be great. The work is written in a spirit of forbearance and moral elevation that cannot fail to do good, if it is only to teach theologians that bitter warfare is no way to convince the world of the divinity of their opinions. The author affirms that he seeks to reëstablish Christianity upon its true basis. In opposition to existing churches, he places himself in the position of Saint Paul as opposed to the Pharisees, and says, with him, "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing," — or again, with the Spirit of Truth itself, he declares, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." Gen-

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eral Hitchcock believes that the New Testament was written by the Essene philosophers, a secret society well known to the Jews as dividing the religious world of Judea with the Pharisees and Sadducees. It was written for the instruction of the novitiates, and in symbolism and allegories, according to the oath by which they were solemnly bound. Whatever may be said of the truth of this theory, the interpretations it gives rise to are exceedingly interesting and instructive.

The law of Moses, which all the Jews regarded as divine, the Essenes thought contained a twofold signification. They saw in it a letter and a spirit. As a letter it was the Son of Man, because written by man; as spirit it was the Son of God, because it proceeded from God. They held that the Pharisees murdered the spirit through adhering to the letter; and in the books which the Essenes themselves wrote — the Four Gospels — they taught this doctrine. In Jesus Christ they personified the law of Moses, — Christ representing in his double character both the spirit and the letter of the Law; John the Baptist, the witness of the spirit, representing the letter exclusively; the Virgin Mary the "wisdom" constantly personified in the Old Testament. She is also the Church, the bride of Christ, and that "invisible nature" symbolized in all mythologies as divine. The Father is the Spirit of the Law and the Spirit of Nature, — the infinite God from whom all life proceeds and in whom it abides.

From this brief statement it will be seen that General Hitchcock takes a view of Christianity widely different from that of theologians. Jesus of Nazareth, as a person, he regards simply as a great teacher of this sect of philosophers; and in the Christ of the New Testament, a being endowed with supernatural powers, he sees a personification of the Spirit of Truth. The literal history of a series of supernatural events occurring in Judea two thousand years ago he transforms into sublime teachings of the great truths inherent in human nature, and which, wherever man is, are there forever reënacting the same drama, — in the assumed history of Jesus, divinely portrayed, — not, if rightly understood, as an actual history of any one man, but as a symbolic narration, representing the spiritual life of all men.

Many grave reflections are forced upon us in contemplating a view so original of a subject upon which apparently nothing more remained to be said. It becomes not only the question, How will this work be received by the religious world? but, How, in a true spirit of inquiry, *ought* it to be received? The theory of the author is peculiarly simple, but in its simplicity lies an exceeding beauty. The idea that the Scriptures are symbolical has always found adherents, but never such an advocate. Swedenborg affirmed this truth, and invented a formal mode of interpretation, upon which he wrote his multitudinous octavos, themselves mystical volumes, and whose effect has been to involve a subject already obscure in still deeper darkness, and to transfer the adoration of a small portion of the Christian world from the letter of the Scriptures to the letter of Swedenborg, — a questionable benefit to his followers, in spite of the many important truths which this great man advocated. The radical difference between such a system and that which we are now considering is evident. Not Swedenborg alone, but many others, through artificial systems of their own, have sought to interpret the mysteries of the Bible; but it has remained for the author of "Christ the Spirit" to attempt a discovery of the key unlocking the symbolism of the New Testament, as it was understood by the gospel writers themselves.

The Pearl of Orr's Island. A Story of the Coast of Maine. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Minister's Wooing," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo.

Mrs. Stowe is never more in her element than in depicting unsophisticated New-England life, especially in those localities where there is a practical social equality among the different classes of the population. "The Pearl of Orr's Island," the scene of which is laid in one of those localities, is every way worthy of her genius. Without deriving much interest from its plot, it fastens the pleased attention of the reader by the freshness, clearness, and truth of its representations, both of Nature and persons. The author transports us at once

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to the place she has chosen as the scene of her story, makes us as familiarly acquainted with all its surroundings as if we had been born and bred there, introduces us to all the principal inhabitants in a thoroughly "neighborly" way, and contrives to impress us with a sense of the substantial reality of what she makes us mentally see, even when an occasional improbability in the story almost wakes us up to a perception that the whole is a delightful illusion.

This foundation of the story in palpable realities, which every Yankee recognizes as true the moment they are presented to his eye, enables the writer to develop the ideal character of Mara Lincoln, the heroine of the book, without giving any sensible shock to the prosaic mind. In the type of womanhood she embodies, she is almost identical with Agnes, in the beautiful romance which Mrs. Stowe has lately contributed to this magazine: the difference is in time and circumstance, and not in essential nature. The Puritan maiden, with all her homely culture and rough surroundings, is really as poetic a personage as any of Spenser's exquisite individualizations of abstract feminine excellence; perhaps more so, as the most austere and exalted spiritualities of Christianity enter into the constitution of her nature, and her soul moves in a sphere of religious experience compared with which "fairyland" is essentially low and earthy. She is an angel as well as a woman; yet the height of her meditations does not interfere with, but rather aids her performance of the homeliest human duties; and the moral beauty of her nature lends a peculiar grace to her humblest ministries to human affections and needs. The vivid delineation of this character, from her childhood to her death, we cannot but rank among Mrs. Stowe's best claims to be considered a woman of true imaginative genius.

In the rest of the population of Orr's Island the reader cannot fail to take a great interest, with but two exceptions. These are Moses, the hero of the novel, and Sally Kittredge, who, in the end, marries him. But "Cap'n" Kittredge and his wife, Miss Roxy and Miss Ruey, and Zephaniah Pennel, are incomparably good. Each affords matter enough for a long dissertation on New-England and human character. Miss Roxy, especially, is the typical old maid of Yankee-land, and is so thoroughly lovable, in spite of her idiom, her crusty manners, and her eccentricities, that the only wonder is that she should have been allowed to remain single. But the same wonder is often expressed, in actual life, in regard to old maids superior to Miss Roxy in education, accomplishments, and beauty, and her equals in vital self-sacrifice and tenderness of heart.

We have referred to Moses as a failure, but in this he is no worse than Mrs. Stowe's other heroes. They are all unworthy of the women they love; and the early death of Mara, in this novel, though very pathetic, is felt by every male reader to be better than a long married life with Moses. The latter is "made happy" in the end with Sally Kittredge. Mrs. Stowe does not seem conscious of the intense and bitter irony of the last scenes. She conveys the misanthropy of Swift without feeling or knowing it.

In style, "The Pearl of Orr's Island" ranks with the best narratives in American literature. Though different from the style of Irving and Hawthorne, it shows an equal mastery of English in expressing, not only facts, events, and thoughts, but their very spirit and atmosphere. It is the exact mirror of the author's mind and character. It is fresh, simple, fluent, vigorous, flexible, never dazzling away attention from what it represents by the intrusion of verbal felicities which are pleasing apart from the vivid conceptions they attempt to convey. The uncritical reader is unconscious of its excellence because it is so excellent, — that is, because it is so entirely subordinate to the matter which it is the instrument of expressing. At times, however, the singular interest of the things described must impress the dullest reader with the fact that the author possesses uncommon powers of description. The burial of James Lincoln, the adventure of little Mara and Moses on the open sea, the night-visit which Mara makes to the rendezvous of the outlaws, and the incidents which immediately precede Mara's death, are pictured with such vividness, earnestness, and fidelity, that nobody can fail to feel the strange magic communicated to common words when they are the "nimble servitors" of genius and passion.

In conclusion we may say, that, in the

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combination of accurate observation, strong sense, and delicate spiritual perception, — in the union of humor and pathos, of shrewdness and sentiment, — and in the power of seizing character in its vital inward sources, and of portraying its outward peculiarities, — "The Pearl of Orr's Island" does not yield to any book which Mrs. Stowe has heretofore contributed to American literature.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his Nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Vol. I. New York. G. P. Putnam. 12mo. pp. 463. $1.50.

History of the United States Naval Academy, with Biographical Sketches, and the Names of all the Superintendents, Professors, and Graduates. To which is added a Record of some of the Earliest Votes by Congress, of Thanks, Medals, and Swords, to Naval Officers. By Edward Chauncey Marshall, A. M., formerly Instructor in Captain Kinsley's Military School at West Point, Assistant Professor in the New York University, etc. New York. D. Van Nostrand. 12mo. pp. 156. $1 00.

Instruction for Naval Light Artillery, Afloat and Ashore. Prepared and arranged for the United States Naval Academy. By William H. Parker, Lieutenant U. S. N. Second Edition. Revised by Lieutenant S. B. Luce, U. S. N., Assistant Instructor of Gunnery at the United States Naval Academy. New York. D. Van Nostrand. 8vo. pp. 120. $1.50.

Manual of Target-Practice for the United States Army. By Major G. L. Willard, U. S. A. Philadelphia. Lippincott & Co. 18mo. pp. 80. 50 cts.

A Course of Instruction in Ordnance and Gunnery; compiled for the Use of the Cadets of the United States Military Academy. By Captain J. G. Benton, Ordnance Department, late Instructor of Ordnance and Science of Gunnery, Military Academy, West Point; Principal Assistant to the Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. New York. D. Van Nostrand. 8vo. pp. 550. $4.00.

Seventh Annual Report of the Insurance Commissioners of the State of Massachusetts. January 1, 1862. Part I., Marine and Fire Insurance; Part II., Life Insurance. Boston. William White, Printer to the State. 8vo. pp. xxxvi., 262; xl., 33; 15.

Ballads of the War. By George Whitfield Hewes. New York. G. W. Garleton. 16mo. pp. 147. 50 cts.

The Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry. By Isaac Taylor. With a Sketch of the Life of the Author and a Catalogue of his Writings. New York. William Gowans. 12mo. pp. 311. $1.00.

The Channings. A Domestic Novel of Real Life. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," etc. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 302. 50 cts.

The Bay Path. A Tale of New England Colonial Life. By J. G. Holland, Author of "Letters to the Young," "Lessons in Life," etc. New York. C. Scribner. 12mo. pp. 418. $1.25.

The Church in the Army; or, The Four Centurions. By Rev. William A. Scott, D. D., of San Francisco. New York. G. W. Carleton. 12mo. pp. 443. $1.25.

Prison-Life in the Tobacco-Warehouse at Richmond. By a Ball's-Bluff Prisoner, Lieutenant William C. Harris, of Colonel Baker's California Regiment. Philadelphia. G. W. Childs. 16mo. pp. 175. 75 cts.

Mount Vernon, and other Poems. By Harvey Rice. Columbus. Follett, Foster, & Co. 16mo. pp. 221. $1.00.

Last Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With a Memorial by Theodore Tilton. New York. James Miller. 32mo. pp. 242. 75 cts.

Manual for Engineer Troops. Consisting of, I., Ponton Drill; II., Rules for Conducting a Siege; III., School of the Sap; IV., Military Mining; V., Construction of Batteries. By Captain J. C. Duane, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. New York. D. Van Nostrand. 12mo. pp. 275. $2.00.

Our Flag. A Poem in Four Cantos. By F. H. Underwood. New York. G. W. Carleton. 16mo. paper. pp. 41. 25 cts.

A Treatise on Military Law and the Practice of Courts-Martial. By Captain S. V. Benét, Ordnance Department, U. S. Army; late Assistant Professor of Ethics, Law, etc., Military Academy, West Point. New York. D. Van Nostrand. 8vo. pp. 377. $3.00.

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THE

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THE NEW GYMNASTICS.

PHYSICAL culture is on the top of the wave. But the movement is as yet in the talk stage. Millions praise the gymnasium; hundreds seek its blessings. Similar incongruities make up the story of human life. But in this case inconsistency is consistent.

Evidences of physical deterioration crowd upon us. Fathers and mothers regard their children with painful solicitude. Not even parental partiality can close the eye to decaying teeth, distorted forms, pallid faces, and the unseemly gait. The husband would gladly give his fortune to purchase roses for the cheeks of the loved one, while thousands dare not venture upon marriage, for they see in it only protracted invalidism. Brothers look into the languishing eyes of sisters with sad forebodings, and sisters tenderly watch for the return of brothers, once the strength and hope of the fatherless group, now waiting for death. The evil is immense. *What can be done?* Few questions have been repeated with such intense anxiety.

My object is to submit, for the consideration of the readers of the "Atlantic," a new system of physical training, adapted to both sexes, and to persons of all ages and degrees of strength. I have an ardent faith that in it many will find an answer to the important question.

The common remark, that parents are too much absorbed in the *accomplishments* of their daughters to give any attention to their health, is absurd. Mothers know that the happiness of their girls, as well as the character of their settlement in life, turns more upon health and exuberance of spirits than upon French and music. To suppose, that, while thousands are freely given for accomplishments, hundreds would be refused for bodily health and bloom, is to doubt the parents' sanity. If the father were fully satisfied that Miss Mary could exchange her stooping form, pale face, and lassitude for erectness, freshness, and elasticity, does anybody suppose he would hesitate? Fathers give their daughters Italian and drawing, not because they regard these as the best of the good things of life, but because they form a part of the established course of education. Only

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let the means for a complete physical development be organized, and announced as an integral part of our system of education, and parents would be filled with grateful satisfaction. The people are ready and waiting. No want is so universal, none so deeply felt. But how shall symmetry and vigor be reached? What are the means? Where is the school? During the heat of the summer our city-girls go into the country, perhaps to the mountains: this is good. When in town, they skate or walk or visit the riding-school: all good. But still they are stooping and weak. The father, conscious that their bodies, like their minds, are susceptible of indefinite development, in his anxiety takes them to the gymnasium. They find a large room furnished with bars, ladders, and swings. They witness the wonderful performances of accomplished gymnasts and acrobates, admire the brilliant feats; but the girls see no opportunity for themselves. They are nearly right. The ordinary gymnasium offers little chance for *girls*, none for *old* people, but little for *fat* people of any age, and very little for small children of either sex.

Are not these the classes which most require artificial training? It is claimed that the common gymnasium is admirable for young men. I think there are other modes of training far more fascinating and profitable; but suppose it were true that for young men it is the best of all possible modes. These young men we need in the gymnasium where young women exercise. If young women are left by themselves, they will soon lose interest. A gymnasium with either sex alone is like a ball-room with one sex excluded. To earn a living, men and women will labor when separated; but in the department of recreation, if there be lack of social stimulus, they will soon fall off. No gymnasium, however well managed, with either sex excluded, has ever achieved a large and enduring success. I know some of them have long lists of subscribers; but the daily attendance is very small. Indeed, the only gymnasium which never lacks patronage is the ball-room. Dancing is undeniably one of the most fascinating exercises; but the places where even this is practised would soon be forsaken, were the sexes separated.

Some lady-reader suggests that ladies of delicate sensibilities would scarcely be willing to join gentlemen in climbing about on ladders. I presume not; but are such exercises the best, even for men?

I do not doubt that walking with the hands, on a ladder, or upon the floor, head down, is a good exercise; but I think the common prejudice in favor of the feet as a means of locomotion is well founded. Man's anatomy contemplates the use of the legs in supporting the weight of the body. His physical powers are most naturally and advantageously brought into play while using the feet as the point of support. It is around and from this centre of support that the upper part of the body achieves its free and vigorous performances.

The deformities of gymnasts, to which Dr. Dixon and many others have called attention, are produced in great part by substituting arms for legs. I need scarcely say that ring, dumb-bell, club, and many other similar exercises, with cane and sword practice, boxing, etc., are all infinitely superior to the ladder and bar performances. In the new system there is opportunity for all the strength, flexibility, and skill which the most advanced gymnasts possess, with the priceless advantage that the two sexes may mingle in the scene with equal pleasure and profit.

I can but regard the common gymnasium as an institution of organized selfishness. In its very structure it practically ignores woman. As I have intimated, it provides for young men alone, who of all classes least need a gymnasium. They have most out-door life; the active games and sports are theirs; the instinct for motion compels them to a great variety of active exercises, which no other class enjoys. Is it not a strange

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mistake to provide a gymnasium for these alone?

But it is said, if you introduce women into the gymnasium, men will have no opportunity for those difficult, daring feats which constitute the charm of the place. If by this is meant that there can be no competition between the sexes in lifting heavy weights, or turning somersets, the objection holds good. But are not games of skill as attractive as lifting kegs of nails? Women need not fall behind men in those exercises which require grace, flexibility, and skill. In the Normal Institute for Physical Education, where we are preparing teachers of the new gymnastics, females succeed better than males. Although not so strong, they are more flexible. There are in my gymnasium at this time a good many ladies with whom the most ambitious young man need not be ashamed to compete, unless the shame come from his being defeated. Gentlemen will sacrifice nothing by joining their lady-friends in the gymnasium. But suppose it costs them something; I greatly mistake the meaning of their protestations of devotion, if they are not quite willing to make the sacrifice.

Before proceeding farther, I desire to answer a question which wise educators have asked: — "Do children require special gymnastic training?" An eminent writer has recently declared his conviction that boys need no studied muscle-culture. "Give them," he says, "the unrestrained use of the grove, the field, the yard, the street, with the various sorts of apparatus for boys' games and sports, and they can well dispense with the scientific gymnasium."

With all our lectures, conversations, newspapers, and other similar means of mental culture, we are not willing to trust the intellect without scientific training. The poorest man in the State demands for his children the culture of the organized school; and he is right. An education left to chance and the street would be but a disjointed product. To insure strength, patience, and consistency, there must be methodical cultivation and symmetrical growth. But there is no need of argument on this point. In regard to mental training, there is, fortunately, among Americans, no difference of opinion. Discriminating, systematic, scientific culture is our demand. No man doubts that chess and the newspaper furnish exercise and growth; but we hold that exercise and growth without qualification are not our desire. We require that the growth shall be of a peculiar kind,— what we call scientific and symmetrical. This is vital. The education of chance would prove unbalanced, morbid, profitless.

Is not this equally true of the body? Is the body one single organ, which, if exercised, is sure to grow in the right way? On the contrary, is it not an exceedingly complicated machine, the symmetrical development of which requires discriminating, studied management? With the thoughtful mind, argument and illustration are scarcely necessary; but I may perhaps be excused by the intelligent reader for one simple illustration. A boy has round or stooping shoulders: hereby the organs of the chest and abdomen are all displaced. Give him the freedom of the yard and street,— give him marbles, a ball, the skates! Does anybody suppose he will become erect? Must he not, for this, and a hundred other defects, have special training?

Before our system of education can claim an approach to perfection, we must have attached to each school a professor who thoroughly comprehends the wants of the body, and knows practically the means by which it may be made symmetrical, flexible, vigorous, and enduring.

Since we have, unhappily, become a military people, the soldier's special training has been much considered as a means of general physical culture. Numberless schools, public and private, have already introduced the drill, and make it a part of each day's exercises.

But this mode of exercise can never furnish the muscle-culture which we Americans so much need. Nearly all our exercise is of the lower half of the

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body: we walk, we run up and down stairs, and thus cultivate hips and legs, which, as compared with the upper half of the body, are muscular. But our arms, shoulders, and chests are ill-formed and weak. Whatever artificial muscular training is employed should be specially adapted to the development of the upper half of the body.

Need I say that the military drill fails to bring into varied and vigorous play the chest and shoulders? Indeed, in almost the entire drill, are not these parts held immovably in one constrained position? In all but the cultivation of erectness, the military drill is singularly deficient in the requisites of a system of muscle-training adapted to a weak-chested people.

Dancing, to say nothing of its almost inevitably mischievous concomitants, brings into play chiefly that part of the body which is already in comparative vigor, and which, besides, has little to do directly with the size, position, and vigor of the vital organs.

Horseback exercise is admirable, and has many peculiar advantages which can be claimed for no other training; but may it not be much indulged while the chest and shoulders are left drooping and weak?

Skating is graceful and exhilarating; but, to say nothing of the injury which not unfrequently attends the sudden change from the stagnant heat of our furnaced dwellings to the bleak winds of the icy lake, is it not true that the chest-muscles are so little moved that the finest skating may be done with the arms folded?

I should be sorry to have any of these exercises abandoned. While some of them demand reform, they are all, on the whole, exceedingly useful.

What I would urge is this: As bodily *symmetry* is vital to the highest physiological conditions, and as departure from symmetry is the rule among all classes, but especially with Young America, we must, to secure this symmetry, introduce into our system of physical education a variety of special, studied means.

The new gymnastics are all adapted to music. A party may dance without music. I have seen it done. But the exercise is a little dull.

Exercises with the upper extremities are as much improved by music as those with the lower extremities. Indeed, with the former there is much more need of music, as the arms make no noise, such as might secure concert in exercises with the lower extremities.

A small drum, costing perhaps five dollars, which may be used as a bass-drum, with one beating-stick, with which any one may keep time, is, I suppose, the sort of music most classes in gymnastics will use at first. And it has advantages. While it is less pleasing than some other instruments, it secures more perfect concert than any other. The violin and piano are excellent, but on some accounts the hand-organ is the best of all.

Feeble and apathetic people, who have little courage to undertake gymnastic training, accomplish wonders under the inspiration of music. I believe three times as much muscle can be coaxed out, with this delightful stimulus, as without it.

DUMB-BELL EXERCISES.

I HAVE selected the dumb-bell as perhaps the happiest means by which to illustrate the mischievous consequences of "heavy weights." Thoughtful physiologists deeply regret the *lifting* mania. In every possible case, *lifting* is an inferior means of physical training, and for women and children, in short for nine-tenths of the people, it is positively mischievous. I introduce the dumb-bell exercises to illustrate and enforce this doctrine.

Heretofore dumb-bells have been made of metal. The weight in this country has usually been considerable. The general policy at present is to employ those as heavy as the health-seeker can "put up." In the great German gymnastic institutes dumb-bells were formerly employed weighing from fifty to one hundred

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pounds; but now Kloss and other distinguished authors condemn such weights, and advocate those weighing from two to five pounds. I think those weighing two pounds are heavy enough for any man; and as it is important that they be of considerable size, I introduced, some years ago, dumb-bells made of wood. Every year my faith grows stronger in their superiority.

Some years since, before I had seen the work of Professor Kloss on the Dumb-Bell, I published a paper upon the use of this piece of apparatus, in which I stated the best weight for men as from two to five pounds, and gave at length the reasons for the employment of such light weights, and the objections to heavy ones. I was filled, not with pride, but with profound satisfaction, while engaged in translating Kloss's work recently, to find, as fundamental with this great author, identically the same weights and reasons.

In my early experience as a teacher of gymnastics I advocated the use of heavy dumb-bells, prescribing those weighing one hundred pounds for persons who could put up that weight. As my success had always been with heavy weights, pride led me to continue their use long after I had begun to doubt the wisdom of such a course.

I know it will be said that dumb-bells of two pounds' weight will do for women and children, but cannot answer the requirements of strong men.

The weight of the dumb-bell is to be determined entirely by the manner in which it is used. If only lifted over the head, one or two pounds would be absurdly light; but if used as we employ them, then one weighing ten pounds is beyond the strength of the strongest. No man can enter one of my classes of little girls even, and go through the exercises with dumb-bells weighing ten pounds each.

We had a good opportunity to laugh at a class of young men, last year, who, upon entering the gymnasium, organized an insurrection against the wooden dumb-bells, and through a committee asked me to procure iron ones; I ordered a quantity, weighing three pounds each; they used them part of one evening, and when asked the following evening which they would have, replied, "The wooden ones will do."

A just statement of the issue is this: If you only lift the dumb-bell from the floor, put it up, and then put it down again, of course it should be heavy, or there is no exercise; but if you would use it in a great variety of ways, assuming a hundred graceful attitudes, and bringing the muscles into exercise in every direction, requiring skill and followed by an harmonious development, the dumb-bell must be light.

There need be no controversy between the light-weight and the heavy-weight party on this point. We of the light-weight party agree, that, if the dumb-bell is to be used as the heavy-weight party uses it, it must be heavy; but if as we use it, then it must be light. If they of the heavy-weight party think not, we ask them to try it.

The only remaining question is that which lies between all heavy and light gymnastics, namely, whether strength or flexibility is to be preferred. Without entering upon a discussion of the physiological principles underlying this subject, I will simply say that I prefer the latter. The Hanlon brothers and Heenan are, physiologically considered, greatly superior to heavy-lifters.

But here I ought to say that no man can be flexible without a good degree of strength. It is not, however, the kind of strength involved in heavy-lifting. Heenan is a very strong man, can strike a blow twice as hard as Windship, but cannot lift seven hundred pounds nor put up a ninety-pound dumb-bell. William Hanlon, who is probably the finest gymnast, with the exception of Blondin, ever seen on this continent, cannot lift six hundred pounds. Such men have a great fear of lifting. They know, almost by instinct, that it spoils the muscles.

One of the finest gymnasts in the country told me that in several attempts

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to lift five hundred pounds he failed, and that he should never try it again. This same gymnast owns a fine horse. Ask him to lend that horse to draw before a cart and he will refuse, because such labor would make the animal stiff, and unfit him for light, graceful movements before the carriage.

The same physiological law holds true of man: lifting great weights affects him as drawing heavy loads affects the horse. So far from man's body being an exception to this law, it bears with peculiar force upon him. Moving great weights through small spaces produces a slow, inelastic, inflexible man. No matter how flexible a young man may be, let him join a circus-company, and lift the cannon twice a day for two or three years, and he will become as inflexible as a cart-horse. No matter how elastic the colt is when first harnessed to the cart, he will soon become so inelastic as to be unfit to serve before the carriage.

If it be suspected that I have any personal feeling against Dr. Windship or other heavy-lifters, I will say that I regard all personal motives in a work of such magnitude and beneficence as simply contemptible. On the contrary, I am exceedingly grateful to this class of gymnasts for their noble illustration of the possibilities in one department of physical development.

Men, women, and children should be strong, but it should be the strength of grace, flexibility, agility, and endurance; it should not be the strength of a great lifter. I have alluded to the gymnastics of the circus. Let all who are curious in regard to the point I am discussing visit it. Permit me to call special attention to three performers, — to the man who lifts the cannon, to the India-rubber man, and to the general performer. The lifter and the India-rubber man constitute the two mischievous extremes. It is impossible that in either there should be the highest physiological conditions; but in the persons of the Hanlon brothers, who are general performers, are found the model gymnasts. They can neither lift great weights nor tie themselves into knots, but they occupy a position between these two extremes. They possess both strength and flexibility, and resemble fine, active, agile, vigorous carriage-horses, which stand intermediate between the slow cart-horse and the long-legged, loose-jointed animal.

"Strength is health" has become a favorite phrase. But, like many common saws, it is an error. Visit the first half-dozen circuses that may come to town, and ask the managers whether the cannon-lifter or the general performer has the better health. You will find in every case it is the latter. Ask the doctors whether the cartmen, who are the strongest men in the city, have better health than other classes, who, like them, work in the open air, but with light and varied labor. You will not find that the measure of strength is the measure of health. Flexibility has far more to do with it.

Suppose we undertake the training of two persons, of average condition. They have equal strength, — can lift four hundred pounds. Each has the usual stiff shoulders, back, and limbs. One lifts heavy weights until he can raise eight hundred pounds. Inevitably he has become still more inflexible. The other engages in such exercises as will remove all stiffness from every part of the body, attaining not only the greatest flexibility, but the most complete activity. Does any intelligent physiologist doubt that the latter will have done most for the promotion of his health? that he will have secured the most equable and complete circulation of the fluids, which is essentially what we mean by health, and have added most to the beauty and effectiveness of his physical action?

With heavy dumb-bells the extent of motion is very limited, and of course the range and freedom of action will be correspondingly so. This is a point of great importance. The limbs, and indeed the entire body, should have the widest and freest range of motion. It is only thus that our performances in the business

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or pleasures of life become most effective.

A complete, equable circulation of the blood is thereby most perfectly secured. And this, I may remark, is in one aspect the physiological purpose of all exercise. The race-horse has a much more vigorous circulation than the cart-horse. It is a fact not unfamiliar to horsemen, that, when a horse is transferred from slow, heavy work to the carriage, the surface-veins about the neck and legs begin at once to enlarge; when the change is made from the carriage to the cart, the reverse is the result.

And when we consider that the principal object of all physical training is an elastic, vigorous condition of the nervous system, the superiority of light gymnastics becomes still more obvious. The nervous system is the fundamental fact of our earthly life. All other parts of the organism exist and work for it. It controls all, and is the seat of pain and pleasure. The impressions upon the stomach, for example, resulting in a better or worse digestion, must be made through the nerves. This supreme control of the nervous system is forcibly illustrated in the change made by joyful or sad tidings. The overdue ship is believed to have gone down with her valuable, uninsured cargo. Her owner paces the wharf, sallow and wan,—appetite and digestion gone. She heaves in sight! She lies at the wharf! The happy man goes aboard, hears all is safe, and, taking the officers to a hotel, devours with them a dozen monstrous compounds, with the keenest appetite, and without a subsequent pang.

I am confident that the loyal people of this country have eaten and digested, since Roanoke and Donelson, as they had not before since Sumter.

Could we have an unbroken succession of good news, we should all have good digestion without a gymnasium. But in a world of vexation and disappointment, we are driven to the necessity of studied and unusual muscle-culture, and other hygienic expedients, to give the nervous system that support and vitality which our fitful surroundings deny.

If we would make our muscle-training contributive in the highest degree to the healthful elasticity of our nerves, the exercises must be such as will bring into varied combinations and play all our muscles and nerves. Those exercises which require great accuracy, skill, and dash are just those which secure this happy and complete intermarriage of nerve and muscle. If any one doubts that boxing and small-sword will do more to give elasticity and tone to the nervous system than lifting kegs of nails, then I will give him over to the heavy-lifters.

Another point I take the liberty to urge. Without *accuracy* in the performance of the feats, the interest must be transient. This principle is strikingly exemplified in military training. Those who have studied our infantry drill have been struck with its simplicity, and have wondered that men could go through with its details every day for years without disgust. If the drill-master permit carelessness, then, authority alone can force the men through the evolutions; but if he insist on the greatest precision, they return to their task every morning, for twenty years, with fresh and increasing interest.

What precision, permit me to ask, is possible in "putting up" a heavy dumb-bell? But in the new dumb-bell exercises there is opportunity and necessity for all the accuracy and skill which are found in the most elaborate military drills.

I have had experience in boxing and fencing, and I say with confidence, that in neither nor both is there such a field for fine posturing, wide, graceful action, and studied accuracy, as is to be found in the new series of dumb-bell exercises.

But, it is said, if you use dumb-bells weighing only two pounds, you must work an hour to obtain the exercise which the heavy ones would furnish in five minutes. I need not inform those who have practised the new series with the light dumb-bells that this objection is made in ignorance. If you simply "put up" the

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light implement, it is true; but if you use it as in the new system, it is not true. On the contrary, in less than five minutes, legs, hips, back, arms, shoulders, neck, lungs, and heart will each and all make the most emphatic remonstrance against even a quarter of an hour's practice of such feats.

At this point it may be urged that those exercises which quicken the action of the thoracic viscera, to any considerable degree, are simply exhaustive. This is another blunder of the "big-muscle" men. They seem to think you can determine every man's constitution and health by the tape-line; and that all exercises whose results are not determinable by measurement are worthless.

I need scarcely say, there are certain conditions of brain, muscle, and every other tissue, far more important than size; but what I desire to urge more particularly in this connection is the importance, the great physiological advantages, of just those exercises in which the lungs and heart are brought into active play. These organs are no exceptions to the law that exercise is the principal condition of development. Their vigorous training adds more to the stock of vitality than that of other organs. A man may stand still and lift kegs of nails and heavy dumb-bells until his shoulders and arms are Samsonian, it will contribute far less to his health and longevity than a daily run of a mile or two.

Speaking in a general way, those exercises in which the lungs and heart are made to go at a vigorous pace are to be ranked among the most useful. The "double-quick" of the soldier contributes more in five minutes to his digestion and endurance than the ordinary drill in two hours.

I have said an elastic tone of the nervous system is the physiological purpose of all physical training. If one may be allowed such an analysis, I would add that we exercise our muscles to invigorate the thoracic and abdominal viscera. These in their turn support and invigorate the nervous system. All exercises which operate more directly upon these internal organs — as, for example, laughing, deep breathing, and running—contribute most effectively to the stamina of the brain and nerves. It is only the popular mania for monstrous arms and shoulders that could have misled the intelligent gymnast on this point.

But finally, it is said, you certainly cannot deny that rapid motions with great sweep exhaust more than slow motions through limited spaces. A great lifter said to me the other day, —

"Do you pretend to deny that a locomotive with a light train, flying at the rate of forty miles an hour, consumes more fuel than one with a heavy train, moving at the rate of five miles?"

I did not attempt to deny it.

"Well, then," he added, with an air of triumph, "what have you to say now about these great sweeping feats with your light dumb-bells, as compared with the slow putting up of heavy ones?"

I replied by asking him another question.

"Do you pretend to deny, that, when you drive your horse ten miles within an hour, before a light carriage, he is more exhausted than by drawing a load two miles an hour?"

"That 's my doctrine exactly," he said.

Then I asked, —

"Why don't you always drive two miles an hour?"

"But my patients would all die," replied my friend.

I did not say aloud what was passing in my mind, — that the danger to his patients might be less than he imagined; but I suggested, that most men, as well as most horses, had duties in this life which involved the necessity of rapid and vigorous motions, — and that, were this slow movement generally adopted, every phase of human life would be stripped of progress, success, and glory.

As our artificial training is designed to fit us for the more successful performance of the duties of life, I suggest that the training should be, in character, somewhat assimilated to those duties. If you

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would train a horse for the carriage, you would not prepare him for this work by driving at a slow pace before a heavy load. If you did, the first fast drive would go hard with him. Just so with a man. If he is to lift hogsheads of sugar, or kegs of nails, as a business, he may be trained by heavy-lifting; but if his business requires the average activity and free motions of human occupations, then, upon the basis of his heavy, slow training, he will find himself in actual life in the condition of the dray-horse who is pushed before the light carriage at a high speed.

Perhaps it is not improper to add that all this talk about expenditure of vitality is full of sophistry. Lecturers and writers speak of our stock of vitality as if it were a vault of gold, upon which you cannot draw without lessening the quantity. Whereas, it is rather like the mind or heart, enlarging by action, gaining by expenditure.

When Daniel Boone was living alone in Kentucky, his intellectual exercises were doubtless of the quiet, slow, heavy character. Other white men joined him. Under the social stimulus, his thinking became more sprightly. Suppose that in time he had come to write vigorously, and to speak in the most eloquent, brilliant manner, does any one imagine that he would have lost in mental vigor by the process? Would not the brain, which had only slow exercise in his isolated life, become bold, brilliant, and dashing, by bold, brilliant, and dashing efforts?

A farm-boy has slow, heavy muscles. He has been accustomed to heavy exercises. He is transferred to the circus, and performs, after a few years' training, a hundred beautiful, splendid feats. He at length reaches the matchless Zampillaerostation of William Hanlon. Does any one think that his body has lost power in this brilliant education?

Is it true, either in intellectual or physical training, that great exertions, under proper conditions and limitations, exhaust the powers of life? On the contrary, is it not true that we find in vigorous, bold, dashing, brilliant efforts the only source of vigorous, bold, dashing, and brilliant powers?

In this discussion I have not considered the treatment of invalids. The principles presented are applicable to the training of children and adults of average vitality.

I will rest upon the general statement, that all persons, of both sexes, and of every age, who are possessed of average vitality, should, in the department of physical education, employ light apparatus, and execute a great variety of feats which require skill, accuracy, courage, presence of mind, quickness of eye and hand, — in brief, which demand a vigorous and complete exercise of all the powers and faculties with which the Creator has endowed us; while deformed and diseased persons should be treated in consonance with the philosophy of the *Swedish Movement-Cure*, in which the movements are slow and limited.

It is but justice to the following series of exercises with dumb-bells to state that not only are they, with two or three exceptions, the writer's own invention, but the wisdom of the precise arrangement given, as well as the balance of exercise in all the muscles of the body and limbs, has been well proved by an extensive use during several years.

By way of illustrating the new system of dumb-bell exercises, I subjoin a few cuts. The entire series contains more than fifty exercises.

The pupil, assuming these five positions, in the order presented, twists the arms. In each twisting, the ends of the dumb-bells should, if possible, be exactly reversed. Great precision will sustain the interest through a thousand repetitions of this or any other exercise. The object in these twisting exercises is to break up all rigidity of the muscles and ligaments about the shoulder-joint. To remove this should be the primary object in gymnastic training. No one can have examined the muscles of the upper half of the body without being struck with the fact that nearly all of them diverge from the shoulder like a fan. Exercise of the

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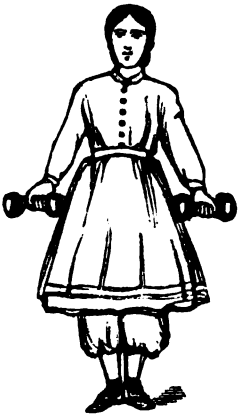

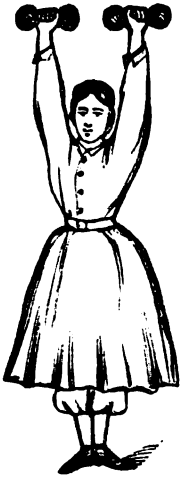

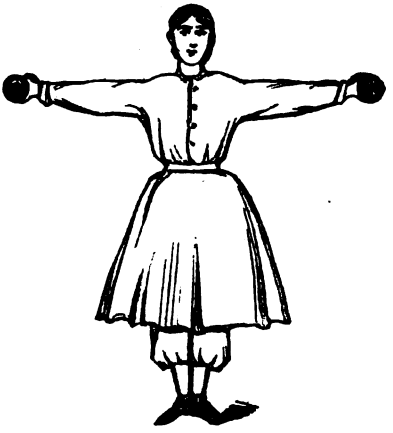

muscles of the upper part of the back and chest is dependent upon the shoulder. It is the centre from which their motions are derived. As every one not in full training has inflexibility of the parts about the shoulder-joint, this should be the first object of attack. These twistings are well calculated to effect the desired result. While practising them, the position should be a good one,—head, shoulders, and hips drawn far back.

In our attempts to correct stooping shoulders, one good series of exercises is found in thrusting the dumb-bells directly upwards. While performing this the positions must be varied. A few illustrations are offered.

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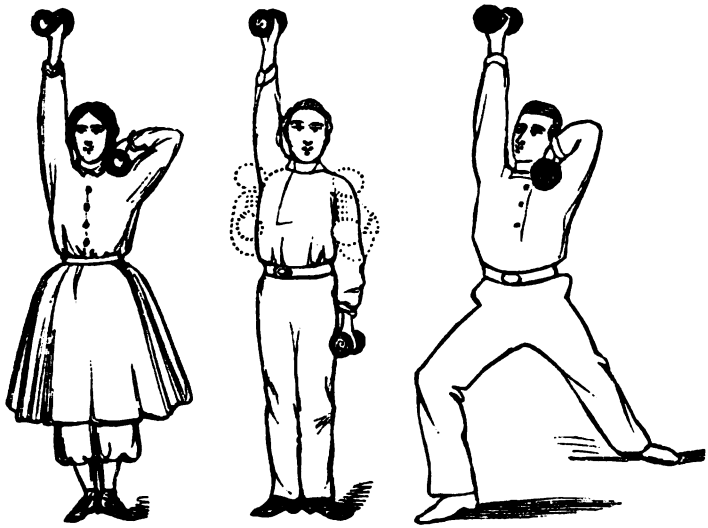

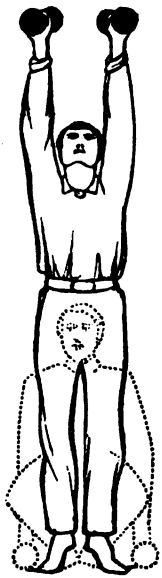

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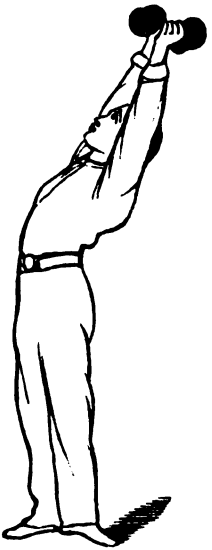
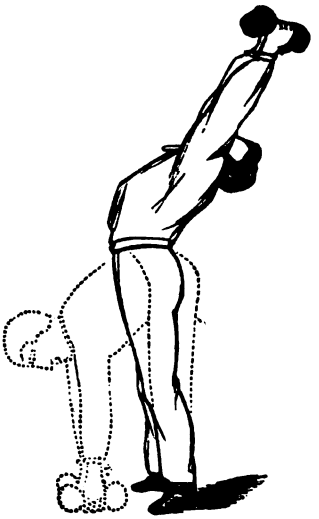
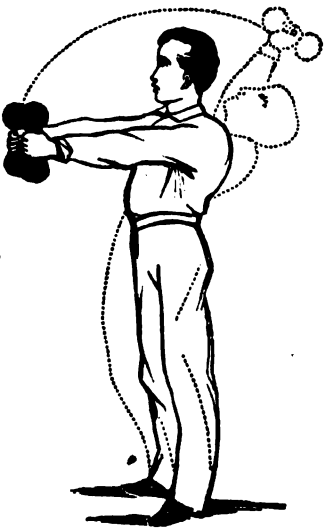
As effective means by which to call into vigorous play neck, shoulders, back, hips, arms, and legs, I submit the following exercises.







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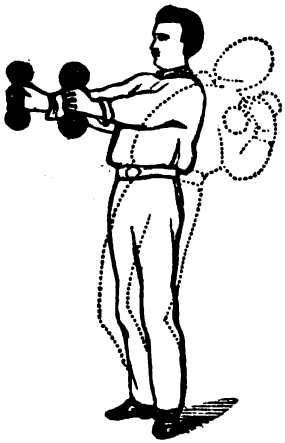

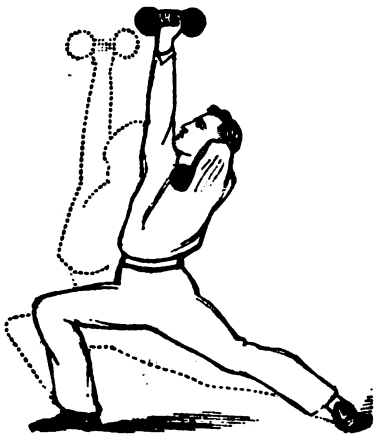

THE GYMNASTIC CROWN.

BEARING burdens on the head results in an erect spine and well-balanced gait. Observing persons, who have visited Switzerland, Italy, or the Gulf States, have noticed a thousand verifications of this physiological law.

Cognizant of the value of this feature of gymnastic training, I have employed, within the last twelve years, various sorts of weights, but have recently invented an iron crown, which I think completely satisfactory. I have it made to weigh from five to thirty pounds. It is so padded within that it rests pleasantly on the head, and yet so arranged that it requires skill to balance it.

The skull-cap, which is fitted to the top of the head, must have an opening of two inches in diameter at the crown, so that that part of the head shall receive no pressure. If this be neglected, many persons will suffer headache. The skull-cap should be made of strong cotton, and supported with a sliding cord about the centre. With such an arrangement, a feeble girl can easily carry a crown, weighing ten or fifteen pounds, sufficiently long, morning and evening, to secure an erect spine in a few months.

The crown which I employ is so constructed as to admit within itself two others, whereby it may be made to weigh nine, eighteen, or twenty-seven pounds, at the pleasure of the wearer. This is a profitable arrangement, as in the first use nine pounds might be as heavy as could be well borne, while twenty-seven pounds could be as easily borne after a few weeks.

The crown may be used at home. It has been introduced into schools with excellent results.

Instead of this iron crown, a simple board, with an oblong rim on one side so padded with hair that the crown of the head entirely escapes pressure, may prove a very good substitute. The upholsterer should so fill the pad that the wearer will have difficulty in balancing it. It may be loaded with bags of beans.

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RULES FOR WEARING THE CROWN OR OTHER WEIGHT ON THE HEAD.

WEAR it five to fifteen minutes morning and evening. Hold the body erect, hips and shoulders thrown far back, and the crown rather on the front of the head.

Walk up and down stairs, keeping the body very erect. While walking through the hall or parlors, first turn the toes inward as far as possible; second, outward; third, walk on the tips of the toes; fourth, on the heels; fifth, on the right heel and left toe; sixth, on the left heel and right toe; seventh, walk without bending the knees; eighth, bend the knees, so that you are nearly sitting on the heels while walking; ninth, walk with the right leg bent at the knee, rising at each step on the straight left leg; tenth, walk with the left leg bent, rising at each step on the straight right leg.

With these ten different modes of walking, the various muscles of the back will receive the most invigorating exercise.

Wearing the crown is the most valuable of all exercises for young people. If perseveringly practised, it would make them quite erect, give them a noble carriage of the head, and save them from those maladies of the chest which so frequently take their rise in drooping shoulders.

EXERCISES WITH RINGS.

AFTER the exercises with the crown, those with the new gymnastic ring are the best ever devised. Physiologists and gymnasts have everywhere bestowed upon them the most unqualified commendation. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive any other series so complete in a physiological point of view, and so happily adapted to family, school, and general use.

If a man were as strong as Samson, he would find in the use of these rings, with another man of equal muscle, the fullest opportunity to exert his utmost strength; while the frailest child, engaged with one of equal strength, would never be injured.

There is not a muscle in the entire body which may not be brought into direct play through the medium of the rings. And if one particular muscle or set of muscles is especially deficient or weak, the exercise may be concentrated upon that muscle or set of muscles.

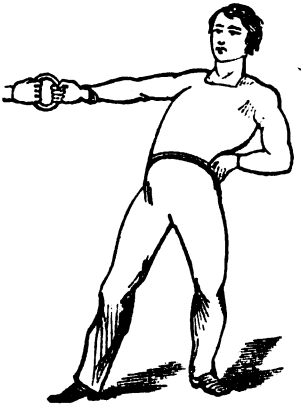
Wherever these rings are introduced, they will obtain favor and awaken enthusiasm.

The rings are made of three pieces of wood, glued together with the grain running in opposite directions. They are round, six inches in diameter with body one inch thick, and finished with a hard, smooth polish.

The first series with the rings consists of a number of twisting exercises with the arms. Not only are these valuable in producing freedom about the shoulder-joint, which, as has been explained, is a great desideratum, but twisting motions of the limbs contribute more to a rounded, symmetrical development than any other exercises. If the flexors and extensors are exercised in simple, direct lines, the muscular outlines will be too marked.

In twisting with the rings, the arms may be drawn into twenty positions, thus producing an almost infinite variety of action in the arm and shoulder.

Two of the positions assumed in this series are shown in the cuts.



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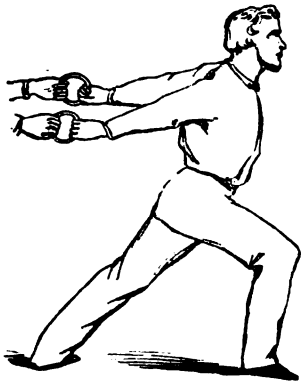
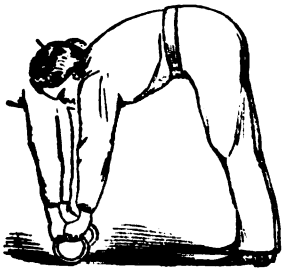
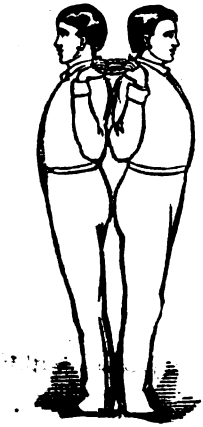


It is our policy in these exercises to pull with a force of from five to fifty pounds, and thus add indefinitely to the effectiveness of the movements.

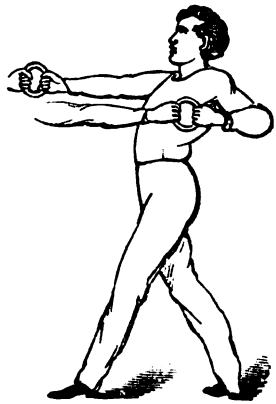
To illustrate a few of the many hundred exercises possible with rings, the subjoined cuts are introduced.



In this exercise, the rings are made to touch the floor, as shown, in alternation with the highest point they can be made to reach, all without bending the knees or elbows.

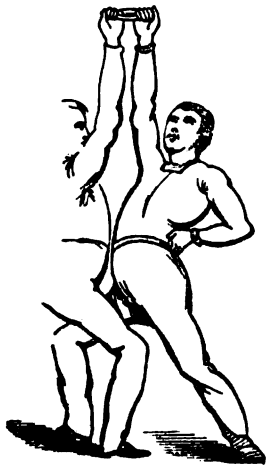


The hands are thrust upward, outward, and downward with force.



The hands are thrust forward and drawn backward in alternation as far as the performers can reach.

It will be understood that in none of these exercises are the performers to maintain the illustrated positions for a single moment. As in dancing, there is constant motion and change, while the music secures concert. When, by marks on the floor, the performers are kept in linear rank and file, the scene is most exhilarating to participants and spectators.



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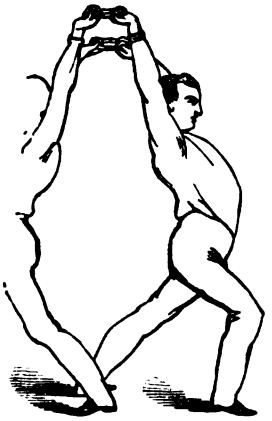

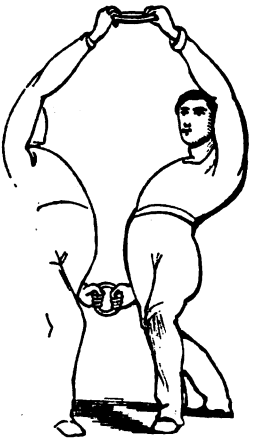

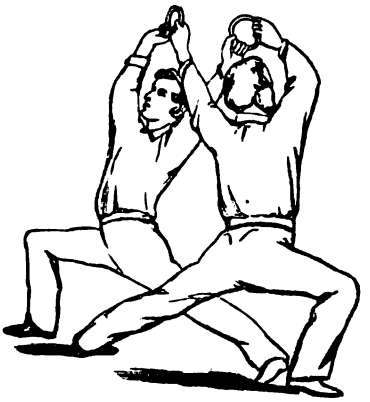

The above are specimens of the many *charges* with the rings. Shoulders, arms, back, and legs receive an incomparable training. In constant alternation with the charges, the pupils rise to the upright position; and when the company move simultaneously to the music, few scenes are so brilliant.

In most exercises there must be some resistance. How much better that this should be another human being, rather than a pole, ladder, or bar! It is social, and constantly changing.

EXERCISES WITH WANDS.

A STRAIGHT, smooth stick, four feet long, (three feet for children,) is known

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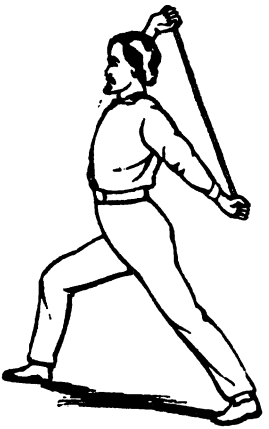
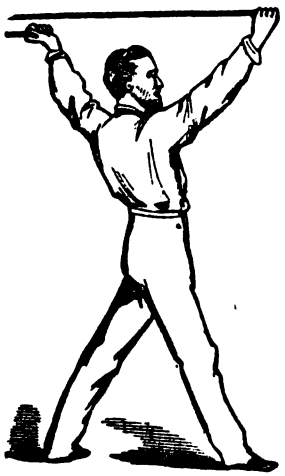
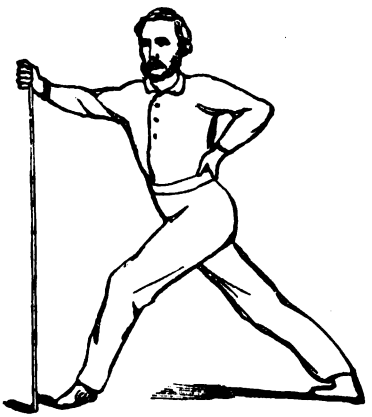
in the gymnasium as a *wand*. It is employed to cultivate flexibility, and is useful to persons of all ages and degrees of strength.

Of this series there are sixty-eight exercises in the new system, but I have space only for a few illustrations.







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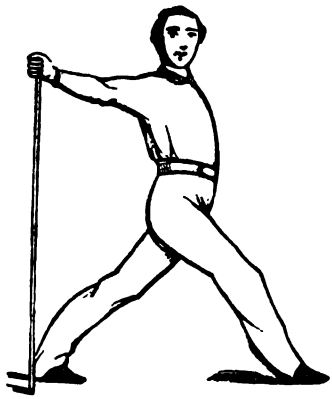
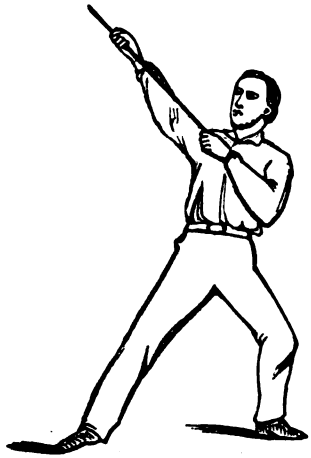


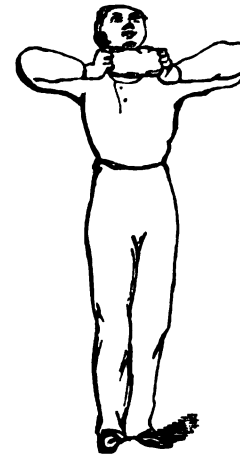


EXERCISES WITH BEAN-BAGS.

THE use of small bags filled with beans, for gymnastic exercise, was suggested to my mind some years since, while attempting to devise a series of games with large rubber-balls. Throwing and catching objects in certain ways, requiring skill and presence of mind, not only affords good exercise of the muscles of the arms and upper half of the body, but cultivates a quickness of eye and coolness of nerve very desirable. Appreciating this, I employed large rubber-balls, but was constantly annoyed at the irregularities resulting from the difficulty of catching them. When the balls were but partially inflated, it was observed that the hand could better seize them. This at length suggested the bean-bags. Six years' use of these bags has resulted in the adoption of those weighing from two to five pounds, as the best for young people. The bags should be very strong, and filled three-quarters full with clean beans. The beans must be frequently removed and the bags washed, so that the hands and dress may not be soiled, nor the lungs troubled with dust.

Forty games have been devised. If managers of schools are unwilling to *study* these games, and organize their practice, it is hoped they will reject them altogether. If well managed, a school of young ladies will use the bags half an hour every day for years, and their interest keep pace with their skill; but mismanaged, as they generally have been, it is a marvel, if the interest continues through a single quarter.

The following cuts may serve to illustrate some of the bag-exercises. It will be observed that the players appear to be looking and throwing somewhat upward. Most of the exercises illustrated are performed by couples, — the bags being thrown to and fro. It has been found advantageous, where it is convenient, to suspend a series of hoops between the players, and require them to throw the bags through these hoops, which, being elevated several feet, compel the players to assume the positions seen in the figures.



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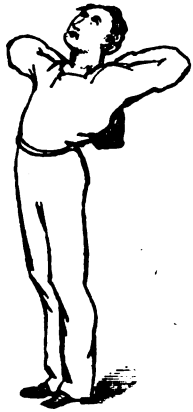

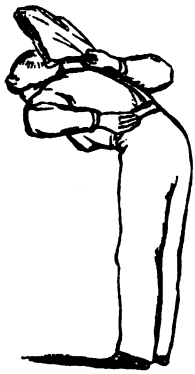

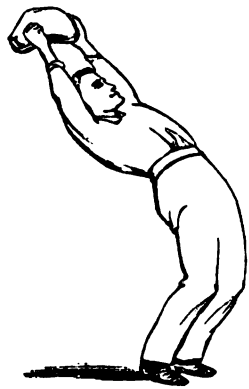

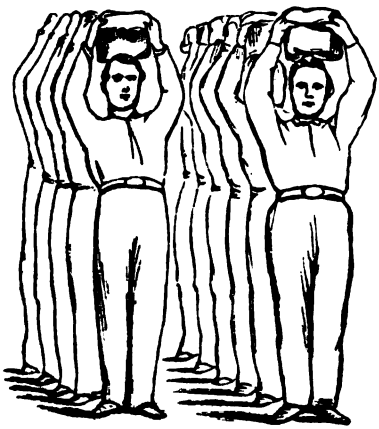

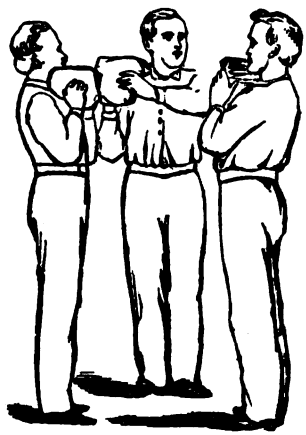

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With the bean-bags there are numberless possible games, requiring eye and hand so quick, nerves so cool, skill and endurance so great, that the most accomplished has ever before him difficulties to be surmounted.

In a country where pulmonary maladies figure so largely in the bills of mortality, a complete system of physical training must embrace special means for the development of the respiratory apparatus. The new system is particularly full and satisfactory in this department. Its spirometers and other kindred agencies leave nothing to be desired.

Physiologists and teachers believe that the new system of gymnastics is destined to establish a new era in physical education. It is ardently hoped that events may justify their confidence.

MR. AXTELL.

PART I.

I CANNOT tell who built it. It is a queer piece of architecture, a fragment, that has been thrown off in the revolutions of the wheel mechanical, this tower of mine. It does n't seem to belong to the parsonage. It is n't a part of the church now, if ever it has been. No one comes to service in it, and the only voiced worshipper who sends up little winding eddies through its else currentless air is I.

My sister said "I will" one day, (naughty words for little children,) and so it came to pass that she paid the penalty by coming to live in the parsonage with a very grave man. And he preaches every Sunday out of the little square pulpit, overhung by a great, tremulous sounding-board, to the congregation, sitting silently listening below, within the church.

I come every year to the parsonage, and in my visiting-time I occupy this tower. It is quite deserted when I am away, for I carry the key, and keep it with me wherever I go. I hang it at night where I can see the great shadow wavering on the ceiling above my head, when the jet of gas, trembling in the night-wind below, sends a shimmer of light into my room.

It is a skeleton-key. It would n't open ordinary homes. There 's a something about it that seems to say, as plainly as words *can* say, "There are prisoners within"; and as oft as my eyes see it hanging there, I say, "I am your jailer."

On the first day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, I arrived at the parsonage. It was early morning when I saw the little wooden church-"steeple," in the distance, and the sun was not risen when she who said the "naughty words" and the grave minister came out to welcome me.

Ere the noontide came, I had learned who had gone from the village, all unattended, on the mysterious journey, since last I had been there. There were new souls within the town. And a few, that had been two, were called one. These things I heard whilst the minister sat in his study up-stairs, and held his head upon his hands, thinking over the theology of the schools; his wife, meanwhile, in the room below, working out a strange elective predestination, free-will gifts to be, for some little ones that had strayed into the fold to be warmed and clothed and fed. At length the village "news" having all been imparted to me, I gave a thought to my tower.

"How is the old place?" asked I, as my sister paused a moment in the cutting

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out of a formula for a coat, destined for a growing boy.

"Don't get excited about the tower yet, Sister Anna," she said; "let it alone one day."

"Oh, I can't, Sophie!" I said; "it 's such a length of days since I sat in the grated window!"—and I looked out as I spoke.

Square and small and high stood the tower, as high as the church's eaves.

"What could it have been built for?"

I knew not that I had spoken my thought, until Sophie answered,—

"We have found out recently that the tower was here when the first church was built. It may have been here, for aught we know, before white men came."

"Perhaps the church was built near to it for safety," I suggested.

"It has been very useful," said Sophie. "Not long ago, the first night in January, I think, Mr. Bronson came to see my husband. He lived here when he was a boy, and remembers stories told by his father of escapes, from the church to the tower, of women and children, at the approach of Indians. One stroke of the bell during service, and all obeyed the signal. Deserted was the church, and peopled the tower, when the foes came up to meet the defenders outside."

"I knew my darling old structure had a history," said I. "Is there time for me to take one little look before dinner?"

"No," somewhat hastily said Sophie; "and I don't wish you to go up there alone."

"Don't wish me to go alone, Sophie? Why, I have spent hours there, and never a word said you."

"I—believe—the—place—is—haunted," slowly replied she, "by living, human beings."

"Never! Why, Sophie, think how absurd! Here 's the key,—a great, strong, honest key; where could another be found to open the heavy door? Such broad, true wards it has,—look, and believe!"

As if unhearing, Sophie went on,—

"I certainly heard a voice in there one day. Old Mother Hudson died, and was buried in the corner, close beside the church. My husband went away as soon as the burial was over, and I came across the graveyard alone. It was a bright winter's day, with the ground all asnow, and no footstep had broken the fleecy white that lay on my way. As I passed under the tower I heard a voice, and the words, too, Anna, as plainly as ever spoken words were heard."

"What were they, Sophie?"

"'But hope will not die; it has a root of life that goes down into the granite formation; human hand cannot reach it.'"

"Who said it?" I asked.

"That is the mystery, Anna. The words were plainly spoken; the voice was that of one who has sailed out into the region of great storms, and found that heavy calms are more oppressive."

"Was it voice of man?"

"Yes, deep and earnest."

"Where did it come from?"

"From the high window up there, I thought."

"And there were no footsteps near?"

"I told you, none; my own were the first that had crossed the church-yard that day."

"You know, Sophie, we voice our own thoughts sometimes all unknowingly; and knowing the thought only, we might dissever the voice, and call it another's."

Sophie looked up from the table upon which she had been so industriously cutting, and holding in one hand an oddly shapen sleeve, she gave a demonstrative wave at me, and said,—

"Anna, your distinctions are too absurd for reason to examine even. Have I a voice that *could command an army*, or shout out orders in a storm at sea? Have I the voice of a man?"

Sophie had a depth of azure in her eyes that looked ocean-deep into an interior soul; she had softly purplish windings of hair around a low, cool brow, that said, "There are no torrid thoughts in me." And yet I always felt that there was an equator in Sophie's soul, only no mortal could find it. Looking at her, as

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thus she stood, I forgot that she had questioned me.

"Why do you look at me so?" she asked. "Answer me! Have I the voice of a man? Listen now! Hear Aaron up-stairs: he 's preaching to himself, to convince himself that some thorn in theology grows naturally: could I do that?"

"Your voice, I fancy, can do wonders: but about the theology, I don't believe you like thorns in it; I think you would break one off at once, and cast it out"; —and I looked again at the rough tower, and ran my fingers over the strong protective key in my hands.

"Don't look that way, Anna, — please don't! — for your footsteps have an ugly way of following some will-o'-the-wisp that goes out of your eyes. I know it, — I 've seen it all your life," Sophie urged, as I shook my head in negation.

"Will you lend me this hood?" I asked, as I took up one lying near.

"If you are determined to go; but do wait. Aaron shall go with you after dinner; he will have settled the thorn by that time."

"What for should I take Aaron up the winding stairs? There is no parishioner in want or dying up there."

And I tied the hood about my head, and in a wrapping-shawl, closely drawn,—for cold and cannon-like came the bursts of wind down through the mountain valleys, — I went out. Through the path, hedged with leafless lilac-shrubs, just athrob with the mist of life sent up from the roots below, I went, and crossed the church-yard fence. Winding in and out among the graves, — for upon a heart, living and joyous, or still and dead, I cannot step, — I took my way. "Dear old tower, I have thee at last!" I said; for I talk to unanswering things all over the world. In crowded streets I speak, and murmur softly to highest heights.

But I quite forgot to tell what my tower was built like, and of what it was made. A few miles away, a mountain, neither very large nor very high, has met with some sad disaster that cleaved its stony shell, and so, time out of memory, the years have stolen into its being, and winter frosts have sadly cut it up, and all along its rocky ridges, and thickly at its base, lie beds of shaly fragments, as various in form and size as the autumn-leaves that November brings.

I 've traced these bits of broken stone all the way from yonder mountain hither; and that once my tower stood firm and fast in the hill's heart, I know.

There are sides and curves, concaves and convexities, and angles of every degree, in the stones that make up my tower. The vexing question is, What conglomerated the mass?

No known form of cement is here, and so the simple village-people say, "It was not built by the present race of men."

On the northern side of the tower leaves of ungathered snow still lay.

In the key-hole all winter must have been dead, crispy, last-year leaves, mingled with needles of the pine-tree that stands in the church-yard corner; for I drew out fragment after fragment, before I could find room for my key. At last the opening was free, and my precious bit of old iron had given intimation of doing duty and letting me in, when a touch upon my shoulder startled me.

'T was true the wind was as rude as possible, but I knew it never could grasp me in that way. It was Aaron.

"What is the matter?" I asked; for he had come without his hat.

My brother-in-law, rejoicing in the authoritative name of Aaron, looked decidedly foolish, as I turned my clear brown eyes upon him, standing flushed and anxious, with only March wind enveloping his hair all astir with breezes of Theology and Nature.

"Sophie sent me," he said, with all the meekness belonging to a former family that had an Aaron in it.

"What does Sophie wish?" I asked.

"She says it 's dinner-time."

"And did she send you out in such a hurry to tell me that?"

"No, Anna,"—and the importance of his mission grew upon him, for he spoke quite firmly, — "Sophie is troubled and

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anxious about your visit to this tower; please turn the key and come away."

"I will, if you give me good reason," I said.

"Why do you wish to go up, just now?"

"Simply because I like it."

"To gratify a passing fancy?"

"Nothing more, I do assure you; but why should n't I?"—and I grasped the key with a small attempt at firmness of purpose.

"Because Sophie dislikes it. She called to me to come and keep you from going in; there was distress in her manner. Won't you come away, for now?"

He had given me a reason. I rejoice in being reasonable. I lent him a bit of knitting-work that I happened to have brought with me, with which he kept down his locks, else astray, and walked back with him.

"You are not offended?" he asked, as we drew near to the door.

"Oh, no!"

Sophie hid something that had been very close to her eyes, as we went in.

My brother-in-law gave me back my strip of knitting-work, and went upstairs.

"You think I 'm selfish, Anna," spoke Sophie, when he was gone.

"I don't."

"You can't help it, I think."

"But I can. I recognize a law of equilibrium that forbids me to think so."

"How? What is the law like?"

"Did you ever go upon the top of a great height, whether of building or earth?"

"Oh, yes,—and I 'm not afraid at all. I can go out to the farthest edge, where other heads would feel the motion of the earth, perhaps, and I stand firm as though the north-pole were my support."

"That is just it," replied I. "Now it puts all my fear in action, and imagination works indescribable horrors in my mind, to stand even upon a moderate elevation, or to see a little child take the first steps at the head of a staircase; and I think it would be the height of cruelty for you to go and stand where it gave me such pain."

"I would n't do it knowingly,"—and the blue in Sophie's eyes was misty as she spoke.

"How did you feel about my going into the tower a few moments ago?"

"As you would, if you saw me on a jutting rock over the age-chiselled chasm at Niagara."

"Thus I felt that it would be wrong to go in, though I had no fear. But you will go with me, perhaps, this afternoon; I can't quite give up my devotion."

"If Aaron can't, I will," she said; but a bit of pallor whitened her face as she promised.

I thoroughly hate ghosts. There is an antagonism between mystery and me. My organs of hearing have been defended by the willingest of fingers, from my childhood, against the slightest approach of the appearance or the actions of one, as pictured in description. I think I 'm afraid. But in the mid-day flood of sunlight, and the great sweep of air that enveloped my tower, standing very near to the church, where good words only were spoken, and where prayers were prayed by true-hearted people, *why* should my cool-browed sister Sophie deter me from a pleasure simple and true, one that I had grown to like, weaving fancies where I best pleased? I asked myself this question, with a current of impatience flowing beneath it, as I waited for Sophie to finish the "sewing-society work," which must go to Deacon Downs's before two of the clock.

I know she did not hasten. I know she wished for an interruption; but none came. The work-basket was duly sent off, whither Sophie soon must follow; for her hands, and her good, true heart, were both in the work she had taken up to do. Sophie won't lay it down discouraged; she sees plains of verdure away on,—a sort of *mirage* of the mind. I cannot. It is not given unto me.

I had prepared the way to open the door of the tower when Aaron interrupted me in the morning. I did n't keep

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Sophie standing long in the wind, but she was trembling when I said, —

"Help me a little; my door has grown heavy this winter."

It creaked on its hinges, rusted with the not-far-away sea-air; and a good strong pull, from four not very strong hands, was necessary to admittance. Darkness was inside, except the light that we let in. We stood a little, to accustom our eyes to the glimmer of rays that came down from the high-up window, and those that went up from the open door. At length they met, and mingled in a half-way gloom. There were broad winding stairs, with every inch of standing-room well used; for wherever within a mortal might be, there was fixed a foundation.

"What 's the use of going up, Anna? It 's only a few minutes that we can stay."

Sophie looked pale and weary.

"You shall not," I said; "stay here; let me reconnoitre; I 'll come down directly."

I left her standing outside, — or rather, I felt her going out, as I ran lightly on, up the rude stairway. Past a few of the landings, (how short the way seemed this day!) and I was beside the window. I looked across into the belfry of the church, lying scarce a hundred feet away. I thought it was bird-time; but no, — deserted were the beamy rafters and the spaces between.

What is this upon the window-bar? A scrap, a shred of colored fabric. "It has been of woman's wear," thought I, as I took the little bit from off its fastening-hook; "but how came it here? It is n't anything that I have worn, nor Sophie. A grave, brown, plaid morsel of a woman's dress, up here in my tower, locked all the winter, and the key never away from me!"

Ah! what is that? A paper, on the floor. I got down from the high window-ledge, where I had climbed to get the piece of cloth, and picked up an envelope, or as much of one as the mysterious visitor had left. The name, once upon it, was so severed that I could not link the fragments.

I heard a voice away down the winding stair. It was Sophie, calling, because I stayed so long. I hid the trophies of my victory, for I considered my coming to be a style of conquering, and relieved her waiting by my presence.

"Perhaps you were afraid to come up?" I asked, as I joined her.

"I was, and I was not," she said; "but please hurry, Anna, and lock the door, for we shall be late at 'Society.'"

"No one knows that I am here as yet," I pleaded, "and I feel a little weary with having been last night on the steamboat. Suppose you let me stay quietly at home. I don't feel like talking, and you know I 'm not of much assistance in deeds of finger-charity."

"And will you not get lonely?"

"Not a bit of it, — or if I do, there 's Aaron up-stairs; he does n't mind my pulling his sermons in pieces, for want of better amusement."

Thus good sister Sophie let me escape scrutiny and observation on the first day of March, 1860. How recent it is, scarcely a week old, the time!

Sophie went her way to Deacon Downs's farm-house up the hill, to tire her fingers out with stitches put in, to hear the village grievances told over, and to speak her words of womanly kindness. I walked a little of the way with her; then, in turning back, I remembered that Aaron would think me gone with Sophie; so I had the time, four full hours, to dream my dreams and weave my fancies in.

I took out my envelope, and tried to find a name to fit it among the good people whose names were known to me. The wind was blowing in my face. A person came up and passed me by, as I, with head bent over the paper, walked slowly. I only noticed that he turned to see what I was doing. At the paper bit he cast only the slightest glance.

The church-door was open. This was the day for sweeping out the Sunday dust. "Is there any record here, any old, forgotten list of deeds done by the early

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church?" I questioning thought. "There 's a new sexton, I heard Aaron say,—a man who used, years ago, to fulfil the duties; perhaps he 'll know something of the tower. I 'll ask him this very afternoon."

In the vestibule lay the brooms and brushes used in renovating the place, the windows were open, but no soul was inside. I walked up the central aisle, and read the mortuary tablets on either pulpit-side. We sometimes like to read that which we best know, and the words on these were written in the air wherever I went, still I chose the marble-reading that day.

A little church-mouse ran along the rail, and stopped a moment at the baptismal basin, but, finding no water left by careless sexton there, it continued its journey up the pulpit-stairs, and I saw the hungry little thing go gnawing at the corner of the Book wherein is the Bread of Life. I threw a pine-tree cone that I had gathered in my walk up at the little Vandal, and went out.

"I 'll wait for the sexton in my tower," thought I; "he 'll not be long away, and I can see him as he comes."

I looked cautiously up at the study-windows ere I went into the tower. I took out the key, for it fastened only on the outside, and closed myself tightly in. A moment of utter darkness, then the thread of light was let down to me from above. I caught at it, and, groping up the stairs, gained my high window-seat. Without the tower, I saw the deep-sea line, crested with short white waves, the far-away mountain, and all the valley that lay between, while just below me, surging close to the tower's base, were the graves of those who had gone down into the deeper, farther-away Sea of Death, the terrible sea! What *must* its storms be to evolve such marble foam as that which the shore of our earth receives?

"O Death, Death! what art thou?" my spirit cried out in words, and only the dream of Life answered me. In the midst of it, I saw the person who had passed me as I examined the envelope coming up the street churchward. Not a sound of life or of motion came from the building, and I must have heard the slightest movement, for my window was only of iron bars. Losing sight of this face new to me, I lost the memory of it in my dream. Still, this figure coming up the silent village-street on that afternoon I found had unwoven the heavier part of my vision; and to restore it, I took from my pocket, for the second time, my two treasures.

Oh, how I did glory in those two wisps of material! The fragment of envelope had come from a foreign land. What contained it once? joy or sorrow? Was the recipient worthy, or the gift true? And I went on with the imaginary story woven out of the shreds of fabric before me until it filled all my vision, when suddenly fancy was hushed to repose,—for, as sure as I sat there, living souls had come into the tower below.

How?

All was darkness down there; not one ray of light since I shut the door. Why did I do it?

It was the fear that Aaron in his study would see me.

Voices, confused and indistinct, I heard, sending bubbling words up through the sea of darkness down below. At first I did not try to hear; I listened only to the great throbbings of my own heart, until there came the sound of a woman's voice. It was eager, anxious, and pained. It asked,—

"Did he see you?"

A man's voice, deep and earnest, answered,—

"No, no; hush, child!"

"This is dreadful!"

"But I know I was not seen. And here you are sure no one ever comes?"—and I heard a hand going over the great door down there, to find the latch.

"Yes, no one ever comes but the minister's wife's sister. She takes a fancy to the dreariness, and always carries the key with her. She 's away, and no one can get in."

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"Shall we go up higher, nearer to the window?"

"No, I must wait but a moment; I have something yet to do."

I heard the deep voice say, —

"Oh, woman's moments, how much there is in one of them! Will you sit on this step? But you won't heed what I have to say, I know."

"I always heed you, Herbert. What have you to say? Speak quickly."

"Sit here, upon this step."

A moment's rustling pause in the darkness down below, and then the far-out-at-sea voice spoke again.

"Do you send me away?"

"Indeed you must go; it is terrible to have you here. Think, what if you had been seen!"

"I know, I know; but you won't go with me?"

"Why are you cruel, uselessly?" said the pleading voice of woman.

"Cruel? Who? I cruel?"

"What is it that keeps me? Answer me that!"

"Your will is all."

Silence one moment, — two, — and an answer came.

"Herbert! Herbert! is it *you* speaking to *me?* My will keeping me? Who hath sinned?"

The sound of a soul in torture came eddying up in confused words; all that came to the mortal ear, listening unseen, were, "Forgive — I — I only" ——

A few murmurous sounds, and then the voice that had uttered its confession in that deep confessional of a gloomy soul said, and there was almost woman's pleadingness in it, —

"When can I come again?"

"I will write to you."

"When will you write?"

"When one more soul is gone."

"Oh, it's wicked to shorten life by wishes even! but when one has done one terrible wrong, little wickednesses gather fast."

Woman has a pathos, when she pleads for God, deeper than when she pleads for anything on earth. That pleading, — I can't make you hear it, — the words were, —

"Herbert! Herbert! don't you see, *won't you see*, that, if you leave the one great sin all uncovered, open to the continual attrition of a life of goodness, God *will* let it wear away? It will lessen and lessen, until at the last, when the Ocean of Eternity beats against it, it shall go down, down into the deeps of love that no mortal line can fathom. Oh, Herbert, come out with me! — come out into this Infinity of Love!"

"With you? yes, anywhere!"

"Oh, oh! this is it! — *this is man!* It is n't *my* love that you want; it is n't the little one-grained thing that the Angel of Life takes from out of Heaven's granary and scatters into the human soul; it is the great Everlasting, a sempiternity of love, that *you* want, Herbert!"

"And you can't give it to me?"

"No, I will ask it for you; and you will ask it for yourself?"

"Only tell me how."

"You know how to ask for human love."

"Yours, yes; but then I have n't sinned against you."

"Have you not, Herbert?"

"Well, — but not in the same way. I have n't gone beyond the measure of your affection. I feel that it is larger than my sin, or I could not be here."

"Tell me how you know this. What is the feeling like?"

"What is it like? Why, when I come to you, I don't forever feel it rising up with a thousand speary heads that shut you out; it drowns in your presence; the surface is cool and clear, and I can look down, down, into the very heart of my sin, like that strange lake we looked into one day, — do you remember it? — the huge branches and leafless trunks of gigantic pines coming up stirless and distinct almost to the surface; and do you remember the little island there, and the old tradition that it was the feasting-place of a tribe of red men, who displeased the Great Spirit by their crimes, and in direful punishment, one

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day, when they were assembled on their mountain, it suddenly gave way beneath them, and all were drowned in the flood of waters that rushed up, except one good old squaw who occupied one of the peaks that is now the island?"

"And so I am the good old squaw?" said the lady.

"For all that I can see in the darkness."

"But that makes me better than the many who lie below;—the squaw was good, you remember. But how did she get off of the island? Pity tradition did n't tell us. Loon's Island, in Lake Mashapaug in Killingly, was n't it?"

A little silence came, broken by the words,—

"It 's so long since I have been with you!"

"Yes, and it 's time that I was gone."

"Not a few moments more?—not even to go back to the old subject?"

"No,—it 's wrong,—it perils you. You put away your sin when you come to the little drop of my love; go and hide it forever in the sea that every hour washes at your feet."

"You 'll write?"

"I will."

I heard a sound below, like the drawing of a match across a stone; then a faint bit of glimmer flickered a moment. I could n't see where they were. I bent forward a little, in vain.

"My last match," said the lady. "What shall we do? We can't go through in the darkness."

"We must. I will go first. Give me your hand. Now, three steps down, then on; come,—fear nothing."

A heavy sound, as of some ponderous weight let fall, and I knew that the only living soul in there was hers who sat with hands fast hold of frosty bars, high up in the window of the tower.

I left fragments of the skin of my fingers upon the cold iron, in pay for the woollen bit I had taken thence.

I ventured down a step or two. Beyond was inky darkness. If only a speck of light were down below! Why did I shut the door? Go on I could not. I turned my face upward, where the friendly light, packing up its robes of every hue for the journey of a night, looked kindly in. And so I went back, and sat in my usual seat, and watched the going day, as, one by one, she took down from forest-pegs and mountain-hooks breadths of silver, skirts of gold, folding silently the sheeny vestments, pressing down each shining fold, gathering from the bureau of the sea, with scarcely time enough for me to note, waves of whitely flowing things, snowy caps, crimpled crests, and crispy laces, made by hands that never tire, in the humid ocean-cellar. A wardrobe fit for fair Pre-Evites to wear lay rolled away, and still I, poor prisoner in my tower, watched in vain the dying day. It sent no kind jailer to let me free. No footstep crossed the church-yard. The sexton had put the windows down before my visitors went away. He must have gone home an unusual way, for I waited in vain to hear him go.

I saw, when just enough of light was left to see, my sister Sophie coming down the hill. Strange fancy,—she went as far from the tower as if it were a ghostly quarantine. She did not hear me call in a very human voice, but went right on; and I heard the parsonage door-latch sharply close her in.

Would they look for me, now I was not there? I waited, and a strange, unearthly tremor shook both blood and nerves, until tears were wrought out, and came dropping down, and in the stillness I heard one fall upon a stone below.

A forsaken, forgotten, uncared-for feeling crept up to me, half from the words of woful meaning that I that afternoon had heard, and half the prisoned state, with fear, weak and absurd, jailing me in.

The reverberations from my fallen tear scarce were dead in my ears when I heard footsteps coming. I called,—

"Aaron!"

Aaron's own true voice answered me,—

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"Where are you, Anna?"

"In the tower. Open the door, please."

"Give me the lantern," Sophie said, "whilst you open the door."

I, thoughtlessly taking the key, had left nothing by which to draw it out. Aaron worked away at it, right vigorously, but it would not yield.

"Can't you come down and push?" timidly asked Sophie, creeping round the corner, in view of tombstones.

"It 's very dark inside; I can't," I said; and so Aaron went on, pulling and prying, but not one inch did the determined door yield.

Out of the darkness came an idea. I came in with the key, — why not they? and, calling loudly, I bade them watch whilst I threw it from the window. In the lantern's circle of light it went rushing down; and I 'm sorry to tell that in its fall it grazed an angel's wing of marble, striking off one feather from its protecting mission above a sleeping child.

The door was opened at last; at last a circle of light came into this inverted well, and arose to me. Can you imagine, any one, I ask, who is of mortal hue and mould, — can you imagine yourself deep down in a well, such a one as those living on high lands draw their water from, holding on with weary fingers to the slimy mosses, fearing each new energy of grasping muscle is the last that Nature holds in its store for you; and then, weary almost unto death, you look up and see two human faces peering above the curbstone, see the rope curling down to you, swinging right before your grasp, and a doubt comes, — have you life enough to touch it?

So, could I get down to them, to the two friendly, anxious faces that peered up at me? You who have no imaginary fears, who never press the weight of all your will to weigh down eyelids that something tells you, if uplifted, would let in on the sight a something nameless, come from where you know not, made visible in midnight darkness, can never know with what a throbbing of heart I went weakly down. If I did not know that the great public opinion becomes adamant after a slight stratum of weakness, I would say what befell me when Sophie's fingers, tired with stitching, clasped mine.

Aaron and Sophie were not of the questioning order of humanity, and I was left a few moments to my own way of expressing relief, and then Aaron locked the tower as usual, and we went away. He, I noticed, put the key in his pocket, instead of delivering it to me, self-constituted its rightful owner.

"Will you give me my key?" I said, with a timid tenacity in the direction of my right.

"Not enough of the dreary, ghoul-like place yet, Anna? And to give us such an alarm upon your arrival-day!"

The key came to me, for Aaron would not keep it without good reason.

It was around the bright, cheerful tea-table that Sophie asked, —

"Why did you not come down, Anna? Did you choose staying up so late?"

"No, Sophie," — and I looked with my clear brown eyes as fearlessly at them both as when I had listened to reason in the morning, — "I shut the door when I went up, and afterwards, when I would have come down, I felt afraid invisible hands were weaving in the blackness to seize me. I believe it would have killed me to come out, after I had been an hour up there."

"And you don't mind confessing to such cowardice?" asked Sophie, evidently slightly ashamed of me.

"I never did mind telling the truth, when it was needful to speak at all. I don't cultivate this fear, — I urge reason to conquer it; but when I have most rejoiced in going on, despite the ache of nerve and brain, after it I feel as if I had lost a part of my life, my nature does n't unfold to sunny joys for a long time."

"'T is a sorry victory, then!" said Aaron.

"You won't mind my telling you what it is like?"

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"Certainly not."

"It 's like that ugly point in theology that hurt you so, last autumn; and when you had said a cruel *Credo*, you found sweet flowers lost out of your religion. I know you missed them."

"Oh, Anna!"

"Don't interrupt me; let me finish. It 's like making maple-sugar: one eats the sugar, calling it monstrous sweet, and all through the burning sun of summer sits under thin-leaved trees, to pay for the condensation. The point is, it does n't pay, — the truest bit of sentiment the last winter has brought to me."

"Is this Anna?" asked the minister.

"Yes, Aaron, it is I, Anna."

"You 're not what you were when last here."

"Quite a different person, Sir. But what is your new sexton's name?"

"That is more sensible. His name is Abraham Axtell."

"What sort of person is he?"

"The strangest man in all my parish. I cannot make him out. Have you seen him?"

"No. Is there any harm in my making his acquaintance?"

"What an absurd question!" said Sophie.

"You are quite at liberty to get as many words out of him as he will give, which I warn you will be very few," said the sexton's friendly pastor.

"Is he in need of the small salary your church must give its sexton?" I asked.

"The strangest part of the whole is that he won't take anything for his services; and the motive that induces him to fight the spiders away is past my comprehension. He avoids Sophie and me."

So much for my thread of discovery: a very small fibre, it is true, — a church-sexton performing the office without any reward of gold, — but I twisted it and twirled it round in all the ideal contortions plausible in idealic regions, and fell asleep, with the tower-key under my pillow, and the rising moon shining into my room.

I awoke with my secret safely mine, — quite an achievement for one in no wise heroic; but I *do delight* in sole possessions.

There is the sun, a great round bulb of liquid electricity, open to all the eyes that look into the sky; but do you fancy any one owns that sun but I? Not a bit of it! There is no record of deed that matches mine, no words that can describe what conferences sun and I do hold. The cloudy tent-door was closed, the sun was not "at home" to me, as I went down to life on the second day of March, 1860.

Sophie seemed stupid and commonplace that morning. Aaron had a headache, (that theologic thorn, I know,) and Sophie must go and sit beside him, and hold the thread of his Sunday's discourse to paper, whilst with wrapped brow and vision-seeing eyes he told her what his people ought to do.

Good Sophie! I forgave her, when she put sermons away, and came down to talk a little to me. It is easy to forgive people for goodness to others, when they are good to one's self *just afterwards*.

"Do you know any Herbert in Redleaf?" I ventured to ask, with as careless a tone as I knew.

"No, Anna; — let me think; — I thought I knew, — but no, it is not here. Why?"

"It does n't matter. I thought there might be a person with that name. — Don't you get very tired of this hum-drum life?"

"But it is n't hum-drum in the least, except in bee-time, and on General-Training days."

"Oh, Sophie! you know what I mean."

"Well, I confess to liking a higher development of intellectual nature than I find in Redleaf, but I feel that I belong to it, I ought to be here; and feeling atones for much lack of mind, — it gets up higher, nearer into the soul. You know, Anna, we ought to love Redleaf. Look across that maple-grove."

"What is there?"

"Chimneys."

"Well, what of them?"

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"There was smoke in them once, — smoke rising from our father's fires, you know, Anna."

"But so long ago, one scarcely feels it."

"Only sixteen years; we remember, you and I, the day the fires were put out."

"Yes, I remember."

"Don't you think we ought to love the place where our lives began, because our father lived here too?"

"It 's a sorry sort of obligation, to ought to love anything."

"Even the graves, out there, in the church-yard?"

"Yes, even them. I would rather love them through knowing something that some one tenant of them loved and suffered and achieved than to love them merely because they hold the mortal temples that once were columns in 'our family.' The world says we ought to love so much, and our hearts tell us we ought to love foolishly sometimes, and I say one ought n't to love at all."

"Anna! Anna!"

"I have n't got any Aaron, Sophie, to teach me the 'ought-tos.'"

There was a morsel of pity outgleaming from Sophie's eyes, as she went to obey a somewhat peremptory call. She need n't have bestowed it on me; I learned not to need it, yesterday.

Satisfied that the tower would n't give me any more information, and that the visit of "the two" was the last for some time to come, I closed down my horizon of curiosity over the church-steeple, a little round, shingly spire with a vane, — too vain to tell which way the wind might chance to go.

Ere Sophie came back to me, there was a bell-stroke from the belfry. She hurried down at the sound of it.

"Will you come with me, Anna? Aaron wants to know who is dead."

"Who rings the bell?"

"The sexton, of course."

We were within the vestibule before he had begun to toll the years.

A little timidly, Sophie spoke, —

"Mr. Wilton wishes to know who has died."

The uncivil fellow never turned an inch; he only started, when Sophie began to speak. I could n't see his face.

"Tell Mr. Wilton that my mother is dead, if he wishes to know."

Sophie pulled my sleeve, and whispered, "Come away!"—and the man, standing there, began to toll the years of his mother's life.

"Don't go," I said, outside; "*don't* leave him without saying, 'I am sorry': you did n't even ask a question."

"You would n't, if you knew the man."

"Which I mean to do. You go on. I 'll wait upon the step till he is done, and then I 'll talk to him."

"I would n't, Anna. But I must hurry. Aaron will go up at once."

Dutiful little wife! She went to send her headaching husband half a mile away, to offer consolation, unto whom?

I sat upon the step until he had done. The years were not many, — half a score less than the appointed lot.

Would he come out? He did. I heard him coming; but I would not move. I knew that I was in his way, and wanted him to have to speak to me. I sat just where he must stand to lock the door.

"Are you waiting to see me?" he asked. "Is there anything for the sexton to do?"

I arose, and turned my face toward him.

"I am waiting to see if I can do anything for you. I am your minister's wife's sister."

What could have made him shake so? And such a queer, incongruous answer he gave!

"Is n't it enough to have a voice, without a face's coming to torment me too?"

It was *not* the voice that spoke in the tower yesterday. It was of the kind that has a lining of sentiment that it never was meant by the Good Spirit should be turned out for the world to breathe against, making life with mortals a mental pleurisy.

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"I hope I don't torment you."

"You do."

"When did your mother die?"

"There! I knew! *Will* you take away your sympathy? I have n't anything to do with it."

"You 'll tell me, please, if I can do anything for you, or up at your house. Do you live near here?"

"It 's a long way. You can't go."

"Oh, yes, I can. I like walking."

He locked the door, and dropped the key when he was done. I picked it up, before he could get it.

A melodious "Thank you," coming as from another being, rewarded me.

"Let me stop and tell my sister, and I 'll go with you," I said, believing that he had consented.

The old voice again was used as he said, —

"No, you had better not"; and he quickly walked on his way.

Completely baffled in my expectation of touching this strange being by proffers of kindness, I turned toward the parsonage. Aaron was already gone on his ministerial mission.

"What strange people one does find in this world!" said Sophie, as I gave her the history of my defeat. "Now this Axtell family are past my comprehension."

"Ah! a family. I did n't think him a married man."

"Neither is he."

"Then what is the family?"

"The mother, a sister, and himself."

"Do you know the sister?"

"Just a little. She is the finest person in mind we have here, but wills to live alone, except she can do deeds of charity. I met her once in a poor farmer's house. The man had lost his wife. Such a soft, sweet glamour of comfort as she was winding in and out over his sorrow, until she actually had the poor fellow looking up with an expression that said he was grateful for the good gift Heaven had gained! She stopped as soon as I went in. I wish she would come out in Redleaf."

"And the mother?"

"A proud old lady, sick these many years, and, ever since we 've been here, confined to her room. I 've only seen her twice."

"And now she 's dead?"

Sophie was silent.

"Who 'll dig her grave?"

One of my bits of mental foam that strike the shore of sound.

"Anna, how queer you are growing! What made you think of such a thing?"

"I don't think my thoughts, Sophie."

But I did watch the church-yard that day. No one came near it, and my knitting-work grew, and my mystery in the tower was as dark as ever, when at set of sun Aaron came home.

"There is a sorry time up there," he said. "The old lady died in the night, and Miss Lettie is quite beside herself. Doctor Eaton was there when I came away, and says she will have brain-fever."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Sophie.

"Who is there?" I asked.

"No one but Abraham. I offered to let Sophie come, but he said no."

"That will never do, Aaron: one dead, and one sick in the house, and only one other."

"Of course it will not, Sophie,—I will go and stay to-night," said I.

"You, Anna? What do you know of taking care of sick people?"

"I? Why, here, let me take this,"—and I picked up Miss Nightingale's new thoughts thereon. "Thus armed and fortified, do you think they 'll ask other reference of their nurse?"

"It 's better for her than going up to stay in the tower; and they *are* in need, though they won't say it. Let it be, Sophie."

And so my second night in March came on. A neighbor's boy walked the way with me, and left me at the door.

"I guess you 'll repent your job," he said, as I bade him good-night.

"Mr. Axtell will not send me back alone," I thought; and I waited just a little, that my escort might get beyond call before I knocked.

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It was a solemn, great house under whose entrance-porch I stood. Generation after generation might have come, stayed, and gone, like the last soul: here last night, — to-night, oh! where?

I looked up at the sombre roof, dropping a little way earthward from the sides. Mosses hung from the eaves. Not one sound of life came to me as I stood until the neighbor's boy was out of sight. I knocked then, a timid, tremulous knock,— for last night's fear was creeping over me. The noise startled a dog; he came bounding around the corner with a sharp, quick bark.

I am afraid of dogs, as well as of several other things. Before he reached me the door opened.

A little maid stood within it. Fear of the dog, scarce a yard away, impelled me in.

"Away, Kino! Away, I say! Leave the lady alone!"

Kino went back to his own abode, and I was closed into the hall of this large, melancholy house. The little maid waited for some words from me. Before I found any to bestow, the second door along the hall opened, and the voice that had been so uncivil to me in the morning said, —

"What aroused Kino, Kate?"

"This lady, Sir."

The little Kate held a candle in her hand, but Mr. Axtell had not seen me. Strange that I should take a wicked pleasure in making this man ache! — but I know that I did, and that I would have owned it then, as now, if I had been accused of it.

"What does the lady want?"

"It is I, who have come to stay with your sister. Mr. Wilton says she 's sick."

"She 's sick, that 's true; but I can take care of her."

"And you won't let me stay?"

"*Won't let you?* Pray tell me if young ladies like you like taking care of sick people."

"Young ladies just like me do, if brothers don't send them away."

Did he say, "Brothers ar'n't Gibraltars"? I thought so; but immediately thereafter, in that other voice, out of that other self that revolved only in a long, long period, came, —

"Will you come in?"

He had not moved one inch from the door of the room out of which he had come; but I had walked a little nearer, that my voice might not disturb the sick. The one lying dead, never more to be disturbed, where was she? Kate, the little maid, said, —

"It is in there he wants you to go."

Abraham Axtell stood aside to let me enter. There was no woman there, no one to say to me, in sweet country wise,— "I 'm glad you 're come,—it 's very kind of you; let me take your things."

I did not wait, but threw aside my hood, the very one Sophie had lent me to go into the tower, and, taking off my shawl and furs, I laid them as quietly away in the depths of a huge sofa's corner as though they had hidden there a hundred times before.

"I think I scarcely needed this," I said, putting upon the centre-table, under the light of the lamp, Miss Nightingale's good book,—and I looked around at a library, tempting to me even, as it spread over two sides of the room.

He turned at my speaking; for the ungrateful man had, I do believe, forgotten that I was there.

He took up the book, looked at its title, smiled a little — scornfully, was it? — at me, and said of her who wrote the book, —

"She is sensible; she bears the result of her own theories before imposing their practice upon others; but," and he went back to the thorn-apple voice, "do you expect to take care of my sister by the aid of this to-night?"

"It may give me assistance."

"It will not. What does Miss Nightingale know of Lettie?"

Well, what does she? I don't know, and so I had to answer, —

"Nothing."

"That doctor is here," said Kate, at the door.

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"Are you coming up, too?" he asked, as he turned suddenly upon me, half-way out of the room.

"Certainly!"—and I went out with him.

Up the wide staircase walked the little maid, lighting the way, followed by the doctor, Mr. Axtell, and Anna Percival.

Kate opened the door of a room just over the library, where we had been.

The doctor went in, quietly moving on toward the fireplace, in which burned a cheery wood-fire. In front of it, in one of those large comfort-giving, chintz-covered, cushioned chairs, sat Miss Axtell; but the comfort of the chair was nothing to her, for she sat leaning forward, with her chin resting upon the palm of her right hand, and her eyes were gone away, were burning into the heart of the amber flame that fled into darkness up the chimney. Hers was the style of face which one might expect to find under Dead-Sea waves, if diver *could* go down, — a face anxious to escape from Sodom, and held fast there, under heavy, heavy waters, yet still with its eyes turned toward Zoar.

Now a feverous heat flushed her face, white a moment before, when we came in; but she did not turn away her eyes, — they seemed fixed, out of her control. The doctor laid his hand upon her forehead. It broke the spell that bound her gaze. She spoke quite calmly. I almost smiled to think any one could imagine danger of brain-fever from that calm creature who said, —

"Please don't give me anything, Doctor Eaton; believe me, I shall do better without."

"And then we shall have you sick on our hands, Abraham and I. What should we do with you?"

"I 'll try not to trouble you," she said, — "but I would rather you left me to myself to-night"; but even as she spoke, a quick convulsion of muscles about her face told of pain.

Doctor Eaton had not seen me, for I stood in the shadow of the bed behind him.

"Who will stay with your sister to-night?" he asked Mr. Axtell.

Mr. Axtell looked around at me, as if expecting that I would answer; and I presented myself for the office.

"You look scarcely fit," was the village-physician's somewhat ungracious comment; and his eyes said, what his lips dared not, — "Who are you?"

"I think you 'll find me so, if you try me."

Miss Axtell had gone away again, and neither saw nor heeded me.

"Will you come below?" — and the doctor looked at me as he went out.

I followed him. In the library he shut the door, sat down near the table, took from his pocket a small phial containing a light brown powder, and, dividing a piece of paper into the minute scraps needful, made a deposit in each from the phial, and then, folding over the bits of paper, handed them to me.

"Are you accustomed to take care of sick persons?" he asked.

"Not much; but I am a physician's daughter. I have a little experience."

"Are you a visitor here?"

"No, — at the parsonage."

A pair of quick gray eyes danced out at me from under browy cliffs clothed with a ledge of lashes, in an actually startling manner. I did n't think the man had so much of life in him.

"You 're Mrs. Wilton's sister, perhaps."

"I am."

"Give her one of these every half-hour, till she falls asleep."

"Yes, Sir."

"Don't let her talk; but she won't, though. If she gets incoherent, — says wild things, — talks of what you can't understand, — send for me; I live next door."

"Is this all for her?"

"Enough. Do you know her?"

"I never saw her until to-night."

"The brother? Monstrous fellow."

"Until to-day."

"Look up there."

"Where?"

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"On the wall."

"At what?"

There were several paintings hanging there.

"The face, of course."

"I can't see it very well."

Shadows were upon it, and the lamp-shade was on.

"Then I 'll take this off"; and Doctor Eaton removed the shade, letting the light up to the wall.

"A young girl's face," I said.

The doctor was looking at me, and not at the painting there. A little bit of confusion came, — I don't know why.

"Do you like it?" I ventured.

"I like it? I 'm not the one to like it."

"Somebody does, then?"

"Of course. What did he paint it for, if he did n't like it?"

"I do not know of whom you are talking, at all," I said, a little vexed at this information-no-information style.

"You don't?" in a voice of the utmost astonishment.

"No. Is this all, for the sick lady? I think I ought to go to her."

"Of course you ought. It 's a sad thing, this death in the house"; and Doctor Eaton picked up his hat, and opened the door.

Kate was waiting in the hall.

"Mr. Abraham thinks you 'd better look in and see if it 's well to have any watchers in there, before you go," she said.

"Well, light me in, then, Katie. You wait in there, if you please, Miss," to me; and I saw the two go to the front-room on the right.

A waft of something, it may have been the air that came out of that room, sent me back from the hall, and I shut the door behind me. It was several minutes before they came back. In the interim I had taken a long look at the face on the wall. It seemed too young to be very beautiful, and I could n't help wishing that the artist had waited a year or two, until a little more of the outline of life had come to it; yet it was a sweet, loving face, with a brow as low and cool as Sophie's own, only it had n't any shadow of an Aaron on it. I did n't hear the door open, I had n't heard the sound of living thing, when some one said, close to me, as I was standing looking up at the face I 've spoken of, —

"What are you doing?"

It was Mr. Axtell, and the voice was a prickly one.

"Is there any harm?" I said. "I 'm only looking here,"—pointing to where my eyes had been before. "Who painted it?"

"An unknown, poor painter."

"Was he poor in spirit?"

"He is now, I trust."

A man that has variant voices is a cruel thing in this world, because one cannot help their coming in at some one of the gates of the heart, which cannot all be guarded at the same moment. "Poor in spirit?" "He is now, I trust." I felt decidedly vexed at this man before me for having such tones in his voice.

"Can I go up to Miss Axtell now?" I asked.

"In a moment, when Kate has shown Doctor Eaton out."

I picked up my powders and my illustrious book, and waited.

Kate came.

"The doctor says there 's no need," she said, in her laconic way.

Kate, I afterwards learned, was the daughter of the farmer that Sophie heard Miss Axtell consoling for the loss of his wife, one day.

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MY DAPHNE.

My budding Daphne wanted scope
To bourgeon all her flowers of hope.

She felt a cramp around her root
That crippled every outmost shoot.

I set me to the kindly task;
I found a trim and tidy cask,

Shapely and painted; straightway seized
The timely waif; and, quick released

From earthen bound and sordid thrall,
My Daphne sat there, proud and tall.

Stately and tall, like any queen,
She spread her farthingale of green;

Nor stinted aught with larger fate,
For that she was innately great.

I learned, in accidental way,
A secret, on an after-day,—

A chance that marked the simple change
As something ominous and strange.

And so, therefrom, with anxious care,
Almost with underthought of prayer,

As, day by day, my listening soul
Waited to catch the coming roll

Of pealing victory, that should bear
My country's triumph on the air,—

I tended gently all the more
The plant whose life a portent bore.

The weary winter wore away,
And still we waited, day by day;

And still, in full and leafy pride,
My Daphne strengthened at my side,

Till her fair buds outburst their bars,
And whitened gloriously to stars!

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Above each stalwart, loyal stem
Rested their heavenly diadem,

And flooded forth their incense rare,
A breathing Joy, upon the air!

Well might my backward thought recall
The cramp, the hindrance, and the thrall,

The strange release to larger space,
The issue into growth and grace,

And joyous hail the homely sign
That so had spelled a hope divine!

For all this life, and light, and bloom,
This breath of Peace that blessed the room,

Was born from out the banded rim,
Once crowded close, and black, and grim,

With grains that feed the Cannon's breath,
And boom his sentences of death!

CONCERNING DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

"On the whole, it was very disagreeable," wrote a certain great traveller and hunter, summing up an account of his position, as he composed himself to rest upon a certain evening after a hard day's work. And no doubt it must have been very disagreeable. The night was cold and dark; and the intrepid traveller had to lie down to sleep in the open air, without even a tree to shelter him. A heavy shower of hail was falling, — each hailstone about the size of an egg. The dark air was occasionally illuminated by forked lightning, of the most appalling aspect; and the thunder was deafening. By various sounds, heard in the intervals of the peals, it seemed evident that the vicinity was pervaded by wolves, tigers, elephants, wild-boars, and serpents. A peculiar motion, perceptible under a horse-cloth which was wrapped up to serve as a pillow, appeared to indicate that a snake was wriggling about underneath it. The hunter had some ground for thinking that it was a very venomous one, as indeed in the morning it proved to be; but he was too tired to look. And speaking of the general condition of matters upon that evening, the hunter stated, with great mildness of language, that "it was very disagreeable."

Most readers would be disposed to say that *disagreeable* was hardly the right word. No doubt, all things that are perilous, horrible, awful, ghastly, deadly, and the like, are disagreeable too. But when we use the word disagreeable by itself, our meaning is understood to be, that in calling the thing disagreeable we have said the worst of it. A long and tiresome

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sermon is disagreeable; but a venomous snake under your pillow passes beyond being disagreeable. To have a tooth stopped is disagreeable; to be broken on the wheel (though nobody could like it) transcends *that*. If a thing be horrible and awful, you would not say it was disagreeable. The greater includes the less: as when a human being becomes entitled to write D. D. after his name, he drops all mention of the M. A. borne in preceding years.

Let this truth be remembered, by such as shall read the following pages. We are to think about disagreeable people. Let it be understood that (speaking generally) we are to think of people who are no worse than disagreeable. It cannot be denied, even by the most prejudiced, that murderers, pirates, slave-drivers, and burglars, are disagreeable. The cut-throat, the poisoner, the sneaking blackguard who shoots his landlord from behind a hedge, are no doubt disagreeable people,—so very disagreeable that in this country the common consent of mankind removes them from human society by the instrumentality of a halter. But disagreeable is too mild a word. Such people are all that, and a great deal more. And accordingly they stand beyond the range of this dissertation. We are to treat of folk who are disagreeable, and not worse than disagreeable. We may sometimes, indeed, overstep the boundary-line. But it is to be remembered that there are people who in the main are good people, who yet are extremely disagreeable. And a further complication is introduced into the subject by the fact, that some people who are far from good are yet unquestionably agreeable. You disapprove them; but you cannot help liking them. Others, again, are substantially good; yet you are angry with yourself to find that you cannot like them.

I take for granted that all observant human beings will admit that in this world there are disagreeable people. Probably the distinction which presses itself most strongly upon our attention, as we mingle in the society of our fellow-men, is the distinction between agreeable people and disagreeable. There are various tests, more or less important, which put all mankind to right and left. A familiar division is into rich and poor. Thomas Paine, with great vehemence, denied the propriety of that classification, and declared that the only true and essential classification of mankind is into male and female. I have read a story whose author maintained, that, to his mind, by far the most interesting and thorough division of our race is into such as have been hanged and such as have not been hanged: he himself belonging to the former class. But we all, more or less, recognize and act upon the great classification of all human beings into the agreeable and the disagreeable. And we begin very early to recognize and act upon it. Very early in life, the little child understands and feels the vast difference between people who are nice and people who are not nice. In school-boy days, the first thing settled as to any new acquaintance, man or boy, is on which side he stands of the great boundary-line. It is not genius, not scholarship, not wisdom, not strength nor speed, that fixes the man's place. None of these things is chiefly looked to: the question is, Is he agreeable or disagreeable? And according as that question is decided, the man is described, in the forcible language of youth, as "a brick," or as "a beast."

Yet it is to be remembered that the division between the agreeable and disagreeable of mankind is one which may be transcended. It is a scratch on the earth,—not a ten-foot wall. And you will find men who pass from one side of it to the other, and back again,—probably several times in a week, or even in a day. There are people whom you never know where to have. They are constantly skipping from side to side of that line of demarcation; or they even walk along with a foot on each side of it. There are people who are always disagreeable, and disagreeable to all men. There are people who are agreeable at some times, and dis-

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agreeable at others. There are people who are agreeable to some men, and disagreeable to other men. I do not intend by the last-named class people who intentionally make themselves agreeable to a certain portion of the race, to which they think it worth while to make themselves agreeable, and who do not take that trouble in the case of the remainder of humankind. What I mean is this: that there are people who have such an affinity and sympathy with certain other people, who so *suit* certain other people, that they are agreeable to these other people, though perhaps not particularly so to the race at large. And exceptional tastes and likings are often the strongest. The thing you like enthusiastically another man absolutely loathes. The thing which all men like is for the most part liked with a mild and subdued liking. Everybody likes good and well-made bread; but nobody goes into raptures over it. Few persons like caviare; but those who do like it are very fond of it. I never knew but one being who liked mustard with apple-pie; but that solitary man ate it with avidity, and praised the flavor with enthusiasm.

But it is impossible to legislate for every individual case. Every rule must have exceptions from it; but it would be foolish to resolve to lay down no more rules. There may be, somewhere, the man who likes Mr. Snarling; and to that man Mr. Snarling would doubtless be agreeable. But for practical purposes Mr. Snarling may justly be described as a disagreeable man, if he be disagreeable to nine hundred and ninety-nine mortals out of every thousand. And with precision sufficient for the ordinary business of life we may say that there are people who are essentially disagreeable.

There are people who go through life, leaving an unpleasant influence on all whom they come near. You are not at your ease in their society. You feel awkward and constrained while with them. *That* is probably the mildest degree in the scale of unpleasantness. There are people who disseminate a much worse influence. As the upas-tree was said to blight all the country round it, so do these disagreeable folk prejudicially affect the whole surrounding moral atmosphere. They chill all warmth of heart in those near them; they put down anything generous or magnanimous; they suggest unpleasant thoughts and associations; they excite a diverse and numerous array of bad tempers. The great evil of disagreeable people lies in this: that they tend powerfully to make other people disagreeable too. And these people are not necessarily bad people, though they produce a bad effect. It is not certain that they design to be disagreeable. There are those who do entertain that design; and they always succeed in carrying it out. Nobody ever tried diligently to be disagreeable, and failed. Such persons may, indeed, inflict much less annoyance than they wished; they may even fail of inflicting any pain whatever on others; but they make themselves as disgusting as they could desire. And in many cases they succeed in inflicting a good deal of pain. A very low, vulgar, petty, and uncultivated nature may cause much suffering to a lofty, noble, and refined one,—particularly if the latter be in a position of dependence or subjection. A wretched hornet may madden a noble horse; a contemptible mosquito may destroy the night's rest which would have recruited a noble brain. But without any evil intention, sometimes with the very kindest intention, there are those who worry and torment you. It is through want of perception,—want of tact,—coarseness of nature,—utter lack of power to understand you. Were you ever sitting in a considerable company, a good deal saddened by something you did not choose to tell to any one, and probably looking dull and dispirited enough,—and did a fussy host or hostess draw the attention of the entire party upon you, by earnestly and repeatedly asking if you were ill, if you had a headache, because you seemed so dull and so unlike yourself? And did that person time after time return to

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the charge, till you would have liked to poison him? There is nothing more disagreeable, and few things more mischievous, than a well-meaning, meddling fool. And where there was no special intention, good or bad, towards yourself, you have known people make you uncomfortable through the simple exhibition to you, and pressure upon you, of their own inherent disagreeableness. You have known people after talking to whom for a while you felt disgusted with everything, and above all, with those people themselves. Talking to them, you felt your moral nature being rubbed against the grain, being stung all over with nettles. You showed your new house and furniture to such a man, and with eagle eye he traced out and pointed out every scratch on your fine fresh paint, and every flaw in your oak and walnut; he showed you that there were corners of your big mirrors that distorted your face, — that there were bits of your grand marble mantelpieces that might be expected soon to scale away. Or you have known a man who, with no evil intention, made it his practice to talk of you before your face as your other friends are accustomed to talk of you behind your back. It need not be said that the result is anything but pleasant. "What a fool you were, Smith, in saying *that* at Snooks's last night!" your friend exclaims, when you meet him next morning. You were quite aware, by this time, that what you said was foolish; but there is something grating in hearing your name connected with the unpleasant epithet. I would strongly advise any man, who does not wish to be set down as disagreeable, entirely to break off the habit (if he has such a habit) of addressing to even his best friends any sentence beginning with "What a fool you were." Let me offer the like advice as to sentences which set out as follows: — "I say, Smith, I think your brother is the greatest fool on the face of the earth." Stop that kind of thing, my friend; or you may come to be classed with Mr. Snarling. You are probably a manly fellow, and a sincere friend; and for the sake of your substantial good qualities, one would stand a great deal. But over-frankness is disagreeable; and if you make over-frankness your leading characteristic, of course your entire character will come to be disagreeable, and you will be a disagreeable person.

Besides the people who are disagreeable through malignant intention, and through deficiency of sensitiveness, there are other people who are disagreeable through pure ill-luck. It is quite certain that there are people whom evil fortune dogs through all their life, who are thoroughly and hopelessly unlucky. And in no respect have we beheld a man's ill-luck so persecute him as in the matter of making him (without the slightest evil purpose, and even when he is most anxious to render himself agreeable) render himself extremely disagreeable. Of course there must be some measure of thoughtlessness and forgetfulness,—some lack of that social caution, so indispensable in the complication of modern society, which teaches a man (so to speak) to try if the ice will bear him before venturing his entire weight upon it,—about people who are unlucky in the way of which I am speaking. But doubtless you have known persons who were always saying disagreeable things, or putting disagreeable questions, — either through forgetfulness of things which they ought to have remembered, or through unhappily chancing on forbidden ground. You will find a man, a thoughtless, but quite good-natured man, begin at a dinner-table to relate a succession of stories very much to the prejudice of somebody, while somebody's daughter is sitting opposite him. And you will find the man quite obtuse to all the hints by which the host or hostess tries to stop him, and going on to particulars worse and worse, till, in terror of what all this might grow to, the hostess has to exclaim, "Mr. Smith, you won't take a hint: *that* is Mr. Somebody's daughter sitting opposite you." It is quite essential that any man, whose conversation consists mainly of observations not at all to the advantage of some absent acquaintance,

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should carefully feel his way before giving full scope to his malice and his invention, in the presence of any general company. And before making any playful reference to halters, you should be clear that you are not talking to a man whose grandfather was hanged. Nor should you venture any depreciatory remarks upon men who have risen from the ranks, unless you are tolerably versed in the family-history of those to whom you are talking. You may have heard a man very jocular upon lunatic-asylums, to another who had several brothers and sisters in one. And though in some cases human beings may render themselves disagreeable through a combination of circumstances which really absolves them from all blame, yet, as a general rule, the man who is disagreeable through ill-luck is at least guilty of culpable carelessness.

You have probably, my reader, known people who had the faculty of making themselves extremely agreeable. You have known one or two men who, whenever you met them, conveyed to you, by a remarkably frank and genial manner, an impression that they esteemed you as one of their best and dearest friends. A vague idea took possession of your mind that they had been longing to see you ever since they saw you last,—which in all probability was six or twelve months previously. And during all that period it may be regarded as quite certain that the thought of you had never once entered their mind. Such a manner has a vast effect upon young and inexperienced folk. The inexperienced man fancies that this manner, so wonderfully frank and friendly, is reserved specially for himself, and is a recognition of his own special excellences. But the man of greater experience has come to suspect this manner, and to see through it. He has discovered that it is the same to everybody,—at least, to everybody to whom it is thought worth while to put it on. And he no more thinks of arguing the existence of any particular liking for himself, or of any particular merit in himself, from that friendly manner, than he thinks of believing, on a warm summer day, that the sun has a special liking for himself, and is looking so beautiful and bright all for himself. It is perhaps unjust to accuse the man, always overflowing in geniality upon everybody he meets, of being an impostor or humbug. Perhaps he does feel an irrepressible gush of love to all his race: but why convey to each individual of the race that he loves *him* more than all the others?

Yet it is to be admitted that it is always well that a man should be agreeable. Pleasantness is always a pleasing thing. And a sensible man, seeking by honest means to make himself agreeable, will generally succeed in making himself agreeable to sensible men. But although there is an implied compliment, to your power, if not to your personality, in the fact of a man's taking pains to make himself agreeable to you, it is certain that he may try to make himself so by means of which the upshot will be to make him intensely disagreeable. You know the fawning, sneaking manner which an occasional shopkeeper adopts. It is most disagreeable to right-thinking people. Let him remember that he is also a man; and let his manner be manly as well as civil. It is an awful and humiliating sight, a man who is always squeezing himself together like a whipped dog, whenever you speak to him,—grinning and bowing, and (in a moral sense) wriggling about before you on the earth, and begging you to wipe your feet on his head. You cannot help thinking that the sneak would be a tyrant, if he had the opportunity. It is pleasant to find people, in the humblest position, blending a manly independence of demeanor with the regard justly due to those placed by Providence farther up the social scale. Yet doubtless there are persons to whom the sneakiest manner is agreeable,—who enjoy the flattery and the humiliation of the wretched toady who is always ready to tell them that they are the most beauti-

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ful, graceful, witty, well-informed, aristocratic-looking, and generally-beloved of the human race. You must remember that it depends very much upon the nature of a man himself whether any particular demeanor shall be agreeable to him or not. And you know well that a cringing, toadying manner, which would be thoroughly disgusting to a person of sense, may be extremely agreeable and delightful to a self-conceited idiot. Was there not an idiotic monarch who was greatly pleased, when his courtiers, in speaking to him, affected to veil their eyes with their hands, as unable to bear the insufferable effulgence of his countenance? And would not a monarch of sense have been ready to kick the people who thus treated him like a fool? And every one has observed that there are silly women who are much gratified by coarse and fulsome compliments upon their personal appearance, which would be regarded as grossly insulting by a woman of sense. You may have heard of country-gentlemen, of Radical politics, who had seldom wandered beyond their paternal acres, (by their paternal acres I mean the acres they had recently bought,) and who had there grown into a fixed belief that they were among the noblest and mightiest of the earth, who thought their parish-clergyman an agreeable man, if he voted at the county-election for the candidate they supported, though that candidate's politics were directly opposed to those of the parson. These individuals, of course, would hold their clergyman as a disagreeable man, if he held by his own principles, and quite declined to take their wishes into account in exercising the trust of the franchise. Now, of course, a nobleman or gentleman of right feeling would regard the parson as a turncoat and sneak, who should thus deny his convictions. Yes, there is no doubt that you may make yourself agreeable to unworthy folk by unworthy means. A late marquis declared on his dying bed, that a two-legged animal, of human pretensions, who had acted as his valet, and had aided that hoary reprobate in the gratification of his peculiar tastes, was "an excellent man." And you may remember how Burke said, that, as we learn that a certain Mr. Russell made himself very agreeable to Henry VIII., we may reasonably suppose that Mr. Russell was himself (in a humble degree) something like his master. Probably, to most right-minded men, the fact that a man was agreeable to Henry VIII., or to the marquis in question, or to Belial, Beelzebub, or Apollyon, would tend to make that man remarkably disagreeable. And let the reader remember the guarded way in which the writer laid down his general principle as to pleasantness of character and demeanor. I said that a sensible man, seeking by honest means to make himself agreeable, will generally succeed in making himself agreeable to sensible men. I exclude from the class of men to be esteemed agreeable those who would disgust all but fools or blackguards. I exclude parsons who express heretical views in theology in the presence of a patron known to be a freethinker. I exclude men who do great folk's dirty work. I exclude all toad-eaters, sneaks, flatterers, and fawning impostors,—from the school-boy who thinks to gain his master's favor by voluntarily bearing tales of his companions, up to the bishop who declared that he regarded it not merely as a constitutional principle, but as an ethical fact, that the king could do no wrong, and the other bishop who declared that the reason why George II. died was that this world was not good enough for him, and it was necessary to transfer him to heaven that he might be the right man in the right place. Such persons may succeed in making themselves agreeable to the man with whom they desire to ingratiate themselves, provided that man be a fool or a knave; but they assuredly render themselves disagreeable, not to say revolting, to all human beings whose good opinion is worth the possessing. And though any one who is not a fool will generally make himself agreeable to people of ordinary temper and nervous system, if he wishes

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to do so, it is to be remembered that too intrusive attempts to be agreeable often make a man very disagreeable; and likewise, that a man is the reverse of agreeable, if you see that he is trying, by managing and humoring you, to make himself agreeable to you, — I mean, if you can see that he is smoothing you down, and agreeing with you, and trying to get you on your blind side, as if he thought you a baby or a lunatic. And there is all the difference in the world between the frank, hearty wish in man or woman to be agreeable, and this diplomatic and indirect way. No man likes to think that he is being managed as Mr. Rarey might manage an unbroken colt. And though many human beings must in fact be thus managed, — though a person of a violent or a sullen temper, or of a wrong head, or of outrageous vanity, or of invincible prejudices, must be managed very much as you would manage a lunatic, (being, in fact, removed from perfect sanity upon these points,) still, they must never be allowed to discern that they *are* being managed, or the charm will fail at once. I confess, for myself, that I am no believer in the efficacy of diplomacy and indirect ways in dealing with one's fellow-creatures. I believe that a manly, candid, straightforward course is always the best. Treat people in a perfectly frank manner, — with frankness not put on, but real,—and you will be agreeable to most of those to whom you would desire to be so.

My reader, I am now about to tell you of certain sorts of human beings who appear to me as worthy of being ranked among disagreeable people. I do not pretend to give you an exhaustive catalogue of such. Doubtless you have your own black beasts, your own special aversions, which have for you a disagreeableness beyond the understanding or sympathy of others. Nor do I make quite sure that you will agree with me in all the views which I am going to set forth. It is not impossible that you may regard as very nice people, or even as quite fascinating and inthralling people, certain people whom I regard as intensely disagreeable. Let me begin with an order of human beings, as to which I do not expect every one who reads this page to go along with me, though I do not know any opinion which I hold more resolutely than that which I am about to express.

We all understand the kind of thing which is meant by people who talk of *Muscular Christianity.* It is certainly a noble and excellent thing to make people discern that a good Christian need not be a muff (pardon the slang term: there is no other that would bring out my meaning). It is a fine thing to make it plain that manliness and dash may coexist with pure morality and sincere piety. It is a fine thing to make young fellows comprehend that there is nothing fine and manly in being bad, and nothing unmanly in being good. And in this view it is impossible to value too highly such characters and such biographies as those of Hodson of Hodson's Horse and Captain Hedley Vicars. It is a splendid combination, pluck and daring in their highest degree, with an unaffected and earnest regard to religion and religious duties, — in short, muscularity with Christianity. A man consists of body and soul; and both would be in their ideal perfection, if the soul were decidedly Christian, and the body decidedly muscular.

But there are folk whose admiration of the muscularity is very great, but whose regard for the Christianity is very small. They are captivated by the dash and glitter of physical pluck; they are quite content to accept it without any Christianity, and even without the most ordinary morality and decency. They appear, indeed, to think that the grandeur of the character is increased by the combination of thorough blackguardism with high physical qualifications: their gospel, in short, may be said to be that of *Unchristian Muscularity.* And you will find various books in which the hero is such a man: and while the writer of the book frankly admits that he is in

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strict morality an extremely bad man, the writer still recalls his doings with such manifest gusto and sympathy, and takes such pains to make him agreeable on the whole, and relates with such approval the admiration which empty-headed idiots express for him when he has jumped his horse over some very perilous fence or thrashed some insolent farmer, that it is painfully apparent what is the writer's ideal of a grand and imposing character. You know the kind of man who is the hero of some novels, — the muscular blackguard, — and you remember what are his unfailing characteristics. He has a deep chest. He has huge arms and limbs, — the muscles being knotted. He has an immense moustache. He has (God knows why) a serene contempt for ordinary mortals. He is always growing black with fury, and bullying weak men. On such occasions, his lips may be observed to be twisted into an evil sneer. He is a seducer and liar: he has ruined various women, and had special facilities for becoming acquainted with the rottenness of society: and occasionally he expresses, in language of the most profane, not to say blasphemous character, a momentary regret for having done so much harm, — such as the Devil might sentimentally have expressed, when he had succeeded in misleading our first parents. Of course, he never pays tradesmen for the things with which they supply him. He can drink an enormous quantity of wine without his head becoming affected. He looks down with entire disregard on the laws of God and man, as made for inferior beings. As for any worthy moral quality, — as for anything beyond a certain picturesque brutality and bull-dog disregard of danger, not a trace of such a thing can be found about him.

We all know, of course, that such a person, though not uncommon in novels, very rarely occurs in real life; and if he occur at all, it is with his ideal perfections very much toned down. In actual life, such a hero would become known in the Insolvent Court, and would frequently appear before the police magistrates. He would eventually become a billiard-marker; and might ultimately be hanged, with general approval. If the man, in his unclipped proportions, did actually exist, it would be right that a combination should be formed to wipe him out of creation. He should be put down, — as you would put down a tiger or a rattlesnake, if found at liberty somewhere in the Midland Counties. A more hateful character, to all who possess a grain of moral discernment, could not even be imagined. And it need not be shown that the conception of such a character is worthy only of a baby. However many years the man who deliberately and admiringly delineates such a person may have lived in this world, intellectually he cannot be more than about seven years old. And none but calves the most immature can possibly sympathize with him. Yet, if there were not many silly persons to whom such a character is agreeable, such a character would not be portrayed. And it seems certain that a single exhibition of strength or daring will to some minds be the compendium of all good qualities, or (more accurately speaking) the equivalent for them. A muscular blackguard clears a high fence: he does precisely that, — neither more nor less. And upon the strength of that single achievement, the servants at the house where he is visiting declare that they would follow him over the world. And you may find various young women, and various women who wish to pass for young, who would profess, and perhaps actually feel, a like enthusiasm for the muscular blackguard. I confess that I cannot find words strong enough to express my contempt and abhorrence for the theory of life and character which is assumed by the writers who describe such blackguards, and by the fools who admire them. And though very far from saying or thinking that the kind of human being who has been described is no worse than disagreeable, I assert with entire confidence that to all right-thinking men he is more disagreeable than almost any other kind

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of human being. And I do not know any single lesson you could instil into a youthful mind which would be so mischievous as the lesson that the muscular blackguard should be regarded with any other feeling than that of pure loathing and disgust. But let us have done with him. I cannot think of the books which delineate him and ask you to admire him without indignation more bitter than I wish to feel in writing such a page.

And passing to the consideration of human beings who, though disagreeable, are good in the main, it may be laid down as a general principle, that any person, however good, is disagreeable from whom you feel it a relief to get away. We have all known people, thoroughly estimable, and whom you could not but respect, in whose presence it was impossible to feel at ease, and whose absence was felt as the withdrawal of a sense of constraint of the most oppressive kind. And this vague, uncomfortable influence, which breathes from some men, is produced in various ways. Sometimes it is the result of mere stiffness and awkwardness of manner: and there are men whose stiffness and awkwardness of manner are such as would freeze the most genial and silence the frankest. Sometimes it arises from ignorance of social rules and proprieties; sometimes from incapacity to take, or even to comprehend, a joke. Sometimes it proceeds from a pettedness of nature, which keeps you ever in fear that offence may be taken at the most innocent word or act. Sometimes it comes of a preposterous sense of his own standing and importance, existing in a man whose standing and importance are very small. It is quite wonderful what very great folk very little folk will sometimes fancy themselves to be. The present writer has had little opportunity of conversing with men of great rank and power; yet he has conversed with certain men of the very greatest: and he can say sincerely that he has found head-stewards to be much more dignified men than dukes; and parsons of no earthly reputation, and of very limited means, to be infinitely more stuck-up than archbishops. And though at first the airs of stuck-up small men are amazingly ridiculous, and so rather amusing, they speedily become so irritating that the men who exhibit them cannot be classed otherwise than with the disagreeable of the earth.

Few people are more disagreeable than the man who, while you are conversing with him, is (you know) taking a mental estimate of you, more particularly of the soundness of your doctrinal views,—with the intention of showing you up, if you be wrong, and of inventing or misrepresenting something to your prejudice, if you be right. Whenever you find any man trying (in a moral sense) to trot you out, and examine your paces, and pronounce upon your general soundness, there are two courses you may follow. The one is, severely to shut him up, and sternly make him understand that you don't choose to be inspected by him. Show him that you will not exhibit for his approval your particular views about the Papacy, or about Moral Inability, or about Pelagianism or the Patripassian heresy. Indicate that you will not be pumped: and you may convey, in a kindly and polite way, that you really don't care a rush what he thinks of you. The other course is, with deep solemnity and an unchanged countenance, to horrify your inspector by avowing the most fearful views. Tell him, that, on long reflection, you are prepared to advocate the revival of Cannibalism. Say that probably something may be said for Polygamy. Defend the Thugs, and say something for Mumbo Jumbo. End by saying that no doubt black is white, and twice ten are fifty. Or a third way of meeting such a man is suddenly to turn upon him, and ask him to give you a brief and lucid account of the views he is condemning. Ask him to tell you what are the theological peculiarities of Bunsen; and what is the exact teaching of Mr. Maurice. He does not know, you may be tolerably sure. In the case of the latter eminent man, I never met any-

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body who did know: and I have the firmest belief that he does not know himself. I was told, lately, of an eminent foreigner who came to Britain to promote a certain public end. For its promotion, the eminent man wished to conciliate the sympathies of a certain small class of religionists. He procured an introduction to a leading man among them, — a good, but very stupid and self-conceited man. This man entered into talk with the eminent foreigner, and ranged over a multitude of topics, political and religious. And at an hour's end the foreigner was astonished by the good, but stupid man suddenly exclaiming, — "Now, Sir, I have been reckoning you up: you won't do: you are a" — no matter what. It was something that had nothing earthly to do with the end to be promoted. The religious demagogue had been trotting out the foreigner; and he had found him unsound. The religious demagogue belonged to a petty dissenting sect, no doubt; and he was trying for his wretched little Shibboleth. But you may have seen the like, even with leading men in National Churches. And I have seen a pert little whipper-snapper ask a venerable clergyman what he thought of a certain outrageous lay-preacher, and receive the clergyman's reply, that he thought most unfavorably of many of the lay-preacher's doings, with a self-conceited smirk that seemed to say to the venerable clergyman, "I have been reckoning *you* up: you won't do."

People whom you cannot get to attend to you when you talk to them are disagreeable. There are men whom you feel it is vain to speak to, — whether you are mentioning facts or stating arguments. All the while you are speaking, they are thinking of what they are themselves to say next. There is a strong current, as it were, setting outward from their minds; and it prevents what you say from getting in. You know, if a pipe be full of water, running strongly one way, it is vain to think to push in a stream running the other way. You cannot get at their attention. You cannot get at the quick of their mental sensorium. It is not the dull of hearing whom it is hardest to get to hear; it is rather the man who is roaring out himself, and so who cannot attend to anything else. Now this is provoking. It is a mortifying indication of the little importance that is attached to what we are saying; and there is something of the irritation that is produced in the living being by contending with the passive resistance of inert matter. And there is something provoking even in the outward signs that the mind is in a non-receptive state. You remember the eye that is looking beyond you, — the grin that is not at anything funny in what you say, — the occasional inarticulate sounds that are put in at the close of your sentences, as if to delude you with a show of attention. The non-receptive mind is occasionally found in clever men; but the men who exhibit it are invariably very conceited: they can think of nothing but themselves. And you may find the last-named characteristic strongly developed even in men with gray hair, who ought to have learned better through the experience of a pretty long life. There are other minds which are very receptive. They seem to have a strong power of suction. They take in, very decidedly, all that is said to them. The best mind, of course, is that which combines both characteristics, — which is strongly receptive when it ought to be receiving, and which gives out strongly when it ought to be giving out. The power of receptivity is greatly increased by habit. I remember feeling awe-stricken by the intense attention with which a very great judge was wont, in ordinary conversation, to listen to all that was said to him. It was the habit of the judgment-seat, acquired through many years of listening, with every faculty awake, to the arguments addressed to him. But when you began to make some statement to him, it was positively alarming to see him look you full in the face, and listen with inconceivable fixedness of attention to all you said. You could not help feeling that really the

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small remark you had to make was not worth that great mind's grasping it so intently, as he might have grasped an argument by Follett. The mind was intensely receptive, when it was receiving at all. But I remember, too, that, when the great judge began to speak, then his mind was (so to speak) streaming out; and he was particularly impatient of inattention or interruption, and particularly non-receptive of anything that might be suggested to him.

It is extremely disagreeable, when a vulgar fellow, whom you hardly know, addresses you by your surname with great familiarity of manner. And such a person will take no hint that he is disagreeable, — however stiff, and however formally polite, you may take pains to be to him. It is disagreeable, when persons, with whom you have no desire to be on terms of intimacy, persist in putting many questions to you as to your private concerns, — such as your annual income and expenditure, and the like. No doubt, it is both pleasant and profitable for people who are not rich to compare notes on these matters with some frank and hearty friend whose means and outgoings are much the same as their own. I do not think of such a case, — but of the prying curiosity of persons who have no right to pry, and who, very generally, while diligently prying into your affairs, take special care not to take you into their confidence. Such people, too, while making a pretence of revealing to you all their secrets, will often tell a very small portion of them, and make various statements which you at the time are quite aware are not true. There are not many things more disagreeable than a very stupid and ill-set old woman, who, quite unaware what her opinion is worth, expresses it with entire confidence upon many subjects of which she knows nothing whatever, and as to which she is wholly incapable of judging. And the self-satisfied and confident air with which she settles the most difficult questions, and pronounces unfavorable judgment upon people ten thousand times wiser and better than herself, is an insufferably irritating phenomenon. It is a singular fact, that the people I have in view invariably combine extreme ugliness with spitefulness and self-conceit. Such a person will make particular inquiries of you as to some near relative of your own, — and will add, with a malicious and horribly ugly expression of face, that she is glad to hear how *very much improved* your relative now is. She will repeat the sentence several times, laying great emphasis and significance upon the *very much improved*. Of course, the notion conveyed to any stranger who may be present is that your relative must in former days have been an extremely bad fellow. The fact probably is, that he has always, man and boy, been particularly well-behaved, and that really you were not aware that he needed any special improvement, — save, indeed, in the sense that every human being might be and ought to be a great deal better than he is.

People who are always vaporing about their own importance, and the value of their own possessions, are disagreeable. We all know such people: and they are made more irritating by the fact, that their boasting is almost invariably absurd and false. I do not mean ethically false, but logically false. For doubtless, in many cases, human beings honestly think themselves and their possessions as much better than other men and their possessions as they say they do. If thirty families compose the best society of a little country-town, you may be sure that each of the thirty families in its secret soul looks down upon the other twenty-nine, and fancies that it stands on a totally different level. And it is a kind arrangement of Providence, that a man's own children, horses, house, and other possessions, are so much more interesting to himself than are the children, horses, and houses of other men, that he can readily persuade himself that they are as much better in fact as they are more interesting to his personal feeling. But it is provoking, when a man is always obtrud-

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ing on you how highly he estimates his own belongings, and how much better than yours he thinks them, even when this is done in all honesty and simplicity; and it is infuriating, when a man keeps constantly telling you things which he knows are not true, as to the preciousness and excellence of the gifts with which fortune has endowed him. You feel angry, when a man who has lately bought a house, one in a square containing fifty, all as nearly as possible alike, tells you with an air of confidence that he has got the finest house in Scotland, or in England, as the case may be. You are irritated by the man who on all occasions tells you that he drives in his mail-phaëton "five hundred pounds' worth of horse-flesh." You are well aware that he did not pay a quarter of that sum for the animals in question: and you assume as certain that the dealer did not give him that pair of horses for less than they were worth. It is somewhat irritating, when a man, not remarkable in any way, begins to tell you that he can hardly go to any part of the world without being recognized by some one who remembers his striking aspect or is familiar with his famous name. "It costs me three hundred a year, having that picture to look at," said Mr. Windbag, pointing to a picture hanging on a wall in his library. He goes on to explain that he refused six thousand pounds for that picture; which at five per cent. would yield the annual income named. You repeat Windbag's statement to an eminent artist. The artist knows the picture. He looks at you fixedly, and for all comment on Windbag's story says, (he is a Scotchman,) "HOOT TOOT!" But the disposition to vapor is deep-set in human nature. There are not very many men or women whom I would trust to give an accurate account of their family, dwelling, influence, and general position, to people a thousand miles from home, who were not likely ever to be able to verify the picture drawn.

It is hardly necessary to mention among disagreeable people those individuals who take pleasure in telling you that you are looking ill,—that you are falling off, physically or mentally. "Surely you have lost some of your teeth since I saw you last," said a good man to a man of seventy-five years: "I cannot make out a word you say, you speak so indistinctly." And so obtuse, and so thoroughly devoid of gentlemanly feeling, was that good man, that, when admonished that he ought not to speak in that fashion to a man in advanced years, he could not for his life see that he had done anything unkind or unmannerly. "I dare say you are wearied wi' preachin' to-day: you see you 're gettin' frail noo," said a Scotch elder, in my hearing, to a worthy clergyman. Seldom has it cost me a greater effort than it did to refrain from turning to the elder, and saying with candor, "What a boor and what a fool *you* must be, to say *that!*" It was as well I did not: the boor would not have known what I meant. He would not have known the provocation which led me to give him my true opinion of him. "How very bald you are getting!" said a really good-natured man to a friend he was meeting for the first time in several years. Such remarks are for the most part made by men who, in good faith, have not the least idea that they are making themselves disagreeable. There is no malicious intention. It is a matter of pure obtuseness, stupidity, selfishness, and vulgarity. But an obtuse, stupid, selfish, and vulgar person is disagreeable. And your right course will be to carefully avoid all intercourse with such a person.

But besides people who blunder into saying unpleasant things, there are a few who do so of set intention. And such people ought to be cracked. They can do a great deal of harm,—inflict a great deal of suffering. I believe that human beings in general are more miserable than you think. They are very anxious,—very careworn,—stung by a host of worries,—a good deal disappointed, in many ways. And in the case of many people, worthy and able, there is a very low estimate of themselves and their abilities, and a sad tendency to depressed spirits and gloomy

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views. And while a kind word said to such is a real benefit, and a great lightener of the heart, an ingenious malignant may suggest to such things which are as a stunning blow, and as an added load on the weary frame and mind. I have seen, with burning indignation, a malignant beast (I mean man) playing upon that tendency to a terrible apprehensiveness which is born with many men. I have seen the beast vaguely suggest evil to the nervous and apprehensive man. "This cannot end here": "I shall take my own measures now": "A higher authority shall decide between us": I have heard the beast say, and then go away. Of course I knew well that the beast could and would do nothing, and I hastened to say so to the apprehensive man. But I knew that the poor fellow would go away home, and brood over the beast's ominous threats, and imagine a hundred terrible contingencies, and work himself into a fever of anxiety and alarm. And it is because I know that the vague threatener counted on all that, and wished it, and enjoyed the thought of the slow torment he was causing, that I choose to call him a beast rather than a man. Indeed, there is an order of beings, worse than beasts, to which that being should rather be referred. You have said or done something which has given offence to certain of your neighbors. Mr. Snarling comes and gives you a full and particular account of the indignation they feel, and of their plans for vengeance. Mr. Snarling is happy to see you look somewhat annoyed, and he kindly says, "Oh, never mind: this will blow over, as *other things you have said and done have blown over.*" Thus he vaguely suggests that you have given great offence on many occasions, and made many bitter enemies. He adds, in a musing voice, "Yes, as MANY other things have blown over." Turn the individual out, and cut his acquaintance. It would be better to have a upas-tree in your neighborhood. Of all disagreeable men, a man with his tendencies is the most disagreeable. The bitterest and longest-lasting east-wind acts less perniciously on body and soul than does the society of Mr. Snarling.

Suspicious people are disagreeable; also people who are always taking the pet. Indeed, suspiciousness and pettedness generally go together. There are many men and women who are always imagining that some insult is designed by the most innocent words and doings of those around them, and always suspecting that some evil intention against their peace is cherished by some one or other. It is most irritating to have anything to do with such impracticable and silly mortals. But it is a delightful thing to work along with a man who never takes offence, — a frank, manly man, who gives credit to others for the same generosity of nature which he feels within himself, and who, if he thinks he has reason to complain, speaks out his mind and has things cleared up at once. A disagreeable person is he who frequently sends letters to you without paying the postage, — leaving you to pay twopence for each penny which he has thus saved. The loss of twopence is no great matter; but there is something irritating in the feeling that your correspondent has deliberately resolved that he would save his penny at the cost of your twopence. There is a man, describing himself as a clergyman of the Church of England, (I cannot think he is one,) who occasionally sends me an abusive anonymous letter, and who invariably sends his letters unpaid. I do not mind about the man's abuse; but I confess I grudge my twopence. I have observed, too, that the people who send letters unpaid do so habitually. I have known the same individual send six successive letters unpaid. And it is probably within the experience of most of my readers, that, out of (say) a hundred correspondents, ninety-nine invariably pay their letters properly, while time after time the hundredth sends his with the abominable big 2 stamped upon it, and your servant walks in and worries you by the old statement that the postman is waiting. Let me advise every reader to do what I intend doing

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for the future: to wit, to refuse to receive any unpaid letter. You may be quite sure that by so doing you will not lose any letter that is worth having. A class of people, very closely analogous to that of the people who do not pay their letters, is that of such as are constantly borrowing small sums from their friends, which they never restore. If you should ever be thrown into the society of such, your right course will be to take care to have no money in your pocket. People are disagreeable who are given to talking of the badness of their servants, the undutifulness of their children, the smokiness of their chimneys, and the deficiency of their digestive organs. And though, with a true and close friend, it is a great relief, and a special tie, to have spoken out your heart about your burdens and sorrows, it is expedient, in conversation with ordinary acquaintances, to keep these to yourself.

It must be admitted, with great regret, that people who make a considerable profession of religion have succeeded in making themselves more thoroughly disagreeable than almost any other human beings have ever made themselves. You will find people, who claim not merely to be pious and Christian people, but to be very much more pious and Christian than others, who are extremely uncharitable, unamiable, repulsive, stupid, and narrow-minded, and intensely opinionated and self-satisfied. We know, from a very high authority, that a Christian ought to be an epistle in commendation of the blessed faith he holds. But it is beyond question that many people who profess to be Christians are like grim Gorgons' heads, warning people off from having anything to do with Christianity. Why should a middle-aged clergyman walk about the streets with a sullen and malignant scowl always on his face, which at the best would be a very ugly one? Why should another walk with his nose in the air, and his eyes rolled up till they seem likely to roll out? And why should a third be always dabbled over with a clammy perspiration, and prolong all his vowels to twice the usual length? It is, indeed, a most woful thing, that people who evince a spirit in every respect the direct contrary of that of our Blessed Redeemer should fancy that they are Christians of singular attainments; and it is more woful still, that many young people should be scared away into irreligion or unbelief by the wretched delusion, that these creatures, wickedly caricaturing Christianity, are fairly representing it. I have beheld more deliberate malice, more lying and cheating, more backbiting and slandering, denser stupidity, and greater self-sufficiency, among bad-hearted and wrong-headed religionists, than among any other order of human beings. I have known more malignity and slander conveyed in the form of a prayer than should have consigned any ordinary libeller to the pillory. I have known a person who made evening prayer a means of infuriating and stabbing the servants, under the pretext of confessing their sins. "Thou knowest, Lord, how my servants have been occupied this day": with these words did the blasphemous mockery of prayer begin one Sunday evening in a house I could easily indicate: and then the man, under the pretext of addressing the Almighty, raked up all the misdoings of the servants (they being present, of course) in a fashion which, if he had ventured on it at any other time, would probably have led some of them to assault him. "I went to Edinburgh," said a Highland elder, "and was there a Sabbath. It was an awfu' sight! There, on the Sabbath-day, you would see people walking along the street, smiling AS IF THEY WERE PERFECTLY HAPPY!" There was the *gravamen* of the poor Highlander's charge. To think of people being or looking happy on the Lord's day! And, indeed, to think of a Christian man ever venturing to be happy at all! "Yes, this parish was highly favored in the days of Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown," said a spiteful and venomous old woman,—with a glance of deadly malice at a young lad who was present. That young lad was the son of the clergyman

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of the parish,—one of the most diligent and exemplary clergymen in Britain. Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown were the clergymen who preceded him. And the spiteful old woman adopted this means of sticking a pin into the young lad,—conveying the idea that there was a sad falling off now. I saw and heard her, my reader. Now, when an ordinary spiteful person says a malicious thing, being quite aware that she is saying a malicious thing, and that her motive is pure malice, you are disgusted. But when a spiteful person says a malicious thing, all the while fancying herself a very pious person, and fancying that in gratifying her spite she is acting from Christian principle,—I say the sight is to me one of the most disgusting, perplexing, and miserable, that ever human eye beheld. I have no fear of the attacks of enemies on the blessed faith in which I live, and hope to die; but it is dismal to see how our holy religion is misrepresented before the world by the vile impostors who pretend to be its friends.

Among the disagreeable people who make a profession of religion, probably many are purely hypocrites. But we willingly believe that there are people, in whom Christianity appears in a wretchedly stunted and distorted form, who yet are right at the root. It does not follow that a man is a Christian, because he turns up his eyes and drawls out his words, and, when asked to say grace, offers a prayer of twenty minutes' duration. But, again, it does not follow that he is *not* a Christian, though he may do all these things. The bitter sectary, who distinctly says that a humble, pious man, just dead, has "gone to hell," because he died in the bosom of the National Church, however abhorrent that sectary may be in some respects, may be, in the main, within the Good Shepherd's fold, wherein he fancies there are very few but himself. The dissenting teacher, who declared from his pulpit that the parish clergyman (newly come, and an entire stranger to him) was "a servant of Satan," may possibly have been a good man, after all. Grievous defects and errors may exist in a Christian character, which is a Christian character still. And the Christian, horribly disagreeable and repulsive now, will some day, we trust, have all *that* purged away. But I do not hesitate to say, that any Christian, by so far as he is disagreeable and repulsive, deviates from the right thing. Oh, my reader, when my heart is sometimes sore through what I see of disagreeable traits in Christian character, what a blessed relief there is in turning to the simple pages, and seeing for the thousandth time The True Christian Character,—so different! Yes, thank God, we know where to look, to find what every pious man should be humbly aiming to be: and when we see That Face, and hear That Voice, there is something that soothes and cheers among the wretched imperfections (in one's self as in others) of the present,—something that warms the heart, and that brings a man to his knees!

The present writer has a relative who is Professor of Theology in a certain famous University. With that theologian I recently had a conversation on the matter of which we have just been thinking. The Professor lamented bitterly the unchristian features of character which may be found in many people making a great parade of their Christianity. He mentioned various facts, which had recently come to his own knowledge, which would sustain stronger expressions of opinion than any which I have given. But he went on to say, that it would be a sad thing, if no fools could get to heaven,—nor any unamiable, narrow-minded, sour, and stupid people. Now, said he, with great force of reason, religion does not alter idiosyncrasy. When a fool becomes a Christian, he will be a foolish Christian; a narrow-minded man will be a narrow-minded Christian; a stupid man, a stupid Christian. And though a malignant man will have his malignity much diminished, it by no means follows that it will be completely rooted out. "When I would do good, evil is present with me." "I find a law in

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my members, warring against the law of my mind, and enslaving me to the law of sin." But you are not to blame Christianity for the stupidity and unamiability of Christians. If they be disagreeable, it is not the measure of true religion they have got that makes them so. In so far as they are disagreeable, they depart from the standard. You know, you may make water sweet or sour, — you may make it red, blue, black; and it will be water still, though its purity and pleasantness are much interfered with. In like manner, Christianity may coexist with a good deal of acid, — with a great many features of character very inconsistent with itself. The cup of fair water may have a bottle of ink emptied into it, or a little verjuice, or even a little strychnine. And yet, though sadly deteriorated, though hopelessly disguised, the fair water is there, and not entirely neutralized.

And it is worth remarking, that you will find many persons who are very charitable to blackguards, but who have no charity for the weaknesses of really good people. They will hunt out the act of thoughtless liberality done by the scapegrace who broke his mother's heart and squandered his poor sisters' little portions; they will make much of that liberal act, — such an act as tossing to some poor Magdalen a purse filled with money which was probably not his own; and they will insist that there is hope for the blackguard yet. But these persons will tightly shut their eyes against a great many substantially good deeds done by a man who thinks Prelacy the abomination of desolation, or who thinks that stained glass and an organ are sinful. I grant you that there is a certain fairness in trying the blackguard and the religionist by different standards. Where the pretension is higher, the test may justly be more severe. But I say it is unfair to puzzle out with diligence the one or two good things in the character of a reckless scamp, and to refuse moderate attention to the many good points about a weak, narrow-minded, and uncharitable good person. I ask for charity in the estimating of all human characters, — even in estimating the character of the man who would show no charity to another. I confess freely that in the last-named case the exercise of charity is extremely difficult.

THE SAM ADAMS REGIMENTS IN THE TOWN OF BOSTON.

THE QUESTION OF REMOVAL.

"God be praised! the troops are landed, and critically too," Commodore Hood said, after he had received from Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple an account of his entrance into Boston. The Commodore reflected, with infinite satisfaction, he wrote, that, in anticipation of a great emergency, he collected the squadron; that he was enabled to act the moment he received the first application for aid; and that he was prepared to throw forward additional force until informed that no more was wanted: and now, with an officer's pride, he advised George Grenville, that on the twenty-seventh day from the date at New York of the order of General Gage for troops, the detachment was landed at Boston. The two commanders were well satisfied with each other. Hood characterized Dalrymple as a very excellent officer, quite the gentleman, knowing the world, having a good address, and with all the fire, judgment, coolness, integrity, and firmness that a

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man could possess. Dalrymple wrote to Hood, — "My good Sir, you may rest satisfied that the arrival of the squadron was the most seasonable thing ever known, and that I am in possession of the town; and therefore nothing can be apprehended. Had we not arrived so critically, the worst that could be apprehended must have happened." Both were good officers and honorable men, who believed and acted on the fabulous relations of the Boston crown officials.

"Our town is now a perfect garrison," the Patriots said, after the troops were posted, and the rough experiment on their well-ordered municipal life had fairly begun. It galled them to see a powerful fleet and a standing army watching all the inlets to the town, — to see a guard at the only land-avenue leading into the country, companies patrolling at the ferry-ways, the Common alive with troops and dotted with tents, marchings and countermarchings through the streets to relieve the guards, and armed men occupying the halls of justice and freedom, with sentinels at their doors. Quiet observers of this strange spectacle, like Andrew Eliot, wondered at the infatuation of the Ministry, and what the troops were sent to do; while the popular leaders and the body of the Patriots regarded their presence as insulting. The crown officials and Loyalist leaders, however, exulted in this show of force, and ascribed to it a conservative influence and a benumbing effect. "Our harbor is full of ships, and our town full of troops," Hutchinson said. "The red-coats make a formidable appearance, and there is a profound silence among the Sons of Liberty." The Sons chose to labor and to wait; and the troops could not attack the liberty of silence.

The House of Representatives, on reviewing the period of the stay of the troops in Boston, declared that there resulted from their introduction "a scene of confusion and distress, for the space of seventeen months, which ended in the blood and slaughter of His Majesty's good subjects." The popular leaders, who repelled, as calumny, the Loyalist charge that they were engaged in a scheme of rebellion, said that to quarter among them in time of peace a standing army, without the consent of the General Court, was as harrowing to the feelings of the people, and as contrary to the constitution of Massachusetts, as it would be harrowing to the people of England, and contrary to the Bill of Rights and of every principle of civil government, if soldiers were posted in London without the consent of Parliament; in a word, that it was as violative of their local self-government as the Stamp Act or the Revenue Act, and was also an impeachment of their loyalty. They, therefore, as a matter of right, were opposed to a continuance of the troops in the town.

The question of removal now became an issue of the gravest political character, and of the deepest personal interest; and a steady pursuit of this object, from October, 1768, to March, 1770, gave unity, directness, and an ever-painful foreboding to the local politics, until the flow of blood created a delicate and dangerous crisis.

The crown officials and over-zealous Loyalists, during this period, resisted this demand for a removal of the troops. The officers urged that a military force was needed to support the King's authority; the Loyalists said that it was necessary to protect their lives and property; and the Ministry viewed it as vital to the success of their measures. Lord Hillsborough, — who was an exponent of the school that placed little account on public opinion as the basis of law, but relied on physical force, — in an elaborate confidential letter addressed to Governor Bernard, urged as a justification of this policy, that the authority of the civil power was too weak to enforce obedience to the laws, and preserve that peace and good order which are essential to the happiness of every State; and he directed the Governor punctually to observe former instructions, especially those of the preceding July, and gave now the additional instruction, to institute inquiries into such unconstitutional acts as had been commit-

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ted since, in order that the perpetrators of them might, if possible, be brought to justice. It is worthy of remark, that there is nothing more definite in this letter as to what the Ministry considered to be unconstitutional acts.

As American affairs were pondered, at this period, (October, 1768,) by Under-Secretary Pownall, a brother of Ex-Governor Pownall, Lord Barrington, and Lord Hillsborough, in the deep shading of the misrepresentations of the local officials of Boston, they appeared to be in a very critical condition. These officials had, however, the utmost confidence in the exhibition of British power, and in the wisdom of Francis Bernard. The letters which the Governor now received, both private and official, from these friends, were, as to his personal affairs, of the most gratifying character; and their congratulations on the landing of the troops were as though a crisis had been fortunately passed. Lord Hillsborough congratulated him, officially, "on the happy and quiet landing of the troops, and the unusual approbation which his steady and able conduct had obtained." Lord Barrington, in a private letter, said,—"There is only one comfortable circumstance, which is, that the troops are quietly lodged in Boston. This will for a time preserve the public peace, and secure the persons of the few who are well affected to the mother-country." Both these leading politicians — there were none at this time more powerful in England—expressed similar sentiments in Parliament from the Ministerial benches: Lord Hillsborough sounding fully the praise of the Governor, and Lord Barrington, in an imperial strain, terming the Americans "worse than traitors against the Crown, traitors against the legislature of Great Britain," and saying that "the use of troops was to bring rioters to justice."

The sentiment expressed as to the future was equally gratifying to the Governor. Lord Hillsborough, (November 15, 1768,) in an official letter, said,—"It will, I apprehend, be a great support and consolation for you to know that the King places much confidence in your prudence and caution on the one hand, and entertains no diffidence in your spirit and resolution on the other, and that His Majesty will not suffer these sentiments to receive any alterations from private misrepresentations, if any should come"; and in a private letter, by the same mail, the Secretary said,—"If I am listened to, the measure you think the most necessary will be adopted." It is not easy to see how a Government could express greater confidence in an agent than the Secretary expressed in Francis Bernard; and the talk in Ministerial circles now was, as it was confidentially reported to the Governor, that, as he had nothing to arrange with the faction, and nothing to fear from the people, he could fully restore the King's authority.

The tone of the Governor's letters and the object of his official action, by a thorough repudiation of the democratic principle, and a jealous regard for British dominion, were well calculated to inspire this confidence; for they came up to the ideal, not merely of the leaders of the Tory party, or of the Whig party, but of the England of that day. There was then great confusion in the British factions. Ex-Governor Pownall, after comparing this confusion to Des Cartes's chaos of vortices, remarked, (1768,) in a letter addressed to Dr. Cooper,—"We have but one word,—I will not call it an idea,—that is, our sovereignty; and it is like some word to a madman, which, whenever mentioned, throws him into his ravings, and brings on a paroxysm." The Massachusetts crown officials were continually pronouncing this word to the Ministry. They constantly set forth the principle of local self-government, which was tenaciously and religiously clung to by the Patriots as being the foundation of all true liberty, as a principle of independence; and they represented the jealous adherence to the local usages and laws, which faithfully embodied the popular instincts and doctrine, to be proofs of a decay of the national authority, and the cloak of long-cherished schemes of

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rebellion. And this view was accepted by the leading political men of England. They held, all of them but a little band of republican-grounded sympathizers with the Patriots, that the principles announced by the Patriots went too far, and that, in clinging to them, the Americans were endangering the British empire; and the only question among the public men of England was, whether the Crown or the Parliament was the proper instrumentality, as the phrase was, for reducing the Colonies to obedience. Lord Barrington, in his speech above cited, laid most stress on the denial of the authority of Parliament; all who questioned any part of this authority were regarded as disloyal; and hence Lord Hillsborough's instructions to Governor Bernard ran, — "If any man or set of men have been daring enough to declare openly that they will not submit to the authority of Parliament, it is of great consequence that His Majesty's servants should know who and what they are."

Another class of British observers, already referred to, of the school of Sidney and Milton, lovers of civil and religious liberty, saw in Boston and Massachusetts a state of things far removed from rebellion and anarchy. They looked upon the spectacle of a people in general raised by mental and moral culture into fitness for self-government and an appreciation of the higher aims of life, as a result at which good men the world over ought to rejoice, a result honorable to the common humanity. They pronounced the late Parliamentary acts affecting such a people to be grievances, the course of the Ministry towards them to be oppressive, and the claims set forth in their proceedings to be reasonable; they even went so far as to say that the equity was wholly on the side of the North-Americans. Thus this class, as they rose above a selfish jealousy of political power, fairly anticipated the verdict of posterity. Thomas Hollis, the worthy benefactor of Harvard College, was a type of this republican school. "The people of Boston and of Massachusetts Bay," he wrote in 1768, "are, I suppose, take them as a body, the soberest, most knowing, virtuous people, at this time, upon earth. All of them hold Revolution principles, and were to a man, till disgusted by the Stamp Act, the stanchest friends to the House of Hanover and subjects of King George III."

The representations made to the Ministry, at this time, (October, 1768,) by Bernard, Hutchinson, and Gage, were similar in tone. There was very little government in Boston, according to Gage; there was nothing able to resist a mob, according to Hutchinson; so much wickedness and folly were never before combined as in the men who lately ruled here, according to Bernard. The Commander-in-Chief and the Governor sent despatches to Lord Hillsborough on the same day (October 31, 1768). Gage informed the Secretary that the constitution of the Province leaned so much to the side of democracy that the Governor had not the power to remedy the disorders that happened in it; Bernard informed him that indulgence towards the Province, whence all the mischief had arisen, would ever have the same effect that it had had hitherto, led on from claim to claim till the King had left only the name of the government and the Parliament but the shadow of authority. There was nothing whatever to justify this strain of remark, but the idea which the people had grasped, that they had a right to an equal measure of freedom with Englishmen; but such a claim was counted rebellious. "I told Cushing, the Speaker, some months ago," the Governor says in this letter, "that they were got to the edge of rebellion, and advised them not to step over the line." The reply of the Speaker is not given, but he was constantly disclaiming, in his letters, any purpose of rebellion. Now that Bernard saw, what he had desired to see for years, troops in Boston, he was as ill at ease as before; and at the close of the letter just cited he says, — "I am now at sea again in the old weather-beaten boat, with the wind blowing as hard as ever."

The political winds, however, do not

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seem to have been damaging any body or thing but the Governor and his cause. During the month of October the crown officials urged the local authorities to billet the troops in the town; but this demand was quietly and admirably met by setting against it the law of the land as interpreted by just men. The press was now of signal service; and all through this period of seventeen months, though it severely arraigned the advocates of arbitrary power, yet it ever urged submission to the law. "It is always safe to adhere to the law," are the grand words of the "Boston Gazette," October 17, 1768, "and to keep every man of every denomination and character within its bounds. Not to do this would be in the highest degree imprudent. What will it be but to depart from the straight line, to give up the law and the Constitution, which is fixed and stable, and is the collected and long-digested sentiment of the whole, and to substitute in its place the opinion of individuals, than which nothing can be more uncertain?" These words were penned by Samuel Adams, and freedom never had a more unselfish advocate; they fell upon a community that was discussing in every home the gravest of political questions; and they were responded to with a prudence and order that were warmly eulogized both in America and England. This respect for Law, when Liberty was as a live coal from a divine altar, adhered to so faithfully for years, in spite, too, of goadings by those who wielded British power, but forgot American right, must be regarded as remarkable. Until the close of Bernard's administration, the town, to use contemporary words, was surprisingly quiet; but during the remainder of the period of the seventeen months, when selfish importers broke their agreement and set themselves against what was considered to be the public safety, they provoked disturbances and even mobs. Still, in an age when, to use Hutchinson's words, "mobs of a certain sort were constitutional," the wonder is, not that there were any, but that there were not more of them in Boston. Besides, the concern of the popular leaders to preserve order was so deep and their action so prompt, that disturbances were checked and suppressed without the use of the military on a single occasion; and hence the injury done both to persons and property was so small, when compared with the bloodshed and destruction by contemporary British mobs, that what Colonel Barré said of the June riots in Boston was true of the outbreaks at the close of this period, namely, that they but mimicked the mobs of the mother-country.

The patience of the people was severely tried on the evening of the landing of the troops, as they filed into Faneuil Hall; and it was still more severely tried, as, on the next day, Sunday, they filed into the Town-House. The latter building was thus occupied under an order from Governor Bernard, who, it was said in the journals, had no authority to give such an order. The legislature and the courts of law held their sessions here, and, what was not known then elsewhere in the world, the General Court was public, — that is, the people were admitted to hear the debates, while in England the public was excluded; it was an offence to report the debates in Parliament, and a breach of privilege for a member to print even his own speech. In consequence of the political advance that had been made here, the galleries of the Hall of the House of Representatives, in December, 1767, for eighteen days in succession, were thronged with people, who listened to the discussion when the most remarkable state-paper of the time was under consideration, namely, the letter which the House addressed to their agent, Mr. De Berdt. It now provoked the people to see these halls, all except the chamber in which the Council held its sessions, occupied by armed men, and the field-pieces of the train placed in the street, pointing towards the building. The lower floor was used as an Exchange by the merchants, who were annoyed by being obliged daily to brush by the red-coats. All this was excessively irritating, and

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needed no exaggeration from abroad. Still it is but just to the men of that day to present all the circumstances under which they maintained their dignity. "Asiatic despotism," so says a contemporary London eulogy on their conduct, which was printed in the Boston journals, "does not present a picture more odious to the eye of humanity than the sanctuary of justice and law turned into a main guard." And on comparing the moderation in this town under such an infliction with a late effusion of blood in St. George's Fields, the writer says, — "By this wise and excellent conduct you have disappointed your enemies, and convinced your friends that an entire reliance is to be placed on the supporters of freedom at Boston, in every occurrence, however delicate or dangerous."

While the indignation of the Sons of Liberty, under such provocations, was as deep as Hutchinson says their silence was profound, there was, in the local press, the severest denunciation of this use of their forum. The building is called in print this year, (1768,) the Town-House, the State-House, the Court-House, and the Parliament-House. It may be properly termed the political focus of the Province, and it then bore to Massachusetts a similar relation to that which Faneuil Hall now bears to Boston. The goodly and venerable structure that still looks down on State Street and the Merchants' Exchange has little in it to attract the common eye, much less a classic taste; but there is not on the face of the earth, it has been said, a temple, however magnificent, about which circles a more glorious halo. There is much to relieve the remark of Mayor Otis from exaggeration. Its humble halls, for over a generation, had echoed to the appeals for the Good Old Cause made by men of whom it was said Milton was their great forerunner. Here popular leaders with such root in them had struggled long and well against the encroachments of Prerogative. Here the state-papers were matured that first intelligently reconciled the claims of local self-government with what is due to a protective nationality. Here intrepid representatives of the people, on the gravest occasion that had arisen in an American assembly, justly refused to comply with an arbitrary royal command. Here first in modern times was recognized the vital principle of publicity in legislation. Here James Otis, as a pioneer patriot, poured forth his soul when his tongue was as a flame of fire, — John Adams, on the side of freedom, first showed himself to be a Colossus in debate, — Joseph Hawley first publicly denied that Parliament had the right to rule in all cases whatsoever, — and the unequalled leadership of Samuel Adams culminated, when he felt obliged to strive for the independence of his country; and, in the fulness of time, the imperishable scroll of the Declaration, from this balcony, and in a scene of unsurpassed moral sublimity, was first officially unrolled before the people of the State of Massachusetts. Thus this relic of a hero age is fragrant with the renown of

> "The men that glorious law who taught,
> Unshrinking liberty of thought,
> And roused the nations with the truth sublime."

On the 15th of October, General Gage, with a distinguished staff, came to Boston to provide quarters for the troops, and was received at a review on the Common with a salute of seventeen guns by the train of artillery, when, preceded by a brilliant corps of officers, he passed in a chariot before the column. The same journals (October 20) which contained a notice of this review had extracts from London papers, by a fresh arrival, in which it was said, — "The town of Boston meant to render themselves as independent of the English nation as the crown of England is of that of Spain"; and that "the nation was treated by them in terms of stronger menace and insult than sovereign princes ever use to each other."

The journals now announced that two regiments, augmented to seven hundred and fifty men each, were to embark at Cork for Boston; and General Gage informed the local authorities that he ex-

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pected their arrival, and asked quarters for them, when the subject was considered in the Council. This body now complied so far as, in the words printed at the time, to "advise the Governor to give immediate orders to have the Manufactory House in Boston, which is the property of the Province, cleared of those persons who are in the present possession of it, so that it might be ready to receive those of said regiments who could not be conveniently accommodated at Castle William." This building, as already remarked, stood in what is now Hamilton Place, near the Common, and for twelve years had been hired by Mr. John Brown, a weaver, who not only carried on his business here, but lived here with his family; and hence it was his legal habitation, his castle, "which the wind and the rain might enter, but which the King could not enter."

Mr. Brown, having before declined to let the troops already in town occupy the building, now, acting under legal advice, declined to comply with the present request to leave it; whereupon it was determined to take forcible possession. Accordingly, on the 17th of October, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Sheriff Greenleaf, accompanied by Chief-Justice Hutchinson, went to the Manufactory House for this purpose, but was denied entrance by Mr. Brown, who had fastened all the doors. He appeared, however, at a window, when the Sheriff presented the Governor's order; but Mr. Brown replied, that he never had had any lawful warning to leave the house, and did not look upon the power of the Governor and Council as sufficient to dispossess him; and finally told the Sheriff that he would not surrender his possession to any till required by the General Court, under whom he held, or till he was obliged to do it by the law of the Province, or compelled by force: whereupon the Sheriff and the Chief-Justice retired.

On the next morning, at ten o'clock, Sheriff Greenleaf, attended by his deputies, again appeared before the house, and again found the doors shut. They, however, entered the cellar by a window, that was partly opened, it is said to let out an inmate,—when, after a scuffle, Mr. Brown declared that the Sheriff was his prisoner; upon which the Sheriff informed the commanding officer of the regiment on the Common of his situation, who sent a guard for his protection. Sentinels were now placed at the doors, two at the gate of the yard, and a guard of ten in the cellar; and as the people gathered fast about the gate, an additional company was ordered from the Common. Any one was allowed to come out of the house, but no one was allowed to go in. The press now harped upon the cries of Mr. Brown's children for bread.

This strange proceeding caused great excitement, and at this stage there was (October 22) a meeting of the Council to consider the subject, when seven of the members waited on the Governor to assure him that nothing could be farther from their intention, when they gave their advice, than to sanction this use of force; and about seven o'clock that evening most of the troops were taken away, leaving only one or two soldiers at a window and a small guard in the cellar. In a few days afterwards all the guards were removed, and finally Mr. Brown was left in quiet possession. The whole affair lasted seventeen days. Shortly after, Mr. Brown prosecuted the Sheriff for trespass, when the Council declined to be accountable for these official doings. He soon announced to the public in a card a resumption of his business. His tombstone bears a eulogy on the bravery which thus long and successfully resisted an attempt to force a citizen from his legal habitation. "Happy citizen," the stone reads, "when called singly to be a barrier to the liberties of a continent!"

Soon after this affair, fifteen members of the Council, and among them several decided Loyalists, signed an address which was adopted at a meeting held without a summons from the Governor, and which was presented (October 27, 1768) directly to General Gage, as "from members of His Majesty's Council." This address

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is a candid, truthful, and strong exposition of the whole series of proceedings connected with the introduction of the troops. "Your own observation," it says, "will give you the fullest evidence that the town and the Province are in a peaceful state; your own inquiry will satisfy you, that, though there have been disorders in the town of Boston, some of them did not merit notice, and that such as did have been magnified beyond the truth." The events of the eighteenth of March and of the tenth of June were reviewed: the former were pronounced trivial, and such as could not have been noticed to the disadvantage of the town but by persons inimical to it; the latter were conceded to be criminal, and the actors in them guilty of a riot; but, in justice to the town, it was urged that this riot had its origin in the threats and the armed force used in the seizure of the sloop Liberty. The General was informed that the people thought themselves injured, and by men to whom they had done no injury, and thus was "most unjustly brought into question the loyalty of as loyal a people as any in His Majesty's dominions"; and he was assured that it would be a great ease and satisfaction to the inhabitants, if he would please to order the troops to Castle William.

In a brief reply to this elaborate address, the next day, General Gage said that the riots and the resolves of the town had induced His Majesty to order four regiments to protect his loyal subjects in their persons and properties, and to assist the civil magistrates in the execution of the laws; that he trusted the discipline and order of the troops would render their stay in no shape distressful to His Majesty's dutiful subjects; and that he hoped the future behavior of the people would justify the best construction of past actions, and afford him a sufficient foundation to represent to His Majesty the propriety of withdrawing the most part of the troops. This was very paternal, haughty, and very English. However, the activity of the commander, in bargaining for stores, houses, and other places to be used as barracks for the soldiers, indicated better behavior in the future on the part of crown officials than the browbeating of the local authorities, from the Council down to the Justices, in the vain attempt to make them do what the law did not require them to do, and what their feelings, as well as their sense of right, forbade their doing. In a short time the good people had the satisfaction of seeing the redcoats move out of Faneuil Hall and the Town-House into quarters provided by those who sent them into the town, and of reflecting on the moral victory which their idolized leaders had won in standing firmly by the law.

It was now in the mouths, not only of the Patriots, but of Loyalists of the candid type of those who signed the recent address to General Gage, that, as it was evident things had been grossly misrepresented to the Ministers, when truth and time should set matters fairly right before the Government there would be a change of policy; and so Hope, in her usual bright way, lifted a little the burden from heavy hearts in the cheering words through the press (October, 1768),—"The pacific and prudent measures of the town of Boston must evince to the world that Americans, though represented by their enemies to be in a state of insurrection, mean nothing more than to support those constitutional rights to which the laws of God and Nature entitle them; and when the measure of oppression and mi..st...al iniquity is full, and the dutiful supplications of an injured people shall have reached the gracious ear of their sovereign, may at length terminate in a glorious display of liberty."

The journals, a few days after these events, announced that "the worshipful the Commissioners of the Customs, having of their own free will retreated in June to the Castle, designed to make their reentrance to the metropolis, so that the town would be again blessed with the fruits of the benevolence of the Board, as well as an example of true politeness and breeding"; and soon afterwards this Board again held its sessions in Bos-

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ton. It was further announced, that the troops that had been quartered in the Town-House had moved into a house lately possessed by James Murray, which was near the church in Brattle Street, (hence the origin of "Murray's Barracks," which became historic from their connection with the Boston Massacre,)—that James Otis, at the session of the Superior Court, in the Town-House, moved that the Court adjourn to Faneuil Hall, because of the cannon that remained pointed at the building, as it was derogatory to the honor of the Court to administer justice at the mouth of the cannon and the point of the bayonet,—that the Sixty-Fourth and Sixty-Fifth Regiments had arrived from Cork, and were quartered in the large and commodious stores on Wheelwright's Wharf,—and that Commodore Hood, the commander of His Majesty's ships in America, had arrived (November 13) in town. It is stated that there were now about four thousand troops here, under the command of General Pomeroy, who was an excellent officer and became very popular with the citizens.

The town, meanwhile, continued remarkably quiet. There was no call for popular demonstrations during the winter; and the Patriots confined their labors to severe animadversions on public measures, and efforts to tone the people up to a rigid observance of the non-importation scheme. The crown officials endeavored to enliven the season with balls and concerts, and at first were mortified that few of the ladies would attend them; but they persevered, and were more successful. "Now," Richard Carey writes, (February 7, 1769,) "it is mortifying to many of the inhabitants that they have obtained their wishes, and that such numbers of ladies attend. It is a bad thing for Boston to have so many gay, idle people in it." There is much comment, in the letters and journals, upon these balls and concerts, and some of it not very flattering to the ladies who countenanced them.

Meantime there appeared (January 10, 1769) an extra "Boston Post-Boy and Advertiser," a broadside or half-sheet, printed in pica type, but only on one side, which, under the heading of "Important Advices," spread before the community the King's speech to Parliament. This state-paper, which was read the world over, represented the people of Boston as being "in a state of disobedience to all law and government, and to have proceeded to measures subversive of the Constitution, and attended with circumstances that might manifest a disposition to throw off their dependence upon Great Britain"; and it contained a pledge "to defeat the mischievous designs of those turbulent and seditious persons who, under false pretences, had but too successfully deluded numbers," and whose designs, if not defeated, could not fail to produce the most serious consequences, not only to the Colonies immediately, but, in the end, to all the dominions of the Crown.

The Patriots remarked, (January 14, 1769,) that the countenances of a few, who seemed to enjoy a triumph, were now very jocund; but that His Majesty's loyal subjects were distressed that he had conceived such an unfavorable sentiment of the temper of the people, who, far from the remotest disposition to faction or rebellion, were struggling, as they apprehended, for a constitution which supported the Crown, and for the rights devised to them by their Charter and confirmed to them by the declaration of His Majesty's glorious ancestors, William and Mary, at that important era, the Revolution. These words are from an article entitled "Journal of the Times," of which notice will be taken presently; and they came out of what Bernard used to term the cabinet of the faction. Other words, from Thomas Cushing, who was not an ultra Whig, run, as to His Majesty,—"He must have been egregiously misinformed. Nothing could have been farther from the truth than such advices. I hope time, which scatters and dispels the mists of error and falsehood, will place us in our true light, and convince the Administration how much they have been abused

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by false and malicious misrepresentations." Official falsehood and malice did their appointed work, doubtless, in inflaming the British mind; but the root of the difficulty was the feeling, so general at that time in England, that every man there had a right to govern every man in America. The King represented this imperialism.

The King's speech, threatening resolves adopted in Parliament, startling avowals in the direction of arbitrary power uttered in the debates, gave fresh significance to the quartering of troops in Boston, and forced upon the Patriots the conviction that these troops were not here merely to aid in maintaining a public peace that was not disturbed, or in collecting revenue that was regularly paid, but were indicative of a purpose in the Ministry to change their local government, and subjugate them, as to their domestic affairs, to foreign-imposed law. "My daily reflections for two years," says John Adams, who lived near Murray's Barracks, "at the sight of those soldiers before my door, were serious enough. Their very appearance in Boston was a strong proof to me that the determination in Great Britain to subjugate us was too deep and inveterate ever to be altered by us; for everything we could do was misrepresented, and nothing we could say was credited." This statement is abundantly confirmed by contemporary facts. Nothing that the Patriots could say availed to diminish the alarm which was felt by the British aristocracy at the obvious tendency of the democratic principle. The progress of events but revealed new grandeur in the ideas of freedom and equality that had been here so intelligently grasped, and new capacities in the republican forms in which they had found expression. This was growth. The mode prescribed to check this growth was a change in the local Constitution, and this would be "the introduction of absolute rule" in Massachusetts.

The voluminous correspondence, at this period, between the members of the British Cabinet and Governor Bernard shows that this purpose of changing the Constitution was entertained by the Ministers and was warmly urged by the local crown officials. Thus, John Pownall, the Under-Secretary, avowed in a letter addressed to the Governor, that such a measure was necessary, and that such "had been long his firm and unalterable opinion upon the fullest consideration of what had passed in America"; and in the same letter he says that the Government had under consideration "the forfeiture of the Charter and measures of local regulation and reform."

The Governor, for years, had urged this in general, and of late had named the specific measure of so altering the constitution of the Council, that, instead of being chosen by the Representatives, it should be appointed by the Crown; and he was vexed because his superiors did not consider the Charter as at their mercy. "I have just now heard," he wrote, October 22, 1768, to Lord Barrington, "that the Charter of this government is still considered as sacred. For, most assuredly, if the Charter is not so far altered as to put the appointment of the Council in the King, this government will never recover itself. When order is restored, it will be at best but a republic, of which the Governor will be no more than President." A month later (November 22, 1768) he wrote to John Pownall, — "If the Convention and the proceedings of the Council about the same time shall give the Crown a legal right or induce the Parliament to exercise a legislative power over the Charter, it will be most indulgently exercised, if it is extended no farther than to make an alteration in the form of the government, which has always been found wanting, is now become quite necessary, and will really, by making it more constitutional, render it more permanent. With this alteration, I do believe that all the disorders of this government will be remedied, and the authority of it fully restored. Without it, there will be a perpetual occasion to resort to expedients, the continual inefficiency of which will speak in the words of Scripture, — 'You are careful and troubled

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about many things, but one thing is needful.'"

As week after week passed and no orders came from the Secretary of State to make arrests of certain individuals who had been conspicuous in the late town-meetings, and no legislation was entered upon as to the Charter, the crown officials were greatly agitated; and Bernard says (December, 1768) that they were "under the apprehension that the Government of Great Britain might not take the full advantage of what the late mad and wicked proceedings of the Sons of Liberty [faction] had put in their hands. They say that the late wild attempt to create a revolt and take the government of the Province out of the King's into their own hands affords so fair an opportunity for the supreme power to reform the constitution of this subordinate government, to dispel the faction which has harassed this Province for three years past, and to inflict a proper and not a severe censure upon some of the heads of it, that, if it is now neglected, they say, it is not like soon, perhaps ever, to happen again." And the Governor said that he heard much of this from all the sensible men with whom he conversed. What a testimonial is this record in favor of republican Boston and Massachusetts! So complete was the quiet of the town, so forbearing were the people under the severest provocations, that this set of politicians were out of all patience, and feared they never would see another riot out of which to make a case for abolishing the cherished local government. The Patriots, Bernard says in this letter, did not experience this agitation. "Those persons," he writes, "who have reason to expect a severe censure from Great Britain do not appear to be so anxious for the event as the friends and well-wishers to the authority of the Government." The Patriots intended no rebellion, and they experienced no apprehension. They put forth no absurd claims to meddle with things that were common and national, and they asked simply to be let alone as to things peculiar and local.

Meantime Governor Bernard was fairly importuned by Government officials for advice; and again and again he was assured that his judgment was regarded as valuable. "Mr. Pownall and I," Lord Hillsborough says, in a private letter, (November 15, 1768,) "have spent some days in considering with the utmost attention your correspondence." John Pownall, the Under-Secretary here referred to, wrote (December 24, 1768,) to Bernard, — "I want to know very much your real sentiments on the present very critical situation of American affairs, and the more fully the greater will be the obligations conferred." There are curious coincidences in history, and one occurred on the day on which this letter was dated; for Governor Bernard, with a letter of this same date addressed to Pownall, sent him a remarkable communication developing the measures which the Boston crown officials considered to be necessary to maintain the King's authority.

At this time (December, 1768) there appears to have been but little difference of opinion among the prominent Loyalists as to the necessity of an extraordinary exercise of authority in some way, both as a point of honor and as a measure of precaution for the future. On this point Hutchinson was as decided as Bernard, though he was reticent as to the precise shape it ought to take. It would not do, he said, to leave the Colonies to the loose principle, espoused by so many, that they were subject to laws that appeared to them equitable, and no other; nor would it do to drive the Colonies to despair; but if nothing were done but to pass declaratory acts and resolves, it would soon be all over with the friends of Government; and so he wrote, — "This is most certainly a crisis."

The remarkable paper just referred to is recorded in Governor Bernard's Letter-Books, without either address or signature, but in the form of a letter, dated December 23, 1768, and marked, "Confidential." It is elaborate and able, but too long for citation here in full. In it the Governor professes to speak for others

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as well as for himself, and to present the reasonings used in Boston on an important and critical occasion.

The second paragraph embodies the propositions which were recommended by the Loyalists, and is as follows: — "It is said that the Town-Meeting, the Convention, and the refusal of the Justices to billet the soldiers, severally, point out and justify the means whereby, First, the disturbers of the peace of the government may be properly censured, Second, the magistracy of the town reformed, and, Third, the constitution of the government amended: all of them most desirable ends, and some of them quite necessary to the restoration of the King's authority. I will consider these separately."

The Governor represented the town-meeting which called the September Convention as undoubtedly intending to bring about a rebellion, — and the precise way designed is said to have been, to seize the two highest officials and the treasury, and then to set up a standard; and after remarking on the circumstances that defeated this scheme, he inquires why so notorious an attempt should go unpunished because it was unsuccessful. He recommends the passage of an Act of Parliament disqualifying the principal persons engaged in this from holding any office or sitting in the Assembly; and this was urged as being much talked of, and as likely in its tendency to have a good influence in other governments. He presented, as proper to be censured, the Moderator of the town-meeting, Otis, — the Selectmen, Jackson, Ruddock, Hancock, Rowe, and Pemberton, — the Town-Clerk, Cooper, — the Speaker of the Convention, Cushing, — and its Clerk, Adams. "The giving these men a check," he said, "would make them less capable of doing more mischief, — would really be salutary to themselves, as well as advantageous to the Government."

The Governor represented that to reform the magistracy of the town would be of great service, for there were among the Justices several of the supporters of the Sons of Liberty; and their refusal, under their own hands, to quarter the soldiers in town would justify a removal. He recommended that this reform should be by Act of Parliament, and that by beginning in the County of Suffolk a precedent might be established for a like exercise of authority as to other places. Such an act, with a royal instruction to the Governor as to appointments, was looked upon as of such value for the restoration of authority, that "some were for carrying this remedial measure to all the commissions of all kinds in the Government."

The Governor represented the fundamental change proposed as to the Council to be a most desirable object, — "If one was to say," his words were, "quite necessary to the restoration and firm establishment of the authority of the Crown, it would not be saying too much." The justification for this was alleged to be, the sitting of the Convention and certain proceedings of the Council, which, it was argued at some length, broke the condition on which the Charter was granted, and thereby made it liable to forfeiture. It was alleged that the Council had met separately as a Council without being assembled by the Governor, that the people had chosen Representatives also without being summoned by the Governor, and that these Representatives had met and transacted business, as in an Assembly, even after they had been required in the King's name to break up their meeting. Thus both the Council and the people had committed usurpations on the King's rights; and it would surely be great grace and favor in the King, if he took no other advantage than to correct the errors in the original formation of the government and make it more congenial to the Constitution of the mother-country.

The concluding portion of the paper urges general considerations why the local government ought to be changed. "It requires no arguments to show," are its words, "that the inferior governments of a free State should be as similar to that of the supreme State as can well be. And

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it is self-evident that the excellency of the British Constitution consists in the equal balance of the regal and popular powers. If so, where the royal scale kicks the beam and the people know their own superior strength, the authority of Government can never be steady and durable: it must either be perpetually distracted by disputes with the Crown, or be quieted by giving up all real power to the demagogues of the people." And, after other considerations, the paper closes as follows: — "It is therefore not to be wondered at that the most sensible men of this Province see how necessary it is for the peace and good order of this government that the royal scale should have its own constitutional weights restored to it, and thereby be made much more equilibrial with the popular one. How this is to be done, whether by the Parliament or the King's Bench, or by both, is a question for the Administration to determine; the expedience of the measure is out of doubt; and if the late proceedings of the Convention, etc., amount to a forfeiture, a reformation of the constitution of the government, if it is insisted upon, must and will be assented to."

The Governor, in a letter addressed to John Pownall, which is marked "Private and Confidential," explains the origin and intention of this paper, — a paper which has not been referred to by historians: —

FRANCIS BERNARD TO JOHN POWNALL.

"*Boston, Dec.* 24, 1768.

"DEAR SIR, — The enclosed letter is the result of divers conferences I have had with some of the chief members of the Government and the principal gentlemen of the town, in the course of which I have scarce ever met with a difference to the opinions there laid down. I have been frequently importuned to write to the Minister upon these subjects, that the fair opportunity which offers to crush the faction, reform the government, and restore peace and order may not be lost. I have, however, declined it, not thinking it decent in me to appear to dictate to the Minister so far as to prescribe a set of measures. Besides, I have thought the subject and manner of dictating it too delicate for a public letter. However, as it appears to me that the welfare of this Province, the honor of the British Government, and the future connection between them both depend upon the right improvement of the time present, I have put the thoughts to writing in a letter, in which I have avoided all personalities which may discover the writer, and even the signing and addressing it. If these hints are like to be of use, communicate them in such a manner that the writer may not be known, unless it is in confidence. If they come too late, or disagree with the present system, destroy the paper. All I can say for them is that they are fully considered and are well intended.

"I am," etc.

This relation shows that the popular leaders were right in their judgment, that they had broader work before them than to deal with the special matter of taxation, and that the presence of the troops meant the beginning of arbitrary government. The duty of the hour was not shirked. The Patriots could not know the extent of the Governor's misrepresentations; but they knew from the tone of the Parliamentary debates, that they were regarded as children, with a valid claim, perhaps, to be well governed, but not as Englishmen, with coequal rights to govern themselves, and that the British aristocracy meant to cover them with its cold shade. And when the Loyalists arraigned the Charter and town-meetings and juries as difficulties in the way of good order, Shippen, in the "Gazette," (January 25, 1769,) said, — "The Province has been, and may be again, quietly and happily governed, while these terrible difficulties have subsisted in their full force. They are, indeed, wise checks upon power in favor of the people. But power vested in some rulers can brook no check. To assert the most undoubted rights of human nature, and of the

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British Constitution, they term faction; and having embarrassed a free government by their own impolitic measures, they fly to military power."

It may be asked, What came of the recommendations of Bernard? "I know," Hutchinson wrote, (May 6, 1769,) "the Ministry, when I wrote you last, had determined to push it [the alteration of the Constitution] in Parliament. They laid aside the thought a little while. The latter end of February they took it up again. I have reason to think it is laid aside a second time." There was a third time also. The Patriots for six years endured a steady aggression on their constitutional rights, which had the single object in view of checking the republican idea, when the scheme was taken up and pressed to a consummation. The Parliamentary acts of 1774, as to town-meetings, trial by jury, and the Council of Massachusetts, aimed a deadly blow at the local self-government. It was the subjugation that John Adams judged was symbolized by the military rule of 1768. Not until they saw this, did the generation of that day feel justified in invoking the terrible arbiter of war. Nor did they draw the awful sword until the Thirteen Colonies, in Congress assembled, (1774,) solemnly pledged each other to stand as one people in defence of the old local government. This was in the majesty of revolution. It is profanation to compare with this patience and glory the insurrection begun by South Carolina. She — the first time such an organization ever did it — assumed to be a nation; and then madly led off in a suicidal war on the National Government, although the three branches of it, Executive, Legislative, and Judiciary, recognized every constitutional obligation, and had not attempted an invasion of any local right.

A month after the Governor transmitted his plan for an alteration of the Constitution, he renewed, in an elaborate letter to Lord Hillsborough, (January 24, 1769,) his old allegation, that the popular leaders designed by their September town-meeting to inaugurate insurrection, and by the Convention to make their proposed insurrection general, — and that the plan was, to remove the King's Governor and resume the old Charter. "A chief of the faction" — this was a sample of the evidence — "said that he was always for gentle measures; for he was only for driving the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor out of the Province, and taking the government into their own hands. Judge, my Lord, what must be the measures proposed by others, when this is called a gentle measure." And he advised the Minister, that, to aid him in the execution of the orders he had received, he had formed a Cabinet Council of three principal officers of the Crown, whose zeal, ability, and fidelity could not be suspected. On the next day (January 25) the Governor devoted a despatch to Lord Hillsborough to remarks upon the press, and especially the "Boston Gazette" and Edes and Gill. "They may be said to be no more than mercenary printers," are the Governor's words, — "but they have been and still are the trumpeters of sedition, and have been made the apparent instruments of raising that flame in America which has given so much trouble and is still likely to give more to Great Britain and her Colonies"; and it seemed to the Governor that "the first step for calling the chiefs of the faction to account would be by seizing their printers, together with their papers, if it could be." He would not pronounce any particular piece absolutely treason, but he sent to his Lordship a complete file of this journal from the 14th of August, 1767, "when the present troubles began."

The next official action on the Patriot side was taken by the Selectmen, who, in a touching as well as searching address to the Governor, (February 18, 1769,) requested him to communicate to them such representations of facts only as he had judged proper to make to the Ministry during the past year relative to the town, in order that, by knowing precisely what had been alleged against its proceedings or character, the town might have an opportunity to vindicate itself.

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After characterizing as truly alarming to a free people the array of ships of war around it and the troops within it, the address proceeds,— "Your Excellency can witness for the town that no such aid is necessary; loyalty to the sovereign, and an inflexible zeal for the support of His Majesty's authority and the happy Constitution, is its just character; and we may appeal to an impartial world, that peace and order were better maintained in the town before it was even rumored that His Majesty's troops were to be quartered among us than they have been since"; and the judgment is expressed, that the opinion entertained abroad as to the condition of things in Boston could have arisen only from a great misapprehension, by His Majesty's Ministers, as to the behavior of individuals or the public transactions of the town.

To this rather troublesome request the Governor returned a very brief and curt answer,—that he had no reason to think that the public transactions had been misapprehended by the Government, "or that their opinions thereon were founded upon any other accounts than those published by the town itself"; and he coolly added,—"If, therefore, you can vindicate yourselves from such charges as may arise from your own publications, you will, in my opinion, have nothing further to apprehend."

A week later, the Selectmen waited on the Governor with another address, which assumed that his reply to the former address had substantially vindicated the town as a corporation, as it had published nothing but its own transactions in town-meeting legally assembled. And now the Selectmen averred, that, if the town had suffered from the disorders of the eighteenth of March and the tenth of June, "the only disorders that had taken place in the town within the year past," the Governor's words were full testimony to the point, that it must be in consequence of some partial or false representations of those disorders to His Majesty's Ministers; and the address entreated the Governor to condescend to point out wherein the town, in its public transactions, had militated with any law or the British constitution of government, so that either the town might be made sensible of the illegality of its proceedings, or its innocence might appear in a still clearer light.

The following sentence constituted the whole of the reply of the royal representative: for what else could such a double-dealer say?

"GENTLEMEN,— As in my answer to your former address I confined myself to you as Selectmen and the town as a Body, I did not mean to refer to the disorders on the eighteenth of March or of the tenth of June, but to the transactions in the town-meetings and the proceedings of the Selectmen in consequence thereof.

"FRA: BERNARD.

"Feb. 24, 1769."

The town next, at the annual March meeting, petitioned the King to remove the troops. This petition is certainly a striking paper, and places in a strong light the earnest desire of the popular leaders to steer clear of everything that might tend to wound British pride or in any way to inflame the public mind of the mother-country, and to impress on the Government their deep concern at the twin charges brought against the town of disorder and disloyalty. While lamenting the June riot, they averred that it was discountenanced by the body of the inhabitants and immediately repressed; but with a confidence, they said, which will ever accompany innocence and truth, they declared that the courts had never been interrupted, not even that of a single magistrate,—that not an instance could be produced of so much as an attempt to rescue any criminal out of the hands of justice,— that duties required by Acts of Parliament held to be grievous had been regularly paid,— and that all His Majesty's subjects were disposed orderly and dutifully to wait for that relief which they hoped from His Majesty's wisdom and clemency and the justice of Parliament. After reviewing elaborately

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the representations that had been made of the condition of the town, with "the warmest declarations of their attachment to their constitutional rights," they pronounced those accounts to be ill-grounded which represented them as held to their "allegiance and duty to the best of sovereigns only by the bond of terror and the force of arms." The petition then most earnestly supplicates His Majesty to remove from the town a military power which the strictest truth warranted them in declaring unnecessary for the support of the civil authority among them, and which they could not but consider as unfavorable to commerce, destructive to morals, dangerous to law, and tending to overthrow the civil constitution. "Your Majesty," was the utterance of Boston, and in one of those town-meetings that were heralded even from the Throne and Parliament as instrumentalities of rebellion, "possesses a glory superior to that of any monarch on earth, — the glory of being at the head of the happiest civil constitution in the world, and under which human nature appears with the greatest advantage and dignity,—the glory of reigning over a free people, and of being enthroned in the hearts of your subjects. Your Majesty, therefore, we are sure, will frown, not upon those who have the warmest attachment to this constitution and to their sovereign, but upon such as shall be found to have attempted by their misrepresentations to diminish the blessings of your Majesty's reign, in the remotest parts of your dominions."

This is not the language of party-adroitness or of a low cunning, but the calm utterance of truth by American manhood. There is no indication of the authorship of the petition, but a strong committee was chosen at the meeting which adopted it, consisting of James Otis, Samuel Adams, Thomas Cushing, Richard Dana, Joseph Warren, John Adams, and Samuel Quincy, to consider the subject of vindicating the town from the misrepresentations to which it had been subjected. This petition, accompanied by a letter penned by Samuel Adams, was transmitted (April 8, 1769) to Colonel Barré, with the request that he would present it, by his own hand, to His Majesty. Both the letter and the petition requested the transmission to Boston of all Bernard's letters, a specimen only of which had now been received. "Conscious," the letter said, "of their own innocence, it is the earnest desire of the town that you would employ your great influence to remove from the mind of our Sovereign, his Ministers, and Parliament, the unfavorable sentiments that have been formed of their conduct, or at least obtain from them the knowledge of their accusers and the matters alleged against them, and an opportunity offered of vindicating themselves."

The letters just referred to as having been received from England were six in number, five written by Governor Bernard and one by General Gage, which contained specimens of the characteristic misrepresentations of political affairs by the crown officials; and, having been transmitted to the Council, this body felt called upon to act in the matter, which they did (April 15, 1769) in a spirited letter addressed to Lord Hillsborough. This letter is occupied mainly with the various questions touching the introduction and the quartering of the troops. Again were the disorders of the eighteenth of March and the tenth of June reviewed and explained; the charge made by the Governor, that the Council refused to provide quarters for the troops out of servility to the populace, was pronounced to be without foundation or coloring of truth; and the Council boldly charged upon Bernard, that his great aim was the destruction of the constitution to which, as Englishmen and by the Charter, they were entitled,—"a constitution," they remark, "dearly purchased by our ancestors and dear to us, and which we persuade ourselves will be continued to us." Then, also, they charged that no Council had borne what the present Council had borne from Bernard; that his whole conduct with regard to the troops was arbitrary and unbecoming the dignity of his station;

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and that his common practice, in case the Council did not come into his measures, of threatening to lay their conduct before His Majesty, was absurd and insulting.

The troops, during the progress of the events which have been related, did not redeem the promise, as to discipline and order, which General Gage made for them to the Council. After the arrival of the Sixty-Fourth and Sixty-Fifth Regiments, General Pomeroy continued the commander through the winter, and down to the month of May; and he made himself popular with the inhabitants. Still, the four regiments consisted, to a great degree, of such rough material, that they could not, in the idleness in which they were kept, be controlled. "The soldiers," Andrew Eliot writes, January 29, 1769, "were in raptures at the cheapness of spirituous liquors among us, and in some of their drunken hours have been insolent to some of the inhabitants"; and he further remarks that "the officers are the most troublesome, who, many of them, are as intemperate as the men." Thus, while the temptation to excess was strong, the restraint of individual position was weak, and both privates and officers became subjects of legal proceedings as disturbers of the public peace.

The routine of military discipline grated rudely on old customs. Citizens who, like their ancestors for a century and a half, had walked the streets with perfect freedom, were annoyed at being obliged to answer the challenge of sentinels who were posted at the Custom-House and other public places, and at the doors of the officers' lodgings. Then the usual quiet of Sunday was disturbed by the changes of the guards, with the sounds of fife and drum, and the tunes of "Nancy Dawson" and "Yankee Doodle"; churchgoers were annoyed by parties of soldiers in the streets, and the whole community outraged by horse-racing on the Common. Applications for redress had been ineffectual; and General Pomeroy was excused for not checking some of these things, on the ground that he was controlled by a superior officer. His successor, General Mackay, gave great satisfaction by prohibiting, in general orders, (June 15, 1769,) horse-racing on the Common on the Lord's day by any under his command, and also by forbidding soldiers to be in the streets during divine service, a practice that had been long disagreeable to the people.

In one way and another the troops became sources of irritation. The Patriots, mainly William Cooper, the town-clerk, prepared a chronicle of this perpetual fret, which contains much curious matter obtained through access to authentic sources of information, private and official. This diary was first printed in New York, and reprinted in the newspapers of Boston and London, under the title of "Journal of Occurrences." The numbers, continued until after the close of Bernard's administration, usually occupied three columns of the "Boston Evening Post," and constituted a piquant record of the matters connected with the troops and general politics. It attracted much attention, and the authors of it formed the subject of a standing toast at the Liberty celebrations. Hutchinson averred that it was composed with great art and little truth. After this weekly "Journal of the Times," as it was now called, had been published four months, Governor Bernard devoted to it an entire official letter addressed to Lord Hillsborough. He said that this publication was intended "to raise a general clamor against His Majesty's government in England and throughout America, as well as in Massachusetts"; and that in this way the Patriots "flattered themselves that they should get the navy and army removed, and again have the government and Custom-House in their own hands." The idea of such disloyal purposes excited the Governor to the most acrimonious criticism. "It is composed," he informed Lord Hillsborough, "by Adams and his associates, among which there must be some one at least of the Council; as everything that is said or done in Council, which can be made use of, is constantly perverted, misrepresented, and

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falsified in this paper. But if the Devil himself was of the party, as he virtually is, there could not have been got together a greater collection of impudent, virulent, and seditious lies, perversions of truth, and misrepresentations, than are to be found in this publication. Some are entirely invented, and first heard of from the printed papers; others are founded in fact, but so perverted as to be the direct contrary of the truth; other part of the whole consists of reflections of the writer, which pretend to no other authority but his own word. To set about answering these falsities would be a work like that of cleansing Augeas's stable, which is to be done only by bringing in a stream strong enough to sweep away the dirt and collectors of it all together." Doubtless there were exaggerations in this journal. It would be strange, if there were not. If the perversions of truth were greater than the Governor's misrepresentations of the proceedings of the inhabitants on the eighteenth of March, or on the tenth of June, or of what was termed "the September Rebellion," they deserved more than this severe criticism. But, in the main, the general allegations, as to grievances suffered by the people from the troops, are borne out by private letters and official documents; and a plain statement of the course of Francis Bernard shows that they did not exceed the truth as to him.

The troops continued under the command of General Pomeroy until the arrival (April 30, 1769) of Hon. Alexander Mackay, Colonel of the Sixty-Fifth Regiment, a Major-General on the American establishment, and a member of the British Parliament, when the command of the troops, so it was announced, in the Eastern District of America, devolved on him. When General Pomeroy left the town, the press, of all parties, and even the "Journal of the Times," highly complimented his conduct both as an officer and a gentleman.

The crown officials found themselves, at this period, in an awkward situation as to arrests of the popular leaders. They had recommended to the Government what they termed the slight punishment of disqualification, by Act of Parliament, from engaging in civil service; but the Ministry and their supporters determined on the summary proceeding of prosecutions under existing law for treason, thinking that few cases would be necessary, — and all agreed that these should be selected from Boston. On this point of singling out Boston for punishment, whatever other measures might be proposed, there was entire unanimity of sentiment. Thus, Lord Camden, on being applied to by the Prime-Minister for advice, suggested a repeal of the Revenue Act in favor of other Provinces, but the execution of it with rigor in Massachusetts, saying, — "There is no pretence for violence anywhere but at Boston; that is the ringleading Province; and if any country is to be chastised, the punishment ought to be levelled there." As to the policy of arrests, in Lord Barrington's judgment, five or six examples would be sufficient for all the Colonies, and he thought that it was right they should be made in Boston, the only place where there had been actual crime; for "they," his words are, "would be enough to carry terror to the wicked and factious spirits all over the continent, and would show that the subjects of Great Britain must not rebel with impunity anywhere." The King and Parliament stood pledged to make arrests; Lord Hillsborough, in his instructions, had urged them again and again; the private letters of the officials addressed to Bernard were refreshingly full and positive as to the advantage which such exercise of the national authority would be to the King's cause; the British press continually announced that they were to be made; and all England was looking to see representative men of America, who had dared to deny any portion of the authority of Parliament, occupy lodgings in London Tower. And yet, though it had been announced in Parliament that the object in sending troops was to bring rioters to justice, not a man had been put under arrest; and the only requisi-

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tion that had been made for eight months upon a military power which was considered to be invincible was that which produced the inglorious demonstration at the Manufactory House occupied by John Brown the weaver. So ridiculous was the figure which the British Lion cut on the public stage of Boston!

Governor Bernard not unlikely felt more keenly the awkwardness of all this from having received, as a reward for service, the honor of a Baronetcy of Great Britain. The "Gazette," in announcing this, (May 1, 1769,) has an ironical article addressing the new Baronet thus:— "Your promotion, Sir, reflects an honor on the Province itself, — an honor which has never been conferred upon it since the thrice happy administration of Sir Edmund Andros, of precious memory, who was also a Baronet"; and in a candid British judgment to-day, (that of Lord Mahon,) the honor was "a most ill-timed favor surely, when he had so grievously failed in gaining the affections or confidence of any order or rank of men within his Province." The subject occupies a large space in the private correspondence, and the title was the more flattering and acceptable to the Governor from being exempted from the usual concomitant of heavy expense as fees. But whatever other service he had rendered, he had not rendered what was looked upon as most vital, the service of making arrests.

At this period the Governor held a consultation with distinguished political leaders, consisting of the Secretary, Andrew Oliver, who had been Stamp-Officer, the Judge of Admiralty, Robert Auchmuty, who was an eminent lawyer, and the Chief Justice, Hutchinson, who was counted the ablest man of the party, all ultra Loyalists, to consider the future policy as to arrests, — all doubtless feeling that the non-action course needed explanation. The details of this consultation are given at such length, and with such minuteness, by Bernard, in a letter addressed to Lord Hillsborough, that these learned political doctors can almost be seen making a diagnosis of the prevalent treason-disease and discussing proposed prescriptions. They carefully considered what had been done at the great public meetings, and what had been printed in the "Boston Gazette," which had been all collected and duly certified, and had been faithfully transmitted to Westminster, where distinctions of law were better known than they were in Boston. But, after legal scrutiny there, no specifications of acts amounting to treason had been made out as proper bases for proceedings, and it could not be expected that the local authorities would be wiser than their superiors; and thus this class of offences was set aside. To deal with other matters of treason, and especially with "the Rebellion of September," was found to be involved in difficulties. The members of the faction were now behaving "very cautiously and inoffensively," and so nothing could be made out of the present; and as they would not bear witness against each other as to the past, it was not easy from old affairs to make out cases of treason. Former private consultations of a treasonable character, it was said, lacked connection with overt acts, and the overt acts of a treasonable character lacked connection with the prior consultations: as, for instance, they said, the consultation to seize the Castle was treasonable, but it was not followed by an overt act, — and the overt act of the tar-barrel signal on the beacon-pole was treasonable, but it could not be traced to a prior consultation so as to evidence the intent. So these acute crown officials went on in their deliberations, and came to the conclusion, which Bernard officially communicated (May 25, 1769) to Lord Hillsborough, in the long letter above referred to, that they could not fix upon any acts "that amounted to actual treason, though many of them approached very near to it."

The Governor, meantime, had issued precepts to the towns to return members of the General Court; this made each locality (May, 1769) alive with politics; and he stated to Lord Hills-

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borough, as a further reason for not pushing inquiry into treasonable practices, that he was anxious not to irritate the people more than he felt obliged to. The question of the removal of the troops was now discussed in the little country forums, and the resolves and instructions to the Representatives, printed in the journals, reëcho, in a spirited manner and with great ability, the political sentiment which had been embodied in official papers. They contain earnest protestations of a determination to maintain His Most Sacred Majesty George the Third, their rightful sovereign, his crown, dignity, and family; to maintain their Charter immunities, with all their rights derived from God and Nature, and to transmit them inviolable to their latest posterity; and they charge the Representatives not to allow, by vote or resolution, a right in any power on earth to tax the people to raise a revenue except in the General Assembly of the Province. All urged action relative to the troops, and several put this as the earliest duty of the Assembly, as the presence of the troops tended to awe or control freedom of debate. These utterances of the towns, which the journals of May contain, make a glowing record of the spirit of the time.

The Selectmen of Boston, on issuing the usual warrants for an election of Representatives, requested General Mackay to order the troops out of town on the day (May 8, 1769) of the town-meeting; but though he felt obliged to decline to do this, yet, in the spirit in which he acted during his entire residence here, he kept the troops, on this day, confined to their barracks. The town, after choosing Otis, Cushing, Adams, and Hancock as Representatives, adopted a noble letter of instructions, not only rehearsing the grievances, but asserting ideas of freedom and equality, as to poltical rights, that had been firmly grasped. They arraigned the Act of Parliament of 4th Geo. III., extending admiralty jurisdiction and depriving the colonists of native juries, as a distinction staring them in the face which was made between the subject in Great Britain and the subject in America, — the Parliament in one section guarding the people of the realm, and securing to them trial by jury and the law of the land, and in the next section depriving Americans of those important rights; and this distinction was pronounced a brand of disgrace upon every American, a degradation below the rank of an Englishman. While the instructions claimed for each subject in America equality of political right with each subject in England, they claimed also for the General Court the dignity of a free assembly, and declared the first object of their labors to be a removal of "those cannon and guards and that clamorous parade that had been daily about the Court-House since the arrival of His Majesty's troops."

The country towns, which now responded so nobly to the demand of the hour, were controlled by freemen. Among these it was rare to find any who could not read and write; they were mostly independent freeholders, with person and property guarded, as it used to be said in the Boston journals of the time, not by one law for the peasant and another law for the prince, but by equal law for all; they exercised liberty of thought and political action, and their proceedings, as they appeared in the public prints, gave great alarm to the Governor. He now informed Lord Hillsborough that the Sons of Liberty had got as high as ever; and that out of a party which used to keep the opposition to Government under, there were reckoned to be not above ten members returned in a House of above one hundred and twenty. After giving an account of a meeting of "the factious chiefs" in Boston, held a few days before the General Court assembled, he says, — "To see that faction which has occasioned all the troubles in this Province, and I may add in America too, has quite overturned this government, now triumphant and driving over every one who has loyalty and

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resolution to stand up in defence of the rights of the King and Parliament, gives me great concern."

This result of the elections, which the crown officials ascribed to a talent for mischief in the popular leaders, naturally flowed from the exhibition of arbitrary power. The introduction of the troops was a suicidal measure to the Loyalists, and in urging their continuance in the Province the crown officials had been carrying an exhaustive burden; while, even in every failure to effect their removal, the Whigs had won a fresh moral victory. There was, in consequence, a more perfect union of the people than ever. The members returned to the General Court constituted a fine representation of the character, ability, and patriotism of the Province; many of the names were then obscure which subsequent large service to country was to make famous as the names of heroes and sages; and such a body of men was now to act on the question of a removal of the troops.

It would be travelling a beaten path to relate the proceedings of this session of the General Court; and only a glance will be necessary to show its connection with the issue that had so long stirred the public mind. Immediately on taking the oath of office, at nine o'clock, the House, through a committee, presented an elaborate and strong protest to the Governor against the presence of the troops. They averred that they meant to be loyal; that no law, however grievous, had in the execution of it been opposed in the Province; but, they said, as they came as of right to their old Parliament-House, to exercise, as of right, perfect freedom of debate, they found a standing army in their metropolis, and a military guard with cannon pointed at their very doors; and, in the strong way of the old Commonwealth men, they protested against this presence as "a breach of privilege, and inconsistent with that dignity and freedom with which they had a right to deliberate, consult, and determine." The Governor's laconic reply was, — "I have no authority over His Majesty's ships in this port or his troops within this town; nor can I give any orders for their removal." The House, resolving that they proceeded to take part in the elections of the day from necessity and to conform to the Charter, chose their Clerk, Speaker, and twenty-eight Councillors.

The Governor at ten o'clock received at the Province House a brilliant array of officials, when an elegant collation was served; at twelve, escorted by Captain Paddock's company, he repaired to the Council-Chamber, whence, after approving the choice of Speaker, the whole Government went in procession to the Old Brick Meeting-House, where the election sermon was preached; then succeeded an elegant dinner at Faneuil Hall, which was attended by the field-officers of the four regiments, and the official dignitaries, including Commodore Hood and General Mackay, which, as to the Governor, closed the proceedings of the day.

The House in its choice of Councillors elected several decided Loyalists, though it did not reëlect four of this party who were of that body the last year, namely, Messrs. Flucker, Ropes, Paine, and Worthington. The Governor refused his consent to eleven on the list. On the next day he thus wrote of these events: —

FRANCIS BERNARD TO JOHN POWNALL.

"*Boston, June* 1, 1769.

"DEAR SIR, — There being a snow ready to sail for Glasgow, I take the opportunity of sending you the printed account of the election and other proceedings on yesterday and to-day; from which you will perceive that everything goes as bad as could be expected. The Boston faction has taken possession of the two Houses in such a manner that there are not ten men in both who dare contradict them. They have turned out of the Council four gentlemen of the very first reputation in the country, and the only men remaining of disposition and ability to serve the King's cause.

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I have negatived eleven, among which are two old Councillors, Brattle and Bowdoin, the managers of all the late opposition in the Council to the King's government. There is not now one man in the Council who has either power or spirit to oppose the faction; and the friends of Government are so thin in the House, that they won't attempt to make any opposition; so that Otis, Adams, etc., are now in full possession of this government, and will treat it accordingly. This is no more than was expected. I will write more particularly in a few days.

"I am," etc.

The Governor could write thus of his political friends of the Council, several of whom, six years later, when the attempt was made to change the Constitution, were thought to have spirit enough to receive appointments from the Crown, — such, for instance, as Danforth, Russell, Royal, and Gray,—and hence were called *Mandamus* Councillors.

A few days after (May 5, 1769) there was a holiday in Boston, the celebration of the birth-day of the King, which the House, "out of duty, loyalty, and affection to His Majesty," noticed formally, as provided by a committee consisting of Otis, Hancock, and Adams. The Governor received a brilliant party at the Province House; the three regiments in town, the Fourteenth, Twenty-Ninth, and Sixty-Fourth, paraded on the Common; the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company — it happened to be their anniversary — went through the customary routine, including the sermon, the dinner at Faneuil Hall, and the exchange of commissions on the Common; and in the evening there was a ball at Concert Hall, where, it is said in the Tory paper, there was as numerous and brilliant an appearance of gentlemen and ladies as was ever known in town on any former occasion. The Patriot journals give more space to the celebration, towards evening, in the Representatives' Hall, where, besides the members, were a great number of merchants and gentlemen of the first distinction, who, besides toasting, first the King, Queen, and Royal Family, and second, North America, drank to "The restoration of harmony between Great Britain and the Colonies," "Prosperity and perpetuity to the British Empire in all parts of the world," and "Liberty without licentiousness to all parts of the world." The House thus testified their loyalty to country; but, as the Governor refused to remove the troops, they — the "Boston Gazette" of June 12th said — "had for thirteen days past made a solemn and expressive pause in public business."

Meantime the Governor received in one day (June 10) communications which surprised him half out of his wits and wholly out of his office, and which must have made rather a blue day in his calendar.

The Ministry now vacillated in their high-handed policy, and gave to General Gage discretionary power as to a continuance of the troops in Boston; and this officer had come to the sensible conclusion that troops were worse than needless, for they were an unnecessary irritation and detrimental to a restoration of the harmony which the representative men of both parties professed to desire. Accordingly the Governor received advices that the Commander-in-Chief had ordered the Sixty-Fourth and Sixty-Fifth Regiments, with the train of artillery, to Halifax, and that he had directed General Mackay to confer with his Excellency as to the disposition of the remainder of the troops, whether His Majesty's service required that any should be posted longer in Boston, and if so, what the number should be. The Governor was further requested to give his opinion on this point in writing.

As the Governor had received no intimation of such a change of policy from his friends in England, he could hardly find words in which to express his astonishment. He wrote, two days after, that nothing could be more *mal-à-propos* to the business of Government or hard upon him; that it was cruel to have this forced

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upon him at such a time and in such a manner; and as the question was put, it was hardly less than whether he should abdicate government. "If the troops are removed," he wrote, "the principal officers of the Crown, the friends of Government, and the importers of goods from England in defiance of the combination, who are considerable and numerous, must remove also," which would have been quite an extensive removal. He wrote to Lord Hillsborough, — "It is impossible to express my surprise at this proposition, or my embarrassment on account of the requisition of an answer."

The other communication was a right royal greeting. Up to this time the letters to the Governor from the members of the Government, private as well as official, had been to him of the most gratifying character, to say nothing of the gift of the baronetcy. "I can give you the pleasure of knowing," Lord Barrington wrote to him, (April 5, 1769,) "that last Sunday the King spoke with the highest approbation of your conduct and services in his closet to me"; but in a postscript to this letter were the ominous words, — "I understand you are directed to come hither; but Lord Hillsborough authorizes me to say, you need not be in any inconvenient haste to obey that instruction." This order, in the manuscript, is indorsed, "Received June 10, 1769"; and being unique, it is here copied from the original, which has Hillsborough's autograph: —

"GEORGE R.

"Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we have thought fit by our royal license under our signet and sign-manual bearing date the twenty-second day of June, 1768, in the eighth year of our reign, to permit you to return into this our kingdom of Great Britain: Our will and pleasure therefore is, that as soon as conveniently may be, after the receipt hereof, you do repair to this our kingdom in order to lay before us a state of our province of Massachusetts Bay. And so we bid you farewell. Given at our court at St. James the twenty-third day of March, 1769, in the ninth year of our reign.

"By His Majesty's command,

"HILLSBOROUGH."

It was now an active time with the Patriots. Before the Governor had a chance to talk with General Mackay or to write to General Gage, the news spread all over the town that the two regiments were ordered off; and with this there was circulated the story, that Commissioner Temple had received a letter from George Grenville containing the assurance that the Governor would be immediately recalled with disgrace, that three of the Commissioners of the Customs would be turned off directly, and that next winter the Board would be dissolved; and Bernard, who tells these incidents, says that the reports exalted the Sons of Liberty as though the bells had rung for a triumph, while there was consternation among the crown officials, the importers, and the friends of Government. Here was thrust upon Bernard, over again, the question of the introduction of the troops.

The Governor was as much embarrassed by the requisition for an answer in writing as to the two regiments that were not ordered off as he was astonished at the order that had been given; and on getting a note from General Mackay, he gave the verbal answer, that he would write to General Gage. Meantime, while Bernard was hesitating, the Patriots were acting, and immediately applied themselves to counteract the influence which they knew was making to retain the two regiments. One hundred and forty-two of the citizens petitioned the Selectmen for a town-meeting, at which it was declared, that the law of the land made ample provision for the security of life and property, and that the presence of the troops was an insult. After a week's hesitation, the Governor wrote to General Gage, who had promised inviolable secrecy, that to remove a portion of the two regiments would be detrimental to His

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Majesty's service; to remove all of these troops would be quite ruinous to the cause of the Crown; but that one regiment in the town and one at the Castle might be sufficient. Of course, General Gage, if he paid any respect to the Governor's advice, could do no less than order both regiments to remain. Thus was it that the two Sam Adams Regiments continued in town, designed for evil, but working for the good of the common cause.

Governor Bernard, during the month of June, and down to the middle of July, was greatly disturbed by the manly stand of the General Court; and, because of its refusal to enter upon the public business under the mouths of British cannon, adjourned it to Cambridge. On the night after this adjournment, the cannon were removed. These irritating proceedings made this body still more high-toned. While in this mood, it received from the Governor two messages, (July 6 and 12,) asking an appropriation of money to meet the expenses which had been incurred by the crown officers in quartering troops in Boston. The members nobly met this demand by returning to the Governor (July 15, 1769) a grandly worded state-paper, in which, claiming the rights of freeborn Englishmen, as confirmed by Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, and as settled by the Revolution and the British Charter, they expressly declared that they never would make provision for the purposes mentioned in the two messages. On the same day, it was represented in the House that armed soldiers had rescued a prisoner from the hands of justice, when two constables were ordered to attend on the floor who were heard on the matter, and a committee was then appointed to consider it. But Secretary Oliver now appeared with a message from the Governor to the effect that he was at the Court-House and directed the immediate attendance of the members. They accordingly, with Speaker Cushing at their head, repaired to the Governor, who, after a haughty speech charging them with proclaiming ideas lacking in dignity to the Crown and inconsistent with the Province continuing a part of the British Empire, prorogued the Court until the 10th of January.

The press arraigned the arbitrary proceedings of the Governor with great boldness and a just severity; while it declared that the action taken by the intrepid House of Representatives, with rare unanimity, was supported by the almost universal sentiments of the people. The last act of the Governor, the prorogation of the General Court for six months, was especially criticized; and after averring that such long prorogations, in such critical times, could never promote the true service of His Majesty or the tranquillity of his good subjects, it predicted that impartial history would hang up Governor Bernard as a warning to his successors who had any sense of character, and perhaps his future fortune might be such as to teach even the most selfish of them not to tread in his steps.

On the day this prediction was written, (August 1, 1769,) Sir Francis Bernard, in the Rippon, was on his way to England. Congratulations among the people, exultation on the part of the press, the Union Flag on Liberty Tree, salutes from Hancock's Wharf, and bonfires, in the evening, on the hills, expressed the general joy. And yet Francis Bernard was hardly a faithful representative of the proud imperial power for which he acted. He was a bad Governor, but he was not so bad as the cause he was obliged to uphold. He was arbitrary, but he was not so arbitrary as his instructions. He was vacillating, but he was not so vacillating as the Ministers. When he gave the conciliatory reply to the June town-meeting, it was judged that he lowered the national standard, and it seriously damaged him at Court; when he spoke in the imperial tone that characterized the British rule of that day, he was rewarded with a baronetcy. The Governor, after months of reflection, in England, on reviewing in an elaborate letter the political path he had travelled, indicated both his deep chagrin and his increase of wisdom in the significant words, — "I was obliged

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to give up, a victim to the bad policy and irresolution of the supreme Government."

The execution of a bad policy as directed by an irresolute Ministry was now the lot of Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson. It was embodied in the question of the removal of the troops; and this question was not decided, until, after months of confusion and distress, the blood and slaughter of His Majesty's good subjects compelled an indignant American public opinion to command their departure from the town of Boston.

LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL DREEME" AND "JOHN BRENT."

KATAHDIN AND THE PENOBSCOT.

CHAPTER I.

OFF.

At five, P. M., we found ourselves — Iglesias, a party of friends, and myself — on board the Isaac Newton, a great, ugly, three-tiered box that walks the North River, like a laboratory of greasy odors.

In this stately cinder-mill were American citizens. Not to discuss spitting, which is for spittoons, not literature, our fellow-travellers on the deck of the "floating palace" were passably endurable people, in looks, style, and language. I dodge discrimination, and characterize them *en masse* by negations. The passengers of the Isaac Newton, on a certain evening of July, 18—, were not so intrusively green and so gasping as Britons, not so ill-dressed and pretentious as Gauls, not so ardently futile and so lubberly as Germans. Such were the negative virtues of our fellow-citizen travellers; and base would it be to exhibit their positive vices.

And so no more of passengers or passage. I will not describe our evening on the river. Alas for the duty of straightforwardness and dramatic unity! Episodes seem so often sweeter than plots! The way-side joys are better than the final successes. The flowers along the vista, brighter than the victor-wreaths at its close. I may not dally on my way, turning to the right and the left for beauty and caricature. I will balance on the strict edge of my narrative, as a seventh-heavenward Mahometan with wine-forbidden steadiness of poise treads Al Seràt, his bridge of a sword-blade.

Next morning, at Albany, divergent trains cleft our party into a better and a worser half. The beautiful girls, our better half, fled westward to ripen their pallid roses with richer summer-hues in mosquitoless inland dells. Iglesias and I were still northward bound.

At the Saratoga station we sipped a dreary, faded reminiscence of former joys and sparkling brilliancy long dead, in cups of Congress-water, brought by unattractive Ganymedes and sold in the train, — draughts flat, flabby, and utterly bubbleless, lukewarm heel-taps with a flavor of savorless salt.

Still northward journeying, and feeling the sea-side moisture evaporate from our blood under inland suns and sultry inland breezes, we came to Lake Champlain.

As before banquets, to excite appetite, one takes the gentle oyster, so we, before the serious pleasure of our journey, tasted the Adirondack region, paradise of Cockney sportsmen. There through the forest, the stag of ten trots, coquetting with greenhorns. He likes the excitement of being shot at and missed. He enjoys the smell of powder in a battle where he is always safe. He hears Green-

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horn blundering through the woods, stopping to growl at briers, stopping to revive his courage with the Dutch supplement. The stag of ten awaits his foe in a glade. The foe arrives, sees the antlered monarch, and is panic-struck. He watches him prance and strike the ground with his hoofs. He slowly recovers heart, takes a pull at his flask, rests his gun upon a log, and begins to study his mark. The stag will not stand still. Greenhorn is baffled. At last his target turns and carefully exposes that region of his body where Greenhorn has read lies the heart. Just about to fire, he catches the eye of the stag winking futility into his elaborate aim. His blunderbuss jerks upward. A shower of cut leaves floats through the smoke, from a tree thirty feet overhead. Then, with a mild-eyed melancholy look of reproachful contempt, the stag turns away, and wanders off to sleep in quiet coverts far within the wood. He has fled, while for Greenhorn no trophy remains. Antlers have nodded to the sportsman; a short tail has disappeared before his eyes; — he has seen something, but has nothing to show. Whereupon he buys a couple of pairs of ancient weather-bleached horns from some colonist, and, nailing them up at impossible angles on the wall of his city-den, humbugs brother-Cockneys with tales of *vénerie*, and has for life his special legend, "How I shot my first deer in the Adirondacks."

The Adirondacks provide a compact, convenient, accessible little wilderness, — an excellent field for the experiments of tyros. When the tyro, whether shot, fisherman, or forester, has proved himself fully there, let him dislodge into some vaster wilderness, away from guides by the day and superintending hunters, away from the incursions of the Cockney tribe, and let out the caged savage within him for a tough struggle with Nature. It needs a struggle tough and resolute to force that Protean lady to observe at all her challenger.

It is well to go to the Adirondacks. They are shaggy, and shagginess is a valuable trait. The lakes are very well, — very well indeed. The objection to the region is not the mountains, which are reasonably shaggy, — not the lakes and rivers, which are water, a capital element. The real difficulty is the society: not the autochthonous society, — they are worthy people, and it is hardly to be mentioned as a fault that they are not a discriminating race, and will asseverate that all fish are trout, and the most arrant mutton is venison, — but the immigrant, colonizing society. Cockneys are to be found at every turn, flaunting their banners of the awkward squad, proclaiming to the world with protuberant pride that they are the veritable backwoodsmen, — rather doing it, rather astonishing the natives, they think. And so they are. One squad of such neophytes might be entertaining; but when every square mile echoes with their hails, lost, poor babes, within a furlong of their camps, and when the woods become dim and the air civic with their cooking-smokes, and the subtle odor of fried pork overpowers methylic fragrance among the trees, then he who loves forests for their solitude leaves these brethren to their clumsy joys, and wanders elsewhere deeper into sylvan scenes.

Our visit to the Adirondacks was episodic; and as I have forsworn episodes, I turn away from them with this mild slander, and strike again our Maine track. With lips impurpled by the earliest huckleberries, we came out again upon Champlain. We crossed that water-logged valley in a steamboat, and hastened on, through a pleasant interlude of our rough journey, across Vermont and New Hampshire, two States not without interest to their residents, but of none to this narrative.

By coach and wagon, by highway and by-way, by horse-power and steam-power, we proceeded, until it chanced, one August afternoon, that we left railways and their regions at a way-side station, and let our lingering feet march us along the Valley of the Upper Connecticut. This lovely river, baptizer of Iglesias's childhood,

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was here shallow and musical, half river, half brook; it had passed the tinkling period, and plashed and rumbled voicefully over rock and shallow.

It was a fair and verdant valley where we walked, overlooked by hills of pleasant pastoral slope. All the land was gay and ripe with yellow harvest. Strolling along, as if the business of travel were forgotten, we placidly identified ourselves with the placid scenery. We became Arcadians both. Such is Arcadia, if I have read aright: a realm where sunshine never scorches, and yet shade is sweet; where simple pleasures please; where the blue sky and the bright water and the green fields satisfy forever.

We were in lightest marching-trim. Iglesias bore an umbrella, our armor against what heaven could do with assault of sun or shower. I was weaponed with a staff, should brute or biped uncourteous dispute our way. We had no impediments of "great trunk, little trunk, bandbox, and bundle." A thoughtful man hardly feels honest in his life except as a pedestrian traveller. "*La propriété c'est le vol*,"—which the West more briefly expresses by calling baggage "plunder." What little plunder our indifferent honesty had packed for this journey we had left with a certain stage-coachman, perhaps to follow us, perhaps to become his plunder. We were thus disconnected from any depressing influence; we had no character to sustain; we were heroes in disguise, and could make our observations on life and manners, without being invited to a public hand-shaking, or to exhibit feats in jugglery, for either of which a traveller with plenteous portmanteaus, hair or leather, must be prepared in villages thereabouts. Totally unembarrassed, we lounged along or leaped along, light-hearted. When the river neared us, or winsome brooklet from the hill-side thwarted our path, we stooped and lapped from their pools of coolness, or tasted that most ethereal tipple, the mingled air and water of electric bubbles, as they slid brightly toward our lips.

The angle of the sun's rays grew less and less, the wheat-fields were tinged more golden by the clinging beams, our shadows lengthened, as if exercise of an afternoon were stimulating to such unreal essences. Finally the blue dells and gorges of a wooded mountain, for two hours our landmark, rose between us and the sun. But the sun's Parthian arrows gave him a splendid triumph, more signal for its evanescence. A storm was inevitable, and sunset prepared a reconciling pageant.

Now, as may be supposed, Iglesias has an eye for a sunset. That summer's crop had been very short, and he had been some time on starvation-allowance of cloudy magnificence. We therefore halted by the road-side, and while I committed the glory to memory, Iglesias entrusted his distincter memorial to a sketch-book.

We were both busy, he repeating forms, noting shades and tints, and I studying without pictorial intent, when we heard a hail in the road below our bank. It was New Hampshire, near the Maine line, and near the spot where nasal organs are fabricated that twang the roughest.

"Say!" shrieked up to us a freckled native, holding fast to the tail of a calf, the last of a gambolling family he was driving,—"Say! whodger doon up thurr? Layn aoot taoonshup lains naoou, aancher? Cauds ur suvvares raoond. Spekkleayshn goan on, ur guess."

We allowed this unmelodious vocalist to respect us by permitting him to believe us surveyors in another sense than as we were. One would not be despised as an unpractical citizen, a mere looker at Nature with no immediate view to profit, even by a freckled calf-driver of the Upper Connecticut. While we parleyed, the sketch was done, and the pageant had faded quick before the storm.

Splendor had departed; the world in our neighborhood had fallen into the unillumined dumps. An ominous mournfulness, far sadder than the pensiveness of twilight, drew over the sky. Clouds, that donned brilliancy for the fond parting of mountain-tops and the sun, now

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grew cheerless and gray; their gay robes were taken from them, and with bended heads they fled away from the sorrowful wind. In western glooms beyond the world a dreary gale had been born, and now came wailing like one that for all his weariness may not rest, but must go on harmful journeys and bear evil tidings. With the vanguard gusts came volleys of rain, malicious assaults, giving themselves the trouble to tell us in an offensive way what we could discover for ourselves, that a wetting impended and umbrellas would soon be nought.

While the storm was thus nibbling before it bit, we lengthened our strides to escape. Water, concentrated in flow of stream or pause of lake, is charming; not so to the shelterless is water diffused in dash of deluge. Water, when we choose our method of contact, is a friend; when it masters us, it is a foe; when it drowns us or ducks us, a very exasperating foe. Proud pedestrians become very humble personages, when thoroughly vanquished by a ducking deluge. A wetting takes out the starch not only from garments, but the wearers of them. Iglesias and I did not wish to stand all the evening steaming before a kitchen-fire, inspecting meanwhile culinary details: Phillis in the kitchen is not always as fresh as Phillis in the field. We therefore shook ourselves into full speed and bolted into our inn at Colebrook; and the rain, like a portcullis, dropped solid behind us.

In town, the landlord is utterly merged in his hotel. He is a sovereign rarely apparent. In the country, the landlord is a personality. He is greater than the house he keeps. Men arriving inspect the master of the inn narrowly. If his first glance is at the pocket, cheer will be bad; if at the eyes or the lips, you need not take a cigar before supper to keep down your appetite.

Our landlord was of the latter type. He surged out of the little box where he was dispensing not too fragrant rummers to a circle of village-politicians, and congratulated us on our arrival before the storm. He was a discriminating person. He detected us at once, saw we were not tramps or footpads, and led us to the parlor, a room attractively furnished with a map of the United States and an oblong music-book open at "Old Hundred." Our host further felicitated us that we had not stopped at a certain tavern below, where, as he said, —

"They cut a chunk er beef and drop 't into a pot to bile, and bile her three days, and then don't have noth'n' else for three weeks."

He put his head out of the door and called, —

"George, go aoot and split up that 'ere wood as fine as chaowder: these men 'll want their supper right off."

Drawing in his head, he continued to us confidentially, —

"That 'ere George is jes' like a bird: he goes off at one snappin'."

Our host then rolled out toward the bar-room, to discuss with his cronies who we might be. From the window we perceived the birdlike George fly and alight near the specified wood, which he proceeded to bechowder. He brought in the result of his handiwork, as smiling as a basket of chips. Neat-handed Phillis at the door received the chowder, and by its aid excited a sound and a smell, both prophetic of supper. And we, willing to repose after a sixteen-mile afternoon-walk, lounged upon sofa or tilted in rocking-chair, taking the available mental food, namely, "Godey's Lady's Book" and the Almanac.

CHAPTER II.

GORMING AND GETTING ON.

NEXT morning it poured. The cinders before the blacksmith's shop opposite had yielded their black dye to the dismal puddles. The village cocks were sadly draggled and discouraged, and cowered under any shelter, shivering within their drowned plumage. Who on such a morn would stir? Who but the Patriot? Hardly had we breakfasted, when he, the Patriot, waited upon us. It was a Presidential

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campaign. They were starving in his village for stump-speeches. Would the talking man of our *duo* go over and feed their ears with a fiery harangue? Patriot was determined to be first with us; others were coming with similar invitations; he was the early bird. Ah, those portmanteaus! they had arrived, and betrayed us.

We would not be snapped up. We would wriggle away. We were very sorry, but we must start at once to pursue our journey.

"But it pours," said Patriot.

"Patriot," replied our talking member, "man is flesh; and flesh, however sweet or savory it may be, does not melt in water."

Thus fairly committed to start, we immediately opened negotiations for a carriage. "No go," was the first response of the coachman. Our willy was met by his nilly. But we pointed out to him that we could not stay there all a dismal day, — that we must, would, could, should go. At last we got within coachee's outworks. His nilly broke down into shilly-shally. He began to state his objections; then we knew he was ready to yield. We combated him, clinking the supposed gold of coppers in our pockets, or carelessly chucking a tempting half-dollar at some fly on the ceiling. So presently we prevailed, and he retired to make ready.

By-and-by a degraded family-carriage came to the door. It came by some feeble inertia left latent in it by some former motive-power, rather than was dragged up by its more degraded nags. A very unwholesome coach. No doubt a successful quack-doctor had used it in his prosperous days for his wife and progeny; no doubt it had subsequently become the property of a second-class undertaker, and had conveyed many a quartette of cheap clergymen to the funerals of poor relations whose leaking sands of life left no gold-dust behind. Such was our carriage for a rainy day.

The nags were of the huckleberry or flea-bitten variety, — a freckled white. Perhaps the quack had fed them with his refuse pills. These knobby-legged unfortunates we of course named Xanthus and Balius, not of podargous or swift-footed, but podagrous or gouty race. Xanthus, like his Achillean namesake, (*vide* Pope's Homer,)

"Seemed sensible of woe and dropped his head, —
Trembling he stood before the (seedy) wain."

Balius was in equally deplorable mood. Both seemed more sensible to "Whoä" than to "Hadaap." Podagrous beasts, yet not stiffened to immobility. Gayer steeds would have sundered the shackling drag. These would never, by any gamesome caracoling, endanger the coherency of pole with body, of axle with wheel. From end to end the equipage was congruous. Every part of the machine was its weakest part, and that fact gave promise of strength: an invalid never dies. Moreover, the coach suited the day: the rusty was in harmony with the dismal. It suited the damp unpainted houses and the tumble-down blacksmith's-shop. We contented ourselves with this artistic propriety. We entered, treading cautiously. The machine, with gentle spasms, got itself in motion, and steered due east for Lake Umbagog. The smiling landlord, the disappointed Patriot, and the birdlike George waved us farewell.

Coachee was in the sulks. The rain beat upon him, and we by purse-power had compelled him to encounter discomfort. His self-respect must be restored by superiority over somebody. He had been beaten and must beat. He did so. His horses took the lash until he felt at peace with himself. Then half-turning toward us, he made his first remark.

"Them two hosses is gorming."

"Yes," we replied, "they do seem rather so."

This was of course profound hypocrisy; but "gorming" meant some bad quality, and any might be safely predicated of our huckleberry pair. Who will admit that he does not know all that is to be known in horse-matters? We therefore asked no questions, but waited patiently for information.

Delay pays demurrage to the wisely

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patient. Coachee relapsed into the sulks. The driving rain resolved itself into a dim chaos of mist. Xanthus and Balius plodded on, but often paused and gasped, or, turning their heads as if they missed something, strayed from the track and drew us against the dripping bushes. After one such excursion, which had nearly been the ruin of us, and which by calling out coachee's scourging powers had put him thoroughly in good-humor, he turned to us and said, superlatively, —

"Them 's the gormingest hosses I ever see. When I drew 'em in the four-hoss coach for wheelers, they could keep a straight tail. Now they act like they was drunk. They 's gorming, — *they won't do nothin' without a leader.*"

To gorm, then, is to err when there is no leader. Alas, how mankind gorms!

By sunless noon we were well among the mountains. We came to the last New-Hampshire house, miles from its neighbors. But it was a self-sufficing house, an epitome of humanity. Grandmamma, bald under her cap, was seated by the stove dandling grandchild, bald under its cap. Each was highly entertained with the other. Grandpapa was sandy with grandboy's gingerbread-crumbs. The intervening ages were well represented by wiry men and shrill women. The house, also, without being tavern or shop, was an amateur bazaar of *vivers* and goods. Anything one was likely to want could be had there, — even a melodeon and those inevitable Patent-Office Reports. Here we descended, lunched, and providently bought a general assortment, namely, a large plain cake, five pounds of cheese, a ball of twine, and two pairs of brown ribbed woollen socks, native manufacture. My pair of these indestructibles will outlast my last legs and go as an heirloom after me.

The weather now, as we drove on, seemed to think that Iglesias deserved better of it. Rain-globes strung upon branches, each globe the possible home of a sparkle, had waited long enough unillumined. Sunlight suddenly discovered this desponding patience and rewarded it. Every drop selected its own ray from the liberal bundle, and, crowding itself full of radiance, became a mirror of sky and cloud and forest. Also, by the searching sunbeams' store of regal purple, ripe raspberries were betrayed. On these, magnified by their convex lenses of water, we pounced. Showers shook playfully upon us from the vines, while we revelled in fruitiness. We ran before our gormers, they gormed by us while we plucked, we ran by, plucked again, and again were gormingly overtaken and overtook. Thus we ate our way luxuriously through the Dixville Notch, a capital cleft in a northern spur of the White Mountains.

Picturesque is a curiously convenient, undiscriminating epithet. I use it here. The Dixville Notch is, briefly, picturesque, — a fine gorge between a crumbling conical crag and a scarped precipice, — a pass easily defensible, except at the season when raspberries would distract sentinels.

Now we came upon our proper field of action. We entered the State of Maine at Township Letter B. A sharper harshness of articulation in stray passengers told us that we were approaching the vocal influence of the name Androscoggin. People talked as if, instead of ivory ring or coral rattle to develop their infantile teeth, they had bitten upon pine knots. Voices were resinous and astringent. An opera, with a chorus drummed up in those regions, could dispense with violins.

Toward evening we struck the river, and found it rasping and crackling over rocks as an Androscoggin should. We passed the last hamlet, then the last house but one, and finally drew up at the last and northernmost house, near the lumbermen's dam below Lake Umbagog. The damster, a stalwart brown chieftain of the backwoodsman race, received us with hearty hospitality. Xanthus and Balius stumbled away on their homeward journey. And after them the crazy coach went moaning: it was not strong enough to creak or rattle.

Next day was rainy. It had, however,

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misty intervals. In these we threw a fly for trout and caught a chub in Androscoggin. Or, crouched on the bank of a frog-pond, we tickled frogs with straws. Yes, and fun of the freshest we found it. Certain animals, and especially frogs, were created, shaped, and educated to do the grotesque, that men might study them, laugh, and grow fat. It was a droll moment with Nature, when she entertained herself and prepared entertainment for us by devising the frog, that burlesque of bird, beast, and man, and taught him how to move and how to speak and sing. Iglesias and I did not disdain batrachian studies, and set no limit to our merriment at their quaint, solemn, half-human pranks. One question still is unresolved, — Why do frogs stay and be tickled? They snap snappishly at the titillating straw; they snatch at it with their weird little hands; they parry it skilfully. They hardly can enjoy being tickled, and yet they endure, paying a dear price for the society of their betters. Frogs the frisky, frogs the spotted, were our comedy that day. Whenever the rain ceased, we rushed forth and tickled them, and thus vicariously tickled ourselves into more than patience, into jollity. So the day passed quickly.

CHAPTER III.

THE PINE-TREE.

While we were not tickling frogs, we were talking lumber with the Umbagog damster. I had already coasted Maine, piloted by Iglesias, and knew the fisherman-life; now, under the same experienced guidance, I was to study inland scenes, and take lumbermen for my heroes.

Maine has two classes of warriors among its sons, — fighters of forest and fighters of sea. Braves must join one or the other army. The two are close allies. Only by the aid of the woodmen can the watermen build their engines of victory. The seamen in return purvey the needful luxuries for lumber-camps. Foresters float down timber that seamen may build ships and go to the saccharine islands of the South for molasses: for without molasses no lumberman could be happy in the unsweetened wilderness. Pork lubricates his joints; molasses gives tenacity to his muscles.

Lumbering develops such men as Pindar saw when he pictured Jason, his forest hero. Life is a hearty and vigorous movement to them, not a drooping slouch. Summer is their season of preparation; winter, of the campaign; spring, of victory. All over the north of the State, whatever is not lake or river is forest. In summer, the Viewer, like a military engineer, marks out the region, and the spots of future attack. He views the woods; and wherever a monarch tree crowns the leafy level, he finds his way, and blazes a path. Not all trees are worthy of the axe. Miles of lesser timber remain untouched. A Maine forest after a lumber-campaign is like France after a *coup d'état:* the *bourgeoisie* are prosperous as ever, but the great men are all gone.

While the viewer views, his followers are on commissariat and quartermaster's service. They are bringing up their provisions and fortifying their camp. They build their log-station, pile up barrels of pork, beans, and molasses, like mortars and Paixhans in an arsenal, and are ready for a winter of stout toil and solid jollity.

Stout is the toil, and the life seemingly dreary, to those who cower by ingle-nooks or stand over registers. But there is stirring excitement in this bloodless war, and around plenteous camp-fires vigor of merriment and hearty comradry. Men who wield axes and breathe hard have lungs. Blood aërated by the air that sings through the pine-woods tingles in every fibre. Tingling blood makes life joyous. Joy can hardly look without a smile or speak without a laugh. And merry is the evergreen-wood in electric winter.

Snows fall level in the sheltered, still forest. Road-making is practicable. The region is already channelled with watery ways. An imperial pine, with its myr-

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iads of feet of future lumber, is worth another path cut through the bush to the frozen river-side. Down goes his Majesty Pinus I., three half-centuries old, having reigned fifty years high above all his race. A little fellow with a little weapon has dethroned the quiet old king. Pinus I. was very strong at bottom, but the little revolutionist was stronger at top. Brains without much trouble had their will of stolid matter. The tree fallen, its branches are lopped, its purple trunk is shortened into lengths. The teamster arrives with oxen in full steam, and rimy with frozen breath about their indignant nostrils. As he comes and goes, he talks to his team for company; his conversation is monotonous as the talk of lovers, but it has a cheerful ring through the solitude. The logs are chained and dragged creaking along over the snow to the river-side. There the subdivisions of Pinus the Great become a basis for a mighty snow-mound. But the mild March winds blow from seaward. Spring bourgeons. One day the ice has gone. The river flows visible; and now that its days of higher beauty and grace have come, it climbs high up its banks to show that it is ready for new usefulness. It would be dreary for the great logs to see new verdure springing all around them, while they lay idly rotting or sprouting with uncouth funguses, not unsuspect of poison. But they will not be wasted. Lumbermen, foes to idleness and inutility, swarm again about their winter's trophies. They imprint certain cabalistic tokens of ownership on the logs, — crosses, xs, stars, crescents, alphabetical letters, — marks respected all along the rivers and lakes down to the boom where the sticks are garnered for market. The marked logs are tumbled into the brimming stream, and so ends their forest-life.

Now comes "the great spring drive." Maine waters in spring flow under an illimitable raft. Every camp contributes its myriads of brown cylinders to the millions that go bobbing down rivers with jaw-breaking names. And when the river broadens to a lake, where these impetuous voyagers might be stranded or miss their way and linger, they are herded into vast rafts, and towed down by boats, or by steam-tugs, if the lake is large as Moosehead. At the lake-foot the rafts break up and the logs travel again dispersedly down stream, or through the "thoro'fare" connecting the members of a chain of lakes. The hero of this epoch is the Head-Driver. The head-driver of a timber-drive leads a disorderly army, that will not obey the word of command. Every log acts as an individual, according to certain imperious laws of matter, and every log is therefore at loggerheads with every other log. The marshal must be in the thick of the fight, keeping his forces well in hand, hurrying stragglers, thrusting off the stranded, leading his phalanxes wisely round curves and angles, lest they be jammed and fill the river with a solid mass. As the great sticks come dashing along, turning porpoise-like somersets or leaping up twice their length in the air, he must be everywhere, livelier than a monkey in a mimosa, a wonder of acrobatic agility in biggest boots. *He* made the proverb, "As easy as falling off a log."

Hardly less important is the Damster. To him it falls to conserve the waters at a proper level. At his dam, generally below a lake, the logs collect and lie crowded. The river, with its obstacles of rock and rapid, would anticipate wreck for these timbers of future ships. Therefore, when the spring drive is ready, and the head-driver is armed with his jack-boots and his iron-pointed sceptre, the damster opens his sluices and lets another river flow through atop of the rock-shattered river below. The logs of each proprietor, detected by their marks, pay toll as they pass the gates and rush bumptiously down the flood.

Far down, at some water-power nearest the reach of tide, a boom checks the march of this formidable body. The owners step forward and claim their sticks. Dowse takes all marked with three crosses and a dash. Sowse selects

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whatever bears two crescents and a star. Rowse pokes about for his stock, inscribed clip, dash, star, dash, clip. Nobody has counterfeited these hieroglyphs. The tale is complete. The logs go to the saw-mill. Sawdust floats seaward. The lumbermen junket. So ends the log-book.

"Maine," said our host, the Damster of Umbagog, "was made for lumbering-work. We never could have got the trees out, without these lakes and dams."

[To be continued.]

TO WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM,

AFTER SEEING TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIM.

THE trumpet, now on every gale,
For triumph or in funeral-wail,
One lesson bloweth loud and clear
Above war's clangor to my ear.

The blood that flows in bounding veins,
The blood that ebbs with lingering pains,
Springs living from the self-same heart:
Courage and patience act one part.

Doers and sufferers of God's will
Tread in each other's footprints still;
Soldier or saint hath equal mind,
When vows of truth the spirit bind.

Two portraits light my chamber-wall,
Hero and martyr to recall;
Lines of a single face they keep,
To make beholders glow or weep.

With gleaming hilt, girt for the fray
Freedom demands, he cannot stay:
Forward his motion, keen his glance:
'T is victory painted in a trance.

But, lo! he turns, he folds his hands;
With farther, softening gaze he stands;
His sword is hidden from his eyes;
His head is bent for sacrifice.

Through looks that match each varied thought
Of holy work or offering brought,
Upon the sunbeam's shifting scroll
Shines out alike the steady soul.

Young leader! quick to win a name
Coeval with thy country's fame,
For either fortune thou wast born, —
The crown of laurel or of thorn.

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THE HORRORS OF SAN DOMINGO.

CHAPTER III.

CARIB SLAVES — INTRODUCTION OF NEGROES — LAS CASAS — DECAY OF SAN DOMINGO.

AMONG the natives captured by the Spaniards in the neighboring islands and upon the Terra Firma, as the South-American coast was called, were numerous representatives of Carib tribes, who had been released by Papal dispensation from the difficulties and anxieties of freedom in consequence of their reputation for cannibalism. This vicious taste was held to absolve the Spaniards from all the considerations of policy and mercy which the Dominicans pressed upon them in the case of the more graceful and amiable Haytians. But we do not find that Las Casas himself made any exception of them in his pleadings for the Indians;* for, though he does not mention cannibalism in the list of imputed crimes which the Spaniards held as justification in making war upon the natives to enslave them, he vindicates them from other charges, such as that of sacrificing infants to their idols. The Spaniards were touched with compassion at seeing so many innocent beings perish before arriving at years of discretion, and without having received baptism. They argued that such a practice, which was worse than a crime, because it was a theological blunder, could not be carried on in a state of slavery. "This style of reasoning," says Las Casas, "proves absolutely nothing; for God knows better than men what ought to be the future destiny of children who die in the immense countries where the Christian religion is unknown. His mercy is infinitely greater than the collective charity of mankind; and in the interim He permits things to follow their ordinary course, without charging anybody to interfere and prevent their consequences by means of war." *

The first possessors of Hayti were startled at the multitude of human bones which were found in some of the caverns of the island, for they were considered as confirming the reports of cannibalism which had reached them. These ossuaries were accidental; perhaps natives seeking shelter from the hurricane or earthquake were overwhelmed in these retreats, or blocked up and left to perish. We have no reason to believe that the caves had been used for centuries. And even the Caribs did not keep the bones which they picked, to rise up in judgment against them at last, clattering indictments of the number of their feasts. Nor do they seem to have shared the taste of the old Scandinavian and the modern Georgian or Alabamian, who have been known to turn drinking-cups and carve ornaments out of the skeletons of their enemies.

But they liked the taste of human flesh. The difference between them and the Spaniard was merely that the latter devoured men's flesh in the shape of cotton, sugar, gold. And the native discrimination was not altogether unpraiseworthy, if the later French missionaries can be exonerated from national prejudice, when they declare that the Caribs said Spaniards were meagre and indigestible, while a Frenchman made a suc-

* Herrera says, however, that Las Casas declared them to be legitimately enslaved, the natives of Trinity Island in particular. Schoelcher (*Colonies Étrangères et Haïti*, Tom. II. p. 59) notices that all the royal edicts in favor of the people of America, miserably obeyed as they were, related only to Indians who were supposed to be in a state of peace with Spain; the Caribs were distinctly excepted. It was convenient to call a great many Indians Caribs; numerous tribes who were peaceful enough when let alone, and victims rather than perpetrators of cannibalism, became slaves by scientific adjudication. "These races," said Cardinal Ximenes, "are fit for nothing but labor."

* *Fifth Memoir: Upon the Liberty of the Indians.* Llorente, Tom. II. p. 11.

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culent and peptic meal. But if he was a person of a religious habit, priest or monk, woe to the incautious Carib who might dine upon him! a mistake in the article of mushrooms were not more fatal. Du Tertre relates that a French priest was killed and smoke-dried by the Caribs, and then devoured with satisfaction. But many who dined upon the unfortunate man, whom the Church had ordained to feed her sheep less literally, died suddenly: others were afflicted with extraordinary diseases. Afterwards they avoided Christians as an article of food, being content with slaying them as often as possible, but leaving them untouched.

The Caribs were very impracticable in a state of slavery. Their stubborn and rigid nature could not become accommodated to a routine of labor. They fled to the mountains, and began marooning;* but they carried with them the scar of the hot iron upon the thigh, which labelled them as natives in a state of war, and therefore reclaimable as slaves. The Dominicans made a vain attempt to limit this branding to the few genuine Caribs who were reduced to slavery; but the custom was universal of marking Indians to compel them to pass for Caribs, after which they were sold and transferred with avidity, the authorities having no power to enforce the legal discrimination. The very existence of this custom offered a premium to cruelty, by furnishing the colonists with a technical permission to enslave.

But the supply could not keep up with the insatiable demand. The great expeditions which were organized to sweep the Terra Firma and the adjacent islands of their population found the warlike Caribs difficult to procure.† The supply of laborers was failing just at the period when the colonists began to see that the gold of Hayti was scattered broadcast through her fertile soil, which became transmuted into crops at the touch of the spade and hoe. Plantations of cacao, ginger, cotton, indigo, and tobacco were established; and in 1506 the sugar-cane, which was not indigenous, as some have affirmed, was introduced from the Canaries. Vellosa, a physician in the town of San Domingo, was the first to cultivate it on a large scale, and to express the juice by means of the cylinder-mill, which he invented.* The Government, seeing the advantages to be derived from this single article, offered to lend five hundred gold piastres to every colonist who would fit up a sugar-plantation. Thus stimulated, the cultivation of the cane throve so, that as early as 1518 the island possessed forty sugar-works with mills worked by horse-power or water. But the plantations were less merciful to the Indians than the mines, and in 1503 there began to be a scarcity of human labor.

At this date we first hear that negroes had been introduced into the colony. But their introduction into Spain and Europe took place early in the fifteenth century. "Ortiz de Zuñigo, as Hum-

* *Cimarron* was Spanish, meaning *wild:* applied to animals, and subsequently to escaped slaves, who lived by hunting and stealing.

† "Girolamo Benzoni, of Milan, who, at the age of twenty-two, visited Terra Firma, took part in some expeditions in 1542 to the coasts of Bordones, Cariaco, and Paria, to carry off the unfortunate natives. He relates with simplicity, and often with a sensibility not common in the historians of that time, the examples of cruelty of which he was a witness. He saw the slaves dragged to New Cadiz, to be marked on the forehead and on the arms, and for the payment of the *quint* to the officers of the crown. From this port the Indians were sent to the island of Hayti, after having often changed masters, not by way of sale, but because the soldiers played for them at dice." — Humboldt, *Personal Narrative*, Vol. I. p. 176.

* Schoelcher, *Hayti*, Vol. II. p. 78. The Arabs introduced the cane, which had been cultivated in the East from the remotest times, into Sicily in the ninth century, whence it found its way into Spain, and was taken to the Canaries: Madeira sent sugar to Antwerp in 1500. See Bridge, *Annals of Jamaica*, Vol. I. p. 594, who, however, makes the mistake of saying that a variety of the sugar-cane was indigenous to the Antilles. See Humboldt, *Personal Narrative*, Vol. II. p. 28, who says that negroes were employed in the cultivation of the sugar-cane in the Canaries from its introduction.

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boldt reports, with his usual exactness, says distinctly that 'blacks had been already brought to Seville in the reign of Henry III. of Castile,' consequently before 1406. 'The Catalans and the Normans frequented the western coast of Africa as far as the Tropic of Cancer at least forty-five years before the epoch at which Don Henry the Navigator commenced his series of discoveries beyond Cape Nun.'" *

But the practice of buying and selling slaves in Europe can be traced as far back as the tenth century, when fairs were established in all the great cities. Prisoners of war, representing different nations at different times, according to the direction which the love of piracy and conquest took, were exposed at those great periodical sales of merchandise to the buyers who flocked from every land. The Northern cities around the Baltic have the distinction of displaying these human goods quite as early as Venice or any commercial centre of the South: the municipal privileges and freedom of those famous cities were thus nourished partly by a traffic in mankind, for whose sake privilege and right are alone worth having. Seven thousand Danish slaves were exposed at one fair held in the city of Mecklenburg at the end of the twelfth century. They had the liberty of being ransomed, but only distinguished captives could be saved in that way from being sold. The price ranged from one to three marks. It is difficult to tell from this how valuable a man was considered, for the relation of the mark to other merchandise, or, in other words, the value of the currency, cannot be represented by modern sums, which are only technically equivalent, — as a mark, for instance, was then held equal to eight ounces of silver.† That was not exorbitant, however, for those times, and shows that men were frequently exposed for sale. The merchants of Bristol used to sell a great many captives into Ireland; but it is recorded that the Irish were the first Christian people who agreed at length to put a stop to this traffic by refusing to have any more captives brought into their country. The Church had long before forbidden it; and there are no grounds for supposing that any other motive than humanity induced the Irish people to show this superiority to the conventions of the age.*

From the essay by Schoelcher, entitled "The Slave-Trade and its Origin," which has been prepared with considerable research, we gather that the first negroes seen in Portugal were carried there in 1441. Antonio Gonzales was the name of the man who first excited his countrymen by offering for sale this human booty which he had seized. All classes of people felt a mania like that which turns the tides of emigration to Australia and California. Nothing was desired but the means of equipping vessels for the coast of Guinea. Previously to this a few Guanches from the Canaries had been exposed for sale in the markets of Lisbon and Seville, and there were many Moorish slaves in Spain, taken in the wars which preceded the expulsion of that nation. But now there was a rapid accumulation of this species of property, fed by the inexhaustible soil of Africa, whence so many millions of men have been reaped and ploughed into the soils of other lands.

In 1443, an expedition of six caravels, commanded by a gentleman of the Portuguese court, went down the coast on

* Schoelcher, *La Traite et son Origine*, in *Colonies Etrangères*, Tom. I. p. 364.

† Upon the subject of changes in the value of money, and some comparisons between the past and present, see Hallam's *Europe during the Middle Ages*, Vol. II. pp. 427–432, and *Supplement*, p. 406. Dealing in money, banking, bills of exchange, have a very early date in Europe. The Bank of Venice was founded in 1401. Florentines dealt in money as early as 1251, and their system of exchange was in use throughout the North early in the fifteenth century. — McCullagh's *Industrial History of Free Nations*, Vol. II. p. 94.

* See in Hallam's *Supplement to Europe during the Middle Ages*, p. 133, and in Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Vol. I. pp. 32, 33, various causes mentioned for voluntary and compulsory servitude in the early European times. See also Sumner's *White Slavery*, p. 11.

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one of these ventures, ostensibly geographical, but really mercenary, which then excited the popular enterprise. It managed to attack some island and to make a great number of prisoners. The same year a citizen of Lisbon fitted out a vessel at his own expense, went beyond the Senegal, where he seized a great many natives, discovered Cape Verde, and was driven back to Lisbon by a storm.

Prince Henry built the fort of Mina upon the Gold Coast, and made it a depot for articles of Spanish use, which he bartered for slaves. He introduced there, and upon the island of Arguin, near Cape Blanco, the cultivation of corn and sugar; the whole coast was formally occupied by the Portuguese, whose king took the title of Lord of Guinea. Sugar went successively to Spain, Madeira, the Azores, and the West Indies, in the company of negro slaves. It was carried to Hayti just as the colonists discovered that negroes were unfit for mining. Charlevoix says that the magnificent palaces of Madrid and Toledo, the work of Charles V., were entirely built by the revenue from the entry-tax on sugar from Hayti.

At first, all prisoners taken in war, or in attacks deliberately made to bring on fighting, were sold, whatever their nation or color. This was due to the Catholic theory that all unbaptized people were infidels. But gradually the same religious influence, moved by some scruples of humanity, made a distinction between negroes and all other people, allowing only the former to become objects of traffic, because they were black as well as heathen. Thus early did physiology come to the aid of religion, notifying the Church of certain physical peculiarities which seemed to be the trade-marks of the Creator, and perpetual guaranties, like the color of woods, the odor of gums, the breadth and bone of draught-cattle, of their availability for the market. What renown has graced the names of Portuguese adventurers, and how illustrious does this epoch of the little country's life appear in history! Rivers, bays, and stormy headlands, long reaches of gold coast and ivory coast, and countries of palm-oil, and strange interiors stocked with new forms of existence, and the great route to India itself, became the charter to a brilliant fame of this mercenary heroism. Man went as far as he was impelled to go. While the stimulus continued, and the outlay was more than equalled by the income and the glory, unexplored regions yielded up their secrets, and the Continent of Africa was established by this insignificant nation to be for centuries the vast slave-nursery of the world.

When the habit of selling men began to be restricted to the selling of negroes, companies were formed to organize this business and to have it carried on with economy. The Portuguese had a monopoly of the trade for a long time. They went up and down the African coast, picking quarrels with the natives when the latter did not quarrel enough among themselves to create a suitable supply of captives. Slaves were in great demand in Spain, and quite numerous at Seville. The percentage which the Portuguese exacted induced the Spaniards at length to enter into the traffic, which they did, according to Zuñigo, in 1474.

At that time negroes were confined, like Jews, to a particular quarter of a Spanish city. They had their places of worship, their own regulations and police. "A *Cédula* [order] of November 8, 1474, appoints a negro named Juan de Valladolid mayoral of the blacks and mulattoes, free and slaves, in Seville. He had authority to decide in quarrels and regular processes of law, and also to legalize marriages, because, says the *Cédula*, 'it is within our knowledge that you are acquainted with the laws and ordinances.' He became so famous that people called him *El Conde Negro*, The Black Count, and his name was bestowed upon one of the streets of the negro quarter."

Thus men were born in Europe into a

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condition of slavery before 1500. In that year the introduction of negroes into Hayti was authorized, provided they were born in Spain in the houses of Christian masters. Negroes who had been bred in Morisco * families were not allowed to be carried thither, from a well-grounded fear that the Moorish hatred had sunk too deeply into a kindred blood.

A great many slaves were immediately transported to Hayti; for in 1503, "Ovando, the Governor-General of the Indies, who had received the instructions of 1500, asked the court 'not to send any more negroes to Española, because they often escaped to the Indians, taught them bad habits, and could never be retaken.'"

Schoelcher seems to think that these first slaves were so difficult to manage because they had been reared in a civilized country; and he notices that Cardinal Ximenes, who was well acquainted with the Spanish negro, constantly refused to authorize a direct slave-trade with Hayti, because it would introduce into the colony so many enterprising and prolific people, who would revolt when they became too numerous, and bring the Spaniards themselves under the yoke. This was an early presentiment of the fortune of Hayti, but it was not justly derived from an acquaintance with the Spanish-bred negro alone; for the negroes who were afterwards transported to the colony directly from Africa had the same unaccommodating temper, which frequently disconcerted the Cardinal's theory that an African should be born and bred in a Christian city to render him unfit for slavery. This unclerical native prejudice against working for white men is so universal, and has been so consistently maintained for three hundred years, as to present a queer contradiction to those divine marks which set him apart for that condition. The Cardinal attributed, in fact, to intercourse with the spirit of his countrymen that disposition of the negro which seems to be derived from intercourse with the spirit of his Creator.

No sooner did the negro enter the climate of Hayti, and feel that more truculent and desolating one of the Spanish temper, than he began to revolt, to take to the mountains, to defend his life, to organize leagues with Caribs and other natives. The colonists were often slain in conflicts with them. The first negro insurrection in Hayti occurred in November, 1522. It began with twenty Jolof negroes belonging to Diego Columbus; others joined them; they slew and burned as they went, took negroes and Indians along with them, robbed the houses, and were falling back upon the mountains with intent to hold them permanently against the colony. Oviedo is enthusiastic over the action of two Spanish cavaliers, who charged the blacks, lance in rest, went through them several times with a handful of followers, and broke up their menacing attitude. They were then easily hunted down, and in six or seven days most of them were hanging to the trees as warnings. The rest delivered themselves up. In 1551, Charles V. forbade negroes, both free and slave, from carrying any kind of weapon. It was necessary subsequently to renew this ordinance, because the slaves continued to be as dexterous with the *machete* or the sabre as with the hoe.

Humboldt and others have alluded to a striking prediction made by Girolamo Benzoni, an Italian traveller who visited the islands and Terra Firma early in the sixteenth century, and witnessed the condition and temper of the blacks. It is of the clearest kind. He says,* after

* Moors, living in Spain as subjects, and nominally Christianized.

* *La Historia del Mondo Nuovo*, Venetia, 1565, Book II. p. 65, a duodecimo filled with curious plates representing the habits of the natives and the Spanish dealings with them. Benzoni elsewhere has a good deal to say about the cruelty exercised towards the negroes. For a failure to perform the daily stint in the mines, a negro was usually buried up to his chin, and left to be tormented by the insects. Wire whips were used in flogging, and hot pitch was applied to the wounds.

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speaking of marooning in Hayti,—"*Vi sono molti Spagnuoli che tengono per cosa certa che quest' Isola in breve tempo sarà posseduta da questi Mori. Et per tanto gli governatori tengono grandissima vigilanza,*" etc.: "There are many Spaniards who hold it for certain that in a brief time this island will fall into the hands of the Africans. On this account the governors use the greatest vigilance." He goes on to remark the fewness of the Spaniards, and afterwards gives his own opinion to confirm the Spanish anticipation. Nothing postponed the fulfilment of this natural expectation till the close of the eighteenth century, but the sudden decay into which the island fell under Spanish rule, when it became no longer an object to import the blacks. Many Spaniards left the island before 1550, from an apprehension that the negroes would destroy the colony. Some authorities even place the number of Spaniards remaining at that time as low as eleven hundred.

The common opinion that Las Casas asked permission for the colonists to draw negroes from Africa, in order to assuage the sufferings of the Indians, does not appear to be well-founded. For negroes were drawn from Guinea as early as 1511, and his proposition was made in 1517. The Spaniards were already introducing these substitutes for the native labor, regardless of the ordinance which restricted the possession of negroes in Hayti to those born in Spain. It is not improbable that Las Casas desired to regulate a traffic which had already commenced, by inducing the Government to countenance it. His object was undoubtedly to make it easier for the colonists to procure the blacks; but it must have occurred to him that his plan would diminish, as far as possible, the miseries of an irregular transfer of the unfortunate men from Africa.

See Bridge's *Jamaica*, *Appendix*, *Historical Notes on Slavery*. The Spaniards had even less scruple about their treatment of the negroes than of the Indians, alleging in justification that their own countrymen sold them to the traders on the Guinea coast!

The horrors of a middle passage in those days of small vessels and tedious voyages would have been great, if the number of slaves to be transported had not been limited by law. There is no direct evidence, however, that Las Casas made his proposition out of any regard for the negro. Charles V. resolved to allow a thousand negroes to each of the four islands, Hayti, Ferdinanda, Cuba, and Jamaica. The privilege of importing them was bestowed upon one of his Flemish favorites; but he soon sold it to some Genoese merchants, who held each negro at such a high price that only the wealthiest colonists could procure them. Herrera regrets that in this way the prudent calculation of Las Casas was defeated.

This was the first license to trade in slaves. It limited the number to four thousand, but it was a fatal precedent, which was followed by French, Spanish, and Dutch, long after the decay of the Spanish part of Hayti, till all the islands, and many parts of Central America, were filled with negroes.

It is pleasanter to dwell upon those points in which the brave and humane Las Casas surpassed his age, and prophesied against it, than upon those which he held in common with it, as he acquiesced in its instinctive life. At first it seems unaccountable that the argument which he framed with such jealous care to protect his Indians and recommend them to the mercy of Government was not felt by him to apply to the negroes with equal force. Slavery uses the same pretexts in every age and against whatsoever race it wishes to oppress. The Indians were represented by the colonists as predestined by their natural dispositions, and by their virtues as well as by their vices, to be held in tutelage by a superior race: their vices were excuses for colonial cruelty, their virtues made it worth while to keep the cruelty in vigorous exercise. In refuting this interested party, Las Casas anticipates the spirit and reasoning of later times. He was the first to utter anti-slavery principles in the Western hemisphere. We have improved upon

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his knowledge, but have not advanced beyond his essential spirit, for equity and iniquity always have the same leading points to make through their advocates. When we see that such a man as Las Casas was unconscious of the breadth of his own philanthropy, we wonder less at the liability of noble men to admit some average folly of their age. This is the ridiculous and astonishing feature of their costume, the exceptional bad taste which their spiritual posterity learn to disavow.

The memory of Las Casas ought to be cherished by every true democrat of these later times, for he announced, in his quality of Protector of the Indian, the principles which protect the rights of all men against oppressive authority. He was eager to convince a despotic court that it had no legal or spiritual right to enslave Indians, or to deprive them of their goods and territory. In framing his argument, he applied doctrines of the universal liberty of men, which are fatal to courts themselves; for they transfer authority to the people, who have the best of reasons for desiring to be governed well. It is astonishing that the republicanism of Las Casas has not been more carefully noted and admired; for his writings show plainly, without forced construction or after-thought of the enlightened reader, that he was in advance of Spain and Europe as far as the American theory itself is. Our Declaration of the Rights of Man shows nothing which the first Western Abolitionist had not proclaimed in the councils and conferences of Seville.

It is worth while to show this as fully as the purpose of this article will admit. One would expect to find that he counselled kings to administer their government with equal regard to the little and the great, the poor and the rich, the powerful and the miserable; for this the Catholic Church has always done, and has held a lofty theory before earthly thrones, notwithstanding its own ambitious derelictions. But Las Casas tells the Supreme Council of the Indies that no charge, no servitude, no labor can be imposed upon a people without its previous and voluntary consent; for man shares, by his origin, in the common liberty of all beings, so that every subordination of men to princes, and every burden imposed upon material things, should be inaugurated by a voluntary pact between the governing and the governed; the election of kings, princes, and magistrates, and the authority with which they are invested to rule and to tax, anciently owed their origin to a free determination of people who desired to establish thereby their own happiness; the free will of the nation is the only efficient cause, the only immediate principle and veritable source of the power of kings, and therefore the transmission of such power is only a representative act of a nation giving free expression to its own opinion. For a nation would not have recourse to such a form of government, except in accordance with its human instinct, to secure the advantage of all; nor does it, in thus delegating power, renounce its liberty, or have the intention of submitting to the domination of another, or of conceding his right to impose burdens and contributions without the consent of those who have to bear them, or to command anything that is contrary to the general interest. When a nation thus delegates a portion of its power to the sovereign, it is not done by subscribing any written contract or transaction, because primitive right presides, and there are natural reserves not expressed by men, such as that of preserving intact their individual independence, that of their property, and the right of never submitting to a privation of good or an establishment of taxes without a previous consent. People existed before kings and magistrates. Then they were free, and governed themselves according to their untrammelled intent. In process of time people make kings, but the good of the people is the final cause of their existence. Men do not make kings to be rendered miserable by their rule, but to derive from them all the good possible. Liberty is the greatest good which a peo-

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ple can enjoy: its rights are violated every time that a king, without consulting his people, decrees that which wounds the general interest; for, as the intention of subjects was not to grant a prince the ability to injure, all such acts ought to be considered unjust and altogether null. "Liberty is inalienable, and its price is above that of all the goods of this world." *

Las Casas follows the fashion of his time in resting all his glorious axioms upon the authority of men and councils. He quotes Aristotle, Seneca, Thomas Aquinas, the different Popes, the Canons, and the Scriptures; but it is astonishing to find how democratic they all are to the enthusiastic Bishop, or rather, how the best minds of all ages have admitted the immutable principles of human nature into their theology and metaphysics. When will the Catholic Church, which has nourished and protected so many noble spirits, express in her average sentiment and policy their generous interpretations of her religion, and their imputations to her of being an embodiment of the universal religion of mankind?

Men complained of Las Casas for being severe and unsparing in his speech. In this respect, of calling the vices and enormities of Slavery by their simple names, and of fastening the guilt of special transactions not vaguely upon human nature, but directly upon the perpetrators who disgraced the nature which they shared, he also anticipated the privilege and ill-repute of American Abolitionists. He told what he saw, or what was guarantied to him by competent witnesses. His cheek grew red when it was smitten by some fierce outrage upon humanity, and men could plainly read the marks which it left there. Nor did they easily fade away; he held his branded cheek in the full view of men, that they might be compelled to interpret the disgrace to which they were so indifferent. Men dislike to hear the outcries of a sensitive spirit, and dread to have their heathenism called by Christian names. How much better it would be, they think, if philanthropy never made an attack upon the representatives of cruelty! they would soon become converted, if they were politely let alone. No doubt, all that the supporters of any tyranny desire is to be let alone. They delight in abstract delineations of the vices of their system, which flourishes and develops while moral indignation is struggling to avoid attacking it where only it is dangerous, in the persons of its advocates. If there were nothing but metaphysical wickedness in the world, how effective it would be never to allude to a wicked man! If Slavery itself were the pale, thin ghost of an abstraction, how bloodless this war would be! Fine words, genteel deprecation, and magnanimous generality are the tricks of villany. Indignant Mercy works with other tools; she leaps with the directness of lightning, and the same unsparing sincerity, to the spot to which she is attracted. What rogue ever felt the clutch of a stern phrase at his throat, with a good opinion of it? Shall we throttle the rascal in broad day, or grope in the dark after the impersonal weasand of his crime?

And those amiable people who think to regenerate the world by radiating amenity are the choice accomplices of the villains. They keep everything quiet, hush up incipient disturbances, and mislead the police. No Pharisee shall be called a Devil's child, if they can help it: they say "Fie!" to the scourge of knotted cord in the temple, or eagerly explain that it was used only upon the cattle, who cannot, of course, rebel. "These people who give the fine name of prudence to

* *Fifth Memoir: Upon the Liberty of the Indians who have been reduced to the Condition of Slavery:* Llorente, Tom. II. pp. 34, 35. *Sixth Memoir: Upon the Question whether Kings have the Power to alienate their Subjects, their Towns and Jurisdiction*, pp. 64 et seq. *Letter of Las Casas to Miranda, resident in England with Philip, in* 1555.—The Sixth Memoir is a remarkable production. Its closing words are these: "The dignity of a king does not consist in usurping rights of which he is only the administrator. Invested with all the necessary power to govern well and to make his kingdom happy, let him fulfil that fine destiny, and the respect of the people will be his reward."

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their timidity, and whose discretion is always favorable to injustice!" *.

"I have decided to write this history," says Las Casas, in his "Memoir upon the Cruelty of the Spaniards," "by the advice of many pious and God-fearing persons, who think that its publication will cause a desire to spring up in many Christian hearts to bring a prompt remedy to these evils, as enormous as they are multiplied." He designates the guilty governors, captains, courtiers, and connects them directly with their crimes. He does not say that they were gentlemen or Christians: "these brigands," "executioners," "barbarians," are his more appropriate phrases. If he had addressed them as gentlemen, the terrible scenes would have instantly ceased, and the system of *Repartimientos* would have been abandoned by men who were only waiting to be converted by politeness! He calls that plan of allotting the natives, and reducing them to Spanish overseership, "atrocious." Yet for some time it was technically legal: it was equivalent to what we call constitutional. So that it was by no means so bad as the anarchical attack which Las Casas made upon it! He tells where an infamous overseer was still living in Spain, — or at least, he says, "his family was living in Seville when I last heard about him." What a disgraceful attack upon an individual! how it must have hurt the feelings of a respectable family! — "How malignant!" cried the *hidalgos*; "How coarse!" the women; and "How ill-judged!" the clergy. He speaks of Cortés with contempt: why should he not? for he was only the burglar of a kingdom. But we read these sincere pages of Las Casas with satisfaction. The polished contemporaries of Abolitionists turn over the pages of antique denunciation, and their lymph really quickens in their veins as they read the prophetic vehemence of an Isaiah, the personality of a Nathan, the unmeasured vernacular of Luther, the satire and invective of all good upbraiders of past generations, until they reach their own, which yet waits for a future generation to make scripture and history of its speech and deeds. Time is the genial critic that effaces the contemporary glosses of interested men. It rots away the ugly scaffolding up which the bold words climbed, and men see the beautiful and tenacious arch which only genius is daring enough and capable to build. It is delightful to walk across the solid structure, with gratitude and taste in a glow. We love to read indictments of an exploded crime which we have learned to despise, or which we are committing in a novel form.

Charlevoix takes up this complaint of the imprudence of Las Casas, and, to illustrate it, thinks that he could not have anticipated the bad effects of the publication of his "Memoir upon the Cruelty of the Spaniards," for it appeared during the war with the revolted Netherlands, and was translated into Dutch by a Frenchman. "Nothing," he says, "so animated those people to persist in their rebellion, as the fear, that, if they entered into any accommodation with Spain, they would be served as the natives had been in the American Provinces, who were never so badly oppressed as when they felt most secure upon the faith of a treaty or convention." If the book of Las Casas really lent courage and motive to that noble resistance, as it undoubtedly did by confirming the mistrust of Spanish rule in the Low Countries, the honorable distinction should be preserved by history.

While a bad institution is still vigorous and aggressive, the divine rage of conscientious men is not so exhilarating. A different style of thought, like that which prevailed among the French missionaries to the Indies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is more acceptable to colonial susceptibility. A South-side religion is a favorable exposure for delicate and precarious products like indigo, sugar, coffee, and cotton. Las Casas had not learned to wield his enthusiastic pen

* "Ces hommes qui donnent le beau nom de prudence à leur timidité, et dont la discrétion est toujours favorable à l'injustice."— Hilliard d'Aubertueil, *Considérations sur l'État Présent de la Colonie Française de St. Domingue*, 1776.

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in defence of the negro; but when the islands became well stocked with slaves, later Catholics eagerly reproduced the arguments of the Spanish *encomiendas*, and vindicated afresh the providential character of Slavery. "I acknowledge," says one, "and adore with all humility the profound and inconceivable secrets of God; for I do not know what the unfortunate nation has committed to deserve that this particular and hereditary curse of servitude should be attached to them, as well as ugliness and blackness." "It is truly with these unfortunates that the poet's saying is verified, —

'Dimidium mentis Jupiter illis aufert,' —

as I have remarked a thousand times that God deprives slaves of half their judgment, lest, recognizing their miserable condition, they should be thrown into despair. For though they are very adroit in many things which they do, they are so stupid that they have no more sense of being enslaved than if they had never enjoyed liberty. Every land becomes their country, provided they find enough to eat and drink, which is very different from the state of mind of the daughters of Zion, who cried, on finding themselves in a foreign country,—'*Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena?*'" *

Another missionary, in describing his method of administering baptism, says: "After the customary words, I add, 'And thee, accursed spirit, I forbid in the name of Jesus Christ ever to dare to violate this sacred sign which I have just made upon the forehead of this creature, whom He has bought with His blood.' The negro, who comprehends nothing of what I say or do, makes great eyes at me, and appears confounded; but to reassure him, I address to him through an interpreter these words of the Saviour to St. Peter: 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.'"

He complains that they do not appear to value the mystery of the Trinity as a necessary means of salvation: the negro does not understand what he is made to repeat, any more than a parrot. And here the knowledge of the most able theologian will go a very little ways. "Still, a missionary ought to think twice before leaving a man, of whatever kind, to perish without baptism; and if he has scruples upon this point, these words of the Psalmist will reassure his mind: '*Homines et jumenta salvabis, Domine*': 'Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and cattle!'" *

Father Labat is scandalized because the English planters refused to have their slaves baptized. Their clergymen told him, in excuse, that it was unworthy of a Christian to hold in slavery his brother in Christ. "But may we not say that it is still more unworthy of a Christian not to procure for souls bought by the blood of Jesus Christ the knowledge of a God to whom they are responsible for all that they do?" This idea, that the negroes had been first bought by Christ, must have been consoling and authoritative to a planter. The missionary has not advanced upon the Spanish theory, that baptism introduced the natives into a higher life.† "However," says Labat, "this notion of the English does not affect them, whenever they can get hold of our negroes. They know very well that they are Christians, they cannot doubt that they have been made by baptism their brothers in Christ, yet that does not prevent them from holding them in slavery, and treating them like those whom they do not regard as their brothers." ‡

* *Histoire Générale des Isles de St. Christophe*, etc., 1654, par Du Tertre.

* From a letter by the Jesuit father Le Pers, quoted by Charlevoix, *Histoire de St. Domingue*, Tom. IV. p. 369. Amsterdam, 1733.

† Upon the reputed effects of baptism, and some anecdotes connected with the administration of this rite, see Humboldt's *Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain*, London, 1811, Vol. I. p. 165, note.

‡ *Nouveau Voyage aux Isles de l'Amérique*, À la Haye, 1724, Tom. V. p. 42. Father Labat is delighted because the Dutch asked him to confess their slaves; and he records that many masters take great pains to have their Catholic slaves say their prayers morning and evening, and approach the sacrament; nor do they undertake to indoctrinate them with Calvinism.

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This English antipathy to baptizing slaves, for fear of recognizing them as men by virtue of that rite, appears to have existed in the early days of the North-American Colonies. Bishop Berkeley, in his "Proposal for the Better Supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations," etc., alludes to the little interest which was shown in the conversion of negroes, "who, to the infamy of England and scandal of the world, continue heathen under Christian masters and in Christian countries; which could never be, if our planters were rightly instructed and made sensible that they disappointed their own baptism by denying it to those who belong to them." This receives an explanation in a sermon preached by the Bishop in London, where he speaks of the irrational contempt felt for the blacks in the Plantation of Rhode Island, "as creatures of another species, who had no right to be instructed or admitted to the sacraments. To this may be added an erroneous notion that the being baptized is inconsistent with a state of slavery. To undeceive them in this particular, which had too much weight, it seemed a proper step, if the opinion of his Majesty's attorney and solicitor-general could be procured. This opinion they charitably sent over, signed with their own hands; which was accordingly printed in Rhode Island, and dispersed throughout the Plantation. I heartily wish it may produce the intended effect." *

In a speech upon West-Indian affairs, which Lord Brougham delivered in the House of Commons in 1823, there is some account of the religious instruction of the slaves as conducted by the curates. He alludes in particular to the testimony of a worthy curate, who stated that he had been twenty or thirty years among the negroes, "and that no single instance of conversion to Christianity had taken place during that time, — all his efforts to gain new proselytes among the negroes had been in vain; all of a sudden, however, light had broken in upon their darkness so suddenly that between five and six thousand negroes had been baptized in a few days. I confess I was at first much surprised at this statement. I knew not how to comprehend it; but all of a sudden light broke in upon my darkness also. I found that there was a clue to this most surprising story, and that these wonderful conversions were brought about, not by a miracle, as the good man seems himself to have really imagined, and would almost make us believe, but by a premium of a dollar a head paid to this worthy curate for each slave that he baptized!"

We return to Las Casas once more, to state precisely his complicity in the introduction of the race whose sorrows have been so fearfully avenged by Nature in every part of the New World. Many of the writers who have treated of these transactions, as Robertson, for instance, have accused Las Casas, on the strength of a passage in Herrera, of having originated the idea that the blacks could be profitably substituted for the Indians. It is supposed, that, in his eagerness to save the Indians from destruction, he sought also to save colonial interests, by procuring still a supply of labor from a hardier and less interesting race. Thus his indignation at the rapid extinction of the Indians appears sentimental; to indulge his fancy for an amiable race, he was willing to subject another, with which he had no graceful associations, to the same liabilities. We have seen, however, that the practice of carrying negroes to Hayti was already established, seven years before Las Casas suggests his policy. The passage from Herrera has been misunderstood, as Llorente, Schoelcher, the Abbé Grégoire, and others, conclusively show. That historian says that Las Casas, disheartened by the difficulties which he met from the colonists and their political and ecclesiastical friends at home, had recourse to a new expedient, to solicit leave for the Spaniards to trade in negroes, "in order that their labor on the plantations

* *A Sermon preached before the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, at their Anniversary Meeting in the Parish Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, on Friday, February* 18, 1731.

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and in the mines might render that of the natives less severe." This proposition, made in 1517, has been wrongly supposed to signalize the first introduction of blacks into America. Nor was Las Casas the first to make this proposition; for another passage of Herrera discloses that three priests of St. Jerome, who had been despatched to the colony by Cardinal Ximenes, for the experiment of managing it by a Board instead of by a Governor, recommended in 1516 that negroes should be sent out to stock the plantations, in order to diminish the forced labor of the natives. This was a concession by the Jeromites to the public opinion which Las Casas had created.* Negroes already existed there; the priests perceived their value, and that the introduction of a greater number would both improve the colony and diminish the anti-slavery agitation of the Dominicans. The next year this project was taken up by Las Casas, borrowed from the Jeromites as the only alternative to preserve a colony, to relieve the natives, and to keep the people interested in the wholesome reforms which he was continually urging upon the colonial administration.

He had no opportunity to become acquainted with the evils of negro slavery, but it is strange that he did not anticipate them. It was taken for granted by him that the blacks were enslaved in Africa, and he accepted too readily the popular idea that their lot was improved by transferring them from barbarous to Christian masters. Their number was so small in Hayti, and the island fell so suddenly into decay, that no formidable oppression of them occurred during his lifetime to replace his recollections of the horrors of Indian servitude. His plan did not take root, but it was remembered. Thus the single error of a noble man, committed in the fulness of his Christian aspirations, and at the very moment when he was representing to a generation of hard and avaricious men the divine charity, betrayed their victims to all the nations that sought wealth and luxury in the West, and pointed out how they were to be obtained. His compromise has the fatal history of all compromises which secure to the present a brief advantage, whose fearful accumulation of interest the future must disgrace, exhaust, and cripple itself to pay.

In 1519 the colony had already begun to decay, though all the external marks of luxury and splendor were still maintained. That was the date of a famous insurrection of the remnant of Indians, who occupied the mountains, and defended themselves for thirteen years against all the efforts of the Spaniards to reduce them. It was hardly worth while to undertake their subjection. Adventurers and emigrants were already leaving San Domingo to its fate, attracted to different spots of the Terra Firma, to Mexico and Peru, by the reported treasures. That portion of the colony which had engaged in agriculture found Indians scarce and negroes expensive. There was no longer any object in fitting out expeditions to reinforce the colony, and repair the waste which it was beginning to suffer from desertion and disease. The war with the natives was ignominiously ended by Charles V. in 1533, who found that the colony was growing too poor to pay for it. He despatched a letter to the cacique who had organized this desperate and prolonged resistance, flattered him by the designation of Dom Henri* and profuse expres-

* Oviedo says nothing about this Jeromite proposition, but records the arrival of this priestly commission, (*Hist. Ind.*, Book IV. ch. 3,) and that one object of it was to provide for the Indians, — "*buen tractamiento é conservaçion de los indios.*" He says that all the remedial measures which it undertook increased the misery and loss of the natives. He was not humane. It seemed absurd to him that the Indians should kill themselves on the slightest pretext, or run to the mountains; and he can find no reason for it, except that their chief purpose in life (and one which they had always cherished, before the Christians came among them) was to eat, drink, "*folgar, é luxuriar, é idolatrar, é exercer otras muchas suçiedades bestiales.*"

* The priests gave him the name of Henri, when they baptized him, long previous to his revolt. He was called Henriquillo by way of

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sions of admiration, sent a Spanish general to treat with him, and to assign him a district to inhabit with his followers. Dom Henri thankfully accepted this pacification, and soon after received Las Casas himself, who had been commissioned to assure the sole surviving cacique and representative of two million natives that Spain was their friend! At last the Protector of the Indians has the satisfaction of meeting them with authoritative messages of peace. And this was the first salutation of Dom Henri, after his forty years' experience of Spanish probity, and thirteen years of struggle for existence: "During all this war, I have not failed a day to offer up my prayers, I have fasted strictly every Friday, I have watched with care over the morals and the conduct of my subjects, I have taken measures everywhere to prevent all profligate intercourse between the sexes"; * thus nobly trying to recommend himself to the good Bishop, who had always believed in their capacity for temporal and spiritual elevation. He retired to a place named Boya, a dozen leagues from the capital. All the Indians who could prove their descent from the original inhabitants of the island were allowed to follow him. A few of them still remained in 1750; their number was only four thousand when Dom Henri led them away from Spanish rule to die out undisturbed. †

After its passionate and blood-thirsty life, the colony was sinking to sleep, not from satiety nor exhaustion, for the same race was holding its orgies in other countries, but from inability to gather fuel for its excesses. A long list of insignificant governors is the history of the island for another century. They did nothing to improve the condition of the inhabitants, whose distress was sometimes severe; but they continued to embellish the capital, which Oviedo described to Charles V. as rivalling in solidity and beauty any city in Spain. He wrote in 1538, and possessed a beautiful residence in the plain of St. John. The private houses were built substantially, in several stories, of stone, embowered in charming gardens; the public edifices, including the cathedral, displayed all the strength and rich ornamentation which had been common for a hundred years in the Spanish cities. There were several well-endowed convents, and a fine hospital. When Sir Francis Drake took possession of San Domingo in 1586, he attempted to induce the inhabitants, who had fled into the country, to pay an enormous ransom for their city, by threatening to destroy a number of fine houses every day till it was paid. He undertook the task, but found that his soldiers were scarcely able to demolish more than one a day, and he eventually left the city not materially damaged.

Antonio Herrera, in his "Description of the West Indies," gives the number of inhabitants of the city in 1530 as six hundred, and says that there were fourteen thousand Castilians, many of them nobles, who carried on the different interests of the colony. He has a list of seventeen towns, with brief descriptions of them.

It appears by this that the island had speedily recovered from the ill reports of the early emigrants, many of whom returned to Spain broken in purse and person, with excesses of passion and climate chronicled in their livid faces.* There

Catholic endearment. But the consecrating water could not wash out of his remembrance that his father and grandfather had been burnt alive by order of a Spanish governor. What, indeed, can quench such fires? Yet this little dusky Hannibal loved the exercises and pure restraints of the religion which had laid waste his family.

* Oviedo, *Hist. Ind.*, Book V. ch. 11, who gives the cacique little credit for some of his prohibitions, but on the whole praises him, and, after mentioning that he lived little more than a year from the time of this pacification, and died like a Christian, commends his soul to God. Oviedo hated the Indians, and wrote about colonial affairs coldly and in the Spanish interest.

† *Histoire Politique et Statistique.* Par Placide Justin.

* "The Indies are not for every one! How many heedless persons quit Spain, expecting that in the Indies a dinner costs nothing, and

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was a period when everybody who could get away from the colony left it in disgust, and with the expectation that it would soon become extinct. It was to prevent such a catastrophe, which would have effectually terminated the explorations of Columbus, that he proposed to the Government, in 1496, to commute the punishments of all criminals and large debtors who were at the time in prison to a perpetual banishment to the island, persons convicted of treason or heresy being alone excepted. The advice was instantly adopted, without a thought of the consequences of reinforcing the malignant ambition of the colony with such elements. Persons capitally convicted were to serve two years without wages; all others were to serve on the same terms for one year; and they went about with the ingenious clog of a threat of arrest for the old crimes in case they returned to Europe.

The Government improved upon the hint of Columbus by decreeing that all the courts in Spain should condemn to the mines a portion of the criminals who would in the course of nature have gone to the galleys.* Thus a new country, which invited the benign organization of law and religion, and held out to pure spirits an opportunity richer than all its crops and mines, was poisoned in its cradle. What wonder that its vigor became the aimless gestures of madness, that a bloated habit simulated health, and that decrepitude suddenly fell upon the uneasy life?

At the same time it was expressly forbidden to all commanders of caravels to receive on board any person who was not a born subject of the crown of Castile. This was conceived in the exclusive colonial policy of the time. It was a grotesque idea to preserve nationality by insisting that even criminals must respect the Spanish birthright. History counts the fitful pulses of this bluest blood of Europe, and hesitates to declare that such emigrants misrepresented the mother-country.

But after the middle of the sixteenth century, the inhabitants were pillaged by the public enemies of the mother-country, and by private adventurers of all lands. And yet, in 1587, the year after Drake's expedition, their fleet carried home 48 quintals of cassia, 50 of sarsaparilla, 134 of logwood, 893 chests of sugar, each weighing 200 pounds, and 350,444 hides of every kind. There is no account of indigo, and the cultivation of cotton had not commenced. Coffee was first introduced at Martinique during the reign of Louis XIV., who died in 1715. Its cultivation was not commenced in Jamaica till 1725.*

The negroes whom Hawkins procured on his first voyage to Africa were carried by him to San Domingo. This was in 1563, the date of England's first venture in the slave-trade. The English had sent vessels to the African coast as early as 1551, on private account, for gold and ivory; but as they had no West-Indian

that there is nobody there in want of one; that as they do not drink wine in every house, why, they give it away! Many, Father, have been seen to go to the Indies, and to have returned from them as miserable as when they left their country, having gained from the journey nought but perpetual pains in the arms and legs, which refuse in their treatment to yield to sarsaparilla and *palo santo*, [*lignum vitæ*,] and which neither quicksilver nor sweats will eject from their constitution." From a Spanish novel by Yanez y Rivera, "*Alonzo, el Donado Hablador*": "Alonzo, the Talkative Lay-Brother," written in 1624. New York, 1844.

* Charlevoix, *Histoire de St. Domingue*, 1733, Tom. I. p. 185, who notices the admission of Herrera that the Admiral made a great mistake, since malefactors should not be selected for the founders of republics. No, neither in Virginia nor in any virgin world.

* Some slips of Mocha fell into the hands of Europeans first by being carried to Batavia. It was then transplanted to Amsterdam in the end of the sixteenth century; and a present of some shrubs was made to Louis XIV., at the Peace of Utrecht. They flourished in his garden, and three shrubs were taken thence and shipped to Martinique in the care of a Captain de Cheu. The voyage was so prolonged that two of them died for want of moisture, and the captain saved the third by devoting to it his own ration of water.

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colony, and the trade in slaves was a monopoly, they had no object to increase the risks of a voyage which infringed upon the Portuguese right to Africa by carrying negroes away. Vessels were fitted out in 1552 and 1553 to trade for ivory and pepper; in the two following years the English interest in Africa increased, and a negro was occasionally carried away and brought to England.* This appears to have been the first circumstance which attracted the attention of Queen Elizabeth, and drew remonstrances from her before it became clear that a good deal of money could be made out of such transactions. She blamed Captain Hawkins, who had succeeded by treachery and violence in getting hold of three hundred negroes whom he carried to San Domingo, and disposed of in the ports of Isabella, Puerto-de-Plata, and Monte Christi. Her virtue was proof against this first speculation, although it was an exceedingly good one, for Hawkins filled his three vessels with hides, ginger, and a quantity of pearls, and freighted two more with hides and other articles which he sent to Spain. It was after his third voyage, in 1567, when he sold his negroes in Havana at a profit greater than he could derive from the decaying San Domingo, that the Queen forgot her scruples, and gave Hawkins a crest symbolical of his wicked success: "a demi-Moor, in his proper color, bound with a cord," made plain John a knight.†

But the Portuguese jealously watched their privilege to export men from Africa, so that only about forty thousand negroes were brought yearly by lawful and contraband channels to the different islands. Cuba obtained most of these. The greater part of the Portuguese trade took the direction of Brazil, for the sugar-cane had been carried from Madeira to Rio Janeiro in 1531. Formidable rivalry in selfishness was thus sown in every direction by the early splendor of San Domingo. When the Genoese merchants bought the original privilege to transport four thousand, they held the price of negroes at two hundred ducats. Their monopoly ceased in 1539, when a great market for slaves was opened at Lisbon; Spain could buy them there at a price varying from ten to fifty ducats a head, but their price delivered in good condition at San Domingo, including the inevitable percentage of loss, made them almost as expensive as before.

The capital was shattered by an earthquake in 1684. The people melted away, and fine houses, which were deserted by their owners, remained tenantless, and went to ruin. Valverde,* a Creole of the island, is the chronicler of its condition in the middle of the eighteenth century. He observes that the Spanish Creoles were living in such poverty that mass was said before daylight, so that mutual scandal at dilapidated toilets might not interfere with the enjoyment of religion. The leprosy was common, and two lazarettos were filled with its victims. The negro blood had found its way into almost every family; a female slave received her freedom as a legacy of piety or of lust. She could also purchase it for two hundred and fifty dollars; and if she was with child, an additional twelve dollars and fifty cents would purchase for the new-comer all the glories and immunities of Creole society. These were to doze and smoke in hammocks, and to cultivate listlessly about twenty-two dilapidated sugar-plantations and a little coffee. The trade in cattle with the French part of the isl-

* Hüne, *Geschichte des Sclavenhandels*, I. 300.

† When John's son, Richard, was fitting out a vessel for a voyage into the South Sea, ostensibly to explore, his mother-in-law had the naming of it at his request; and she called it "The Repentance." Sir Richard was puzzled at this; but his mother would give him no other satisfaction "then that repentance was the safest ship we could sayle in to purchase the haven of Heaven." The Queen changed the name to "Daintie."—*Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins, Knight, in his Voiage into the South Sea*, A. D. 1593.

* *Idea del Valor*, etc., Madrid, 1785: *An Idea of the Value of the Spanish Island*, etc. By A. S. Valverde.

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and absorbed all the business and enterprise that remained. Still Valverde will not admit that the Spanish Creole was indolent: it is in consequence of a deficiency of negroes, he explains, that they cannot labor more!

A great injury was inflicted upon the colony by the exclusive commercial spirit of the mother-country. Spain was the first European government which undertook to interfere with the natural courses of trade, on the pretence of protecting isolated interests. In the eleventh century a great commercial competition existed between some Italian, French, and Spanish cities. To favor the last, when they were already enjoying their just share of trade, the King of Aragon prohibited, in 1227, "all foreign vessels from loading for Ceuta, Alexandria, or other important ports, if a Catalan ship was able and willing to take the cargo"; the commerce of Barcelona was in consequence of this navigation act seriously damaged.* Spain treated her colonies afterward in the same spirit; and other countries, France in particular, pursued this narrow and destructive policy, wherever colonial success excited commercial jealousy and avarice.

"The commerce of the colony was all confined to the unwise arrangement of a Government counting-house, called the *Casa de la Contratacion*, (House of Trade,) through which all exports were sent out to the colonies and all remittances made in return. By this order of things, the want of free competition blasted all enterprise, and the exorbitant rates of an exclusive traffic paralyzed industry. The cultivation of the vine, the olive, and other staple productions of Spain, was prohibited. All commerce between the colonies was forbidden; and not only could no foreigner traffic with them, but death and confiscation of property were decreed to the colonist who should traffic with a foreigner, — slave-vessels alone being excepted."*

Thus the policy which ought to have favored the island first settled by Spaniards, against the attractions of Peru, Mexico, and Cuba, towards which the mother-colony was rapidly emptying her streams of life, was not forthcoming. These Spaniards, who were enslaved by the tenacious fancy that El Dorado still glittered for them in some distant place, needed to be attached to the soil by generous advantages, such as premiums for introducing and sustaining the cultivation of new productions, immunity from imposts either by Government or by the middle-men of a company, and liberty to exchange hides, tallow, and crops of every kind with the French, Dutch, and English, in every port of the island, to convert a precarious illicit trade with those nations into a natural intercourse, so that different articles of food, which were often scarce, and sometimes failed entirely, might be regularly supplied, until by such fostering care the colony should grow strong enough to protect itself against its own and foreign adventurers. But if all these measures had been accordant with the ideas of that age, they would have been defeated by its passions.

Other people now appear upon the scene, to put the finishing touch to this decay, while they freshen the old crimes and assume the tradition of excess and horror which is the island's history.

* McCullagh's *Industrial History of Free Nations; the Dutch*, Vol. II. p. 51.

* *The History and Present Condition of St. Domingo*, by J. Brown, M. D., 1837, p. 40. Even this exception in favor of slave-traders appears afterwards to have been withdrawn; for Charlevoix relates (*Histoire de St. Domingue*, Tom. III. p. 36) that the Governor of San Domingo got Tortuga away from the French, in 1654, by means of two negroes whom he had purchased cheap from some Dutchmen, and who showed him a path by which he drew up two cannon to command the fort. He was recalled, and beheaded at Seville, because he had bought negroes of foreigners.

[To be continued.]

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MY LOST ART.

I WAS born in a small town of Virginia. My father was a physician more respected than employed; for it was generally supposed, and justly, that he was more devoted to chemical experiment and philosophical speculation than to the ordinary routine of his profession. It was quite natural, that, in course of time, another physician should come to dash by, with fine turnout, my father's humble gig; and such, indeed, was the result. It was equally natural, that, as the dear old man looked his own fate straight in the eyes, and saw his patients falling away one by one, he should adjourn practical success to his only son, — myself. Quiet, but unremitting, were his efforts to make me avoid the rock on which his worldly fortunes had been wrecked. In vain: to me there was a light in his eye which lured me on to those visionary shores from which he warned me; and whilst he was holding out the labors and duties of a regular and steadfast practitioner as merciful and honorable among the highest, there was an undertone in his voice, of which he was unconscious, which told me plainly that the knowledge he most valued in himself was that apparently most unproductive. My mother had died several years before; my father's affection, pride, and hope rested utterly upon me. I knew not then how sad it was to disappoint him. Often, when he returned to his office, hoping to find me studying the "Materia Medica," I was discovered poring over some old volumes on the "Human Humors, or the Planetary Sympathies of the Viscera." A sincere grief filled his eyes at such times, but I could not help feeling that it was mingled with respect. The heaviest cross *I* had to bear was that the curious old volumes which attracted me were gradually abstracted from the library.

One day, walking with my father on the outskirts of the town, we found a merry throng gathered about the car of a travelling daguerrotypist. Having nothing more entertaining on hand, we entered the car and sat, whilst the village belles, and the newly affianced, and the young brides came for their miniatures. This was interesting; but when they were gone, my father and the artist entered upon a conversation which was far more absorbing to me, and indeed colored the whole of my subsequent life. My father made inquiries concerning the materials used in daguerrotyping, and the progress of the art; and the artist, finding him an intelligent man, entered with spirit upon his relation.

"It is, indeed, wonderful," he said, "that more has not been accomplished through this discovery; and I can attribute this to nothing but the lack amongst our poor fraternity of the capital necessary for carrying on and out the many experiments suggested to us daily in the course of our operations."

"About what point," asked my father, "do these suggestions usually gather?"

"That which chiefly excites our speculation is the unfathomed mystery of the nitrate of silver. The story of this wonderful agent is not half unfolded; and every artist knows that its power is limited only by the imperfection of the materials with which it has to act. Its sensitiveness approaches that of thought itself. I have a very small quantity of highest quality which I use on rare occasions and generally for experiments. A few days ago I caught with it this first flash of sunrise, — see, is it not perfect?"

The picture which he showed us was, indeed, beautiful. A wave of light bursting upon the plate to a foamy whiteness, almost beyond the power of the eye to bear. But that which excited me most was the photograph of a star, which he had fixed after highly magnifying it. What a fascination there was about that little point of fire!

It turned out to be the star under

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which I was born: its fatal influences were already upon me: I returned home to pass a night sleepless, indeed, but not without dreams.

Why is it that a new idea, taking possession of the young, raising some new object for their pursuit, does, in the proportion of its power, foreclose even the most accustomed confidences? My father was precisely the one man living who would have sympathized in the purpose which from the time of this visit sucked into its whirl all my desires and powers; but that purpose seemed at once to turn my heart to stone. For a week I was acting a part before the kindest and simplest of men; and I deliberately went forward to reach my object over his happiness and even life.

When the daguerrotypist left town, I easily found the direction he had taken; and, after waiting several days to prevent any suspicious coincidence in the time of our departure, I one night, soon after midnight, crept from my bed and followed him. I overtook him at a village some twenty miles distant, where he was remaining a day or two, and easily procured an engagement with him, since I desired nothing but to serve him and be taught the mechanical details of his art. My father had no clue whatever to my direction, for he had not dreamed of anything unusual in my thoughts or plans. He was now entirely alone. But I knew that I was helpless against the phantom which was leading me forth; it also contained a stimulant which was able to bear me safely through seasons of self-reproach and depression.

For about six months I got along with the artist very well. My desire to learn made me attentive, prompt, and respectful. But at the end of that time I had learned all that he could teach me, and, as I had engaged with him for an ulterior object, the business began to lose its interest for me, and the inconveniences of wandering about in a car, hitherto unthought of, were now felt. The relations between my master and myself had been so agreeable that for a long time this change in my feelings was not alluded to in words. He was a thrifty Yankee, and with a Yankee's sense of justice; so he offered me a fair proportion of the profits. But at the end of the year he told me that he thought I was "too much of a Virginian" ever to follow this occupation, and that, having seen my father and known his position, he was surprised that he had ever favored such a pursuit for me. This was, indeed, the falsehood I had told him.

It was in a Canadian village that I parted with this gentlemanly and generous New-Englander. When I left him, I was not penniless, but a bitter sense of my loneliness was upon me, and a consciousness of the uncandid and cruel turn I had done my father brought me almost to the verge of suicide. On Sunday morning I entered a church in Toronto, and tears flowed down my face as I heard the minister read the parable of the Prodigal Son. It seemed to me as a voice from home, and I determined to go to my father. Without hesitating, or stopping an hour, I took all the money I had to pay my way, and in about six days afterward, sitting beside the driver on the stage-coach, looked from a hill upon the house in which I was born. A pang shot through my heart at that instant. Until that moment I had dreamed of my father's seeing me whilst I was yet a great way off, of resting my weary head upon his warm, infolding heart. But now the dream faded, and a pain as of an undying worm gnawed already on my soul. I paused at the gate, nearly paralyzed by fear. Was he dead? No; I felt this was not the case; but I felt that something worse than this was about to befall me. I gained strength to enter the hall, and sat down there. I heard several voices. I went on to the well-known chamber. A physician and a nurse were there. Standing in the door a moment, I heard my father say in a whisper, "If he ever comes back, let him have all; tell him his father loved him to the last; but do not tell him more, do not make *him* suffer, — mark you!" A moment more, and I was kneeling by

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his dying bed. "My father, my father, I have murdered you!" After some moments it was impressed upon the old man that his penitent son was by his side. I almost looked for the curse that I deserved; but a peaceful light was on his face as he said, — "I 'm sorry I hid the books from you, child. I meant well, — I meant well, — I erred. If I can help you from up there, I will." Life departed with these words.

It will not be wondered that I became a recluse. The recluse is usually one cast up from such bleak experiences of sin and grief that he fears to launch upon life again, and only seeks to hide him in any cavern that may be found along the shore that has received him. Thus it was with me, at least. I dreaded to look one of my townsmen in the face,— they knew all: and many years after, when the harsh judgments which would have received me were softened by my lonely penance and sadness, and proffers came from society, my solitude had become sacred to me; and that old star which the daguerrotypist had shown me still reigned.

My father had left me enough property to enable me to carry forward the investigations and experiments to which all voices seemed to call me. I had an upper room prepared with a skylight and all other appliances. I purchased an excellent instrument, and some very strong diameters for magnifying photographs. The trials I had made convinced me that the minuteness and extent of objects photographed were limited only by the comparative coarseness of the materials *through* and *on* which the object passed. So I was very particular in selecting lenses. Further trials, however, led me to believe that the plate was still more important. Obtaining a steel of perfect grain, I spent days in giving it the highest polish it would bear, and kept it ready for any important office. By means of a long and bright tin reflector, (the best,) my artificial light was ready, in case I should desire to photograph at night; and, indeed, it was the hope of making some astronomic discovery that was leading me on.

Calm and clear was the night on which I brought these my treasures forth. Jupiter was blazing in the heavens, and challenged Art to seize his majestic lineaments. It turned out a point of fire much like that which my master had exhibited to me. I mixed a finer nitrate, repolished my plate, and was this time rewarded by seeing, under all the diameters which I had, the satellites also. Very much thrilled even with this degree of success, and taking the picture on paper, I put my plate away, and set myself to study what I should do next. It had not yet occurred to me to inquire of myself what definite thing I really was after. My deepest hope was in the undefinableness of its object: I knew only that a clear idea (and Plato says all clear ideas are true) of the subtile susceptibilities of nitrate of silver, *limited only by materials*, had engendered within me, through much pondering, an embryo idea, to the development of which my life was intuitively consecrated. I would not define it to myself, because I felt (intuitively, also) that it was something illimitable, therefore indefinable.

I began to experiment now with lenses, placing various kinds and powers one above another. It occurred to me that I had hitherto brought their power to bear only upon *whole* objects. But what would be the result of magnifying an object daguerrotyped until it covered the disc of the reflector, then photographing it, and afterward magnifying a central segment of the picture to its utmost, and again renewing the experiment on this? An infinite series of analyses might be carried into the heart of an image; and might not something therein, invisible not only to the naked eye, but to the strongest magnifier, be revealed? Following this reflection, I took a common stereoscopic view and subjected it to my lenses. It was an ordinary view of a Swiss hamlet, the chief object of which was an inn with a sign over the door surmounted by a bush. The only objects upon the sign

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discernible with a common convex eye-glass were a mug of beer on one side and a wine-bottle on the other. Their position indicated that something else was on the sign: the stronger diameters presently brought out "CARL ELZNERS"; the strongest I had were exhausted in bringing out "GARTEN UND GASTHAUS." When this, the utmost dimension, was reached, I photographed it. Then, taking ordinary magnifiers, I began upon that part of the sign where, if anything remained unevoked, it would be found. The reader will observe, that, each time that the result of one enlargement was made the subject for another, the loss was in the field or range which must be paid for intensity and minuteness. Thus, in the end, there might appear but one letter of a long sentence, or a part of a letter. In this case, however, the result was better than I had expected: I read distinctly, "-EIN, WEI-"; and Luther's popular lines, "*Wer liebt nicht wein, weib,*" etc., were brought to my mind at once. Thus I had the sign in full: the powerful agent of the sun on earth had fixed Carl Elzner and his Protestant beer-garden on the stereoscopic view forever, whether the dull eyes of men could read them or not.

Thrilled and animated by this success, I hastened to apply the same plan of magnifying segment by segment to my photograph of Jupiter. But, alas, although something suggestive did appear, or so I fancied, the image grew dimmer with each analysis, until, under the higher powers, it disappeared, and the grainings of the card superseded the planet. Had I not proved that my principle was good in the case of the Swiss sign-board, I should now have given it up as the whim of an over-excited brain. But now I thought only of the assertion of the daguerrotypist, that "the nitrate was limited in sensitiveness only by the imperfection of the materials," (*i. e.* plates, glass, reflectors, etc.,) and I had heard the same repeated by the paper which had finally replaced the picture it held. I now determined to risk on the experiment the elegant steel plate on whose polish I had spent so much pains and time. I took the portrait of Jupiter thereon, and fixed it forever. This time I could not be mistaken in supposing that as the field of vision shrank some strange forms appeared; but I could be certain of none which were essentially different from those revealed by the largest telescopes. My narrowing and intensifying process then began to warn me of another failure: when I had reached the last point at which the image could be held at all, the grain of the steel plate was like great ropes, and it was only after resting my eyes for some time, then suddenly turning them upon it, that I could see any picture at all. For an instant it would look like an exceedingly delicate lichen, — then nothing was visible but huge bars of steel.

Ah, with what despair did I see the grand secret which had so long hovered before me and led my whole life now threatening to elude and abandon me forever! "But," I cried, "it shall not go so easily, by Heaven! If there be a genius in the casket, unsealed it shall be!"

I resolved to give up steel for some metal or substance of finer grain. I almost impoverished myself in purchasing plates of the finer metals, before it occurred to me to try glass, and had to laugh at my own stupidity when I discovered that in the last analysis glass showed much smoother than any of the rest. I immediately obtained a great many specimens of glass, and spent much time in subjecting them to my lenses only to see how much fibrous appearance, or unevenness, could be brought before the eye from a smooth surface. I found one excellent specimen, and gave myself up to grinding it to the utmost extent consistent with its strength.

I felt now that I was about to make a final test. It would be not only a test of my new plate, but of my own sanity, which I had at various times doubted. I felt, that, unless my idea should be proved true, I could no longer trust my reason, which had at every step beckoned me on to the next. I had studied

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medicine enough in my father's office long ago to know that either sanity or insanity may come as a reality from a mind's determined verdict on itself. When, therefore, I again sat down to analyze my daguerrotype of the planet, it was with the awe and fear which might beset one standing on a ledge between a frightful chasm and a transcendent height, and not knowing which was to receive him.

From the first burst of the sunlight over the world, I sat at my task. Each instrument, each lens I used, I spent an hour or hours over, giving it the finest polish or nicety of adjustment to which it could be brought. Into that day I had distilled my past; into it I was willing to distil the eternity that was before me. With each new application, the field of the planet shrank a thousand leagues, but each time the light deepened. According to my principle, there was no doubt that some object would be revealed before the space became too limited, provided nothing interfered with the distinctness of the picture. At length I calculated that I was selecting about twenty square miles from about seven hundred. Forms were distinct, but they were rigid, and painfully reminded me of the astronomic maps. About five removes from this, I judged that the space I was looking at must be about ten feet square. I was sure that the objects really occupying those ten feet must be in my picture, if I could evoke them.

On this I placed a mild power, and was startled at finding something new. The picture which had been so full of rigid and sharp outlines now became a confusion of ever-changing forms. Now it was light, — now shadow; angles faded into curves; but out of the swarming mass of shapes I could not, after hours of watching, obtain one that seemed like any form of life or art that I had ever seen.

Had I, then, come to the end of my line? My eyes so pained me, and had been so tried, that I strove to persuade myself that the evanescent forms resulting from my unsatisfactory experiment must be optical illusions. I determined to let matters rest as they were until the next day, when my brain would be less heated and my eye calmer and steadier.

They will never let a man alone, — they, the herd, who cry "Madman!" when any worker and his work which they cannot comprehend rise before them. In the great moment when, after years of climbing, I stood victorious on the summit, they claimed that I had fallen to the chasm's depths, and confined me here at Staunton as a hopeless lunatic. This heart of mine, burning with the grandest discovery ever made, must throb itself away in a cell, because it could not contain its high knowledge, but went forth among men once more to mingle ideal rays with their sunshine, and make every wind, as it passed over the earth, waft a higher secret than was ever before attained. A lunatic! I! But next me in array are the prisons of the only sane ones of history, the cells dug by Inquisitorial Ignorance in every age for its wisest men. Now I understand them; walls cannot impede the hands we stretch out to each other across oceans and centuries. One day the purblind world will invoke in its prayers the holy army of the martyrs of Thought.

Yes, I was mad, — mad to think that the world's horny eyes could not receive the severe light of knowledge, — mad as was he who ran through the streets and cried, "*Eureka!*" The head and front of my madness have this extent, — no more. And for this I must write the rest of my story here amid iron gratings, through which, however, thank God, my familiars, the stars, and the red, blue, and golden planets, glance kindly, saying, "Courage, brother! soon thou shalt rise to us, to whom thou belongest!" Yet I will write it: one day men will read, and say, "Come, let us garnish the sepulchre of one immured because his stupid age could not understand!" and then, doubt-

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less, they will go forth to stone the seer on whose tongue lies the noblest secret of the Universe for that day.

When I left the last experiment mentioned in these pages, in order to recover steadiness of brain and nerve, and to relieve my overtaxed eyes, I had no hope of reaching success in any other way than that pointed out in the principle which I was pressing, — a principle whose importance is proved in the familiar experiments on stereoscopic views, whereby things entirely invisible to the naked eye are disclosed by lenses. But that night I dreamed out the success which had eluded my waking hours. I have nothing to say here about the phenomenon of dreaming: I state only the fact. In my dream there appeared to me my father, bearing in his left hand a plate of glass, and in his right a phial of bright blue liquid which he seemed to be pouring on the polished surface. The phial was of singular shape, having a long slender neck rising from a round globe. When I awoke, I found myself standing in the middle of the floor with hands stretched out appealingly to the vacant air.

Acknowledging, as I did, nothing but purely scientific methods, — convinced that nothing could be reached but through all the intervening steps fixed by Nature between Reason and Truth, — I should, at any other than such a weary time, have forgotten the vision in an hour. But now it took a deeper hold on my imagination. That my father should be associated in my dream with these experiments was natural; the glass plate which he had held was the same I was using; as for the phial, might it not be some old compound that I had known him or the daguerrotypist use, now casually spun out of the past and woven in with my present pursuits? Nevertheless, I was glad to shove aside this rationalistic interpretation: on the verge of drowning, I magnified the straw to a lifeboat, and caught at it. I pardoned myself for going to the shelves which still held my father's medicines, and examining each of the phials there. But when I turned away without finding one which at all answered to my dream, I felt mean and miserable; deeply disappointed at not having found the phial, I was ashamed at my retrogression to ages which dealt with incantations, and luck, and other impostures. I was shamed to the conclusion that the phial with its blue liquid was something I had read of in the curious old books which my father had hidden away from me, and which, strange to say, I had never been able to find since his death.

Whilst I was meditating thus, there was a knock at my door, and a drayman entered with a chest, which he said had belonged to my father, and had been by him deposited several years before with a friend who lived a few miles from our village. I could scarcely close and bolt the door after the man had departed; *as he brought in the chest, I had seen through the lid the phial with the blue liquid.* So certain was I of this, that before I opened it I went and withdrew my glass plate, repolished it, and made all ready for a final experiment. Opening the chest, I found the old books which had been abstracted, and a small medicine-box, in which was the phial seen in my dream.

But now the question arose, How was the blue fluid to be applied? I had not looked closely at the plate which my father held to see whether it was already prepared for an impression; and so I was at a loss to know whether this new fluid was to prepare the glass with a more perfect polish, or to mingle with the subtile nitrate itself. Unfortunately I tried the last first, and there was no result at all, — except the destruction of a third of the precious fluid. Cleaning the plate perfectly, I burnt into it, drop by drop, the whole of the contents of the phial. As I drained the last drop from it, it reddened on the glass as if it were the last drop of my heart's blood poured out.

At the first glance on the star-picture thus taken, I knew that I was successful.

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Jupiter shone like the nucleus of a comet, even before a second power was upon it. As picture after picture was formed, belts of the most exquisite hues surrounded the luminous planet, which seemed rolling up to me, hurled from lens to lens, as if wrested from its orbit by a commanding force. Plainer and plainer grew its surface; mountain-ranges, without crags or chasms, smooth and undulating, emerged; it was zoned with a central sunlit sea. On each scene of the panorama I lingered, and each was retained as well as the poor materials would allow. I was cautious enough to take two pictures of each distinct phase,—one to keep, if this happy voyage should be my last, and the other of course as the subject from which a centre should be selected for a new expansion.

At last there stood plainly before my eye a tower!—a tower, slender and high, with curved dome, the work of Art! A cry burst from my lips,—I fainted with joy. Afraid to touch the instrument with my trembling hand, I walked the floor, imploring back my nervous self-possession. Fixing the tower by photograph, I took the centre of its dome as the next point for expansion. Slowly, slowly, as if the fate of a solar system depended on each turn of the screw, I drew on the final view. An instant of gray confusion,—another of tremulous crystallization,—and, scarcely in contact with the tower's dome, as if about to float from it, hovered an aërial ship, with two round balls suspended above it. Again one little point was taken, for I felt that this was not the culmination of my vision; and now two figures appeared, manifestly human, but their features and dress as yet undistinguishable.

Another turn, and I looked upon the face of a glorious man!

Another, and the illusion, Space, shrank away beneath my feet, my eye soared over her abysses, and gazed into the eye of an immortal.

But now,—oh, horror!—turning back to earth, I remembered that I had not analyzed the precious liquid which could so link world with world. Seized with a sudden agony, I tried to strain one least drop more; but, alas! the power had perished from the earth!

For this loss I deserve all that has happened to me. My haste to fulfil my life's object proved me the victim of a mental lust, and I saw why the highest truth is not revealed: simply, it awaits those who can receive and not be intoxicated by it. And now the planet which I had disobeyed for another avenges itself,—seeing, naturally, in strange results, whose methods are untraceable, nothing but monomania. The photographs, in which the pollens of two planet-flowers mingle, lie in my attic, dust-eaten:—"Above all, the patient must not see anything of *that* kind," has been the order ever since I published a card announcing my discovery to my fellow-citizens.

But they were gentle; they did not take away all. The old books are with me, each a benison from a brother. The best works of ancient times are, I think, best understood when read by prison-light.

Hist! some visitor comes! Many come from curiosity to see one who thinks he descried a man in a planet. "Distinguished man of science from Boston to see me,"—ah, indeed! Celebrated paper on tadpoles, I suppose! But now that I look closer, I like my Boston man-of-science's eye, and his voice is good. I have not yet exhausted the fingers of one hand in counting up all the sane people who have visited me since I have been immured.

How do I test them?

As now I test you.

Here my treasure of treasures I open. It is the old suppressed volume of John de Sacro Bosco, inscribed to that Castilian Alphonso who dared to have the tables of Ptolemy corrected. (Had he not been a king, he had been mad: such men as Bosco were mad after Alphonso died.) And thus to my curious scientific visitor I read what I ask may go into his report along with the description of my case.

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"John de Sacro Bosco sendeth this book to Alphonso de Castile. A. D. 1237."

"They alone are kings who know."

"Ken and Can are twins."

"God will not be hurried."

"Sacred are the fools: God understandeth them."

"Impatient, I cried, 'I will clear the stair that leadeth to God!' Now sit I at His feet, lame and weak, and men scoff at knowledge, — 'Aha, this cometh of ascending stairways!'"

"The silk-worm span its way up to wings. I am ashamed and dumb, who would soar ere I had toiled."

"When riseth an Ideal in the concave of some vaulting heart or brain, it is a new heaven and signeth a new earth."

"Each clear Idea that ascendeth the vault of Pure Reason is a Bethlehem star; be sure a Messias is born for it on the Earth; the new sign lit up in the heaven of Vision is a new power set in motion among men; and, do what the Herods will, Earth's incense, myrrh, yea, even its gold, must gather to the feet of the Omnipotent Child, — the IDEA."

IN WAR-TIME.

INSCRIBED TO W. B.

As they who watch by sick-beds find relief
Unwittingly from the great stress of grief
And anxious care in fantasies outwrought
From the hearth's embers flickering low, or caught
From whispering wind, or tread of passing feet,
Or vagrant memory calling up some sweet
Snatch of old song or romance, whence or why
They scarcely know or ask, — so, thou and I,
Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is strong
In the endurance which outwearies Wrong,
With meek persistence baffling brutal force,
And trusting God against the universe, —
We, doomed to watch a strife we may not share
With other weapons than the patriot's prayer,
Yet owning, with full hearts and moistened eyes,
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all
Who give their loved ones for the living wall
'Twixt law and treason, — in this evil day
May haply find, through automatic play
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,
And hearten others with the strength we gain.
I know it has been said our times require
No play of art, nor dalliance with the lyre,
No weak essay with Fancy's chloroform
To calm the hot, mad pulses of the storm,
But the stern war-blast rather, such as sets
The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,

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And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet with these
Some softer tints may blend, and milder keys
Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let us keep sweet,
If so we may, our hearts, even while we eat
The bitter harvest of our own device
And half a century's moral cowardice.
As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg defied,
And Kranach painted by his Luther's side,
And through the war-march of the Puritan
The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,
So let the household melodies be sung,
The pleasant pictures on the wall be hung, —
So let us hold against the hosts of Night
And Slavery all our vantage-ground of Light.
Let Treason boast its savagery, and shake
From its flag-folds its symbol rattlesnake,
Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins in tan,
And carve its pipe-bowls from the bones of man,
And make the tale of Fijian banquets dull
By drinking whiskey from a loyal skull, —
But let us guard, till this sad war shall cease,
(God grant it soon!) the graceful arts of peace:
No foes are conquered who the victors teach
Their vandal manners and barbaric speech.

And while, with hearts of thankfulness, we bear
Of the great common burden our full share,
Let none upbraid us that the waves entice
Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint device,
Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen away
From the sharp strifes and sorrows of to-day.
Thus, while the east-wind keen from Labrador
Sings in the leafless elms, and from the shore
Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar
Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky
Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull, I try
To time a simple legend to the sounds
Of winds in the woods, and waves on pebbled bounds, —
A song of breeze and billow, such as might
Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night
Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet cove
Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves they love.
(So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay
On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay,
And all the spray-moist rocks and waves that rolled
Up the white sand-slopes flashed with ruddy gold.)
Something it has — a flavor of the sea,
And the sea's freedom — which reminds of thee.
Its faded picture, dimly smiling down
From the blurred fresco of the ancient town,
I have not touched with warmer tints in vain,
If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one thought from pain.

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AMY WENTWORTH.

Her fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!
Her thoughts are not of thee:
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog-wreath dim,
And bids the sea-birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men
He perilled life to save,
And grateful prayers like holy oil
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!
Fair toast of all the town! —
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems
The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be Fortune's spur;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

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Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
  With stately stair-ways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
  And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
  The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
  The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
  Ancestral faces frown, —
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
  And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
  She walks the gallery-floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
  By stormy Labrador!

The sweet-brier blooms on Kittery-side,
  And green are Elliot's bowers;
Her garden is the pebbled beach,
  The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar
  To see the white gulls fly,
His greeting from the Northern sea
  Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
  As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
  And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
  And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
  Beyond its own sweet will!

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THOREAU.

Henry David Thoreau was the last male descendant of a French ancestor who came to this country from the Isle of Guernsey. His character exhibited occasional traits drawn from this blood in singular combination with a very strong Saxon genius.

He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, on the 12th of July, 1817. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1837, but without any literary distinction. An iconoclast in literature, he seldom thanked colleges for their service to him, holding them in small esteem, whilst yet his debt to them was important. After leaving the University, he joined his brother in teaching a private school, which he soon renounced. His father was a manufacturer of lead-pencils, and Henry applied himself for a time to this craft, believing he could make a better pencil than was then in use. After completing his experiments, he exhibited his work to chemists and artists in Boston, and having obtained their certificates to its excellence and to its equality with the best London manufacture, he returned home contented. His friends congratulated him that he had now opened his way to fortune. But he replied, that he should never make another pencil. "Why should I? I would not do again what I have done once." He resumed his endless walks and miscellaneous studies, making every day some new acquaintance with Nature, though as yet never speaking of zoölogy or botany, since, though very studious of natural facts, he was incurious of technical and textual science.

At this time, a strong, healthy youth, fresh from college, whilst all his companions were choosing their profession, or eager to begin some lucrative employment, it was inevitable that his thoughts should be exercised on the same question, and it required rare decision to refuse all the accustomed paths, and keep his solitary freedom at the cost of disappointing the natural expectations of his family and friends: all the more difficult that he had a perfect probity, was exact in securing his own independence, and in holding every man to the like duty. But Thoreau never faltered. He was a born protestant. He declined to give up his large ambition of knowledge and action for any narrow craft or profession, aiming at a much more comprehensive calling, the art of living well. If he slighted and defied the opinions of others, it was only that he was more intent to reconcile his practice with his own belief. Never idle or self-indulgent, he preferred, when he wanted money, earning it by some piece of manual labor agreeable to him, as building a boat or a fence, planting, grafting, surveying, or other short work, to any long engagements. With his hardy habits and few wants, his skill in wood-craft, and his powerful arithmetic, he was very competent to live in any part of the world. It would cost him less time to supply his wants than another. He was therefore secure of his leisure.

A natural skill for mensuration, growing out of his mathematical knowledge, and his habit of ascertaining the measures and distances of objects which interested him, the size of trees, the depth and extent of ponds and rivers, the height of mountains, and the air-line distance of his favorite summits, — this, and his intimate knowledge of the territory about Concord, made him drift into the profession of land-surveyor. It had the advantage for him that it led him continually into new and secluded grounds, and helped his studies of Nature. His accuracy and skill in this work were readily appreciated, and he found all the employment he wanted.

He could easily solve the problems of the surveyor, but he was daily beset with graver questions, which he manfully confronted. He interrogated every custom, and wished to settle all his practice on an ideal foundation. He was a protes-

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tant *à l'outrance*, and few lives contain so many renunciations. He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. He chose, wisely, no doubt, for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and Nature. He had no talent for wealth, and knew how to be poor without the least hint of squalor or inelegance. Perhaps he fell into his way of living without forecasting it much, but approved it with later wisdom. "I am often reminded," he wrote in his journal, "that, if I had bestowed on me the wealth of Crœsus, my aims must be still the same, and my means essentially the same." He had no temptations to fight against,—no appetites, no passions, no taste for elegant trifles. A fine house, dress, the manners and talk of highly cultivated people were all thrown away on him. He much preferred a good Indian, and considered these refinements as impediments to conversation, wishing to meet his companion on the simplest terms. He declined invitations to dinner-parties, because there each was in every one's way, and he could not meet the individuals to any purpose. "They make their pride," he said, "in making their dinner cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little." When asked at table what dish he preferred, he answered, "The nearest." He did not like the taste of wine, and never had a vice in his life. He said,—"I have a faint recollection of pleasure derived from smoking dried lily-stems, before I was a man. I had commonly a supply of these. I have never smoked anything more noxious."

He chose to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself. In his travels, he used the railroad only to get over so much country as was unimportant to the present purpose, walking hundreds of miles, avoiding taverns, buying a lodging in farmers' and fishermen's houses, as cheaper, and more agreeable to him, and because there he could better find the men and the information he wanted.

There was somewhat military in his nature not to be subdued, always manly and able, but rarely tender, as if he did not feel himself except in opposition. He wanted a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory, I may say required a little sense of victory, a roll of the drum, to call his powers into full exercise. It cost him nothing to say No; indeed, he found it much easier than to say Yes. It seemed as if his first instinct on hearing a proposition was to controvert it, so impatient was he of the limitations of our daily thought. This habit, of course, is a little chilling to the social affections; and though the companion would in the end acquit him of any malice or untruth, yet it mars conversation. Hence, no equal companion stood in affectionate relations with one so pure and guileless. "I love Henry," said one of his friends, "but I cannot like him; and as for taking his arm, I should as soon think of taking the arm of an elm-tree."

Yet, hermit and stoic as he was, he was really fond of sympathy, and threw himself heartily and childlike into the company of young people whom he loved, and whom he delighted to entertain, as he only could, with the varied and endless anecdotes of his experiences by field and river. And he was always ready to lead a huckleberry-party or a search for chestnuts or grapes. Talking, one day, of a public discourse, Henry remarked, that whatever succeeded with the audience was bad. I said, "Who would not like to write something which all can read, like 'Robinson Crusoe'? and who does not see with regret that his page is not solid with a right materialistic treatment, which delights everybody?" Henry objected, of course, and vaunted the better lectures which reached only a few persons. But, at supper, a young girl, understanding that he was to lecture at the Lyceum, sharply asked him, "whether his lecture would be a nice, interesting story, such as she wished to hear, or

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whether it was one of those old philosophical things that she did not care about." Henry turned to her, and bethought himself, and, I saw, was trying to believe that he had matter that might fit her and her brother, who were to sit up and go to the lecture, if it was a good one for them.

He was a speaker and actor of the truth, — born such, — and was ever running into dramatic situations from this cause. In any circumstance, it interested all bystanders to know what part Henry would take, and what he would say; and he did not disappoint expectation, but used an original judgment on each emergency. In 1845 he built himself a small framed house on the shores of Walden Pond, and lived there two years alone, a life of labor and study. This action was quite native and fit for him. No one who knew him would tax him with affectation. He was more unlike his neighbors in his thought than in his action. As soon as he had exhausted the advantages of that solitude, he abandoned it. In 1847, not approving some uses to which the public expenditure was applied, he refused to pay his town tax, and was put in jail. A friend paid the tax for him, and he was released. The like annoyance was threatened the next year. But, as his friends paid the tax, notwithstanding his protest, I believe he ceased to resist. No opposition or ridicule had any weight with him. He coldly and fully stated his opinion without affecting to believe that it was the opinion of the company. It was of no consequence, if every one present held the opposite opinion. On one occasion he went to the University Library to procure some books. The librarian refused to lend them. Mr. Thoreau repaired to the President, who stated to him the rules and usages, which permitted the loan of books to resident graduates, to clergymen who were alumni, and to some others resident within a circle of ten miles' radius from the College. Mr. Thoreau explained to the President that the railroad had destroyed the old scale of distances, — that the library was useless, yes, and President and College useless, on the terms of his rules, — that the one benefit he owed to the College was its library, — that, at this moment, not only his want of books was imperative, but he wanted a large number of books, and assured him that he, Thoreau, and not the librarian, was the proper custodian of these. In short, the President found the petitioner so formidable, and the rules getting to look so ridiculous, that he ended by giving him a privilege which in his hands proved unlimited thereafter.

No truer American existed than Thoreau. His preference of his country and condition was genuine, and his aversation from English and European manners and tastes almost reached contempt. He listened impatiently to news or *bon mots* gleaned from London circles; and though he tried to be civil, these anecdotes fatigued him. The men were all imitating each other, and on a small mould. Why can they not live as far apart as possible, and each be a man by himself? What he sought was the most energetic nature; and he wished to go to Oregon, not to London. "In every part of Great Britain," he wrote in his diary, "are discovered traces of the Romans, their funereal urns, their camps, their roads, their dwellings. But New England, at least, is not based on any Roman ruins. We have not to lay the foundations of our houses on the ashes of a former civilization."

But, idealist as he was, standing for abolition of slavery, abolition of tariffs, almost for abolition of government, it is needless to say he found himself not only unrepresented in actual politics, but almost equally opposed to every class of reformers. Yet he paid the tribute of his uniform respect to the Anti-Slavery party. One man, whose personal acquaintance he had formed, he honored with exceptional regard. Before the first friendly word had been spoken for Captain John Brown, he sent notices to most houses in Concord, that he would speak

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in a public hall on the condition and character of John Brown, on Sunday evening, and invited all people to come. The Republican Committee, the Abolitionist Committee, sent him word that it was premature and not advisable. He replied, — "I did not send to you for advice, but to announce that I am to speak." The hall was filled at an early hour by people of all parties, and his earnest eulogy of the hero was heard by all respectfully, by many with a sympathy that surprised themselves.

It was said of Plotinus that he was ashamed of his body, and 't is very likely he had good reason for it,—that his body was a bad servant, and he had not skill in dealing with the material world, as happens often to men of abstract intellect. But Mr. Thoreau was equipped with a most adapted and serviceable body. He was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect,—his face covered in the late years with a becoming beard. His senses were acute, his frame well-knit and hardy, his hands strong and skilful in the use of tools. And there was a wonderful fitness of body and mind. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain. He could find his path in the woods at night, he said, better by his feet than his eyes. He could estimate the measure of a tree very well by his eye; he could estimate the weight of a calf or a pig, like a dealer. From a box containing a bushel or more of loose pencils, he could take up with his hands fast enough just a dozen pencils at every grasp. He was a good swimmer, runner, skater, boatman, and would probably outwalk most countrymen in a day's journey. And the relation of body to mind was still finer than we have indicated. He said he wanted every stride his legs made. The length of his walk uniformly made the length of his writing. If shut up in the house, he did not write at all.

He had a strong common sense, like that which Rose Flammock, the weaver's daughter, in Scott's romance, commends in her father, as resembling a yardstick, which, whilst it measures dowlas and diaper, can equally well measure tapestry and cloth of gold. He had always a new resource. When I was planting forest-trees, and had procured half a peck of acorns, he said that only a small portion of them would be sound, and proceeded to examine them, and select the sound ones. But finding this took time, he said, "I think, if you put them all into water, the good ones will sink"; which experiment we tried with success. He could plan a garden, or a house, or a barn; would have been competent to lead a "Pacific Exploring Expedition"; could give judicious counsel in the gravest private or public affairs.

He lived for the day, not cumbered and mortified by his memory. If he brought you yesterday a new proposition, he would bring you to-day another not less revolutionary. A very industrious man, and setting, like all highly organized men, a high value on his time, he seemed the only man of leisure in town, always ready for any excursion that promised well, or for conversation prolonged into late hours. His trenchant sense was never stopped by his rules of daily prudence, but was always up to the new occasion. He liked and used the simplest food, yet, when some one urged a vegetable diet, Thoreau thought all diets a very small matter, saying that "the man who shoots the buffalo lives better than the man who boards at the Graham House." He said, — "You can sleep near the railroad, and never be disturbed: Nature knows very well what sounds are worth attending to, and has made up her mind not to hear the railroad-whistle. But things respect the devout mind, and a mental ecstasy was never interrupted." He noted, what repeatedly befell him, that, after receiving from a distance a rare plant, he would presently find the same in his own haunts. And those pieces of luck which happen only to good players happened to him. One day, walking with a stranger, who in-

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quired where Indian arrow-heads could be found, he replied, "Everywhere," and, stooping forward, picked one on the instant from the ground. At Mount Washington, in Tuckerman's Ravine, Thoreau had a bad fall, and sprained his foot. As he was in the act of getting up from his fall, he saw for the first time the leaves of the *Arnica mollis.*

His robust common sense, armed with stout hands, keen perceptions, and strong will, cannot yet account for the superiority which shone in his simple and hidden life. I must add the cardinal fact, that there was an excellent wisdom in him, proper to a rare class of men, which showed him the material world as a means and symbol. This discovery, which sometimes yields to poets a certain casual and interrupted light, serving for the ornament of their writing, was in him an unsleeping insight; and whatever faults or obstructions of temperament might cloud it, he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. In his youth, he said, one day, "The other world is all my art: my pencils will draw no other; my jack-knife will cut nothing else; I do not use it as a means." This was the muse and genius that ruled his opinions, conversation, studies, work, and course of life. This made him a searching judge of men. At first glance he measured his companion, and, though insensible to some fine traits of culture, could very well report his weight and calibre. And this made the impression of genius which his conversation sometimes gave.

He understood the matter in hand at a glance, and saw the limitations and poverty of those he talked with, so that nothing seemed concealed from such terrible eyes. I have repeatedly known young men of sensibility converted in a moment to the belief that this was the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do. His own dealing with them was never affectionate, but superior, didactic, — scorning their petty ways, — very slowly conceding, or not conceding at all, the promise of his society at their houses, or even at his own. "Would he not walk with them?" "He did not know. There was nothing so important to him as his walk; he had no walks to throw away on company." Visits were offered him from respectful parties, but he declined them. Admiring friends offered to carry him at their own cost to the Yellow-Stone River, — to the West Indies, — to South America. But though nothing could be more grave or considered than his refusals, they remind one in quite new relations of that fop Brummel's reply to the gentleman who offered him his carriage in a shower, "But where will *you* ride, then?" — and what accusing silences, and what searching and irresistible speeches, battering down all defences, his companions can remember!

Mr. Thoreau dedicated his genius with such entire love to the fields, hills, and waters of his native town, that he made them known and interesting to all reading Americans, and to people over the sea. The river on whose banks he was born and died he knew from its springs to its confluence with the Merrimack. He had made summer and winter observations on it for many years, and at every hour of the day and the night. The result of the recent survey of the Water Commissioners appointed by the State of Massachusetts he had reached by his private experiments, several years earlier. Every fact which occurs in the bed, on the banks, or in the air over it; the fishes, and their spawning and nests, their manners, their food; the shad-flies which fill the air on a certain evening once a year, and which are snapped at by the fishes so ravenously that many of these die of repletion; the conical heaps of small stones on the river-shallows, one of which heaps will sometimes overfill a cart, — these heaps the huge nests of small fishes; the birds which frequent the stream, heron, duck, sheldrake, loon, osprey; the snake, muskrat, otter, woodchuck, and fox, on the banks; the turtle, frog, hyla, and cricket, which make the banks vocal, — were all known to him, and, as it were, towns-

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men and fellow-creatures; so that he felt an absurdity or violence in any narrative of one of these by itself apart, and still more of its dimensions on an inch-rule, or in the exhibition of its skeleton, or the specimen of a squirrel or a bird in brandy. He liked to speak of the manners of the river, as itself a lawful creature, yet with exactness, and always to an observed fact. As he knew the river, so the ponds in this region.

One of the weapons he used, more important than microscope or alcohol-receiver to other investigators, was a whim which grew on him by indulgence, yet appeared in gravest statement, namely, of extolling his own town and neighborhood as the most favored centre for natural observation. He remarked that the Flora of Massachusetts embraced almost all the important plants of America, — most of the oaks, most of the willows, the best pines, the ash, the maple, the beech, the nuts. He returned Kane's "Arctic Voyage" to a friend of whom he had borrowed it, with the remark, that "most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord." He seemed a little envious of the Pole, for the coincident sunrise and sunset, or five minutes' day after six months: a splendid fact, which Annursnuc had never afforded him. He found red snow in one of his walks, and told me that he expected to find yet the *Victoria regia* in Concord. He was the attorney of the indigenous plants, and owned to a preference of the weeds to the imported plants, as of the Indian to the civilized man, — and noticed, with pleasure, that the willow bean-poles of his neighbor had grown more than his beans. "See these weeds," he said, "which have been hoed at by a million farmers all spring and summer, and yet have prevailed, and just now come out triumphant over all lanes, pastures, fields, and gardens, such is their vigor. We have insulted them with low names, too, — as Pigweed, Wormwood, Chickweed, Shad-Blossom." He says, "They have brave names, too, — Ambrosia, Stellaria, Amelanchia, Amaranth, etc."

I think his fancy for referring everything to the meridian of Concord did not grow out of any ignorance or depreciation of other longitudes or latitudes, but was rather a playful expression of his conviction of the indifferency of all places, and that the best place for each is where he stands. He expressed it once in this wise: — "I think nothing is to be hoped from you, if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you to eat than any other in this world, or in any world."

The other weapon with which he conquered all obstacles in science was patience. He knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back, and resume its habits, nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him.

It was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him. One must submit abjectly to such a guide, and the reward was great. Under his arm he carried an old music-book to press plants; in his pocket, his diary and pencil, a spy-glass for birds, microscope, jack-knife, and twine. He wore straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers, to brave shrub-oaks and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk's or a squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor. On the day I speak of he looked for the Menyanthes, detected it across the wide pool, and, on examination of the florets, decided that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his breast-pocket his diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account as a banker when his notes fall due. The Cypripedium not due till to-morrow. He thought, that, if waked up from a trance, in this swamp, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was within two days. The redstart was flying about, and presently the fine gros-

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beaks, whose brilliant scarlet makes the rash gazer wipe his eye, and whose fine clear note Thoreau compared to that of a tanager which has got rid of its hoarseness. Presently he heard a note which he called that of the night-warbler, a bird he had never identified, had been in search of twelve years, which always, when he saw it, was in the act of diving down into a tree or bush, and which it was vain to seek; the only bird that sings indifferently by night and by day. I told him he must beware of finding and booking it, lest life should have nothing more to show him. He said, "What you seek in vain for, half your life, one day you come full upon all the family at dinner. You seek it like a dream, and as soon as you find it you become its prey."

His interest in the flower or the bird lay very deep in his mind, was connected with Nature, — and the meaning of Nature was never attempted to be defined by him. He would not offer a memoir of his observations to the Natural History Society. "Why should I? To detach the description from its connections in my mind would make it no longer true or valuable to me: and they do not wish what belongs to it." His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. And yet none knew better than he that it is not the fact that imports, but the impression or effect of the fact on your mind. Every fact lay in glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole.

His determination on Natural History was organic. He confessed that he sometimes felt like a hound or a panther, and, if born among Indians, would have been a fell hunter. But, restrained by his Massachusetts culture, he played out the game in this mild form of botany and ichthyology. His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apiologist, that "either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him." Snakes coiled round his leg; the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters. Our naturalist had perfect magnanimity; he had no secrets: he would carry you to the heron's haunt, or even to his most prized botanical swamp, — possibly knowing that you could never find it again, yet willing to take his risks.

No college ever offered him a diploma, or a professor's chair; no academy made him its corresponding secretary, its discoverer, or even its member. Whether these learned bodies feared the satire of his presence. Yet so much knowledge of Nature's secret and genius few others possessed, none in a more large and religious synthesis. For not a particle of respect had he to the opinions of any man or body of men, but homage solely to the truth itself; and as he discovered everywhere among doctors some leaning of courtesy, it discredited them. He grew to be revered and admired by his townsmen, who had at first known him only as an oddity. The farmers who employed him as a surveyor soon discovered his rare accuracy and skill, his knowledge of their lands, of trees, of birds, of Indian remains, and the like, which enabled him to tell every farmer more than he knew before of his own farm; so that he began to feel a little as if Mr. Thoreau had better rights in his land than he. They felt, too, the superiority of character which addressed all men with a native authority.

Indian relics abound in Concord, — arrow-heads, stone chisels, pestles, and fragments of pottery; and on the river-bank, large heaps of clam-shells and ashes mark spots which the savages frequented. These, and every circumstance touching the Indian, were important in his eyes. His visits to Maine were chiefly for love of the Indian. He had the satisfaction of seeing the manufacture of the bark-canoe, as well as of trying his hand in its management on the rapids. He was inquisitive about the making of the stone arrow-head, and in his last days charged a

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youth setting out for the Rocky Mountains to find an Indian who could tell him that: "It was well worth a visit to California to learn it." Occasionally, a small party of Penobscot Indians would visit Concord, and pitch their tents for a few weeks in summer on the river-bank. He failed not to make acquaintance with the best of them; though he well knew that asking questions of Indians is like catechizing beavers and rabbits. In his last visit to Maine he had great satisfaction from Joseph Polis, an intelligent Indian of Oldtown, who was his guide for some weeks.

He was equally interested in every natural fact. The depth of his perception found likeness of law throughout Nature, and I know not any genius who so swiftly inferred universal law from the single fact. He was no pedant of a department. His eye was open to beauty, and his ear to music. He found these, not in rare conditions, but wheresoever he went. He thought the best of music was in single strains; and he found poetic suggestion in the humming of the telegraph-wire.

His poetry might be bad or good; he no doubt wanted a lyric facility and technical skill; but he had the source of poetry in his spiritual perception. He was a good reader and critic, and his judgment on poetry was to the ground of it. He could not be deceived as to the presence or absence of the poetic element in any composition, and his thirst for this made him negligent and perhaps scornful of superficial graces. He would pass by many delicate rhythms, but he would have detected every live stanza or line in a volume, and knew very well where to find an equal poetic charm in prose. He was so enamored of the spiritual beauty that he held all actual written poems in very light esteem in the comparison. He admired Æschylus and Pindar; but, when some one was commending them, he said that "Æschylus and the Greeks, in describing Apollo and Orpheus, had given no song, or no good one. They ought not to have moved trees, but to have chanted to the gods such a hymn as would have sung all their old ideas out of their heads, and new ones in." His own verses are often rude and defective. The gold does not yet run pure, is drossy and crude. The thyme and marjoram are not yet honey. But if he want lyric fineness and technical merits, if he have not the poetic temperament, he never lacks the causal thought, showing that his genius was better than his talent. He knew the worth of the Imagination for the uplifting and consolation of human life, and liked to throw every thought into a symbol. The fact you tell is of no value, but only the impression. For this reason his presence was poetic, always piqued the curiosity to know more deeply the secrets of his mind. He had many reserves, an unwillingness to exhibit to profane eyes what was still sacred in his own, and knew well how to throw a poetic veil over his experience. All readers of "Walden" will remember his mythical record of his disappointments: —

"I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves." *

His riddles were worth the reading, and I confide, that, if at any time I do not understand the expression, it is yet just. Such was the wealth of his truth that it was not worth his while to use words in vain. His poem entitled "Sympathy" reveals the tenderness under that triple steel of stoicism, and the intellectual subtilty it could animate. His classic poem on "Smoke" suggests Simonides, but is better than any poem of Simonides. His biography is in his verses. His habitual thought makes all his poetry a hymn to the Cause of causes, the Spirit which vivifies and controls his own.

* *Walden*, p. 20.

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"I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore."

And still more in these religious lines:—

"Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life;
I will not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth or want hath bought,
Which wooed me young, and wooes me old,
And to this evening hath me brought."

Whilst he used in his writings a certain petulance of remark in reference to churches or churchmen, he was a person of a rare, tender, and absolute religion, a person incapable of any profanation, by act or by thought. Of course, the same isolation which belonged to his original thinking and living detached him from the social religious forms. This is neither to be censured nor regretted. Aristotle long ago explained it, when he said, "One who surpasses his fellow-citizens in virtue is no longer a part of the city. Their law is not for him, since he is a law to himself."

Thoreau was sincerity itself, and might fortify the convictions of prophets in the ethical laws by his holy living. It was an affirmative experience which refused to be set aside. A truth-speaker he, capable of the most deep and strict conversation; a physician to the wounds of any soul; a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshipped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor and prophet, and knew the deep value of his mind and great heart. He thought that without religion or devotion of some kind nothing great was ever accomplished: and he thought that the bigoted sectarian had better bear this in mind.

His virtues, of course, sometimes ran into extremes. It was easy to trace to the inexorable demand on all for exact truth that austerity which made this willing hermit more solitary even than he wished. Himself of a perfect probity, he required not less of others. He had a disgust at crime, and no worldly success would cover it. He detected paltering as readily in dignified and prosperous persons as in beggars, and with equal scorn. Such dangerous frankness was in his dealing that his admirers called him "that terrible Thoreau," as if he spoke when silent, and was still present when he had departed. I think the severity of his ideal interfered to deprive him of a healthy sufficiency of human society.

The habit of a realist to find things the reverse of their appearance inclined him to put every statement in a paradox. A certain habit of antagonism defaced his earlier writings,—a trick of rhetoric not quite outgrown in his later, of substituting for the obvious word and thought its diametrical opposite. He praised wild mountains and winter forests for their domestic air, in snow and ice he would find sultriness, and commended the wilderness for resembling Rome and Paris. "It was so dry, that you might call it wet."

The tendency to magnify the moment, to read all the laws of Nature in the one object or one combination under your eye, is of course comic to those who do not share the philosopher's perception of identity. To him there was no such thing as size. The pond was a small ocean; the Atlantic, a large Walden Pond. He referred every minute fact to cosmical laws. Though he meant to be just, he seemed haunted by a certain chronic assumption that the science of the day pretended completeness, and he had just found out that the *savans* had neglected to discriminate a particular botanical variety, had failed to describe the seeds or count the sepals. "That is to say," we replied, "the blockheads were not born in Concord; but who said they were? It was their unspeakable misfortune to be born in London, or Paris, or Rome; but, poor fellows, they did what they could, considering that they never saw Bateman's Pond, or Nine-Acre Corner, or Becky-Stow's Swamp. Besides, what were you sent into the world for, but to add this observation?"

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Had his genius been only contemplative, he had been fitted to his life, but with his energy and practical ability he seemed born for great enterprise and for command; and I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action, that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry-party. Pounding beans is good to the end of pounding empires one of these days; but if, at the end of years, it is still only beans!

But these foibles, real or apparent, were fast vanishing in the incessant growth of a spirit so robust and wise, and which effaced its defeats with new triumphs. His study of Nature was a perpetual ornament to him, and inspired his friends with curiosity to see the world through his eyes, and to hear his adventures. They possessed every kind of interest.

He had many elegances of his own, whilst he scoffed at conventional elegance. Thus, he could not bear to hear the sound of his own steps, the grit of gravel; and therefore never willingly walked in the road, but in the grass, on mountains and in woods. His senses were acute, and he remarked that by night every dwelling-house gives out bad air, like a slaughter-house. He liked the pure fragrance of melilot. He honored certain plants with special regard, and, over all, the pond-lily, — then, the gentian, and the *Mikania scandens*, and "life-everlasting," and a bass-tree which he visited every year when it bloomed, in the middle of July. He thought the scent a more oracular inquisition than the sight, — more oracular and trustworthy. The scent, of course, reveals what is concealed from the other senses. By it he detected earthiness. He delighted in echoes, and said they were almost the only kind of kindred voices that he heard. He loved Nature so well, was so happy in her solitude, that he became very jealous of cities, and the sad work which their refinements and artifices made with man and his dwelling. The axe was always destroying his forest. "Thank God," he said, "they cannot cut down the clouds!" "All kinds of figures are drawn on the blue ground with this fibrous white paint."

I subjoin a few sentences taken from his unpublished manuscripts, not only as records of his thought and feeling, but for their power of description and literary excellence.

"Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk."

"The chub is a soft fish, and tastes like boiled brown paper salted."

"The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or, perchance, a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them."

"The locust z-ing."

"Devil's-needles zigzagging along the Nut-Meadow brook."

"Sugar is not so sweet to the palate as sound to the healthy ear."

"I put on some hemlock-boughs, and the rich salt crackling of their leaves was like mustard to the ear, the crackling of uncountable regiments. Dead trees love the fire."

"The bluebird carries the sky on his back."

"The tanager flies through the green foliage as if it would ignite the leaves."

"If I wish for a horse-hair for my compass-sight, I must go to the stable; but the hair-bird, with her sharp eyes, goes to the road."

"Immortal water, alive even to the superficies."

"Fire is the most tolerable third party."

"Nature made ferns for pure leaves, to show what she could do in that line."

"No tree has so fair a bole and so handsome an instep as the beech."

"How did these beautiful rainbow-tints get into the shell of the fresh-water clam, buried in the mud at the bottom of our dark river?"

"Hard are the times when the infant's shoes are second-foot."

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"We are strictly confined to our men to whom we give liberty."

"Nothing is so much to be feared as fear. Atheism may comparatively be popular with God himself."

"Of what significance the things you can forget? A little thought is sexton to all the world."

"How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?"

"Only he can be trusted with gifts who can present a face of bronze to expectations."

"I ask to be melted. You can only ask of the metals that they be tender to the fire that melts them. To nought else can they be tender."

There is a flower known to botanists, one of the same genus with our summer plant called "Life-Everlasting," a *Gnaphalium* like that, which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolese mountains, where the chamois dare hardly venture, and which the hunter, tempted by its beauty, and by his love, (for it is immensely valued by the Swiss maidens,) climbs the cliffs to gather, and is sometimes found dead at the foot, with the flower in his hand. It is called by botanists the *Gnaphalium leontopodium*, but by the Swiss *Edelweisse*, which signifies *Noble Purity*. Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task, which none else can finish, — a kind of indignity to so noble a soul, that it should depart out of Nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is. But he, at least, is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.

A SUMMER DAY.

At daybreak, in the fresh light, joyfully
The fishermen drew in their laden net;
The shore shone rosy purple, and the sea
Was streaked with violet,

And, pink with sunrise, many a shadowy sail
Lay southward, lighting up the sleeping bay,
And in the west the white moon, still and pale,
Faded before the day.

Silence was everywhere. The rising tide
Slowly filled every cove and inlet small:
A musical low whisper, multiplied,
You heard, and that was all.

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No clouds at dawn, — but, as the sun climbed higher,
White columns, thunderous, splendid, up the sky
Floated and stood, heaped in the sun's clear fire,
A stately company.

Stealing along the coast from cape to cape,
The weird mirage crept tremulously on,
In many a magic change and wondrous shape,
Throbbing beneath the sun.

At noon the wind rose, — swept the glassy sea
To sudden ripple, — thrust against the clouds
A strenuous shoulder, — gathering steadily,
Drove them before in crowds,

Till all the west was dark, and inky black
The level ruffled water underneath,
And up the wind-cloud tossed, a ghostly rack,
In many a ragged wreath.

Then sudden roared the thunder, a great peal
Magnificent, that broke and rolled away;
And down the wind plunged, like a furious keel
Cleaving the sea to spray,

And brought the rain, sweeping o'er land and sea.
And then was tumult! Lightning, sharp and keen,
Thunder, wind, rain, — a mighty jubilee
The heaven and earth between!

And loud the ocean sang, — a chorus grand, —
A solemn music sung in undertone
Of waves that broke about, on either hand,
The little island lone,

Where, joyful in His tempest as His calm,
Held in the hollow of that hand of His,
I joined with heart and soul in God's great psalm,
Thrilled with a nameless bliss.

Soon lulled the wind,—the summer storm soon died;
The shattered clouds went eastward, drifting slow;
From the low sun the rain-fringe swept aside,
Bright in his rosy glow,

And wide a splendor streamed through all the sky
O'er land and sea one soft, delicious blush,
That touched the gray rocks lightly, tenderly,
A transitory flush.

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Warm, odorous gusts came off the distant land,
  With spice of pine-woods, breath of hay new-mown,
O'er miles of waves and sea-scents cool and bland,
  Full in our faces blown.

Slow faded the sweet light, and peacefully
  The quiet stars came out, one after one, —
The holy twilight deepened silently,
  The summer day was done.

Such unalloyed delight its hours had given,
  Musing, this thought rose in my grateful mind,
That God, who watches all things, up in heaven,
  With patient eyes and kind,

Saw and was pleased, perhaps, one child of His
  Dared to be happy like the little birds,
Because He gave His children days like this,
  Rejoicing beyond words, —

Dared, lifting up to Him untroubled eyes
  In gratitude that worship is, and prayer,
Sing and be glad with ever new surprise
  He made His world so fair!

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Ravenshoe. By Henry Kingsley, Author of "Geoffry Hamlyn." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This novel belongs to that class which has been most in favor of late years, in which the incidents and characters are drawn from the daily life that is going on around us, and the sources of interest are sought in the acts, struggles, and sufferings of the world that lies at our feet, discarding the idealizing charm which arises from distance in space or remoteness in time. The novels of Disraeli, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Miss Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Muloch, and Miss Evans, differing as they do so widely in style, treatment, and spirit, all come under this general division. Fictitious compositions of this class have difficulties peculiar to themselves, but success, when attained, is proportionally great; and from the sympathetic element in man they can secure the interest of their readers, though their plots may be improbable and their characters unnatural. The scene of "Ravenshoe" is laid in England, the time is the present, and the men and women are such as may be seen at a flower-show at Chiswick or on the race-course at Epsom on a Derby day. The plot is ingenious, thickly strewn with sudden and startling incidents, though very improbable; but the story flows on in so rapid and animated a current that the reader can never pause long enough for criticism, and it is not till he lays the vol-

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ume down, and recalls the ground he has been over, that he has leisure to remark that the close has been reached by such stepping-stones as are never laid down in the path of real life.

The characters are various, drawn with the greatest spirit, but not all of them natural. Lord Saltire, for instance, is a portrait with which the author has evidently taken much pains; but the elements we see in him are such as never were, never could be, combined in any living and breathing man. Father Mackworth is elaborately drawn, but the sketch wants vitality and unity. Adelaide and Ellen present essentially the same type, modified by difference of position and circumstances, and, in the latter, by the infusion of a fanatical religious element. Charles Ravenshoe, the hero, is well conceived and consistently carried; and the same may be said of Cuthbert. But the best character in the book is old Lady Ascot. She is quite original, and yet quite natural; and we guess that some of her peculiarities are drawn from life.

The descriptions of scenery are admirable, — so admirable that we pardon the author for introducing them a little too frequently. He is evidently one of those few men who love Nature with a manly and healthy love,—by whom the outward world is not sought as a shelter against invading cares, or as balm for a wounded spirit, but who find in the sunshine, the play of the breeze, and the dance of the waves, a cheerful, enduring, and satisfying companionship. The scenery is English, and South English too: the author's pictures are drawn from memory, and not from imagination. And the whole tone and spirit of the book are thoroughly English. It represents the best aspects of English life, character, and manners as they are to-day. Whatever is most generous, heroic, tender, and true in the men and women of England is here to be seen, and not drawn in colors any more flattering than it is the right of fiction to use. We think the author carries us too much into the stable and the kennel; but this, we need not say, is also English.

But we have yet to mention what we consider the highest charm of this charming book, and that is the combination which we find in it of healthiness of tone and earnestness of purpose. A healthier book we have never read. Earnestness of purpose is apt to be attended with something of excess or extravagance; but in "Ravenshoe" there is nothing morbid, nothing cynical, nothing querulous, nothing ascetic. The doctrine of the book is a reasonable enjoyment of all that is good in the world, with a firm purpose of improving the world in all possible ways. It is one of the many books which have appeared in England of late years which show the influence of the life and labors of the late Dr. Arnold. It is as inspiriting in its influence as a gallop over one of the breezy downs of Mr. Kingsley's own Devonshire.

It is, in short, a delightful book, in which all defects of structure and form are atoned for by a wonderful amount of energy, geniality, freshness, poetical feeling, and moral elevation. And furthermore, we think, no one can read it without saying to himself that he would like to see and know the writer. Long may he live to write new novels!

Vanity Fair. Volumes I.—V. New York: Louis H. Stephens, Publisher for the Proprietors.

The American is often considered to be by nature unadapted for jollity, if not positively averse to it. This supposition is not without some reasonable foundation, and the stranger may be readily excused for adopting it as an axiomatic truth. Busy calculation and restless labor appear at first to be the grand elements of American life; mirth is apparently excluded, as the superfluous members of his equations are eliminated by the algebraist. Fun is not practical enough for the American, and subserves none of his profitable projects; it provokes to idle laughter, and militates against the unresting career of industry which he has prescribed, and his utilitarian spirit thinks it were as well abolished. His recreations are akin to his toil. If he give to study such hours as business spares, facts first claim his attention, and then philosophy or ethics: he cannot resign himself to lighter topics. When he reads in his Horace, "*Dulce est desipere in loco,*" he grants the proposition, with the commentary that he, at least, has very rarely been "*in loco.*" He reads tragedies, and perhaps writes one; but he does not affect

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comedies, and he could have no sympathy with an uproarious burlesque or side-shaking Christmas pantomime. His brethren who seek the theatre for amusement are of similar opinion, and so are they who stand behind the foot-lights. Therefore it is, that, for every passable comedian, America can produce a whole batch of very fair tragic actors.

This serious character the American is apt to wear abroad as well as at home. When he travels, he is wont to be in a hurry, and to examine curious cities as if he were making sharp bargains against time. In spite of the wonderful power of adaptation which makes him of all men the best cosmopolitan, he never is quite perfect in his assumption of another nationality, and he generally falls short of a thorough appreciation of its mirthful principle. If he emigrate to France, he soon feasts upon frogs as freely and speaks with as accurate an accent as the Parisian, but he cannot quite assume the gay *insouciance* of the French; if to England, he adores method, learns to grumble and imbibe old ale, yet does not become accustomed to the free, blunt raillery, — the "chaff," — with which Britons disport themselves; if to China, he lives upon curries and inscribes his name with a camel's-hair pencil, but all Oriental *bizarrerie* fails to thoroughly amuse him. Wherever he may go, he settles at once and easily into the outward life of the people among whom he is, — while he always reserves within himself a cold, stern individuality; he often is angered when he should be amused, and retorts with resentment when he should reply in repartee. Still, the American is not sombre to the core. He has a kind of grim merriment bestowed somewhere in the recesses of his being. It is quaint and severe, however, and abounding in dry conceits. It inclines more to the nature of sarcasm than of flashing wit or genial humor. There is apt to be the bitterness about it which would provoke a heavy blow, unless it had been itself so weighty in attack as to crush what might have sprung into resistance. It passes from badinage into personalities and recriminations. In these respects it is consonant with the general bearing of the American character. The levity of wit and the pleasantry of humor appear at first purposeless; they are immaterial, and, even when most palpably present, seem, like Macbeth's encountering witches, to make of themselves air, into which they vanish. But sarcasm, and the direct application of ridicule, effect something at once; their course may be swift and cloudy, like that of the bullet, but it has a definite end in view; they are discharged and sweep away invisibly, or like a dark speck at most, but the crash and shiver of the distant target show that the shot has told. They are practical, and the American understands them; as for mere wit and humor, he will perhaps investigate them when there shall come to him that season of leisure which he mythically proposes to enjoy when there shall be no more work to do, and into which he is usually ushered by one busier even than himself, and less tolerant of idleness and folly, — Death, the great Chamberlain of Eternal Halls.

There is another characteristic of American wit and humor: they are evanescent and keen, escaping adroitly from the snares of the printer. America cannot boast of her satirists or humorists as forming a class like the great English and European groups, and yet her literature is enriched with many volumes wherein may be found the most brilliant wit and the most genial, genuine humor. Seldom, however, are these the main features of the books in which they occur; they are not bound in the great, all-important chain, but are woven into the little threads which underlie it; the obtuse or careless reader may easily overlook them, passing on to the end without suspecting the treasures which he has missed; and the foreigner, who does not look for such qualities among a people so perversely practical as Americans, will be apt entirely to ignore their possible existence. Again, if the writers are first-class men, their birth is the most purely American characteristic they possess. Their cast of thought and culture denotes that they belong to other times and lands as well as to this. They would have been at home among the *literati* of Queen Anne's day, — for their fellowship has been with such in spirit, if not in the flesh. Therefore the prejudiced, and they whose perceptions are not quick to recognize the finer traits which indicate the real character of men and of their works, are wont to say that here is nothing new, nothing indigenous to the soil, only an outgrowth of the Old World, — merely exotics, which would

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soon perish from the pains of transplanting, if they were not carefully fostered.

As a bit of drift-wood warns the most unpractised eye of the direction which a current takes, so the light, ephemeral *brochures* of any epoch give a plain hint of the tendency of its thought. The librarian and historian know the value of newspapers and pamphlets, for in them can be found what big books and voluminous records do not contain. From pasquinades, caricatures, and bits of comedy or satire can be drawn an idea of the popular humor of any era, which the works of great authors fail to convey. They are spontaneous and unstudied, regardless alike of reputation already established, which must be maintained, and of that which may yet be won; for they come from unknown sources, and exist solely for their own sakes and by their own vitality. They are, therefore, trustworthy assistants to him who studies the spirit of any people or generation.

In this respect American humor has been ill represented. Comic publications have appeared only at rare intervals, and comic journals have soon degenerated into stupidity or coarseness. Yet this has not been for lack of material, but of a proper editorial faculty, and from the want of a habitude or a willingness on the part of those who conceive clever things to note them down and give them out in black and white. When "Vanity Fair" first appeared, we thought we saw in it the germ of a journal which might be an exponent of our national spirit of mirthfulness, and we took occasion to say so briefly. We have not been disappointed. The five volumes which have already been published in weekly numbers have been true to the honest purpose which the conductors proposed to themselves and the public in their prospectus, and are fair representatives of the wit and humor which are in their essence allied to the merriment and the satire of Hawthorne and Lowell, Holmes and Saxe, although, of course, they are not yet developed with like delicacy and brilliance. There is in these pages a vast deal of genuine, hearty fun, and of sharp, stinging sarcasm; there are also hundreds of cleverly drawn and cleanly cut illustrations. Better than these, there is a fearlessness of consequences and of persons, when a wrong is to be combated, an error to be set right. And this Touchstone has been impartial as well as sturdy in his castigation; he has not been blind to the faults of his friends, or slow in bidding them imitate the excellences of his enemies; he had "a whip of scorpions" for the late Administration, when others, whose intuitions were less quick, saw nothing to chastise, and he has not hesitated to rebuke the official misdemeanors of these days, because officers have *per contra* done other portions of their duties well. According to his creed, a wrong cannot be palliated into a right, but must be reformed thereto; he has no tolerance for that evil whose cure is obvious and possible, and he treats boldly and severely the subjects of which the timid scarcely dare to speak.

It cannot, of course, be claimed for "Vanity Fair" that it is all clever. The brightest wit must say some dull things, and a comic journal can hardly help letting some dreary attempts at mirth slip into its columns. We could point out paragraphs in this serial which are most chaotic and unmeaning, and some, indeed, which fall below its own excellent standard of refinement; but we do not remember ever to have met in its pages a *double-entendre* or a foulness of speech. We must advise its conductor (who, we may say in passing, is a gentleman whose writings have not infrequently appeared in the "Atlantic") never to allow his paper to descend to the level of the *ignobile vulgus;* and we are glad that in wishing "Vanity Fair" long life and prosperity we have to censure it only for some slight violations of good taste, not for any offence against modesty or decorum. It deserves admission to the library and the drawing-room, and will, we hope, long continue to be received there.

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RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in April, May, and June, 1861. By Max Müller, M. A., Fellow of All-Souls College, Oxford, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. From the Second London Edition, revised. New York. C. Scribner. 12mo. pp. 416. $1.50.

Ballads of the War. No. I. The March to the Capitol. No. II. Sumter. By Augustine J. H. Duganne. Illustrated. New York. John Robins. 4to. paper. each number, pp. 12, 25 cts.

Les Misérables. Par Victor Hugo. Première Partie. Fantine. 2 vols. New York. F. W. Christern. Paris. Pagnerre. 8vo. pp. 355, 376. $3.00.

Journal of Alfred Ely, a Prisoner of War in Richmond. Edited by Charles Lanman. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 359. $1.00.

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Les Misérables. Cosette. A Novel. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the Original French, by Charles E. Wilbour. New York. G. W. Carleton. 8vo. paper. pp. 164. 50 cts.

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

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DAVID GAUNT.

Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst,
Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist. — FAUST.

PART I.

WHAT kind of sword, do you think, was that which old Christian had in that famous fight of his with Apollyon, long ago? He cut the fiend to the marrow with it, you remember, at last; though the battle went hardly with him, too, for a time. Some of his blood, Bunyan says, is on the stones of the valley to this day. That is a vague record of the combat between the man and the dragon in that strange little valley, with its perpetual evening twilight and calm, its meadows crusted with lilies, its herd-boy with his quiet song, close upon the precincts of hell. It fades back, the valley and the battle, dim enough, from the sober freshness of this summer morning. Look out of the window here, at the hubbub of the early streets, the freckled children racing past to school, the dewy shimmer of yonder willows in the sunlight, like drifts of pale green vapor. Where is Apollyon? does he put himself into flesh and blood, as then, nowadays? And the sword which Christian used, like a man, in his deed of derring-do?

Reading the quaint history, just now, I have a mind to tell you a modern story. It is not long: only how, a few months ago, a poor itinerant, and a young girl, (like these going by with baskets on their arms,) who lived up in these Virginia hills, met Evil in their lives, and how it fared with them: how they thought that they were in the Valley of Humiliation, that they were Christian, and Rebellion and Infidelity Apollyon; the different ways they chose to combat him; the weapons they used. I can tell you that; but you do not know — do you? — what kind of sword old Christian used, or where it is, or whether its edge is rusted.

I must not stop to ask more, for these war-days are short, and the story might be cold before you heard it.

A brick house, burrowed into the side of a hill, with red gleams of light wink-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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ing out of the windows in a jolly way into the winter's night: wishing, one might fancy, to cheer up the hearts of the freezing stables and barn and hen-house that snuggled about the square yard, trying to keep warm. The broad-backed old hill (Scofield's Hill, a famous place for papaws in summer) guards them tolerably well; but then, house and barn and hill lie up among the snowy peaks of the Virginian Alleghanies, and you know how they would chill and awe the air. People away down yonder in the river-bottoms see these peaks dim and far-shining, as though they cut through thick night; but we, up among them here, find the night wide, filled with a pale starlight that has softened for itself out of the darkness overhead a great space up towards heaven.

The snow lay deep, on this night of which I tell you, — a night somewhere near the first of January in this year. Two old men, a white and a black, who were rooting about the farm-yard from stable to fodder-rack, waded through deep drifts of it.

"Tell yer, Mars' Joe," said the negro, banging the stable-door, "dat hoss ort n't ter risk um's bones dis night. Ef yer go ter de Yankee meetin', Coly kern't tote yer."

"Well, well, Uncle Bone, that 's enough," said old Scofield testily, looking through the stall-window at the horse, with a face anxious enough to show that the dangers of foundering for Coly and for the Union were of about equal importance in his mind.

A heavily built old fellow, big-jointed, dull-eyed, with a short, black pipe in his mouth, going about peering into sheds and out-houses, — the same routine he and Bone had gone through every night for thirty years, — joking, snarling, cursing, alternately. The cramped old routine, dogged, if you choose to call it so, was enough for him: you could tell that by a glance at his earnest, stolid face; you could see that it need not take Prospero's Ariel forty minutes to put a girdle about this man's world: ten would do it, tie up the farm, and the dead and live Scofields, and the Democratic party, with an ideal reverence for "Firginya" under all. As for the Otherwhere, outside of Virginia, he heeded it as much as a Hindoo does the turtle on which the earth rests. For which you shall not sneer at Joe Scofield, or the Pagan. How wide is your own "sacred soil"? — the creed, government, bit of truth, other human heart, self, perhaps, to which your soul roots itself vitally, — like a cuttle-fish sucking to an inch of rock, — and drifts out palsied feelers of recognition into the ocean of God's universe, just as languid as the aforesaid Hindoo's hold upon the Kalpas of emptiness underneath the turtle?

Joe Scofield sowed the fields and truck-patch, — sold the crops down in Wheeling; every year he got some little, hardly earned snugness for the house (he and Bone had been born in it, their grandfathers had lived there together). Bone was his slave; of course, they thought, how should it be otherwise? The old man's daughter was Dode Scofield; his negro was Bone Scofield, in degree. Joe went to the Methodist church on Sundays; he hurrahed for the Democratic candidate: it was a necessity for Whigs to be defeated; it was a necessity for Papists to go to hell. He had a tight grip on these truths, which were born, one might say, with his blood; his life grew out of them. So much of the world was certain, — but outside? It was rather vague there: Yankeedom was a mean-soiled country, whence came clocks, teachers, peddlers, and infidelity; and the English, — it was an American's birthright to jeer at the English.

We call this a narrow life, prate in the North of our sympathy with the universal man, don't we? And so we extend a stomachic greeting to our Spanish brother that sends us wine, and a bow from our organ of ideality to Italy for beauty incarnate in Art, — see the Georgian slaveholder only through the eyes of the cowed negro at his feet, and give a dime on Sunday to send the gospel to the hea-

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then, who will burn forever, we think, if it never is preached to them. What of your sympathy with the universal man, when I tell you Scofield was a Rebel?

His syllogisms on this point were clear, to himself. For slavery to exist in a country where free government was put on trial was a tangible lie, that had worked a moral divorce between North and South. Slavery was the vital breath of the South; if she chose to go out and keep it, had not freemen the right to choose their own government? To bring her back by carnage was simply the old game of regal tyranny on republican cards. So his head settled it: as for his heart, — his neighbors' houses were in ashes, burned by the Yankees; his son lay dead at Manassas. He died to keep them back, did n't he? "Geordy boy," he used to call him, — worth a dozen puling girls: since he died, the old man had never named his name. Scofield was a Rebel in every bitter drop of his heart's blood.

He hurried to the house to prepare to go to the Union meeting. He had a reason for going. The Federal troops held Romney then, a neighboring village, and he knew many of the officers would be at this meeting. There was a party of Confederates in Blue's Gap, a mountain-fastness near by, and Scofield had heard a rumor that the Unionists would attack them to-morrow morning: he meant to try and find out the truth of it, so as to give the boys warning to be ready, and, maybe, lend them a helping hand. Only for Dode's sake, he would have been in the army long ago.

He stopped on the porch to clean his shoes, for the floor was newly scrubbed, and Miss Scofield was a tidy housekeeper, and had, besides, a temper as hot and ready to light as her father's pipe. The old man stopped now, half chuckling, peeping in at the window to see if all was clear within. But you must not think for this that Dode's temper was the bugbear of the house, — though the girl herself thought it was, and shed some of the bitterest tears of her life over it. Just a feverish blaze in the blood, caught from some old dead grandfather, that burst out now and then.

Dode, not being a genius, could not christen it morbid sensibility; but as she had a childish fashion of tracing things to commonplace causes, whenever she felt her face grow hot easily, or her throat choke up as men's do when they swear, she concluded that her liver was inactive, and her soul was tired of sitting at her Master's feet, like Mary. So she used to take longer walks before breakfast, and cry sharply, incessantly, in her heart, as the man did who was tainted with leprosy, "Lord, help me!" And the Lord always did help her.

My story is of Dode; so I must tell you that these passion-fits were the only events of her life. For the rest, she washed and sewed and ironed. If her heart and brain needed more than this, she was cheerful in spite of their hunger. Almost all of God's favorites among women, before their life-work is given them, pass through such hunger, — seasons of dull, hot inaction, fierce struggles to tame and bind to some unfitting work the power within. Generally, they are tried thus in their youth, — just as the old aspirants for knighthood were condemned to a night of solitude and prayer before the day of action. This girl was going through her probation with manly-souled bravery.

She came out on the porch now, to help her father on with his coat, and to tie his spatterdashes. You could not see her in the dark, of course; but you would not wonder, if you felt her hand, or heard her speak, that the old man liked to touch her, as everybody did, — spoke to her gently: her own voice, did I say? was so earnest and rich, — hinted at unsounded depths of love and comfort, such as utter themselves in some unfashionable women's voices and eyes. Theodora, or -dosia, or some such heavy name, had been hung on her when she was born, — nobody remembered what: people always called her Dode, so as to bring her closer, as it were, and to fancy themselves akin to her.

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Bone, going in, had left the door ajar, and the red firelight shone out brightly on her, where she was stooping. Nature had given her a body white, strong, and womanly, — broad, soft shoulders, for instance, hands slight and nervous, dark, slow eyes. The Devil never would have had the courage to tempt Eve, if she had looked at him with eyes as tender and honest as Dode Scofield's.

Yet, although she had so many friends, she impressed you as being a shy home-woman. That was the reason her father did not offer to take her to the meeting, though half the women in the neighborhood would be there.

"She a'n't smart, my Dode," he used to say, — "'s got no public sperrit."

He said as much to young Gaunt, the Methodist preacher, that very day, knowing that he thought of the girl as a wife, and wishing to be honest as to her weaknesses and heresies. For Dode, being the only creature in the United States who thought she came into the world to learn and not to teach, had an odd habit of trying to pick the good lesson out of everybody: the Yankees, the Rebels, the Devil himself, she thought, must have some purpose of good, if she could only get at it. God's creatures alike. She durst not bring against the foul fiend himself a "railing accusation," being as timid in judging evil as were her Master and the archangel Michael. An old-fashioned timidity, of course: people thought Dode a time-server, or "a bit daft."

"She don't take sides sharp in this war," her father said to Gaunt, "my little girl; 'n fact, she is n't keen till put her soul intill anythin' but lovin'. She 's a pore Democrat, David, an' not a strong Methody, — allays got somethin' till say fur t' other side, Papishers an' all. An' she gets religion quiet. But it 's the real thing," — watching his hearer's face with an angry suspicion. "It 's out of a clean well, David, I say!"

"I hope so, Brother Scofield,"— doubtfully, shaking his head.

The conversation had taken place just after dinner. Scofield looked upon Gaunt as one of the saints upon earth, but he "danged him" after that once or twice to himself for doubting the girl; and when Bone, who had heard it, "guessed Mist' Dode 'd never fling herself away on sich whinin' pore-white trash," his master said nothing in reproof.

He rumpled her hair fondly, as she stood by him now on the porch.

"David Gaunt was in the house,—he had been there all the evening," she said, —a worried heat on her face. "Should not she call him to go to the meeting?"

"Jest as *you* please, Dode; jest as you please."

She should not be vexed. And yet —— What if Gaunt did not quite appreciate his girl, see how deep-hearted she was, how heartsome a thing to look at even when she was asleep? He loved her, David did, as well as so holy a man could love anything carnal. And it would be better, if Dode were married; a chance shot might take him off any day, and then — what? She did n't know enough to teach; the farm was mortgaged; and she had no other lovers. She was cold-blooded in that sort of liking, — did not attract the men: thinking, with the scorn coarse-grained men have for reticent-hearted women, what a contrast she was to her mother. *She* was the right sort, — full-lipped, and a cooing voice for everybody, and such winning blue eyes! But, after all, Dode was the kind of woman to anchor to; it was "Get out of *my* way!" with her mother, as with all milky, blue-eyed women.

The old man fidgeted, lingered, stuffing "old Lynchburg" into his pipe, (his face was dyed saffron, and smelt of tobacco,) glad to feel, when Dode tied his fur cap, how quick and loving for him her fingers were, and that he always had deserved they should be so. He wished the child had some other protector to turn to than he, these war-times, — thinking uneasily of the probable fight at Blue's Gap, though of course he knew he never was born to be killed by a Yankee

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bullet. He wished she could fancy Gaunt; but if she did n't, — that was enough.

Just then Gaunt came out of the room on to the porch, and began loitering, in an uncertain way, up and down. A lean figure, with an irresolute step: the baggy clothes hung on his lank limbs were butternut-dyed, and patched besides: a Methodist itinerant in the mountains, — you know all that means? There was nothing irresolute or shabby in Gaunt's voice, however, as he greeted the old man, — clear, thin, nervous. Scofield looked at him wistfully.

"Dunnot drive David off, Dody," he whispered; "I think he 's summat on his mind. What d' ye think 's his last whimsey? Told me he 's goin' off in the mornin', — Lord knows where, nor for how long. Dody, d' ye think? — he 'll be wantin' till come back for company, belike? Well, he 's one o' th' Lord's own, ef he is a bit cranky."

An odd tenderness came into the man's jaded old face. Whatever trust in God had got into his narrow heart among its bigotry, gross likings and dislikings, had come there through the agency of this David Gaunt. He felt as if he only had come into the secret place where his Maker and himself stood face to face; thought of him, therefore, with a reverence whose roots dug deep down below his coarseness, into his uncouth gropings after God. Outside of this, — Gaunt had come to the mountains years before, penniless, untaught, ragged, intent only on the gospel, which he preached with a keen, breathless fervor. Scofield had given him a home, clothed him, felt for him after that the condescending, curious affection which a rough barn-yard hen might feel for its adopted poult, not yet sure if it will turn out an eagle or a silly gull. It was a strange affinity between the lank-limbed, cloudy-brained enthusiast at one end of the porch and the shallow-eyed, tobacco-chewing old Scofield at the other, — but a real affinity, striking something deeper in their natures than blood-kinship. Whether Dode shared in it was doubtful; she echoed the "Poor David" in just the voice with which high-blooded women pity a weak man. Her father saw it. He had better not tell her his fancy to-night about Gaunt wishing her to be his wife.

He hallooed to him, bidding him "hap up an' come along till see what the Yankees were about. — Go in, Dode, — you sha'n't be worrit, child."

Gaunt came closer, fastening his thin coat. A lean face, sharpened by other conflicts than disease, — poetic, lonesome eyes, not manly.

"I am going," he said, looking at the girl. All the pain and struggle of years came up in that look. She knew where he was going: did she care? he thought. She knew, — he had told her, not an hour since, that he meant to lay down the Bible, and bring the kingdom of Jesus nearer in another fashion: he was going to enlist in the Federal army. It was God's cause, holy: through its success the golden year of the world would begin on earth. Gaunt took up his sword, with his eye looking awe-struck straight to God. The pillar of cloud, he thought, moved, as in the old time, before the army of freedom. She knew that when he did this, for truth's sake, he put a gulf between himself and her forever. Did she care? Did she? Would she let him go, and make no sign?

"Be quick, Gaunt," said Scofield, impatiently. "Bone hearn tell that Dougl's Palmer was in Romney to-night. He 'll be down at Blue's Gap, I reckon. He 's captain now in the Lincolnite army, — one of the hottest of the hell-hounds, — he is! Ef he comes to the house here, as he 'll likely do, I don't want till meet him."

Gaunt stood silent.

"He was Geordy's friend, father," said the girl, gulping back something in her throat.

"Geordy? Yes. I know. It 's that that hurts me," he muttered, uncertainly. "Him an' Dougl's was like brothers once, they was!"

He coughed, lit his pipe, looking in the girl's face for a long time, anxiously, as

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if to find a likeness in it to some other face he never should see again. He often had done this lately. At last, stooping, he kissed her mouth passionately, and shuffled down the hill, trying to whistle as he went. Kissing, through her, the boy who lay dead at Manassas: she knew that. She leaned on the railing, looking after him until a bend in the road took him out of sight. Then she turned into the house, with no thought to spare for the man watching her all this while with hungry eyes. The moon, drifting from behind a cloud, threw a sharp light on her figure, as she stood in the door-way.

"Dode!" he said. "Good bye, Dode!"

She shook hands, saying nothing, — then went in, and shut the door.

Gaunt turned away, and hurried down the hill, his heart throbbing and aching against his bony side with the breathless pain which women, and such men as he, know. Her hand was cold, as she gave it to him; some pain had chilled her blood: was it because she bade him good-bye forever, then? Was it? He knew it was not: his instincts were keen as those of the old Pythoness, who read the hearts of men and nations by surface-trifles. Gaunt joined the old man, and began talking loosely and vaguely, as was his wont, — of the bad road, and the snow-water oozing through his boots, — not knowing what he said. She did not care; he would not cheat himself: when he told her to-night what he meant to do, she heard it with a cold, passive disapproval, — with that steely look in her dark eyes that shut him out from her. "You are sincere, I see; but you are not true to yourself or to God": that was all she said. She would have said the same, if he had gone with her brother. It was a sudden stab, but he forgave her: how could she know that God Himself had laid this blood-work on him, or the deathly fight his soul had waged against it? She did not know, — nor care. Who did?

The man plodded doggedly through the melting snow, with a keener sense of the cold biting through his threadbare waistcoat, of the solitude and wrong that life had given him, — his childish eyes turning to the gray depth of night, almost fierce in their questioning, — thinking what a failure his life had been. Thirty-five years of struggle with poverty and temptation! Ever since that day in the blacksmith's shop in Norfolk, when he had heard the call of the Lord to go and preach His word, had he not striven to choke down his carnal nature, — to shut his eyes to all beauty and love, — to unmake himself, by self-denial, voluntary pain? Of what use was it? To-night his whole nature rebelled against this carnage before him, — his duty; scorned it as brutal; cried out for a life as peaceful and meek as that of Jesus, (as if that were not an absurdity in a time like this,) for happiness, for this woman's love; demanded it, as though these things were its right!

The man had a genial, childish temperament, given to woo and bind him, in a thousand simple, silly ways, into a likeness of that Love that holds the world, and that gave man no higher hero-model than a trustful, happy child. It was the birthright of this haggard wretch going down the hill, to receive quick messages from God through every voice of the world, — to understand them, as few men did, by his poet's soul, — through love, or color, or music, or keen healthy pain. Very many openings for him to know God through the mask of matter. He had shut them; being a Calvinist, and a dyspeptic, (Dyspepsia is twin-tempter with Satan, you know,) sold his God-given birthright, like Esau, for a hungry, bitter mess of man's doctrine. He came to loathe the world, the abode of sin; loathed himself, the chief of sinners; mapped out a heaven in some corner of the universe, where he and the souls of his persuasion, panting with the terror of being scarcely saved, should find refuge. The God he made out of his own bigoted and sour idea, and foisted on himself and his hearers as Jesus, would not be as merciful in the Judgment as Gaunt himself would like to be, — far from it. So He did not satisfy him. Sometimes, thinking of

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the pure instincts thwarted in every heart, — of the noble traits in damned souls, sent hellwards by birth or barred into temptation by society, a vision flashed before him of some scheme of the universe where all matter and mind were rising, slowly, through the ages, to eternal life. "Even so in Christ should all be made alive." All matter, all mind, rising in degrees towards the Good? made order, infused by God? And God was Love. Why not trust this Love to underlie even these social riddles, then? He thrust out the Devil's whisper, barred the elect into their narrow heaven, and tried to be content.

Douglas Palmer used to say that all Gaunt needed to make him a sound Christian was education and fresh meat. Gaunt forgave it as a worldly scoff. And Palmer, just always, thought, that, if Christ was just, He would remember it was not altogether Gaunt's fault, nor that of other bigots, if they had not education nor spiritual fresh meat. Creeds are not always "good providers."

The two men had a two-miles' walk before them. They talked little, as they went. Gaunt had not told the old man that he was going into the Northern army: how could he? George's dead face was between them, whenever he thought of it. Still, Scofield was suspicious as to Gaunt's politics: he never talked to him on the subject, therefore, and to-night did not tell him of his intention to go over to Blue's Gap to warn the boys, and, if they were outnumbered, to stay and take his luck with them. He nor Dode never told Gaunt a secret: the man's brain was as leaky as a sponge.

"He don't take enough account o' honor, an' the like, but it 's for tryin' till keep his soul right," he used to say, excusingly, to Dode. "That 's it! He minds me o' th' man that lived up on th' pillar, prayin'."

"The Lord never made people to live on pillars," Dode said.

The old man looked askance at Gaunt's worn face, as he trotted along beside him, thinking how pure it was. What had he to do with this foul slough we were all mired in? What if the Yankees did come, like incarnate devils, to thieve and burn and kill? This man would say "that ye resist not evil." He lived back there, pure and meek, with Jesus, in the old time. He would not dare to tell him he meant to fight with the boys in the Gap before morning. He wished he stood as near to Christ as this young man had got; he wished to God this revenge and bloodthirstiness were out of him; sometimes he felt as if a devil possessed him, since George died. The old fellow choked down a groan in the whiffs of his pipe.

Was the young man back there, in the old time, following the Nazarene? The work of blood Scofield was taking up for the moment, he took up, grappled with, tried to put his strength into. Doing this, his true life lay drained, loathsome, and bare. For the rest, he wished Dode had cared,— only a little. If one lay stabbed on some of these hills, it would be hard to think nobody cared: thinking of the old mother he had buried, years before. Yet Dode suffered: the man was generous to his heart's core, — forgot his own want in pity for her. What could it have been that pained her, as he came away? Her father had spoken of Palmer. *That?* His ruled heart leaped with a savage, healthy throb of jealousy.

Something he saw that moment made him stop short. The road led straight through the snow-covered hills to the church where the meeting was to be held. Only one man was in sight, coming towards them, on horseback. A sudden gleam of light showed him to them clearly. A small, middle-aged man, lithe, muscular, with fair hair, dressed in some shaggy dark uniform and a felt hat. Scofield stopped.

"It 's Palmer!" he said, with an oath that sounded like a cry.

The sight of the man brought George before him, living enough to wring his heart. He knocked a log off the worm-fence, and stepped over into the field.

"I 'm goin', David. To think o' him

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turnin' traitor to Old Virginia! I 'll not bide here till meet him."

"Brother!" said Gaunt, reprovingly.

"Don't hold me, Gaunt! Do you want me till curse my boy's old chum?"—his voice hoarse, choking.

"He is George's friend still"——

"I know, Gaunt, I know. God forgi' me! But—let me go, I say!"

He broke away, and went across the field.

Gaunt waited, watching the man coming slowly towards him. Could it be he whom Dode loved,—this Palmer? A doubter? an infidel? He had told her this to-day. A mere flesh-and-brain machine, made for the world, and no uses in him for heaven!

Poor Gaunt! no wonder he eyed the man with a spiteful hatred, as he waited for him, leaning against the fence. With his subtle Gallic brain, his physical spasms of languor and energy, his keen instincts that uttered themselves to the last syllable always, heedless of all decencies of custom, no wonder that the man with every feminine, unable nerve in his body rebelled against this Palmer. It was as natural as for a delicate animal to rebel against and hate and submit to man. Palmer's very horse, he thought, had caught the spirit of its master, and put down its hoofs with calm assurance of power.

Coming up at last, Gaunt listened sullenly, while the other spoke in a quiet, hearty fashion.

"They tell me you are to be one of us to-night," Palmer said, cordially. "Dyke showed me your name on the enlistment-roll: your motto after it, was it? 'For God and my right.' That 's the gist of the whole matter, David, I think, eh?"

"Yes, I 'm right. I think I am. God knows I do!"—his vague eyes wandering off, playing with the horse's mane uncertainly.

Palmer read his face keenly.

"Of course you are," he said, speaking gently as he would to a woman. "I 'll find a place and work for you before morning."

"So soon, Palmer?"

"Don't look at the blood and foulness of the war, boy! Keep the cause in view, every moment. We secure the right of self-government for all ages: think of that! 'God,'—His cause, you know?—and 'your right.' Have n't you warrant to take life to defend your right—from the Christ you believe in? Eh?"

"No. But I know"—Gaunt held his hand to his forehead as if it ached—"we have to come to brute force at last to conquer the right. Christianity is not enough. I 've reasoned it over, and"——

"Yet you look troubled. Well, we 'll talk it over again. You 've worked your brain too hard to be clear about anything just now,"—looking down on him with the questioning pity of a surgeon examining a cancer. "I must go on now, David. I 'll meet you at the church in an hour."

"You are going to the house, Palmer?"

"Yes. Good night."

Gaunt drew back his hand, glancing at the cold, tranquil face, the mild blue eyes.

"Good night,"—following him with his eyes as he rode away.

An Anglo-Saxon, with every birthmark of that slow, inflexible race. He would make love philosophically, Gaunt sneered. A made man. His thoughts and soul, inscrutable as they were, were as much the accretion of generations of culture and reserve as was the chalk in his bones or the glowless courage in his slow blood. It was like coming in contact with summer water to talk to him; but underneath was—what? Did Dode know? Had he taken her in, and showed her his unread heart? Dode?

How stinging cold it was!—looking up drearily into the drifting heaps of gray. What a wretched, paltry balk the world was! What a noble part he played in it!—taking out his pistol. Well, he could pull a trigger, and let out some other sinner's life; that was all the work God thought he was fit for. Thinking of Dode all the time. *He* knew her! *He* could have summered her in love, if she would

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but have been passive and happy! He asked no more of her than that. Poor, silent, passionate Dode! No one knew her as he knew her! What were that man's cold blue eyes telling her now at the house? It mattered nothing to him.

He went across the cornfield to the church, his thin coat flapping in the wind, looking at his rusty pistol with a shudder.

Dode shut the door. Outside lay the winter's night, snow, death, the war. She shivered, shut them out. None of her nerves enjoyed pain, as some women's do. Inside, — you call it cheap and mean, this room? Yet her father called it Dode's snuggery; he thought no little nest in the world was so clean and warm. He never forgot to leave his pipe outside, (though she coaxed him not to do it,) for fear of "silin' the air." Every evening he came in after he had put on his green dressing-gown and slippers, and she read the paper to him. It was quite a different hour of the day from all of the rest: sitting, looking stealthily around while she read, delighted to see how cozy he had made his little girl,—how pure the pearl-stained walls were, how white the matting. He never went down to Wheeling with the crops without bringing something back for the room, stinting himself to do it. Her brother had had the habit, too, since he was a boy, of bringing everything pretty or pleasant he found to his sister; he had a fancy that he was making her life bigger and more heartsome by it, and would have it all right after a while. So it ended, you see, that everything in the room had a meaning for the girl,—so many mile-stones in her father and Geordy's lives. Besides, though Dode was no artist, had not what you call taste, other than in being clean, yet every common thing the girl touched seemed to catch her strong, soft vitality, and grow alive. Bone had bestowed upon her the antlers of a deer which he had killed, — the one great trophy of his life; (she put them over the mantel-shelf, where he could rejoice his soul over them every time he brought wood to the fire;) last fall she had hung wreaths of forest-leaves about them, and now they glowed and flashed back the snow-light, in indignant life, purple and scarlet and flame, with no thought of dying; the very water in the vases on the table turned into the silver roots of hyacinths that made the common air poetic with perfume; the rough wire-baskets filled with mould, which she hung in the windows, grew living, and welled up, and ran over into showers of moss, and trailing wreaths of ivy and cypress-vine, and a brood of the merest flakes of roses, which held the hot crimson of so many summers gone that they could laugh in the teeth of the winter outside, and did do it, until it seemed like a perfect sham and a jest.

The wood-fire was clear, just now, when Dode came in; the little room was fairly alive, palpitated crimson; in the dark corners, under the tables and chairs, the shadows tried not to be black, and glowed into a soft maroon; even the pale walls flushed, cordial and friendly. Dode was glad of it; she hated dead, ungrateful colors: grays and browns belonged to thin, stingy duty-lives, to people who are patient under life, as a perpetual imposition, and, as Bone says, "gets into heben by the skin o' their teeth." Dode's color was dark blue: you know that means in an earthly life stern truth, and a tenderness as true: she wore it to-night, as she generally did, to tell God she was alive, and thanked Him for being alive. Surely the girl was made for to-day; she never missed the work or joy of a moment here in dreaming of a yet ungiven life, as sham, lazy women do. You would think that, if you had seen her standing there in the still light, motionless, yet with latent life in every limb. There was not a dead atom in her body: something within, awake, immortal, waited, eager to speak every moment in the coming color on her cheek, the quiver of her lip, the flashing words or languor of her eye. Her auburn hair, even, at times, lightened and darkened.

She stood, now, leaning her head on

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the window, waiting. Was she keeping, like the fire-glow, a still, warm welcome for somebody? It was a very homely work she had been about, you will think. She had made a panful of white cream-crackers, and piled them on a gold-rimmed China plate, (the only one she had,) and brought down from the cupboard a bottle of her raspberry-cordial. Douglas Palmer and George used to like those cakes better than anything else she made: she remembered, when they were starting out to hunt, how Geordy would put his curly head over the gate and call out, "Sis! are you in a good-humor? Have some of your famous cakes for supper, that's a good girl!" Douglas Palmer was coming to-night, and she had baked them, as usual, — stopping to cry now and then, thinking of George. She could not help it, when she was alone. Her father never knew it. She had to be cheerful for herself and him too, when he was there.

Perhaps Douglas would not remember about the crackers, after all? — with the blood heating and chilling in her face, as she looked out of the window, and then at the clock, — her nervous fingers shaking, as she arranged them on the plate. She wished she had some other way of making him welcome; but what could poor Dode do? She could not talk to him, had read nothing but the Bible and Jay's "Meditations"; she could not show glimpses of herself, as most American women can, in natural, dramatic words. Palmer sang for her, — sometimes, Schubert's ballads, Mendelssohn: she could not understand the words, of course; she only knew that his soul seemed to escape through the music, and come to her own. She had a strange comprehension of music, inherited from the old grandfather who left her his temper,—that supernatural gift, belonging to but few souls among those who love harmony, to understand and accept its meaning. She could not play or sing; she looked often in the dog's eyes, wondering if its soul felt as dumb and full as hers; but she could not sing. If she could, what a story she would have told in a wordless way to this man who was coming! All she could do to show that he was welcome was to make crackers. Cooking is a sensual, grovelling utterance of feeling, you think? Yet, considering the drift of most women's lives, one fancies that as pure and deep love syllables itself every day in beefsteaks as once in Sapphic odes. It is a natural expression for our sex, too, somehow. Your wife may keep step with you in keen sympathy, in brain and soul; but if she does not know whether you like muffins or toast best for breakfast, her love is not the kind for this world, nor the best kind for any.

She waited, looking out at the gray road. He would not come so late? — her head beginning to ache. The room was too hot. She went into her chamber, and began to comb her hair back; it fell in rings down her pale cheeks,—her lips were crimson, — her brown eyes shone soft, expectant; she leaned her head down, smiling, thanking God for her beauty, with all her heart. Was that a step? — hurrying back. Only Coly stamping in the stable. It was eight o'clock. The woman's heart kept time to the slow ticking of the clock, with a sick thudding, growing heavier every moment. He had been in the mountains but once since the war began. It was only George he came to see? She brought out her work and began to sew. He would not come: only George was fit to be his friend. Why should he heed her poor old father, or her? — with the undefinable awe of an unbred mind for his power and wealth of culture. And yet — something within her at the moment rose up royal — his equal. He knew her, as she might be! Between them there was something deeper than the shallow kind greeting they gave the world, — recognition. She stood nearest to him,—she only! If sometimes she had grown meanly jealous of the thorough-bred, made women, down in the town yonder, his friends, in her secret soul she knew she was his peer, — she only! And he knew it. Not that she was not weak in mind or will beside him,

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but she loved him, as a man can be loved but once. She loved him, — that was all!

She hardly knew if he cared for her. He told her once that he loved her; there was a half-betrothal; but that was long ago. She sat, her work fallen on her lap, going over, as women will, for the thousandth time, the simple story, what he said, and how he looked, finding in every hackneyed phrase some new, divine meaning. The same story; yet Betsey finds it new by your kitchen-fire to-night, as Gretchen read it in those wondrous pearls of Faust's!

Surely he loved her that day! though the words were surprised, half-accident: she was young, and he was poor, so there must be no more of it then. The troubles began just after, and he went into the army. She had seen him but once since, and he said nothing then, looked nothing. It is true they had not been alone, and he thought perhaps she knew all: a word once uttered for him was fixed in fate. *She* would not have thought the story old or certain, if he told it to her forever. But he was coming to-night!

Dode was one of those women subject to sudden revulsions of feeling. She remembered now, what in the hurry and glow of preparing his welcome she had crushed out of sight, that it was better he should not come, — that, if he did come, loyal and true, she must put him back, show him the great gulf that lay between them. She had strengthened herself for months to do it. It must be done to-night. It was not the division the war made, nor her father's anger, that made the bar between them. Her love would have borne that down. There was something it could not bear down. Palmer was a doubter, an infidel. What this meant to the girl, we cannot tell; her religion was not ours. People build their faith on Christ, as a rock, — a factitious aid. She found Him in her life, long ago, when she was a child, and her soul grew out from Him. He was a living Jesus to her, not a dead one. That was why she had a healthy soul. Pain was keener to her than to us; the filth, injustice, bafflings in the world, — they hurt her; she never glossed them over as "necessity," or shirked them as we do: she cried hot, weak tears, for instance, over the wrongs of the slaves about her, her old father's ignorance, her own cramped life; but she never said for these things, "Does God still live?" She saw, close to the earth, the atmosphere of the completed work, the next step upward, — the kingdom of that Jesus; the world lay in it, swathed in bands of pain and wrong and effort, growing, unconscious, to perfected humanity. She had faith in the Recompense, she thought faith would bring it right down into earth, and she tried to do it in a practical way. She did do it: a curious fact for your theology, which I go out of the way of the story to give you,—a peculiar power belonging to this hot-tempered girl,—an anomaly in psychology, but you will find it in the lives of Jung Stilling and St. John. This was it: she and the people about her needed many things, temporal and spiritual: her Christ being alive, and not a dead sacrifice and example alone, whatever was needed she asked for, and it was always given her. *Always.* I say it in the full strength of meaning. I wish every human soul could understand the lesson; not many preachers would dare to teach it to them. It was a commonplace matter with her.

Now do you see what it cost her to know that Palmer was an infidel? Could she marry him? Was it a sin to love him? And yet, could *she* enter heaven, he left out? The soul of the girl that God claimed, and the Devil was scheming for, had taken up this fiery trial, and fought with it savagely. She thought she had determined; she would give him up. But — he was coming! he was coming! Why, she forgot everything in that, as if it were delirium. She hid her face in her hands. It seemed as if the world, the war, faded back, leaving this one human soul alone with herself. She sat silent, the fire charring lower into glooming red shadow. You

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shall not look into the passion of a woman's heart.

She rose at last, with the truth, as Gaunt had taught it to her, full before her, that it would be crime to make compact with sin or a sinner. She went out on the porch, looking no longer to the road, but up to the uncertain sky. Poor, simple Dode! So long she had hid the thought of this man in her woman's breast, clung to it for all strength, all tenderness! It stood up now before her, — Evil. Gaunt told her to-night that to love him was to turn her back on the cross, to be traitor to that blood on Calvary. Was it? She found no answer in the deadened sky, or in her own heart. She would give him up, then? She looked up, her face slowly whitening. "I love him," she said, as one who had a right to speak to God. That was all. So, in old times, a soul from out of the darkness of His judgments faced the Almighty, secure in its own right: "Till I die I will not remove mine integrity from me."

Yet Dode was a weak woman; the trial went home to the very marrow. She stood by the wooden railing, gathering the snow off of it, putting it to her hot forehead, not knowing what she did. Her brain was dull, worn-out, she thought; it ached. She wished she could sleep, with a vacant glance at the thick snow-clouds, and turning to go in. There was a sudden step on the path, — he was coming! She would see him once more, — once! God could not deny her that! her very blood leaping into hot life.

"Theodora!" (He never called her the familiar "Dode," as the others did.) "Why, what ails you, child?" — in his quiet, cordial fashion. "Is this the welcome you give me? The very blood shivers in your hand! Your lips are blue!" — opening the door for her to go in, and watching her.

His eye was more that of a physician than a lover, she felt, and cowered down into a chair he put before the fire for her, — sheltering her face with her hands, that he might not see how white it was, and despise her. Palmer stood beside her, looking at her quietly; she had exhausted herself by some excitement, in her old fashion; he was used to these spasms of bodily languor, — a something he pitied, but could not comprehend. It was an odd symptom of the thoroughness with which her life was welded into his, that he alone knew her as weak, hysteric, needing help at times. Gaunt or her father would have told you her nerves were as strong as a ploughman's.

"Have you been in a passion, my child?"

She chafed her hands, loathing herself that she could not deaden down their shiver or the stinging pain in her head. What were these things at a time like this? Her physician was taking a different diagnosis of her disease from his first. He leaned over her, his face flushing, his voice lower, hurried.

"Were you disappointed? Did you watch — for me?"

"I watched for you, Douglas," — trying to rise.

He took her hand and helped her up, then let it fall: he never held Dode's hand, or touched her hair, as Gaunt did.

"I watched for you, — I have something to say to you," — steadying her voice.

"Not to-night," with a tenderness that startled one, coming from lips so thin and critical. "You are not well. You have some hard pain there, and you want to make it real. Let it sleep. You were watching for me. Let me have just that silly thought to take with me. Look up, Theodora. I want the hot color on your cheek again, and the look in your eye I saw there once, — only once. Do you remember?"

"I remember," — her face crimson, her eyes flashing with tears. "Douglas, Douglas, never speak of that to me! I dare not think of it. Let me tell you what I want to say. It will soon be over."

"I will not, Theodora," he said, coolly. "See now, child! You are not your

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healthy self to-night. You have been too much alone. This solitude down there in your heart is eating itself out in some morbid whim. I saw it in your eye. Better it had forced itself into anger, as usual."

She did not speak. He took her hand and seated her beside him, talked to her in the same careless, gentle way, watching her keenly.

"Did you ever know the meaning of your name? I think of it often,—*The gift of God,—Theodora.* Surely, if there be such an all-embracing Good, He has no more helpful gift than a woman such as you might be."

She looked up, smiling.

"Might be? That is not"——

"Lover-like? No. Yet, Dode, I think sometimes Eve might have been such a one as you,—the germ of all life. Think how you loathe death, inaction, pain; the very stem you thrust into earth catches vitality from your fingers, and grows, as for no one else."

She knew, through all, that, though his light words were spoken to soothe her, they masked a strength of feeling that she dared not palter with, a something that would die out of his nature when his faith in her died, never to live again.

"Eve fell," she said.

"So would you, alone. You are falling now, morbid, irritable. Wait until you come into the sunshine. Why, Theodora, you will not know yourself, the broad, warm, unopened nature."

His voice faltered; he stooped nearer to her, drew her hand into his own.

"There will be some June days in our lives, little one, for you and me,"—his tone husky, broken,—"when this blood-work is off my hand, when I can take you. My years have been hard, bare. You know, child. You know how my body and brain have been worn out for others. I am free now. When the war is over, I will conquer a new world for you and me."

She tried to draw away from him.

"I need no more. I am contented. For the future,—God has it, Douglas."

"But my hand is on it!" he said, his eye growing hard. "And you are mine, Theodora!"

He put his hand on her head: he never had touched her before this evening: he stroked back her hair with an unsteady touch, but as if it and she belonged to him, inalienable, secure. The hot blood flushed into her cheeks, resentful. He smiled quietly.

"You will bring life to me," he whispered. "And I will bleach out this anger, these morbid shadows of the lonesome days,—sun them out with—love."

There was a sudden silence. Gaunt felt the intangible calm that hung about this man: this woman saw beneath it flashes of some depth of passion, shown reluctant even to her, the slow heat of the gloomy soul below. It frightened her, but she yielded: her will, her purpose slept, died into its languor. She loved, and she was loved,—was not that enough to know? She cared to know no more. Did Gaunt wonder what the "cold blue eyes" of this man told to the woman to-night? Nothing which his warped soul would have understood in a thousand years. The room heated, glowless, crimson: outside, the wind surged slow against the windows, like the surf of an eternal sea: she only felt that her head rested on his breast,—that his hand shook, as it traced the blue veins on her forehead: with a faint pleasure that the face was fair, for his sake, which his eyes read with a meaning hers could not bear; with a quick throb of love to her Master for this moment He had given her. Her Master! Her blood chilled. Was she denying Him? Was she setting her foot on the outskirts of hell? It mattered not. She shut her eyes wearily, closed her fingers as for life upon the hand that held hers. All strength, health for her, lay in its grasp: her own life lay weak, flaccid, morbid on his. She had chosen: she would hold to her choice.

Yet, below all, the words of Gaunt stung her incessantly. They would take effect at last. Palmer, watching her

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face, saw, as the slow minutes passed, the color fade back, leaving it damp and livid, her lips grow rigid, her chest heave like some tortured animal. There was some pain here deeper than her ordinary heats. It would be better to let it have way. When she raised herself, and looked at him, therefore, he made no effort to restrain her, but waited, attentive.

"I must speak, Douglas," she said. "I cannot live and bear this doubt."

"Go on," he said, gravely, facing her.

"Yes. Do not treat me as a child. It is no play for me," — pushing her hair back from her forehead, calling fiercely in her secret soul for God to help her to go through with this bitter work He had imposed on her. "It is for life and death, Douglas."

"Go on," — watching her.

She looked at him. A keen, practical, continent face, with small mercy for whims and shallow reasons. Whatever feeling or gloom lay beneath, a blunt man, a truth-speaker, bewildered by feints or shams. She must give a reason for what she did. The word she spoke would be written in his memory, ineffaceable. He waited. She could not speak; she looked at the small vigilant figure: it meant all that the world held for her of good.

"You must go, Douglas, and never come again."

He was silent, — his eye contracted, keen, piercing.

"There is a great gulf between us, Douglas Palmer. I dare not cross it."

He smiled.

"You mean — the war? — your father?"

She shook her head; the words balked in her throat. Why did not God help her? Was not she right? She put her hand upon his sleeve, — her face, from which all joy and color seemed to have fallen forever, upturned to his.

"Douglas, you do not believe — as I do."

He noted her look curiously, as she said it, with an odd remembrance of once when she was a child, and they had shown her for the first time a dead body, that she had turned to the sky the same look of horror and reproach she gave him now.

"I have prayed, and prayed," — an appealing cry in every low breath. "It is of no use, — no use! God never denied me a prayer but that, — only that!"

"I do not understand. You prayed — for me?"

Her eyes, turning to his own, gave answer enough.

"I see! You prayed for me, poor child? that I could find a God in the world?" — patting the hand resting on his arm pitifully. "And it was of no use, you think? no use?" — dreamily, his eye fixed on the solemn night without.

There was a slow silence. She looked awe-struck in his face: he had forgotten her.

"I have not found Him in the world?" — the words dropping slowly from his lips, as though he questioned with the great Unknown.

She thought she saw in his face hints that his soul had once waged a direr battle than any she had known, — to know, to be. What was the end? God, and Life, and Death, what were they to him now?

He looked at her at last, recalled to her. She thought he stifled a sigh. But he put aside his account with God for another day: now it was with her.

"You think it right to leave me for this, Theodora? You think it a sin to love an unbeliever?"

"Yes, Douglas," — but she caught his hand tighter, as she said it.

"The gulf between us is to be the difference between heaven and hell? Is that true?"

"*Is* it true?" she cried suddenly. "It is for you to say. Douglas, it is you that must choose."

"No man can force belief," he said, dryly. "You will give me up? Poor child! You cannot, Theodora!" — smoothing her head with an unutterable pity.

"I will give you up, Douglas!"

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"Think how dear I have been to you, how far-off you are from everybody in the world but me. Why, I know no woman so alone or weak as you, if I should leave you!"

"I know it,"—sobbing silently.

"You will stay with me, Theodora! Is the dull heaven Gaunt prates of, with its psalms and crowns, better than my love? Will you be happier there than here?"—holding her close, that she might feel the strong throb of his heart against her own.

She shivered.

"Theodora!"

She drew away; stood alone.

"Is it better?"—sharply.

She clutched her hands tightly, then she stood calm. She would not lie.

"It is not better," she said, steadily. "If I know my own heart, nothing in the coming heaven is so dear as what I lose. But I cannot be your wife, Douglas Palmer."

His face flashed strangely.

"It is simple selfishness, then? You fear to lose your reward? What is my poor love to the eternity of happiness you trade it for?"

A proud heat flushed her face.

"You know you do not speak truly. I do not deserve the taunt."

The same curious smile glimmered over his mouth. He was silent for a moment.

"I overrate your sacrifice: it costs you little to say, like the old Pharisee, 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' You never loved me, Theodora. Let me go down—to the land where you think all things are forgotten. What is it to you? In hell I can lift up my eyes"——

She cried out sharply, as with pain.

"I will not forsake my Master," she said. "He is real, more dear than you. I give you up."

Palmer caught her hand; there was a vague deadness in her eye that terrified him; he had not thought the girl suffered so deeply.

"See, now," she gasped quickly, looking up, as if some actual Presence stood near. "I have given up all for you! Let me die! Put my soul out! What do I care for heaven?"

Palmer bathed her face, put cordial to her lips, muttering some words to himself. "Her sins, which are many, should be forgiven; she loves much." When, long after, she sat on the low settle, quiet, he stood before her.

"I have something to say to you, Theodora. Do you understand me?"

"I understand."

"I am going. It is better I should not stay. I want you to thank God your love for your Master stood firm. I do. I believe in you: some day, through you, I may believe in Him. Do you hear me?"

She bent her head, worn-out.

"Theodora, I want to leave you one thought to take on your knees with you. Your Christ has been painted in false colors to you in this matter. I am glad that as you understand Him you are true to Him; but you are wrong."

She wrung her hands.

"If I could see that, Douglas!"

"You will see it. The selfish care of your own soul which Gaunt has taught you is a lie; his narrow heaven is a lie: my God inspires other love, other aims. What is the old tale of Jesus?—that He put His man's hands on the vilest before He blessed them? So let Him come to me,—through loving hands. Do you want to preach the gospel, as some women do, to the Thugs? I think your field is here. You shall preach it to the heart that loves you."

She shook her head drearily. He looked at her a moment, and then turned away.

"You are right. There is a great gulf between you and me, Theodora. When you are ready to cross it, come to me."

And so left her.

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CEREBRAL DYNAMICS.

THE stranger in Paris, exploring its southern suburbs along the Fontainebleau road, comes upon an ancient pile, extended and renovated by modern hands, whose simple, unpretending architecture would scarcely claim a second look. Yet it was once the scene of an experiment of such momentous consequences that it will ever possess a peculiar interest both to the philanthropist and the philosopher. It was there, in that receptacle of the insane, while the storm of the great Revolution was raging around him, that a physician, learned, ardent, and bold, but scarcely known beyond the little circle of his friends and patients, conceived and executed the idea, then no less wonderful than that of propelling a ship by steam, of striking off the chains of the maniac and opening the door of his cell. Within a few days, says the record, fifty-three persons were restored to light and comparative liberty. In that experiment at the Bicêtre, whose triumphant success won the admiration even of those ferocious demagogues who had risen to power, was inaugurated the modern management of the insane, as strongly marked by kindness and confidence as the old was by severity and distrust. It was a noble work, whose benefits, reaching down to all future generations, are beyond the power of estimation; but its remote and indirect results are scarcely less important than those more immediate and visible. Here began the true study of mental disease. To the mind of Pinel, his experiment opened a track of inquiry leading to results which, like those of the famous discoveries in physical science, will never cease to be felt. A few collections of cases had been published, medical scholars, in the midst of their books, had composed elaborate treatises to show the various ways in which men might possibly become insane, but no profound, original observer of mental disease had yet appeared. Trained in that school of exact and laborious inquirers who at that period were changing the whole face of physical science, he was well prepared for the work which seemed to be reserved for him, of laying the foundations of this department of the healing art.

Without following him in the successive stages of his work, it is sufficient here to say, that the first step — that of showing that the insane are not necessarily under the dominion of brute instinct, incapable even of appreciating the arts of kindness and of using a restricted freedom — was soon succeeded by another of no less importance considered in its relations to humanity and psychology. Pinel, who began his investigations at the Bicêtre in the old belief that insanity implies disorder of the reasoning faculty, discovered, to his surprise, that many of his patients evinced no intellectual impairment whatever. They reasoned on all subjects clearly and forcibly; neither hallucination nor delusion perverted their judgments; and some even recognized and deplored the impulses and desires which they could not control. The fact was too common to be misunderstood, and having been confirmed by subsequent observers, it has taken its place among the well-settled truths of modern science. Not very cordially welcomed as yet into the current beliefs of the time, it is steadily making its way against the opposition of pride, prejudice, ignorance, and self-conceit.

The magnitude of this advance in psychological knowledge can be duly estimated only by considering how imperfect were the prevalent notions concerning mental disease. For the most part, our ancestors thought no man insane, whatever his conduct or conversation, who was not actually raving. If the person were quiet, taciturn, apathetic, he was supposed to be melancholy or hypochondriacal. If he were elated and restless, ready for all sorts of undertakings and

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projects, his condition was attributed to a great flow of spirits. If, while talking very sensibly on many subjects and doing many proper things, he manifested a propensity to wanton mischief, why, then he was possessed with a devil and consigned to chains and straw, — unless he had committed some senseless act of crime, in which case he received from the law the usual doom of felons.

One of the first fruits of the new method of study introduced by Pinel was a more philosophical notion of the nature of disease. The various diseases that afflict mankind had been regarded as so many different entities that could almost be handled, and many attempts to define and measure them exactly are on record. They came to be regarded somewhat as personal foes, to be combated and overcome by the superior prowess of the physician. It was not until such views were abandoned, and insanity, as well as every other disease, was considered as an abnormal action or condition, that true progress could be expected. One of the results of inquiry into the nature of insanity, starting from this point, has been a growing conviction that it implies defect and imperfection, as well as casual disorder. Attention is now directed less to occasional and exoteric incidents, and more to conditions which inhere in the original economy of the brain. We are sometimes required to look beyond the individual, and beyond the nervous system even, if we would discover the primordial movement which, having passed through one or two generations, finally culminates in actual disease. We say, in popular phrase, that the cause of insanity in this person was disappointed love, or reverse of fortune, and in that, a fever, or a translation of disease; the popular voice finds an echo in the records of the profession, and it all passes for very good philosophy. Now, the more we learn, the more reason have we to believe that the amount of truth in the common statistics respecting the causes of insanity bears but a very small proportion to the amount of error. That such things as those just mentioned are often deeply concerned in the production of insanity cannot be doubted, but their agency is small in comparison with those which exist in the original constitution of the patient, and are derived, in greater or less degree, from progenitors. We would not say that insanity has never occurred in a person whose brain was not vitiated by hereditary morbid tendencies, but we do say that the proportion of such cases is exceedingly small. All the seeming efficiency of the so-called "causes of insanity" requires that preparation which is produced by the deteriorating influences of progenitors, and without which they would be utterly powerless. Let us consider this matter a little more closely by the light which modern inquiry sheds upon it.

All the conditions of the bodily organs that determine the character of the function are not known, but all analogy shows that what in popular phrase is called *quality* is one of them. Exactly what this is nobody knows, nor is it necessary for our present purpose that we should know; but when we talk of the good or bad quality of an organ, we certainly do not talk without meaning. We have an intelligible idea of the difference between that constitution of an organ which insures the highest measure of excellence in the function and that which admits of only the lowest. In the brain, as in other organs, size is to some extent a measure of power. The largest intellectual and moral endowments no one expects to see in connection with the smallest brain, and *vice versâ*, setting aside those instances of large size which are the effect of disease. The *relative* size of the different parts of the brain may have something to do with the character of the function, but this is a contested point. Education increases the mental efficiency, no doubt, but it is too late in the day to attribute everything to *that*. So that we are obliged to resort to that indescribable condition called *quality*, as the chief source and origin of the differences of mental power observed among men.

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It is easier to say what this condition is not than what it is. It is not manifested to the senses by weight or color, dryness or moisture, hardness or softness. In these particulars all brains are pretty nearly alike. When the cerebral action stops and the man dies, we may find lesions visible enough to the sense, — vessels preternaturally engorged with blood, effusions of lymph, thickening of the membranes, changes of color and consistency, — but no one imagines these to be the cause and origin of the disturbance. Behind and beyond all this, in that intimate constitution of the organic molecules which no instrument of sense can bring to light, lies the source of mental activity, both healthy and morbid. There lies the source of all cerebral dynamics. Of this we are sure, unable, as we are, to demonstrate the fact to the senses.

Scientific observation has made us acquainted with some of the agencies which vitiate the quality of the brain, and it is our duty to profit by its results. The principal of them is morbid action in the brain itself, producing, more or less directly, disorder and weakness. But its deteriorating influence does not cease with the individual. In a large proportion of cases it is transmitted to the offspring; and though it may not appear in precisely the same form, yet the tokens of its existence are too obvious to be overlooked. — Another agency scarcely less efficient is that of *neuropathies*, to use the medical term,—meaning the various forms of disorder which have their origin in the brain, and comprising not only epilepsy, hysteria, chorea, and other convulsive affections, but that habit of body and mind which makes a person *nervous*. While they may abridge the mental efficiency of the patient comparatively little or not at all, they may exert this effect, and often do, in the highest degree, on his offspring. The amount of insanity in the world attributable to insanity in the progenitors, and therefore called, *par éminence*, hereditary, is scarcely greater than that which originates in this manner, and of which the essential condition is no less hereditary. — Another agency, acting on a large scale in some localities, is exerted by those diseases which are attributed to some disorder of the lymphatic system, as scrofula and rickets. Though not entirely unknown to the affluent classes, yet it is chiefly in the dwellings of the poor that these diseases find their victims. Cold, moisture, bad air, deficient nourishment, — too frequent accompaniments of poverty, — are peculiarly favorable to their production. The physical depravation thus induced is frequently transmitted to the brain in the next generation, and appears in the shape of mental disorder.—Again, it is now well known that the qualities of the race are depreciated by the intermarrying of relatives. The disastrous influence of such unions is exerted on the nervous system more than any other, and is a prolific source of deaf-mutism, blindness, idiocy, and insanity. Not, certainly, in all cases do we see these results, for the legitimate consequences of this violation of an organic law are often avoided by the help of more controlling influences, but they are frequent enough to remove any doubt as to their true cause. And the chances of exemption are greatly lessened where the marriage of consanguinity is repeated in the next generation. The manner in which the evil is effected may be conjectured with some approach to correctness, but to speculate upon it here would lead us astray from our present purpose. The amount of the evil may be thought to be comparatively small, but they who have a professional acquaintance with the subject would hardly undertake to measure the dimensions of all the physical and mental suffering which it involves. In one State, at least, in the Union, it has seemed formidable enough to require an act of the legislature forbidding the marriage of cousins. — The last we shall mention, among the agencies concerned in vitiating the quality of the brain, is that of excessive or long-continued intemperance; and for many years it has been a most fruitful source of mental deterioration: not, however, in

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the way which is generally imagined; for, though it may add some effect to a popular harangue to attribute a very large proportion of the existing cases of insanity directly to intemperance, yet, as a matter of fact, very few, probably, can be fairly traced to this cause solely. And yet, at the present time, it is unquestionably responsible for a very large share of the mental infirmities which afflict the race. The germ of the evil requires a second, perhaps a third, generation to bring it to maturity. And then it may appear in the form of mania, or idiocy, or intemperance. As a cause of idiocy, its potency has been placed beyond a doubt. Dr. S. G. Howe, whose thorough investigations entitle his conclusions to great weight, says, that, "directly or indirectly, alcohol is productive of a great proportion of the idiocy which now burdens the Commonwealth." There is this curious feature of its deteriorating influence, that the primary effect is not always persistent, but may be removed by removing the cause. In the Report of the Hospital at Columbus, Ohio, for 1861, the physician, Dr. Hills, says of one of his patients, that his father, in the first part of his married life, was strictly temperate, "and had four children, all yet remaining healthy and sound. From reverses of fortune, he became discouraged and intemperate for some years, having in this period four children, two of whom we had now received into the asylum; a third one was idiotic, and the fourth epileptic. He then reformed in habits, had three more children, all now grown to maturity, and to this period remaining sound and healthy." Another similar case follows. An intemperate parent had four children, two of whom became insane, one was an idiot, and the fourth died young, in "fits." Four children born previous to the period of intemperance, and two after the parent's reformation, are all sound and healthy. Often, it is well known, intemperance in the child is the hereditary sequel of intemperance in the parent. The irresistible craving, without the preliminary gradual indulgence, and in spite of judicious education, generally distinguishes it from intemperance resulting from other causes.

All these agencies have this trait in common, that their damaging effect is often felt by the offspring as well as the parent, and, in most cases, in a far higher degree. The common doctrine of hereditary disease implies the actual transmission of a specific form of disease fully developed, — or, at least, of a tendency to it that may or may not be developed. The range within which it operates is supposed to be the narrow limits covered by a single specific affection. Daily experience, however, shows that the deviation from the primitive type is limited only by some conditions of structure. Any pathological result may be expected, not incompatible with the structure of the organ. And thus it is that the cerebral affection which fell upon the parent is represented in one child by insanity, in another by idiocy, in another by epilepsy, in another by gross eccentricity, in another by moral perversities, in another by ill-balanced intellect, — each and all implying a brain more or less vitiated by the parental infirmity. There is nothing strange in all this diversity of result. In the healthy state, organic action proceeds with wonderful regularity and uniformity; but when controlled by the pathological element, all this is changed, although the change has its limits. This diversity in the results of hereditary transmission is as strictly according to law as the similarity of features exhibited by parent and child. No presumption against the fact can be derived from this quarter, and therefore, if well-authenticated, it must be admitted. Many a man, however, who admits the general fact, refuses to make the application where it has not been usually made. When mania occurs in two or three successive generations, nobody overlooks the hereditary element; but when the mania of the parent is followed by great inequalities of character, or strange impulses to criminal acts, then the effects

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of disease are straightway ignored, and we think only of moral liberty and free-will. It may be difficult, sometimes, to make the proper distinction between the effects of hereditary physical vitiation and those of bad education and strong temptations; but the difficulty is of the kind which stands in the way of all successful inquiry, to be overcome by patient and profound study.

Some light may be thrown on this deviation from the original type by considering the forces that are concerned in the hereditary act. The statement that like produces like is the expression of an obvious law. But we must bear in mind that the law is only so far observed as is necessary to maintain the characters of the species. Within that range there is every possible variety, and for a very obvious reason. Every individual represents immediately two others, and, indirectly, an indefinite number. This is done by uniting in himself qualities and features drawn from each parent, without any obvious principle or law of selection and combination. One parent may be, apparently, more fully represented than the other; the defects of the parent may be transmitted, rather than the excellences; the tendencies to health and strength may be outnumbered and overborne by the tendencies to disease. No individual, of course, can receive, entirely and completely, the features and attributes of both parents, for that would be a sort of practical absurdity; but in the process of selecting and combining, Nature exhibits the same inexhaustible variety that appears in all her operations. Even in the offspring of the same parents, however numerous, uniformity in this respect is seldom so obvious as diversity. This cerebral deterioration is subject to the same laws of descent as other traits, with a few exceptions without much bearing on the present question. We might as reasonably expect to see the nose or the eyes, the figure or the motions of either parent transmitted with the exactest likeness to all the offspring, as to suppose that an hereditary disease must necessarily be transmitted fully formed, with all the incidents and conditions which it possessed in the parent. And yet, in the case of mental disease, the current philosophy can recognize the evidence of transmission in no shape less demonstrative than delusion or raving. Contrary to all analogy, and contrary to all fact, it supposes that the hereditary affection must appear in the offspring in precisely the same degree of intensity which it had in the parent. If the son is stricken down with raving mania, like his father before him, then the relation of cause and effect is obvious enough; but if, on the contrary, the former exhibits only extraordinary outbreaks of passion, remarkable inequalities of spirit and disposition, irrelevant and inappropriate conduct, strange and unaccountable impulses, nothing of this kind is charged practically to the parental infirmity.

The cerebral defect once established, the modes in which it may be manifested in subsequent generations present no uniformity whatever. Insanity in a parent may be followed by any possible form of mental irregularity in the descendant, — insanity, idiocy, epilepsy, drunkenness, criminal impulses, eccentricity. And so, too, eccentricity, even of the least prominent kind, may be followed by grosser eccentricity, or even overt insanity, in the descendant. The cerebral defect is not necessarily manifested in an uninterrupted series of generations, for it often skips over one, and appears with redoubled energy in the next; and thus, in looking for proof of hereditary disease or defect, we are not to stop at the next preceding generation. We are too little acquainted with the laws of hereditary transmission to explain these things. We know this, however, that, side by side with that law which decrees the transmission of defects as well as excellences, there exists another law which restrains deviations from the normal type, which extinguishes the errant traits, and reëstablishes the primitive characters of the organism. The combined and alternate action of these

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two laws may produce some of the inscrutable phenomena of hereditary transmission.

The transmission of the cerebral defect is often manifested in a manner exceedingly embarrassing to all who hold to the prevalent notions respecting sanity and insanity. It is sometimes confined to a very circumscribed range, beyond which the mind presents no material impairment. The sound and the unsound coexist, not in a state of fusion, but side by side, each independent of the other, and both derived from a common source. And the fact is no more anomalous than that often witnessed, of some striking feature of one parent associated in the child with one equally striking of the other. It is not the case exactly of partial insanity, or any mental defect, superinduced upon a mind otherwise sound, — for such defect is, in some degree, an accident, and may disappear; but here is a congenital conjunction of sanity and insanity, which no medical or moral appliances will ever remove. These persons may get on very well in their allotted part, and even achieve distinction, while the insane element is often cropping out in the shape of extravagances or irregularities in thought or action, which, according to the stand-point they are viewed from, are regarded either as gross eccentricity, or undisciplined powers, or downright insanity. For every manifestation of this kind they may show no lack of plausible reasons, calculated to mislead the superficial observer; but still the fact remains, that these traits, which are never witnessed in persons of well-balanced minds, are a part of their habitual character. When people of this description possess a high order of intellectual endowments, the unhealthy element seems to impart force and piquancy to their mental manifestations, and thus increase the embarrassment touching the true character of their mental constitution. When the defect appears in the reflective powers, it is often regarded as insanity, though not more correctly than if it were confined to the emotions and feelings. The man who goes through life creditably performing his part, but feeling, all the while, that everybody with whom he has any relations is endeavoring to oppose and annoy him, strays as clearly from the track of a healthy mind as if he believed in imaginary plots and conspiracies against his property or person. In neither case is he completely overcome by the force of the strange impression, but passes along, to all appearance, much like other men. Insane, in the popular acceptation, he certainly is not; but it is equally certain that his mind is not in a healthy condition. Lord Byron was one of this class, and the fact gives us a clew to the anomalies of his character. His mother was subject to violent outbreaks of passion, not unlike those often witnessed in the insane. On the paternal side his case was scarcely better. The loose principles, the wild and reckless conduct of his father procured for him the nickname of "*Mad Jack Byron*"; and his grand-uncle, who killed his neighbor in a duel, exhibited traits not very characteristic of a healthy mind. With such antecedents, it is not strange that he was subject to wild impulses, violent passions, baseless prejudices, uncompromising selfishness, irregular mental activity. The morbid element in his nervous system was also witnessed in the form of epilepsy, from which he suffered, more or less, during his whole life. The "vile melancholy" which Dr. Johnson inherited from his father, and which, to use his own expression, "made him mad all his life, at least not sober," never perverted nor hampered the exercise of his intellectual powers. He heard the voice of his distant mother calling "Sam"; he was bound to touch every post he passed in the streets; he astonished people by his extraordinary singularities, and much of his time was spent in the depths of mental distress; yet the march of his intellect, steady, uniform, and measured, gave no token of confusion or weakness.

In common life, among an order of men unknown beyond the circle of their neighborhood, this sort of mental dualism

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is witnessed with remarkable frequency, though generally regarded as anomalous and unaccountable, rather than the result of an organic law. In some, the morbid element, without affecting the keenness of the intellect, is more active, intruding itself on all occasions, characterizing the ways and manners, the demeanor and deportment. Under the influence of peculiarly adverse circumstances, they are liable to lose occasionally the unsteady balance between the antagonistic forces of their mental nature, to conduct as if unquestionably insane, and to be treated accordingly. Of such the remark is always made by the world, which sees no nice distinctions, "If he is insane now, he was always insane." According as the one or the other phasis of their mind is exclusively regarded, they are accounted by some as always crazy, by others as uncommonly shrewd and capable. The hereditary origin of this mental defect in some form of nervous affection will always be discovered, where the means of information are afforded.

In some persons the morbid element appears in the shape of insensibility to nice moral distinctions. Their perception of them at all seems to be the result of imitation rather than instinct. With them, circumstances determine everything as to the moral complexion of their career in life. Whether they leave behind them a reputation for flagrant selfishness, meanness, and dishonesty, or for a commendable prudence and judicious regard for self,—whether they always keep within the precincts of a decent respectability, or run into disreputable courses,—depends mostly on chance and fortune. This intimate association of the saint and the sinner in the same individual, common as it is, is a stumbling-block to moralists and legislators. The abnormal element is entirely overlooked, or rather is confounded with that kind of moral depravity which comes from vicious training. And, certainly, the distinction is not always very easily made; for, though sufficient light on this point may often be derived from the antecedents of the individual, yet it is impossible, occasionally, to remove the obscurity in which it is involved. However this may be, it is a warrantable inference from the results of modern inquiry, that the class of cases is not a small one, where the person commits a criminal act, or falls into vicious habits, with a full knowledge of the nature and consequences of his conduct, and prompted, perhaps, by the ordinary inducements to vice, who, nevertheless, would have been a shining example of virtue, had the morbid element in his cerebral organism been left out. In our rough estimates of responsibility this goes for nothing, like the untoward influences of education; and it could not well be otherwise, though it cannot be denied that one element of moral responsibility, namely, the wish and the power to pursue the right and avoid the wrong, is greatly defective.

There is another phasis of cerebral defect not very unlike the last, which of late years has been occurring with increasing frequency, embarrassing our courts, confounding the wise and the simple, and overwhelming respectable families with shame and sorrow. With an intellect unwarped by the slightest excitement or delusion, and with many moral traits, it may be, calculated to please and to charm, its subjects are irresistibly impelled to some particular form of crime. With more or less effort they strive against it, and when they yield at last, their conduct is as much a mystery to themselves as to others. Ordinary criminals excite some touch of pity, on the score of bad education or untamed passions; but if, in the common estimation of the world, there is one criminal more reprehensible than another, it is he who sins against great light and under the smallest temptations,—and, of course, the hottest wrath of an incensed community is kindled against him.

At the bar of yonder court-room stands a youth with an aspect and manner indicative of culture and refinement far above those of the common herd of criminals. He was detected in the very act of com-

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mitting a grave criminal offence. He has been educated under good moral influences, and possessed a patrimony that supplied every reasonable want. No looseness of living, no violent passion is alleged against him, and no adequate motive appears for the act. For a year or two past he has been unusually restless by day and by night, has slept poorly, and his countenance has worn an expression of distraction and anxiety. Various little details of conduct are related of him, which, though not morally censurable, were offensive to good taste and opposed to the ordinary observances of society. His friends are sure he is not the man he once was, but no expert ventures to pronounce him insane. Looking behind the scene, the mystery clears up, and we behold only a simple operation of cerebral dynamics. A glance at the family-history shows us a great-grandfather, an aunt, two second-cousins, and a brother unequivocally insane, the father and many other members widely noted for eccentricities and irregularities of a kind scarcely compatible with the idea of sanity. Considering that the brain does not spring out of the ground, but is the final product of all the influences which for generations have been working in the cerebral organism, it is not strange that the quality of his brain became so vitiated as to be incapable of some of its highest functions. — Looking a little farther back in our forensic experience, we behold a youth scarcely arrived at the age of legal majority, with a simple, verdant look, arraigned for trial on the charge of murder. He was the servant of a farmer, and his victim was an adopted daughter of the family, and some years younger than himself. One day they were left together to take care of the house, a little girl in the neighborhood having come in to keep them company. While engaged in the domestic services, quietly and pleasantly, he invited his companion to go with him into another room where he had something to show her, and there, within a few minutes, he cut her throat from ear to ear. He soon came down, told what he had done, and made no attempt to escape. They had always been on good terms; no provocation, no motive whatever for the act was shown or suspected. When questioned, he replied only, — "I loved her, no one could tell how much I loved her." He had been drinking cider during the morning, but his cool and collected manner, both before and after the act, showed that he was not intoxicated. His employers testified that they had always found him good-natured and correct, but considered his intellect somewhat below the average grade. A few months subsequently he died in jail of consumption. Regarded from the ordinary moral stand-points, this was a strange, an unaccountable, a monstrous act, and we are unable to take the first step towards a solution of the mystery. Looking, however, at the material conditions of his affections, his propensities, his impulses, — his cerebral dynamics, — we get a clew, at least, to the secret. His father was an habitual drunkard, and a frequent inmate of the poor-house. He had two children, — one an idiot, and the other the prisoner; and the mental deficiency of the former, and the senseless impulses to crime manifested by the latter, were equally legitimate effects of the father's vice. — Here, again, is one who might justly be regarded as a favored son of fortune. Fine talents, a college-education, high social position, an honorable and lucrative business in prospect were all his; but before leaving college he had made considerable proficiency in lying, drinking, forgery, and hypocrisy, besides evincing a remarkable ingenuity in concealing these traits. His vices only increased with years, notwithstanding the various parental expedients to effect reform, — a voyage to sea, establishment in business, confinement in a hospital for the insane, a residence in the country, a settlement in a new territory. All this time his intellect was cool and clear, except when under the influence of drink, and he was always ready with the most plausible explanations of his conduct. At last, however, delusions began to appear, and un-

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questionable and incurable insanity was established. The philosophy of our times utterly fails to account for a phenomenon like this. Had the hand of the law been laid upon him for his offences, he would have been regarded as one of those examples of depravity which deserve the severest possible punishment; and when the true nature of his case appeared at last, doctors only wondered how so much mental disorder could happen to one whose progenitors were singularly free from mental infirmities. In noticing the agencies calculated to vitiate the quality of the brain, we mentioned the neuropathies as among the most efficient, though their effect is chiefly witnessed in subsequent generations, and the present case is an illustration of the fact. His mother was a highly nervous woman, and for many years a confirmed invalid.

This, then, being admitted, that a vitiated quality of the brain may be transmitted to the offspring with accumulating effect, let us see what are the general characteristics of this effect. We have no reason to suppose that the brain is exempt from the operation of the same organic laws which govern the rest of the animal economy. Observation abundantly shows that its working capacity is diminished, and its activity becomes irregular in one or more of the various degrees of irregularity, ranging from a little eccentricity up to raving mania. Occasionally, such defect is accompanied by remarkable manifestations of mental ability, but it is no part of our doctrine that such conjunctions are incompatible. Byron and Johnson accomplished great things; but who will deny that without that hereditary taint they would have done more and done it better? The latter, it is well known, was much dependent on moods, and spent long periods in mental inactivity. The labors of the other were fitful, and his views of life betray the influence of the same cerebral defect that led to so much domestic woe. The narrow-chested, round-shouldered person, whose lungs barely oxydize blood enough to maintain life, is not expected to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, or to excel as a performer on wind-instruments. We impute to him no fault for this sort of incompetence. We should rather charge him with consummate folly, if he undertook a line of exercises for which he is so clearly unfitted. We do not wonder, in fact, when this unfortunate pulmonary constitution sends its possessor to an early grave. Why not apply the same philosophy to the brain, which may partake of all the defects incident to organized matter? Why expect of one among whose progenitors insanity, idiocy, scrofula, rickets, and epilepsy have prevailed in an extraordinary degree all the moral and intellectual excellences displayed by those whose blood through a long line of ancestors has been untainted by any of these affections?

It is chiefly, however, in abnormal activity that the presence of this cerebral depreciation is indicated. And here we find the same disposition to insist on positive and absolute conditions, overlooking those nicer shades of diversity which mark the movements of Nature. It is the common belief that between eccentricity and insanity a great gulf is fixed; and in courts of justice this notion is often used with great effect to overthrow the conclusions of the medical expert, who, while he admits their essential difference, finds it not very easy to avoid the trap which a quick-witted lawyer is sure to make of it. Let him recognize the fact that they are the results of a common agency, differing chiefly in degree, and then his path is clear, though it may not lead to popular confidence in his professional views.

Neither is the cerebral depreciation confined to any particular portion of the organ; and therefore its effects may be witnessed in any of those manifestations which are known to depend upon it. The affective powers, meaning thereby the passions, affections, and emotions, are, like the intellectual, connected with the brain, and, like them too, are shaped, in a great degree, by the quality of that organ. It is curious, however, that, while this fact is admitted in general terms,

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there is a prevalent reluctance to make the legitimate practical application. It is denied that the moral powers and propensities can be affected by disease, though connected with a material organ. Everybody believes that a man who thinks his legs are made of glass is insane; but if his affections only are disordered, — love and kindness being replaced by jealousy and hate, — an habitual regard for every moral propriety, by unbounded looseness of life and conversation, — the practice of the strictest virtue, by unblushing indulgence of crime, and all without apparent cause or motive, — then the morbid element in the case is overlooked and stoutly repudiated. We admit that a man may be a fool without any fault of his own; but if he fall short of any of the requirements of the moral law, he is regarded as a sinner, and perhaps punished as a criminal. Before we utterly condemn him for failing to recognize all the sharp distinctions between right and wrong, for yielding to temptation, and walking in evil courses, we are bound in justice to inquire whether a higher grade of moral excellence has not been debarred him by the defective quality of his brain, the organ by which all moral graces are manifested, — whether it has not become deteriorated by morbid predispositions, transmitted with steadily accumulating force, to insanity, or other affections which are known to spread their noxious influence over the nervous system.

A scientific fact is supposed to be entitled to credence, when accompanied by proper scientific proof; but, nevertheless, many worthy people cannot resist the conclusion, that, if a man's moral character is determined by the quality of the brain, then there is no such thing as responsibility. And so we are brought up all standing against the old problem of moral liberty, on which oceans of ink have been shed to little purpose. Heaven forbid that we should add another drop! for our object will be served by stating very briefly the scientific view of this phenomenon. Every creature is free, within the limits of the constitution which Nature has given him, to act and to think, each after his kind. The horse rejoices in the liberty of acting like a horse, and not like an ox; and man enjoys the privilege of acting the part of a man, and not of a disembodied spirit. If the limbs of the former are struck by an atrophy, we do not expect him to win the race. If the brain of the latter is blasted by disease or deterioration, we cannot expect the fruits of a sound and vigorous organism. When we say that a person with a brain vitiated by an accumulation of hereditary defects is incapable of that degree of moral excellence which is manifested by men of the soundest brains, we utter a truism as self-evident, apparently, as when we say that the ox is incapable of the fleetness of the horse or the ferocity of the tiger. It is immaterial whether the cerebral condition in question is one of original constitution or of acquired deficiency, because the relation between the physical and the moral must be the same in the one case as in the other. In the toiling masses, who, from childhood, are brought face to face with want and vice, we do not expect to find the moral graces of a Channing or a Cheverus; and we do not hold them to a very strict responsibility for the deficiency. But they are not utterly destitute of a moral sense, and what we have a right to expect is, that they improve, in a reasonable degree, the light and opportunities which have fallen to their lot. The principle is precisely the same as it regards those whose brains have been vitiated by some noxious agency. To make them morally responsible in an equal degree with men more happily endowed would be repugnant to every idea of right and justice. But within the range of their capacity, whatever it may be, they are free, and accountable for the use of their liberty. True, there is often difficulty in making these distinctions, even where the necessity for it is the greatest; but we dissent from the conclusion, that therefore the doctrine can have but little practical value. It is

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something to have the fact of the intimate connection between organic conditions and moral manifestations distinctly recognized. The advance of knowledge will be steadily widening the practical application of the fact. A judge might not be justified in favoring the acquittal of a criminal on the ground of his having inherited a brain of vitiated quality; but, surely, it would not be repugnant to the testimony of science, or the dictates of common sense and common justice, if he allowed this fact to operate in mitigation of sentence.

A NEW SCULPTOR.

ONCE to my Fancy's hall a stranger came,
Of mien unwonted,
And its pale shapes of glory without shame
Or speech confronted.

Fair was my hall, — a gallery of Gods
Smoothly appointed;
With Nymphs and Satyrs from the dewy sods
Freshly anointed.

Great Jove sat throned in state, with Hermes near,
And fiery Bacchus;
Pallas and Pluto, and those powers of Fear
Whose visions rack us.

Artemis wore her crescent free of stars,
The hunt just scented;
Glad Aphrodite met the warrior Mars,
The myriad-tented.

Rude was my visitant, of sturdy form,
Draped in such clothing
As the world's great, whom luxury makes warm,
Look on with loathing.

And yet, methought, his service-badge of soil
With honor wearing;
And in his dexter hand, embossed with toil,
A hammer bearing.

But while I waited till his eye should sink,
O'ercome of beauty,
With heart impatience brimming to the brink
Of courteous duty, —

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He smote my marbles many a murderous blow,
His weapon poising;
I, in my wrath and wonderment of woe,
No comment voicing.

"Come, sweep this rubbish from the workman's way,
Wreck of past ages, —
Afford me here a lump of harmless clay,
Ye grooms and pages!"

Then, from that voidness of our mother Earth,
A frame he builded
Of a new feature, — with the power of birth
Fashioned and welded.

It had a might mine eyes had never seen,
A mien, a stature,
As if the centuries that rolled between
Had greatened Nature.

It breathed, it moved; above Jove's classic sway
A place was won it:
The rustic sculptor motioned; then "To-day"
He wrote upon it.

"What man art thou?" I cried, "and what this wrong
That thou hast wrought me?
My marbles lived on symmetry and song;
Why hast thou brought me

A form of all necessities, that asks
Nurture and feeding?
Not this the burthen of my maidhood's tasks,
Nor my high breeding."

"Behold," he said, "Life's great impersonate,
Nourished by Labor!
Thy Gods are gone with old-time faith and Fate;
Here is thy Neighbor."

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PLAYS AND PLAY-ACTING.

One evening, after seeing Booth in "Richard III.," three of us fell a-talking about the authorship of the play, and wondering how far Shakespeare was responsible for what we had heard. Everybody knows that Colley Cibber improved upon the text of the old folios and quartos: for what was listened to with delight by Ben Jonson could not satisfy Congreve, and William III. needed better verses than those applauded by Queen Elizabeth. None of us knew how great or how many these improvements were. I doubt whether many of the audience that crowded the theatre that evening were wiser than we. The next day I got an acting copy of "Richard III.," and, with the help of Mrs. Clarke's Concordance,* arrived at the following astonishing results.

"Shakspeare's Historical Tragedy of Richard III., adapted to Representation by Colley Cibber," (I quote the full title for its matchless impudence,) makes a pamphlet of fifty-nine small pages. Of these, Cibber was good enough to write twenty-six out of his own head. Then, modestly recognizing Shakespeare's superiority, he took twenty-*seven* pages from him, (not all from this particular play, to be sure,) remodelled six other pages of the original, and, mixing it all up together, produced a play, and called it Shakespeare.

With Mrs. Clarke's touchstone it is easy to separate the base metal from the fine gold; though you have only to ring most of Cibber's counterfeits to see how flat they are. Would any one take the following for genuine coin, and believe that Shakespeare could make a poor ghost talk thus?

"Prince E. Richard, dream on, and see the wandering spirits
Of thy young nephews, murdered in the tower:
Could not our youth, our innocence, persuade
Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives?
Who, but for thee, alas! might have enjoyed
Our many promised years of happiness.
No soul, save thine, but pities our misusage.
Oh! 't was a cruel deed! therefore alone,
Unpitying, unpitied shalt thou fall."

Or thus: —

"K. Henry. The morning's dawn has summoned me away:
And let that wild despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.
Awake, Richard, awake! to guilty minds
A terrible example!"

No wonder that Gloucester finds it quite hopeless to reply to such ghosts in the words Shakespeare put into his mouth, and so has recourse to Cibber. We are not told what (Cibber's) ghosts say to Richmond; but he declares, —

"If dreams should animate a soul resolved,
I 'm more than pleased with those I 've had to-night."

Just after this, it is rather confusing to find him straying off into "Henry V." Still, "In peace there 's nothing so be-

* Are we as grateful as we should be to Mrs. Cowden Clarke? Did you ever try to find anything by the help of Ayscough, when that was the best guide to be had? If you have, you remember your teasing search for the principal word in the passage, — how *day* seemed a less likely key than *jocund*, and yet, as this was only an adjective, perhaps *tiptoe* were better; or, if you pitched upon *mountain-tops*, it was a problem with which half of the compound to begin the search. Consider that Mrs. Clarke is no dry word-critic, to revel in pulling the soliloquy to pieces, and half inclined to carry the work farther and give you the separate letters and the number of each, but a woman who loves Shakespeare and what he wrote. Think of her sitting down for sixteen years to pick up senseless words one by one, and stow each one away in its own niche, with a ticket hanging to it to guide the search of any one who can bring the smallest sample of the cloth of gold he wants. Think of this, whenever you open her miracle of patient labor, and be grateful.

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comes a man," seems to promise Shakespeare at least, — so compose yourself to listen and enjoy: —

"In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As *mild behavior* and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment."

After this outrage, I defy you to help hoping that the comparatively innocent Richard will chop off Richmond's head, — in spite of history and Shakespeare.

It does not follow that all change or omission is unlawful in placing Shakespeare's plays on the stage. Though in the pit or parquet we sit (more or less) at our ease, instead of standing as the groundlings did in old days, yet a tragedy five hours and a half long would be rather too much of a good thing for us. There must have been a real love of the drama in those times. Fancy a fine gentleman, able to pay his shilling and sit with the wits upon the rush-strewn stage, listening for such a length of time to "Hamlet," with no change of scenes to help the illusion or break the monotony, beyond a curtain or two hung across the stage, a wooden gallery at the back whence the court of Denmark might view "The Mouse-Trap," and, perhaps, a wooden tomb pushed on or "discovered" in the graveyard-scene by pulling aside one of these curtains or "traverses." No pretty women, either, dressed in becoming robes, and invested with the mysterious halo of interest which an actress seems to bring with her from the side-scenes. No women at all. Poor Ophelia presented by a great lubberly boy, and the part of the Queen very likely intrusted to him who was last year the "*jeune première*," and whose voice is now somewhat cracked within the ring. To be sure, in those days every gentleman took his pipe with him; and the fragrant clouds would be some consolation in the eyes, or rather in the noses, of some of us. But still, — almost six hours of tragedy! It is too much of a good thing for these degenerate days; and we must allow the prompter to use his pencil on the actors' copy of "Hamlet," though he strike out page upon page of immortal philosophy.

But there are certain parts of this play omitted whose loss makes one grieve. Why do the actors leave out the strange half-crazed exclamations wrung from Hamlet by his father's voice repeating "Swear" from beneath his feet?

"HAM. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
GHOST [*beneath*]. Swear.
HAM. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny? —
Come on, — you hear this fellow in the cellarage ——
. . . . . .
Swear by my sword.
GHOST [*beneath*]. Swear.
HAM. *Hic et ubique?* then we 'll shift our ground. —
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
GHOST [*beneath*]. Swear.
HAM. Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the ground so fast?
A worthy pioneer! . . . . . .
. . . . . This not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you, swear.
GHOST [*beneath*]. Swear.
HAM. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"

The sensitive organization which makes Hamlet what he is has been too rudely handled: the machine, too delicate for the rough work of every-day life, breaks down under the strain. The horror of the time — beginning with Horatio's story of the apparition, and growing more fearful with every moment of reflection, until Hamlet longs for the coming of the dread hour — reaches a point beyond which human nature has no power to endure. If he could share his burden with his friend Horatio, — but Marcellus thrusts himself forward, and he checks the half-uttered confidence, and struggles to put aside their curiosity with trifling words. Anything, to be alone and free to think on what he has heard and what he has to do. And then, — as he is swearing them to secrecy before escaping from them, — *there*, from under their feet and out of the solid earth, comes the

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voice whose adieu is yet ringing in his ears. In terror they hurry to another spot; but the awful voice follows their steps, and its tones shake the ground under them. What wonder, if, broken down by all this, Hamlet utters words which would be irreverent in their levity, were they not terrible in their wildness? Have you never marked what pathos there is in a very trivial phrase used by one so crushed down by grief that he acts and speaks like a little child?

It is wonderful that a great actor should neglect a passage that paints with one touch Hamlet's half-hysterical state. Given as it might be given, it would curdle the blood in your veins. I asked the best Hamlet it has been my fortune to see, why he left out these lines. "I have often thought I would speak them; but I don't know how." That was his answer, and a very honest one it was. But such a reason is not worthy of any man who dares to play Hamlet, — much less of one who plays it as ——— does.

It is curious to observe how persistently the players, in making up the stage-travesties of Shakespeare's plays, have followed the uncertain lead of the quartos, where they and the folio differ. It almost seems as if the stage-editors found something more congenial in a text made up from the actors' recollections, plentifully adorned with what we now call "gag." They appear to forget one capital fact: that Shakespeare was at once actor, author, and manager, — that he wrote for the stage exclusively, producing plays for the immediate use of his own company, — and that his plays may therefore be reasonably supposed to be "adapted to representation" in their original state. Does Mr. Crummles know better than Master Shakespeare knew how "Romeo and Juliet" should be ended with the best effect, — not only to the ear in the closet, but theatrically on the stage? The story was not a new one; and the dramatist deliberately followed one of two existing versions rather than the other. In Boisteau's translation of Bandello's novel, Juliet wakes from her trance before Romeo's death; in Brooke's poem, which the great master chose to adopt as his authority, all is over, and she wakes to find her lover dead. Garrick must needs know better than Shakespeare, the actor-author; and no stage Romeo has the grace to die until he has, in elegant phrase, "piled up the agony" with lines like these: —

"JULIET. . . Death 's in thy face.
ROM. *It is indeed.* I struggle with him now:
The transports that I felt,
To hear thee speak, and see thy opening eyes,
Stopped, for a moment, his impetuous course,
And all my mind was happiness and thee: —
But now," etc.,
"My powers are blasted;
'Twixt death and love I 'm torn, I am distracted;
But death is strongest."

And then, to give a chance for the manœuvre beloved by dying actors, — that getting up and falling back into the arms of the actress kneeling by him, with a proper amount of gasping and eyes rolling in delirium, — the stage Romeo adds: —

"ROM. She is my wife, — our hearts are twined together: —
Capulet, forbear: — Paris, loose your hold: —
Pull not our heart-strings thus: — they crack, — they break: —
Oh, Juliet, Juliet!"
[*Dies. Juliet faints on his body.*

Is this Garrick or Otway? (for I believe Garrick borrowed some of his improvements from Otway's "Caius Marius.") I don't know, and don't care. It is not Shakespeare. It may "show something of the skill of kindred genius," as the preface to the acting edition says it does. I confess I do not see it. I would have such bombast delivered with the traditional accompaniment of red fire; and the curtain should descend majestically to the sound of slow music. That would be consistent and appropriate.

It has always been a consoling thought to Englishmen that Shakespeare exists for them alone, — or that a Frenchman's nature, at least, makes it hopeless for him to try to understand the great dramatist.

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They confess that their neighbors know how to construct the plot of a comedy, and prove the honesty of their approval by "borrowing" whatever they can make useful. French tragedies they despise — (though a century ago the new English tragedies were generally Corneille or Racine in disguise). As to Shakespeare, it has time out of mind been an article of faith with the insolent insulars that he is quite above any Frenchman's reach. One by one they are driven from their foolish prejudices, and made to confess that Frenchmen *may* equal them in some serious things, as well as beat them in all the lighter accomplishments. French iron-clad steamers have been followed by the curious spectacle of a French actor teaching an English audience how Shakespeare should be acted. I would give a good deal to see M. Fechter in Hamlet, Othello, or Iago, — the only parts he has yet attempted; the rather, because the low condition of the stage in England, where Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kean are called great actors, makes the English newspaper-criticisms of little value. In default of this, I have been reading M. Fechter's acting edition of "Othello," which a friend kindly sent me from London. It is a curiosity, — not the text, which is incorrect, full of arbitrary changes, and punctuated in a way almost unintelligible to an English eye: colons being scattered about with truly French profusion. The stage-directions are the interest of the book. They are so many and so minute that it seems a wonder why they were printed, if M. Fechter is sincere in declaring that he has no desire to force others to follow in his exact footsteps in this part. But they are generally so judicious, as well as original, that actors born with English tongues in their heads may well be ashamed that a foreigner could find so many new and effective resources on their own ground. For example: when Othello and Iago are first met by the enraged Brabantio, the Moor is standing on the threshold of his house, having just opened the door with a key taken from his girdle. He is going in, when he sees the lights borne by the other party. Observe how Othello's honest frankness is shown by the action: —

"OTH. But look: what lights come yonder?
IAGO. These are the raised father and his friends.
[*Othello shuts the door quickly and takes the key.*
You were best go in.
OTH. [*coming forward*]. Not I: I must be found!"

Again, at the end of this scene, see how thoroughly the editor has studied the legitimate dramatic effect of the situations, preserving to each person his due place and characteristic manner: —

"BRAB. [*To his followers*]. Bring him away!
[*They advance to take Othello, who puts them back with a look.*
Mine 's not an idle cause:
[*Passes before Othello, who bows to him with respect.*
The Duke himself," etc.
[*Exit, preceded by the servants of the Senate. His followers are about to pass; Othello stays them, beckons to Cassio, and exit with him. The rest follow, humbly.*

The scene wherein Iago first begins to poison the Moor's mind is admirable in the situations and movements of the actors. A great variety is given to the dialogue by the minute directions set down for the guidance of the players. It would be tedious to give them in detail; but I must point out the truth of one action, near the end. The poison is working; but as yet Othello cannot believe he is so wronged, — he is only "perplexed in the extreme," — not yet transformed quite out of his noble nature.

"OTH. [*dismissing Iago with a gesture*]. Farewell! farewell!
[*Stopping him, as he goes to the door on the right.*
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to observe ——
[*He stops, suffused with shame, and crosses before Iago, without looking at him.*
Leave me, Iago.
IAGO. My lord, I take my leave."

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This is an idea worthy of a great actor; and of M. Fechter's acting here an English critic says, — "Delicate in its conception and marvellous in its close adherence to Nature is the expression that accompanies the words. The actor's face is literally suffused with a burning blush; and, as he buries his face in his hands, we almost fancy we see the scalding tears force their way through the trembling fingers and adorn the shame-reddened cheeks." The same writer goes on to praise "the ingenuity and novelty of the glance at the reflection of his dark face in the mirror, which suggests the words, 'Haply for I am black.'" I cannot agree. Othello had been too often reproached with his swarthy skin and likened to the Devil by Desdemona's father to need any such commonplace reminder of his defects, in his agony of doubt. It is, however, a fair ground for difference of opinion. But when the same artifice is resorted to in the last act to explain the words, "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!" — and Othello is made to take up a toilet-glass which has fallen from Desdemona's hand, — it becomes a vile conceit, unworthy of the situation or of an actor like Fechter. A man does not look in the glass, and talk about his complexion, when he is going to kill what he loves best in life; and if the words are broken and unintelligible, they are all the truer to Nature. The whole of the last act, as arranged by Fechter, is bad. There is no propriety in directing Desdemona to leave her bed and walk about, — to say nothing of the scramble that must ensue when Othello "in mad fury throws her onto the bed" again. But what shall we say of this?

"Oth. What noise is this?

[*He turns to the side whence the noise comes, and raises the pillow, but, as Desdemona stirs, replaces it abruptly.*

Not dead! Not yet quite dead!
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

[*Passing his poignard under the pillow, and turning away his eyes.*

So, — so."

What, but that it is utterly vile and melodramatic, contrary to Othello's expressed resolve, and quite unnecessary? — for a better effect would be produced, if the actor averted his head and with both hands pressed hard upon the pillow, trembling in every limb at the horrible deed he is forced, in mercy, to bring to a quick end. This idea of stabbing Desdemona at last is not original with Fechter, — who here, and in several other places, has consented to follow our stage-traditions, and has been led astray.

Shakespeare on the stage is a sad falling off from Shakespeare in the closet. (I do not mean on the American stage only: the theatre in England is, if possible, lower than with us.) To a great extent this is unavoidable. Our imaginations are not kept in check by the pitiless limits that make themselves felt in the theatre. An army, when we read of it, seems something far grander than all that can be effected by the best-appointed company of actors. The forest of Ardennes has for us life and motion beyond the reach of the scene-painter's skill. But these necessary shortcomings are no excuse for making no attempt to imitate Nature. Yet hardly any serious effort is made to reach this purpose of playing. The ordinary arrangement of our stage is as bad as bad can be, for it fails to look like the places where the action is supposed to lie. Two rows of narrow screens stretching down from the ends of a broad screen at the back never can be made to look like a room, still less like a grove. Such an arrangement may be convenient for the carpenters or scene-shifters, and is very likely cheaper than a properly designed interior. But it does not look like what it pretends to be, and has been superseded on every stage but ours and the English by properly constructed scenery. Who ever went into a French theatre for the first time without being charmed by the *reality* of the scene? They take the trouble to build a room, when a room is wanted, with side-walls and doors, and often a ceiling. The consequence is, you can fancy yourself present at a scene

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taken from real life. The theatre goes no farther than the *proscenium*. Beyond that, you have a parlor, with one wall removed for your better view. It is Asmodeus's show improved. I went to a Paris theatre with a friend. The play began with half a dozen milliners chattering and sewing round a table. After a few moments, my friend gave a prodigious yawn, and declared he was going home, "for you might as well sit down and see a parcel of real milliners at work as this play." Tastes differ; and I did not find this an objection. But what a compliment that was to the whole corps, — actors, actresses, and scene-painter! — and how impossible it would be to make the same complaint of an English play!

"But," I have been told by theatrical people, "such an arrangement is all very well in French vaudevilles, where one scene lasts through an act; but it will not do for English plays, with their constant scene-shifting." I grant it is less convenient to the stage-manager than the present wretched assembly of screens; but it is not impracticable in any play. Witness the melodramas which are the delight of the patrons of the minor Paris theatres, — *pièces à spectacle en 4 actes et 24 tableaux*, that is, twenty-four changes of scene. I remember sitting through one which was so deadly stupid that nothing but the ingenuity of the stage-arrangements made it endurable. Side-scenes dropped down into their places, — "flats" fell through the stage or were drawn up out of sight, — trees and rocks rose out of the earth, — in a word, scenery that looked like reality, and not like canvas, was disposed and cleared away with such marvellous rapidity that I forgot to yawn over the play. Attention to these matters is almost unknown with us: perhaps, in strict justice, I ought to say was unknown until very lately. Within a few years, one or two of our theatres have profited by the example set by stage-managers abroad. At Wallack's, in New York, *rooms* have to a great extent taken the place of the old *screens;* and only the other night at the Boston Museum I saw an arrangement of scenery which really helped the illusion.

Let us hope there may be a speedy reform in the matter of the costume of the players, — at least in plays where the dresses are of our own time. You may count on your fingers the actresses in America who dress on the stage as *ladies* dress in polite society. And as for the actors, I am afraid one hand has too many fingers for the tally. Because people go to the President's Ball in frock-coats is no reason why actors who undertake to look like fashionable gentlemen should outrage all conventional rules. I once saw a play in which a gentleman came to make an informal morning-visit to a lady in the country, in that dress which has received the bitterly ironical name of "full American uniform," that is to say, black dress-coat and trousers and black satin waistcoat; and the costume was made even more complete by a black satin *tie*, of many plaits, with a huge dull diamond pin in it, and a long steel watch-chain dangling upon the wretched man's stomach. He might have played his part to perfection, — which he did not, but murdered it in cold blood, — but he *might* have done so in vain: nothing would or could absolve him from such a crime against the god of fashion or propriety. "Little things, these," the critic may say: and so our actors seem to think. But life is made up of little things; and if you would paint life, you must attend to them. Ask any one who has spent (wasted?) evening after evening at the Paris theatres about them; and, ten to one, he begins by praising the details, which, in their sum, conveyed the impression of perfection he brought away with him.

Unless you are a little cracked on the subject of the stage, (as I confess I am,) and have talked with a French actor about it, you have no idea how systematically they train their young actors. I will tell you a few of the odd facts I picked up in long talks with my friend Monsieur D———, of the Théâtre Français.

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The Conservatoire, their great school for actors, is, like almost everything else in Paris, more or less under Government control, — the Minister of State being charged with its superintendence. He appoints the professors, who are actors of the Français, and receive a salary of two thousand francs. The first order a pupil receives, on presenting himself for instruction, is this: "Say *rose.*" Now your Parisian rather prides himself on a peculiar pronunciation of the letter *r*. He neither rolls it like an Italian, nor does he make anything like the noise standing for *r* in our conversational English, — something like *uhr-ose*, — a sound said to be peculiar to our language. A Parisian rolls his *r*, by making his *uvula* vibrate, keeping the tongue quite still: producing a peculiar gurgling sound. This is an abomination in the ears of the Conservatoire. "Ne *grasseyez* donc pas, Monsieur," or "Mademoiselle," says the professor, fiercely,—this peculiar way of saying *r* being called *grasseyement.* The pupil tries again, using the tip of his tongue this time. "Ah! I thought so. Your *r* is pasty (*empâté*). Say *tuddah!*" (I spell this sound *à l'Anglaise.*) "*Tuddah,*" repeats the wondering candidate. "*Thuddah?*" the professor repeats, with great disgust: "I did not ask you to say *thuddah*, but *tuddah.*" The victim tries again and again, and thinks he succeeds; but the master does not agree with him. His delicate ear detects a certain thickness of enunciation, — which our *th* very imperfectly represents, — a want of crispness, as it were. The tip of the tongue does not strike the front teeth with a single *tick*, as sharp as a needle-point; and until he can do this, the pupil can do nothing. He is dismissed with the advice to say "*tuddah, tuddah, tuddah,*" as many hours a day as he can without losing his mind. D——— told me he often met young men walking about the streets in all the agonies of this first step in the art of learning to act, and astonishing the passers-by with this mysterious jargon. A pupil of average quickness and nicety of ear learns to say *tuddah* in about a month. Then he is told to say *rose* once more. The training his tongue has received enables him to use only its very tip. A great point is gained: he can pronounce the *r*. Any other defects in pronunciation which he has are next attacked and corrected. Then he is drilled in moving, standing, and carriage. And finally, "a quantity of practice truly prodigious" is given to the *ancien répertoire*, — the classic models of French dramatic literature, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Beaumarchais, etc. The first scholar of each year has the right to appear at once at the Théâtre Français, — a right rarely claimed, as most young actors prefer to go through a novitiate elsewhere to braving the most critical audience in the world before they have acquired the confidence that comes only with habit and success. After he has gained a foothold at this classic theatre, an actor still sees prizes held out to stimulate his ambition. If he keeps the promise of his youth, he may hope to be chosen a stockholder (*sociétaire*), and thus obtain a share both in the direction of affairs and in the profits, besides a retiring pension, depending in amount upon his term of service.

Panem et circenses is the demand of modern Paris, as it was of old Rome, — and the people expect the Government to see that neither supply fails. While the Opera receives large sums to pay for gorgeous scenery and dresses, the Français is paid for devoting three nights in the week to the classical school: a real loss to the theatre at times when the fickle public would gladly crowd the house to applaud the success of the hour. The Minister of State interferes as seldom as possible with the management; but when he speaks, his word is law. This was queerly shown in a dispute about Rachel's *congés.* At first she played during nine months of the year three times a week; later her duties were reduced to six months in the year, playing only twice a week, at a salary of forty thousand francs, with five hundred francs for every extra performance. Spoiled by indulgence, she demanded leave of absence

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just when the Queen of England was coming to Paris. The manager indignantly refused. The next day the Minister of State politely requested that Mlle. Rachel might have a short *congé*. "It is not reasonable," said the poor manager. "We have cut down her duties and raised her salary; now the Queen is coming, Paris will be full of English, and they are always crazy after Mlle. Rachel. It is really out of the question, *Monsieur le Ministre*." The Minister was very sorry, but hoped there would be no real difficulty. The manager was equally sorry, but really he could not think of it. "*Monsieur*," said the Minister, rising and dismissing the manager, "*il le faut*." "*Oh, il le faut!* Then it *must*;—only you might as well have begun with that." And so Rachel got her leave of absence.

(I must insert here from my note-book a criticism on Rachel,—valuable as coming from a man of talent in her own profession who had worked with her for years, and deserving additional weight, as it was, no doubt, rather the collective judgment of her fellow-actors than the opinion of the speaker alone.)

"Rachel," said M. D———, "was a great genius,—but a genius that ever needed the hand of a master to guide its efforts. Without this, she could do nothing: and Samson was forever behind her, directing her steps. Mme. Allan, who weighed almost three hundred pounds and had an abominable voice, was infinitely her superior in the power of creating a part. But Rachel had the voice of an angel. In the expression of disdain or terror she was unapproachable. In the softer passions she was feeble. We all looked upon her *Lady Tartuffe* as a failure."

Such a school of acting as the Conservatoire and the Français form could of course never be seen in America. The idea of our popular practical Government undertaking to direct the amusements of the people is quite ludicrous. In France, the Government does all it can for the people. With us, the people are left to do everything for themselves, with the least possible amount of Government interference. Our play-writers and play-actors could do a great deal to raise the standard of stage-literature and of acting, if they would but try. But they do not try. I went the other evening to see that relic of the Dark Ages, a sterling English comedy. If any one thinks I go too far in saying that there is no attempt on our stage to imitate Nature, and that the writing and acting of English plays are like the landscape-painting of the Chinese,—a wonderfully good copy of the absurdities handed down through generations of artists,—let him go and look at one of these plays. He will see the choleric East-India uncle, with a red face, and a Malacca cane held by the middle, stumping about, and bullying his nephew,—"a young rascal,"—or his niece,—"you baggage, you." When this young person wishes to have a good talk with a friend, they stand up behind the footlights to do it; and the audience is let into secrets essential to the plot by means of long "asides" delivered by one, while the other does nothing and pretends not to hear what is spoken within three feet of him. The waiting-maid behaves in a way that would get her turned out of any respectable house, and is chased off the stage by the old gentleman in a manner that no gentleman ever chases his servants. Something is the matter with the men's legs: they all move by two steps and a hitch. They all speak with an intonation as unlike the English of real life as if they talked Greek. The young people make fools of the old people in a way they would never dream of in life,—and the old people are preternaturally stupid in submitting to be made fools of. After seeing one of these classics, let the spectator sit down and honestly ask himself if this is an attempt to hold the mirror up to Nature, or an effort to reflect the traditional manners and customs of the stage.

If he thinks he has ever seen anything of the sort in real life, we will agree to differ.

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OFF SHORE.

Rock, little boat, beneath the quiet sky!
Only the stars behold us, where we lie, —
Only the stars, and yonder brightening moon.

On the wide sea to-night alone are we:
The sweet, bright, summer day dies silently;
Its glowing sunset will have faded soon.

Rock softly, little boat, the while I mark
The far-off gliding sails, distinct and dark,
Across the west pass steadily and slow.

But on the eastern waters sad they change
And vanish, dream-like, gray and cold and strange,
And no one knoweth whither they may go.

We care not, we, drifting with wind and tide,
With glad waves darkening upon every side,
Save where the moon sends silver sparkles down,

And yonder slender stream of changing light,
Now white, now crimson, tremulously bright,
Where dark the light-house stands, with fiery crown.

Thick falls the dew, soundless, on sea and shore;
It shines on little boat and idle oar,
Wherever moonbeams touch with tranquil glow.

The waves are full of whispers wild and sweet;
They call to me; incessantly they beat
Along the boat from stem to curvèd prow.

Comes the careering wind, blows back my hair
All damp with dew, to kiss me unaware, —
Murmuring, "Thee I love,"— and passes on.

Sweet sounds on rocky shores the distant rote.
Oh, could we float forever, little boat,
Under the blissful sky drifting alone!

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LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL DREEME" AND "JOHN BRENT."

KATAHDIN AND THE PENOBSCOT.

CHAPTER IV.

UMBAGOG.

RAIN ends, as even Noah and the Arkites discovered. The new sensation of tickling frogs could entertain us for one day; bounteous Nature provided other novelties for the next. We were at the Umbagog chain of lakes, and while it rained the damster had purveyed us a boat and crew. At sunrise he despatched us on our voyage. We launched upon the Androscoggin, in a *bateau* of the old Canadian type. Such light, clincher-built, high-nosed, flat-bottomed boats are in use wherever the fur-traders are or have been. Just such boats navigate the Saskatchawan of the North, or Frazer's River of the Northwest; and in a larger counterpart of our Androscoggin bark I had three years before floated down the magnificent Columbia to Vancouver, bedded on bales of beaver-skins.

As soon as sunrise wrote itself in shadows over the sparkling water, as soon as through the river-side belt of gnarled arbor-vitæ sunbeams flickered, we pushed off, rowed up-stream by a pair of stout lumbermen. The river was a beautiful way, admitting us into the *penetralia* of virgin forests. It was not a rude wilderness: all that Northern woods have of foliage, verdurous, slender, delicate, tremulous, overhung our shadowy path, dense as the vines that drape a tropic stream. Every giant tree, every one of the Pinus oligarchy, had been lumbered away: refined sylvan beauty remained. The dam checked the river's turbulence, making it slow and mirror-like. It merited a more melodious name than harsh Androscoggin.

Five miles of such enchanting voyage brought us to Lake Umbagog. Whiffs of mist had met us in the outlet. Presently we opened chaos, and chaos shut in upon us. There was no Umbagog to be seen, — nothing but a few yards of gray water and a world of gray vapor. Therefore I cannot criticize, nor insult, nor compliment Umbagog. Let us deem it beautiful. The sun tried at the fog, to lift it with leverage of his early level beams. Failing in this attempt to stir and heave away the mass, he climbed, and began to use his beams as wedges, driving them down more perpendicularly. Whenever this industrious craftsman made a successful split, the fog gaped, and we could see for a moment, indefinitely, an expanse of water, hedged with gloomy forest, and owning for its dominant height a wild mountain, Aziscohos, or, briefer, Esquihos.

But the fog was still too dense to be riven by slanting sunbeams. It closed again in solider phalanx. Our gray cell shut close about us. Esquihos and the distance became nowhere. In fact, ourselves would have been nowhere, except that a sluggish damp wind puffed sometimes, and steering into this we could guide our way within a few points of our course.

Any traveller knows that it is no very crushing disappointment not to see what he came to see. Outside sights give something, but inside joys are independent. We enjoyed our dim damp voyage heartily, on that wide loneliness. Nor were our shouts and laughter the only sounds. Loons would sometimes wail to us, as they dived, black dots in the mist. Then we would wait for their bulbous reappearance, and let fly the futile shot with its muffled report, — missing, of course.

No being has ever shot a loon, though several have legends of some one who has. Sound has no power to express a profounder emotion of utter loneliness than the loon's cry. Standing in piny darkness on the lake's bank, or floating in

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dimness of mist or glimmer of twilight on its surface, you hear this wailing note, and all possibility of human tenancy by the shore or human voyaging is annihilated. You can fancy no response to this signal of solitude disturbed, and again it comes sadly over the water, the despairing plaint of some companionless and incomplete existence, exiled from happiness it has never known, and conscious only of blank and utter want. Loon-skins have a commercial value; so it is reported. The Barabinzians of Siberia, a nation "up beyond the River Ob," tan them into water-proof *paletots* or *aquascutums*. How they catch their loon, before they skin their loon, is one of the mysteries of that unknown realm.

Og, Gog, Magog, Memphremagog, all agog, Umbagog, — certainly the American Indians were the Lost Tribes, and conserved the old familiar syllables in their new home.

Rowing into the damp breeze, we by-and-by traversed the lake. We had gained nothing but a fact of distance. But here was to be an interlude of interest. The "thoro'fare" linking Umbagog to its next neighbor is no thoro'fare for a *bateau*, since a *bateau* cannot climb through breakers over boulders. We must make a "carry," an actual portage, such as in all chronicles of pioneer voyages strike like the excitement of rapids into the monotonous course of easy descent. Another boat was ready on the next lake, but our chattels must go three miles through the woods. Yes, we now were to achieve a portage. Consider it, *blasé* friend, — was not this sensation alone worth the trip?

The worthy lumbermen, and our supernumerary, the damster's son, staggered along slowly with our traps. Iglesias and I, having nothing to carry, enjoyed the carry. We lounged along through the glades, now sunny for the moment, and dallied with raspberries and blueberries, finer than any ever seen. The latter henceforth began to impurple our blood. Maine is lusciously carpeted with them.

As we oozed along the overgrown trail, dripping still with last night's rain, drops would alight upon our necks and trickle down our backs. A wet spine excites hunger, — if a pedestrian on a portage, after voyaging from sunrise, needs any appetizer when his shadow marks noon. We halted, fired up, and lunched vigorously on toasted pork and trimmings. As pork must be the Omega in forest-fare, it is well to make it the Alpha. Fate thus becomes choice. Citizens uneducated to forest-life with much pains transport into the woods sealed cans of what they deem will dainties be, and scoff at woodsmen frizzling slices of pork on a pointed stick. But Experience does not disdain a Cockney. She broods over him, and will by-and-by hatch him into a full-fledged forester. After such incubation, he will recognize his natural food, and compactest fuel for the lamp of life. He will take to his pork like mother's milk.

Our dessert of raspberries grew all along the path, and lured us on to a log-station by the water, where we found another *bateau* ready to transport us over Lakes Weelocksebacook, Allegundabagog, and Mollychunkamug. Doubters may smile and smile at these names, but they are geography.

We do not commit ourselves to further judgment upon the first than that it is doubtless worthy of its name. My own opinion is, that the scenery felt that it was dullish, and was ashamed to "exhibit" to Iglesias; if he pronounced a condemnation, Umbagog and its sisters feared that they would be degraded to fish-ponds merely. Therefore they veiled themselves. Mists hung low over the leaden waters, and blacker clouds crushed the pine-dark hills.

A fair curve of sandy beach separates Weelocksebacook from its neighbor. There is buried one Melattach, an Indian chief. Of course there has been found in Maine some one irreverent enough to trot a lame Pegasus over this grave, and accuse the frowzy old red-skin of Christian virtues and delicate romance.

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There were no portages this afternoon. We took the three lakes at easy speed, persuading ourselves that scenes fog would not let us see were unscenic. It is well that a man should think what he cannot get unworthy of his getting. As evening came, the sun made another effort, with the aid of west winds, at the mist. The sun cleft, the breeze drove. Suddenly the battle was done, victory easily gained. We were cheered by a gush of level sunlight. Even the dull, gray vapor became a transfigured and beautiful essence. Dull and uniform it had hung over the land; now the plastic winds quarried it, and shaped the whole mass into individuals, each with its character. To the cloud-forms modelled out of formlessness the winds gave life of motion, sunshine gave life of light, and they hastened through the lower atmosphere, or sailed lingering across the blue breadths of mid-heaven, or dwelt peacefully aloft in the region of the *cirri;* and whether trailing gauzy robes in flight, or moving stately, or dwelling on high where scope of vision makes travel needless, they were still the brightest, the gracefullest, the purest beings that Earth creates for man's most delicate pleasure.

When it cleared, — when it purveyed us a broadening zone of blue sky and a heavenful of brilliant cloud-creatures, we were sailing over Lake Mollychunkamug. Fair Mollychunkamug had not smiled for us until now; — now a sunny grin spread over her smooth cheeks. She was all smiling, and presently, as the breeze dimpled her, all a "snicker" up into the roots of her hair, up among her forest-tresses. Mollychunkamug! Who could be aught but gay, gay even to the farcical, when on such a name? Is it Indian? Bewildered Indian we deem it,—transmogrified somewhat from aboriginal sound by the fond imagination of some lumberman, finding in it a sweet memorial of his Mary far away in the kitchens of the Kennebec, his Mary so rotund of blooming cheek, his Molly of the chunky mug. To him who truly loves, all Nature is filled with Amaryllidian echoes. Every sight and every sound recalls her who need not be recalled, to a heart that has never dislodged her.

We lingered over our interview with Mollychunkamug. She may not be numbered among the great beauties of the world; nevertheless, she is an attractive squaw, — a very honest bit of flat-faced prettiness in the wilderness.

Above Mollychunkamug is Moosetocmaguntic Lake. Another innavigable thoro'fare unites them. A dam of Titanic crib-work, fifteen hundred feet long, confines the upper waters. Near this we disembarked. We balanced ourselves along the timbers of the dam, and reached a huge log-cabin at its farther end.

Mr. Killgrove, the damster, came forth and offered us the freedom of his settlement in a tobacco-box. Tobacco is hospitality in the compactest form. Civilization has determined that tobacco, especially in the shape of smoke, is essential as food, water, or air. The pipe is everywhere the pipe of peace. Peace, then, and anodyne-repose, after a day of travel, were offered us by the friendly damster.

A squad of lumbermen were our new fellow-citizens. These soldiers of the outermost outpost were in the regulation-uniform, — red-flannel shirts, impurpled by wetting, big boots, and old felt-hats. Blood-red is the true soldierly color. All the residents of Damville dwelt in a great log-barrack, the Hôtel-de-Ville. Its architecture was of the early American style, and possessed the high art of simplicity. It was solid, not gingerbreadesque. Primeval American art has a rude dignity, far better than the sham splendors of our mediæval and transition period.

Our new friends, luxurious fellows, had been favored by Fate with a French-Canadian cook, himself a Three of Frères Provinciaux. Such was his reputation. We saw by the eye of him, and by his nose, formed for comprehending fragrances, and by the lines of refined taste converging from his whole face toward his mouth, that he was one to detect and sniff gastronomic possibilities in the humblest materials. Joseph Bourgogne looked the

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cook. His phiz gave us faith in him; eyes small and discriminating; nose upturned, nostrils expanded and receptive; mouth saucy in the literal sense. His voice, moreover, was a cook's,—thick in articulation, dulcet in tone. He spoke as if he deemed that a throat was created for better uses than laboriously manufacturing words,—as if the object of a mouth were to receive tribute, not to give commands,—as if that pink stalactite, his palate, were more used by delicacies entering than by rough words or sorry sighs going out of the inner caverns.

When we find the right man in the right place, our minds are at ease. The future becomes satisfactory as the past. Anticipation is glad certainty, not anxious doubt. Trusting our gastronomic welfare fully to this great artist, we tried for fish below the dam. Only petty fishlings, weighing ounces, took the bit between their teeth. We therefore doffed the fisherman and donned the artist and poet, and chased our own fancies down the dark whirlpooling river, along its dell of evergreens, now lurid with the last glows of twilight. Iglesias and I continued dreamily gazing down the thoro'fare toward Mollychunkamug only a certain length of time. Man keeps up to his highest elations hardly longer than a *danseuse* can poise in a *pose*. To be conscious of the highest beauty demands an involuntary intentness of observation so fanatically eager that presently we are prostrated and need stimulants. And just as we sensitively felt this exhaustion and this need, we heard a suggestive voice calling us from the front-door of the mansion-house of Damville, and "Supper" was the cry.

A call to the table may quell and may awaken romance. When, in some abode of poetized luxury, the "silver knell" sounds musically six, and a door opens toward a glitter that is not pewter and Wedgewood, and, with a being fair and changeful as a sunset cloud upon my arm, I move under the archway of blue curtains toward the asphodel and the nectar, then, O Reader! O Friend! romance crowds into my heart, as color and fragrance crowd into a rose-bud. Joseph Bourgogne, cook at Damville on Moosetocmaguntic, could not offer us such substitute for æsthetic emotions. But his voice of an artist created a winning picture half veiled with mists, evanescent and affectionate, such as linger fondly over Pork-and-Beans.

Fancied joy soon to become fact. We entered the barrack. Beneath its smoky roof-tree was a pervading aroma; near the centre of that aroma, a table dim with wefts of incense; at the innermost centre of that aroma and that incense, and whence those visible and viewless fountains streamed, was their source,—a Dish of Pork-and-Beans.

Topmostly this. There were lesser viands, buttresses to this towering triumph. Minor smokes from minor censers. A circle of little craterlings about the great crater,—of little fiery cones about that great volcanic dome in the midst, unopened, but bursting with bounty. We sat down, and one of the red-shirted boldly crushed the smoking dome. The brave fellow plunged in with a spoon and heaped our plates.

A priori we had deduced Joseph Bourgogne's results from inspection of Joseph. Now we could reason back from one *experimentum crucis* cooked by him. Effect and cause were worthy of each other.

The average world must be revenged upon Genius. Greatness must be punished by itself or another. Joseph Bourgogne was no exception to the laws of the misery of Genius. He had a distressing trait, whose exhibition tickled the *dura ilia* of the reapers of the forest. Joseph, poet-cook, was sensitive to new ideas. This sensitiveness to the peremptory thought made him the slave of the wags of Damville. Whenever he had anything in his hands, at a stern, quick command he would drop it nervously. Did he approach the table with a second dish of pork-and-beans, a yellow dish of beans, browned delicately as a Sèvres vase, then would some full-fed rogue, waiting until Joseph was bending over some de-

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voted head, say sharply, "Drop that, Joseph!"—whereupon down went dish and contents, emporridging the poll and person of the luckless wight beneath. Always, were his burden pitcher of water, armful of wood, axe dangerous to toes, mirror, or pudding, still followed the same result. And when the poet-cook had done the mischief, he would stand shuddering at his work of ruin, and sigh, and curse his too sensitive nature.

In honor of us, the damster kept order. Joseph disturbed the banquet only by entering with new triumphs of Art. Last came a climax-pie, — contents unknown. And when that dish, fit to set before a king, was opened, the poem of our supper was complete. J. B. sailed to the Parnassus where Ude and Vattel feast, forever cooking immortal banquets in star-lighted spheres.

Then we sat in the picturesque dimness of the lofty cabin, under the void where the roof shut off the stars, and talked of the pine-woods, of logging, measuring, and spring-drives, and of moose-hunting on snow-shoes, until our mouths had a wild flavor more spicy than if we had chewed spruce-gum by the hour. Spruce-gum is the aboriginal quid of these regions. Foresters chew this tenacious morsel as tars nibble at a bit of oakum, grooms at a straw, Southerns at tobacco, or school-girls at a slate-pencil.

The barrack was fitted up with bunks. Iglesias rolled into one of these. I mummied myself in my blankets and did penance upon a bench. Pine-knots in my pallet sought out my tenderest spots. The softer wood was worn away about these projections. Hillocky was the surface, so that I beat about uneasily and awoke often, ready to envy Iglesias. But from him, also, I heard sounds of struggling.

CHAPTER V.

UP THE LAKES.

Mr. Killgrove, slayer of forests, became the pilot of our voyage up Lake Moosetocmaguntic. We shoved off in a *bateau*, while Joseph Bourgogne, sad at losing us, stood among the stumps, waving adieux with a dish-clout. We had solaced his soul with meed of praise. And now, alas! we left him to the rude jokes and half-sympathies of the lumbermen. The artist-cook saw his appreciators vanish away, and his proud dish-clout drooped like a defeated banner.

"A fine lake," remarked Iglesias, instituting the matutinal conversation in a safe and general way.

"Yes," returned Mr. Killgrove, "when you come to get seven or eight feet more of water atop of this in spring, it *is* considerable of a puddle."

Our weather seemed to be now bettering with more resolution. Many days had passed since Aurora had shown herself, — many days since the rising sun and the world had seen each other. But yesterday this sulky estrangement ended, and, after the beautiful reconciliation at sunset, the faint mists of doubt in their brief parting for a night had now no power against the ardors of anticipated meeting. As we shot out upon the steaming water, the sun was just looking over the lower ridges of a mountain opposite. Air, blue and quivering, hung under shelter of the mountain-front, as if a film from the dim purple of night were hiding there to see what beauty day had, better than its own. The gray fog, so dreary for three mornings, was utterly vanquished; all was vanished, save where "swimming vapors sloped athwart the glen," and "crept from pine to pine." These had dallied, like spies of a flying army, to watch for chances of its return; but they, too, carried away by the enthusiasms of a world liberated and illumined, changed their allegiance, joined the party of hope and progress, and added the grace of their presence to the fair pageant of a better day.

Lake Moosetocmaguntic is good, — above the average. If its name had but two syllables, and the thing named were near Somewhere, poetry and rhetoric

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would celebrate it, and the world would be prouder of itself for another "gem." Now nobody sees it, and those who do have had their anticipations lengthened leagues by every syllable of its sesquipedalian title. One expects, perhaps, something more than what he finds. He finds a good average sheet of water, set in a circlet of dark forest, — forests sloping up to wooded hills, and these to wooded mountains. Very good and satisfactory elements, and worth notice, — especially when the artistic eye is also a fisherman's eye, and he detects fishy spots. As to wilderness, there can be none more complete. At the upper end of the lake is a trace of humanity in a deserted cabin on a small clearing. There a hermit pair once lived, — man and wife, utterly alone for fifteen years, — once or twice a year, perhaps, visited by lumbermen. Fifteen years alone with a wife! a trial, certainly, — not necessarily in the desponding sense of the word; not as Yankees have it, making trial a misfortune, but a test.

Mr. Killgrove entertained us with resinous-flavored talk. The voyage was unexcitingly pleasant. We passed an archipelago of scrubby islands, and, turning away from a blue vista of hills northward, entered a lovely curve of river richly overhung with arbor-vitæ, a shadowy quiet reach of clear water, crowded below its beautiful surface with reflected forest and reflected sky.

"Iglesias," said I, "we divined how Mollychunkamug had its name; now, as to Moosetoemaguntic,—whence that elongated appellative?"

"It was named," replied Iglesias, "from the adventure of a certain hunter in these regions. He was moose-hunting here in days gone by. His tale runs thus:—'I had been four days without game, and naturally without anything to eat except pine-cones and green chestnuts. There was no game in the forest. The trout would not bite, for I had no tackle and no hook. I was starving. I sat me down, and rested my trusty, but futile rifle against a fallen tree. Suddenly I heard a tread, turned my head, saw a Moose, — took — my — gun, — tick! he was dead. I was saved. I feasted, and in gratitude named the lake Moosetookmyguntick.' Geography has modified it, but the name cannot be misunderstood."

We glided up the fair river, and presently came to the hut of Mr. Smith, fisherman and misogynist. And there is little more to be said about Mr. Smith. He appears in this chronicle because he owned a boat which became our vehicle on Lake Oquossok, Aquessok, Lakewocket, or Rangeley. Mr. Smith guided us across the carry to the next of the chain of lakes, and embarked us in a crazy skiff. It was blowing fresh, and, not to be wrecked, we coasted close to the gnarled arbor-vitæ thickets. Smith sogered along, drawling dull legends of trout-fishing.

"Dreffu1 notional critturs traout be," he said, — "olluz bitin' at whodger haänt got. Orful contrairy critturs, — jess like fimmls. Yer can cotch a fimml with a feather, ef she 's ter be cotched; ef she haänt ter be cotched, yer may scoop ther hul world dry an' yer haänt got her. Jess so traout."

The misogynist bored us with his dull philosophy. The buffetings of inland waves were not only insulting, but dangerous, to our leaky punt. At any moment, Iglesias and I might find ourselves floundering together in thin fresh water. Joyfully, therefore, at last, did we discern clearings, culture, and habitations at the lake-head. There was no tavernous village of Rangeley; that would have been too great a contrast, after the forest and the lakes, where loons are the only disturbers of silence, — incongruity enough to overpower utterly the ringing of woodland music in our hearts. Rangeley was a townless township, as the outermost township should be. We had, however, learnt from Killgrove, feller of forests, that there was a certain farmer on the lake, one of the chieftains of that realm, who would hospitably entertain us. Smith, wheedler of trout, landed us in

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quite an ambitious foamy surf at the foot of a declivity below our future host's farm.

We had now traversed Lakes Umbagog, Weelocksebacook, Allegundabagog, Mollychunkamug, Moosetocmaguntic, and Oquossok.

We had been compelled to pronounce these names constantly. Of course our vocal organs were distorted. Of course our vocal nervous systems were shattered, and we had a chronic lameness of the jaws. We therefore recognized a peculiar appropriateness in the name of our host.

Toothaker was his name. He dwelt upon the lawn-like bank, a hundred feet above the lake. Mr. Toothaker himself was absent, but his wife received us hospitably, disposed us in her guest-chamber, and gratified us with a supper.

This was Rangeley Township, the outer settlement on the west side of Maine. A "squire" from England gave it his name. He bought the tract, named it, inhabited several years, a popular squire-arch, and then returned from the wild to the tame, from pine woods and stumpy fields to the elm-planted hedge-rows and shaven lawns of placid England. The local gossip did not reveal any cause for Mr. Rangeley's fondness for contrasts and exile.

Mr. Toothaker has been a careful dentist to the stumps of his farm. It is beautifully stumpless, and slopes verdantly, or varied with yellow harvest, down to the lake and up to the forest primeval. He has preserved a pretty grove of birch and maple as shelter, ornament, partridge-cover, and perpendicular wood-pile. Below his house and barns is the lovely oval of the lake, seen across the fair fields, bright with wheat, or green with pasture. A road, hedged with briskly-aspiring young spruces, runs for a mile northward, making a faint show at attacking the wilderness. A mile's loneliness is enough for this unsupported pioneer; he runs up a tree, sees nothing but dark woods, thinks of Labrador and the North Pole, and stops.

Next morning, Mr. Toothaker returned from a political meeting below among the towns. It was the Presidential campaign,—stirring days from pines to prairies, stirring days from codfish to cocoanuts. Tonguey men were talking from every stump all over the land. Blatant patriots were heard, wherever a flock of compatriots could be persuaded to listen. The man with one speech containing two stories was making the tour of all the villages. The man with two speeches, each with three stories, one of them very broad indeed, was in request for the towns. The oratorical Stentorian man, with inexhaustible rivers of speech and rafts of stories, was in full torrent at mass-meetings. There was no neighborhood that might not see and hear an M. C. But Rangeley had been the *minus* town, and by all the speech-makers really neglected; there was danger that its voters must deposit their ballots according to their own judgment, without any advice from strangers. This, of course, would never do. Mr. Toothaker found that we fraternized in politics. He called upon us, as patriots, to become the orators of the day. Why not? Except that these seldom houses do not promise an exhilarating crowd. We promised, however, that, if he would supply hearers, we between us would find a speaker.

Mr. Toothaker called a nephew, and charged him to boot and saddle, and flame it through the country-side that two "Men from New York" were there, and would give a "Lecture on Politics," at the Red School-House, at five, that evening.

And to the Red School-House, at five, crowded the men, ay, and the women and children, of Rangeley and thereabout. They came as the winds and waves come when forests and navies are rended and stranded. Horse, foot, and charioteers, they thronged toward the rubicund fountain of education. From houses that lurked invisible in clearings suddenly burst forth a popula-

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tion, an audience ardent with patriotism, eager for politics even from a Cockney interpreter, and numerous enough to stir electricity in a speaker's mind. Some of the matrons brought bundles of swaddled infants, to be early instructed in good citizenship; but too often these young patriots were found to have but crude notions on the subject of applause, and they were ignominiously removed, fighting violently for their privilege of free speech, doubling their unterrified fists, and getting as red in the face as the school-house.

Mr. Toothaker, in a neat speech, introduced the orator, who took his stand in the schoolmaster's pulpit, and surveyed his stalwart and gentle hearers, filling the sloping benches and overflowing out-of-doors. Gaffer and gammer, man and maiden, were distributed, the ladies to the right of the aisle, the gentlemen to the left. They must not be in contact,—perhaps because gaffer will gossip with gammer, and youth and maid will toy. Dignity demanded that they should be distinct as the conservative Right and radical Left of a French Assembly. Convenient, this, for the orator; since thus his things of beauty, joys forever, he could waft, in dulcet tones, over to the ladies' side, and his things of logic, tough morsels for life-long digestion, he could jerk, like bolts from an arbalist, over at the open mouths of gray gaffer and robust man.

I am not about to report the orator's speech. Stealing another's thunder is an offence punishable condignly ever since the days of Salmoneus. Perhaps, too, he may wish to use the same eloquent bits in the present Olympiad; for American life is measured by Olympiads, signalized by nobler contests than the petty States of Greece ever knew.

The people of Rangeley disappeared as mysteriously as they had emerged from the woods, having had their share of the good or bad talk of that year of freedom. If political harangues educate, the educated class was largely recruited that summer.

Next day, again, was stormy. We stayed quietly under shelter, preparing for our real journey after so much prelude. The Isaac Newton's steam-whistle had sent up the curtain; the overture had followed with strains Der-Freischutzy in the Adirondacks, pastoral in the valleys of Vermont and New Hampshire, funebral and andante in the fogs of Mollychunkamug; now it was to end in an allegretto gallopade, and the drama would open.

At last the sun shone bright upon the silky ripples of the lake. Mr. Toothaker provided two buggies, — one for himself and our traps, one for Iglesias and me. We rattled away across county and county. And so at full speed we drove all day, and, with a few hours' halt, all night, — all a fresh, starry night, — until gay sunrise brought us to Skowhegan, on the road to Moosehead Lake.

As we had travelled all night, breakfast must be our substitute for slumber. Repletion, instead of repose, must restore us. Two files of red-shirted lumbermen, brandishing knives at each other across a long table, only excited us to livelier gymnastics; and when we had thus hastily crammed what they call in Maine beefsteak, and what they infuse down East for coffee, we climbed to the top of a coach of the bounding billow motion, and went pitching northward.

Two facts we learned from our coachman: one, that we were passing that day through a "pretty sassy country"; also, that the same region was "only meant to hold the world together." Personal "sassiness" is a trait of which every Yankee is proud; Iglesias and I both venture to hope that we appreciate the value of that quality, and have properly cultivated it. Topographical "sassiness," unmodified by culture and control, is a rude, rugged, and unattractive trait; and New England is, on the whole, "sassier" than I could wish. Let the dullish day's drive, then, be passed over dumbly. In the evening, we dismounted at Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE BIRCH.

THE rivers of Maine, as a native observed to me, "olluz spread 'mselves inter bulges." Mollychunkamug and her fellows are the bulges of the Androscoggin; Moosehead, of the Kennebec. Sluggish streams do not need such pauses. Peace is thrown away upon stolidity. The torrents of Maine are hasty young heroes, galloping so hard when they gallop, and charging with such rash enthusiasm when they charge, hurrying with such Achillean ardor toward their eternity of ocean, that they would never know the influence, in their heart of hearts, of blue cloudlessness, or the glory of noonday, or the pageantries of sunset, — they would only tear and rive and shatter carelessly. Nature, therefore, provides valleys for the streams to bulge in, and entertain celestial reflections.

Nature, arranging lake-spots as educational episodes for the Maine rivers, disposes them also with a view to utility. Mr. Killgrove and his fellow-lumbermen treat lakes as log-puddles and raft-depots. Moosehead is the most important of these, and keeps a steamboat for tugging rafts and transporting raftsmen.

Moosehead also provides vessels far dearer to the heart of the adventurous than anything driven by steam. Here, mayhap, will an untravelled traveller make his first acquaintance with the birch-bark canoe, and learn to call it by the affectionate diminutive, "Birch." Earlier in life there was no love lost between him and whatever bore that name. Even now, if the untravelled one's first acquaintance be not distinguished by an unlovely ducking, so much the worse. The ducking must come. Caution must be learnt by catastrophe. No one can ever know how unstable a thing is a birch canoe, unless he has felt it slide away from under his misplaced feet. Novices should take nude practice in empty birches, lest they spill themselves and the load of full ones, — a wondrous easy thing to do.

A birch canoe is the right thing in the right place. Maine's rivers are violently impulsive and spasmodic in their running. Sometimes you have a foamy rapid, sometimes a broad shoal, sometimes a barricade of boulders with gleams of white water springing through or leaping over its rocks. Your boat for voyaging here must be stout enough to buffet the rapid, light enough to skim the shallow, agile enough to vault over, or lithe enough to slip through, the barricade. Besides, sometimes the barricade becomes a compact wall, — a baffler, unless boat and boatmen can circumvent it, — unless the nautical carriage can itself be carried about the obstacle, — can be picked up, shouldered, and made off with.

A birch meets all these demands. It lies, light as a leaf, on whirpooling surfaces. A tip of the paddle can turn it into the eddy beside the breaker. A check of the setting-pole can hold it steadfast on the brink of wreck. Where there is water enough to varnish the pebbles, there it will glide. A birch thirty feet long, big enough for a trio and their traps, weighs only seventy-five pounds. When the rapid passes into a cataract, when the wall of rock across the stream is impregnable in front, it can be taken in the flank by an amphibious birch. The navigator lifts his canoe out of water, and bonnets himself with it. He wears it on head and shoulders, around the impassable spot. Below the rough water, he gets into his elongated chapeau and floats away. Without such vessel, agile, elastic, imponderable, and transmutable, Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot would be no thoro'fares for human beings. Musquash might dabble, chips might drift, logs might turn somersets along their lonely currents; but never voyager, gentle or bold, could speed through brilliant perils, gladdening the wilderness with shout and song.

Maine's rivers must have birch canoes; Maine's woods, of course, therefore, provide birches. The white-birch, paper-birch, canoe-birch, grows large in

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moist spots near the stream where it is needed. Seen by the flicker of a camp-fire at night, they surround the intrusive traveller like ghosts of giant sentinels. Once, Indian tribes with names that "nobody can speak and nobody can spell" roamed these forests. A stouter second growth of humanity has ousted them, save a few seedy ones who gad about the land, and centre at Oldtown, their village near Bangor. These aborigines are the birch-builders. They detect by the river-side the tree barked with material for canoes. They strip it, and fashion an artistic vessel, which civilization cannot better. Launched in the fairy lightness of this, and speeding over foamy waters between forest-solitudes, one discovers, as if he were the first to know it, the truest poetry of pioneer-life.

Such poetry Iglesias had sung to me, until my life seemed incomplete while I did not know the sentiment by touch: description, even from the most impassioned witness, addressed to the most imaginative hearer, is feeble. We both wanted to be in a birch: Iglesias, because he knew the fresh, inspiring vivacity of such a voyage; I, because I divined it. We both needed to be somewhere near the heart of New England's wildest wilderness. We needed to see Katahdin, — the distinctest mountain to be found on this side of the continent. Katahdin was known to Iglesias. He had scuffled up its eastern land-slides with a squad of lumbermen. He had birched it down to Lake Chesuncook in by-gone summers, to see Katahdin distant. Now, in a birch we would slide down the Penobscot, along its line of lakes, camp at Katahdin, climb it, and speed down the river to tide-water.

That was the great object of all our voyage with its educating preludes, — Katadin and a breathless dash down the Penobscot. And while we flashed along the gleam of the river, Iglesias fancied he might see the visible, and hear the musical, and be stirred by the beautiful. These, truly, are not far from the daily life of any seer, listener, and perceiver; but there, perhaps, up in the strong wilderness, we might be recreated to a more sensitive vitality. The Antæan treatment is needful for terrestrials, unless they would dwindle. The diviner the power in any artist-soul, the more distinctly is he commanded to get near the divine without him. Fancies pale, that are not fed on facts. It is very easy for any man to be a plagiarist from himself, and present his own reminiscences half disguised, instead of new discoveries. Now, up by Katahdin, there were new discoveries to be made; and that mountain would sternly eye us, to know whether Iglesias were a copyist, or I a Cockney.

Katahdin was always in its place up in the woods. The Penobscot was always buzzing along toward the calm reaches, where it takes the shadow of the mountain. All we needed was the birch.

The birch thrust itself under our noses as we drove into Greenville. It was mounted upon a coach that preceded us, and wabbled oddly along, like a vast hat upon a dwarf. We talked with its owner, as he dismounted it. He proved our very man. He and his amphibious canoe had just made the trip we proposed, with a flotilla. Certain Bostonians had essayed it, — vague Northmen, preceding our Columbus voyage.

Enter now upon the scene a new and important character, Cancut the canoe-man. Mr. Cancut, owner and steerer of a birch, who now became our "guide, philosopher, and friend," is as American as a birch, as the Penobscot, or as Katahdin's self. Cancut was a jolly fatling, — almost too fat, if he will pardon me, for sitting in the stern of the imponderable canoe. Cancut, though for this summer boatman or bircher, had other strings to his bow. He was taking variety now, after employment more monotonous. Last summer, his services had been in request throughout inhabited Maine, to "peddle gravestones and collect bills." The Gravestone-Peddler is an institution of New England. His wares are wanted, or will be wanted, by every one. Without discriminating the bereaved households, he presents himself at any door,

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with attractive drawings of his wares, and seduces people into paying the late tribute to their great-grandfather, or laying up a monument for themselves against the inevitable day of demand. His customers select from his samples a tasteful "set of stones"; and next summer he drives up and unloads the marble, with the names well spelt, and the cherub's head artistically chiselled by the best workmen of Boston. Cancut told us, as an instance of judicious economy, how, when he called once upon a recent widow to ask what he could do in his line for her deceased husband's tomb, she chose from his patterns neat head- and foot-stones for the dear defunct, and then bargained with him to throw in a small pair for her boy Johnny, — a poor, sick crittur, that would be wanting his monument long before next summer.

This lugubrious business had failed to infect Mr. Cancut with corresponding deportment. Undertakers are always sombre in dreary mockery of woe. Sextons are solemncholy, if not solemn. I fear Cancut was too cheerful for his trade, and therefore had abandoned it.

Such was our guide, the captain, steersman, and ballaster of our vessel. We struck our bargain with him at once, and at once proceeded to make preparations. Chiefly we prepared by stripping ourselves bare of everything except "must-haves." A birch, besides three men, will carry only the simplest baggage of a trio. Passengers who are constantly to make portages will not encumber themselves with what-nots. Man must have clothes for day and night, and must have provisions to keep his clothes properly filled out. These two articles we took in compact form, regretting even the necessity of guarding against a ducking by a change of clothes. Our provision, that unrefined pork and hard tack, presently to be converted into artist and friend, was packed with a few delicacies in a firkin, — a commodious case, as we found.

A little steamer plies upon the lake, doing lumber-jobs, and not disdaining the traveller's dollars. Upon this, one August morning, we embarked ourselves and our frail birch, for our voyage to the upper end of Moosehead. Iglesias, in a red shirt, became a bit of color in the scene. I, in a red shirt, repeated the flame. Cancut, outweighing us both together, in a broader red shirt, outglared us both. When we three met, and our scarlet reflections commingled, there was one spot in the world gorgeous as a conclave of cardinals, as a squad of British grenadiers, as a Vermont maple-wood in autumn.

RIFLE-CLUBS.

A SENSE of the importance of rifle-practice is becoming very generally prevalent. Rifle-clubs are organizing in our country-towns, and target-practice by individuals is increasing to a degree which proves incontestably the interest which is felt in the subject. The chief obstacle to the immediate and extensive practical operation of this interest lies in the difficulty of procuring serviceable guns, except at such a cost as places them beyond the reach of the majority of those who would be glad to make themselves familiar with their use. Except in occasional instances, it is impossible to procure a trustworthy rifle for a less price than forty or fifty dollars. We believe, however, that the competition which has already become very active between rival manufacturers will erelong effect a material reduction of price; and we trust also that our legislators will perceive the necessity of adopting a strict military organization of all

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the able-bodied men in the State, and providing them with weapons, with whose use they should be encouraged to make themselves familiar — apart from military drill and instruction — by the institution of public shooting-matches for prizes. The absolute necessity of stringent laws, in order to secure the attainment of anything worthy the name of military education and discipline, has been clearly proved by the experience of the drill-clubs which sprang into existence in such numbers last year. To say, that, as a general rule, the moral strength of the community is not sufficient to enable a volunteer association to sustain for any great length of time the severe and irksome details which are inseparable from the attainment of thorough military discipline, is no more a reflection upon the class to which the remark is applied than would be the equally true assertion that their physical strength is not equal to the performance of the work of an ordinary day-laborer. Under the pressure of necessity, both moral and physical strength might be forced and kept up to the required standard; but the mere conviction of expediency is not enough to secure its development, unless enforced by such laws as will insure universal and systematic action. A voluntary association for military instruction may be commenced with a zeal which will carry its members for a time through the daily routine of drilling; but it will not be long before the ranks will begin to diminish, and the observance of discipline become less strict; and if the officers attempt to enforce the laws by which all have agreed to abide, those laws will speedily be rescinded by the majority who find them galling, and the tie by which they are bound together will prove a rope of sand.

With the return of the troops who are now acquiring military knowledge in the best of all possible schools, we shall possess the necessary material for executing whatever system may be decided upon as best for the military education of the people; but meantime we may lay the foundation for it, and take the most efficient means of securing legislative action, by the immediate organization of rifle-clubs for target-practice throughout the State. These clubs may be commenced very informally by a simple agreement among those who are interested and are provided, or will provide themselves, with weapons, to meet together at stated intervals for target-practice, which should be conducted according to the rules which have been found most effectual for securing good marksmanship. The mere interest of competition will be sufficient to insure private practice in the intervals; and if properly and respectably conducted, the interest will increase till it becomes general, and the target-ground will become a central object of attraction.

We earnestly invite the attention not only of all who are impressed with the necessity of inculcating a thorough practical knowledge of the use of weapons, as a measure of national interest, but of all who are interested in the subject of physical, and we may add, moral education, to the field which is here opened, and which, if not improved, as it may be, for noble and useful ends, will certainly be perverted for low and immoral purposes.

The interest which is beginning to be awakened in rifle-practice is the germ of a great movement, which it is the duty of all who have the national welfare at heart to use their influence in guiding and directing, as may easily be done, so that only good may result from it. Let it be countenanced and encouraged by the men, in every community, whose words and example give tone to public opinion, and it will become, as it ought, a means of health-giving and generous rivalry, while it infuses a sense of national power, which we, of all people on earth, ought to derive from the consciousness that it is based upon the physical ability of the people to maintain their own rights. If, however, it is frowned upon and sneered at, as unworthy the attention of a morally and intellectually cultivated people, we shall

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draw upon ourselves the curse of creating a sin, — of poisoning at its source a fountain whose elements in themselves are not only innocent, but abounding in the best ingredients for the development of manly physical and intellectual character.

We trust, however, that such a caution is unnecessary. If there are any among us who, after the past year's experience, can look with doubt or coldness upon such a movement as we have indicated, we should hardly care to waste words in arguing the point. That such a feeling should have heretofore existed is not, perhaps, surprising. The possibility of such an emergency as has come upon us has seemed so improbable, not to say impossible, that it has appeared like a waste of time and labor to prepare for it; and the result has been, that we had come to look upon military education with much the same feeling as that with which we regard the pugilistic art, as of questionable, if not decidedly disreputable character, and such as a nation of our respectability could by no possibility have occasion for.

From this dream of security we have been unexpectedly and very disagreeably awakened, by finding ourselves engaged in a war whose magnitude we were at first slow to appreciate; and it was not till we found ourselves ominously threatened by a foreign power, while still engaged in a fearful struggle at home, that we seemed to be fully aroused to the necessity of being at all times prepared for defence.

Then there came over us a universal consciousness of undeveloped strength, — the feeling of a powerful man, who knows nothing of "the noble art of self-defence," at finding himself suddenly confronted by a professional boxer, who demands, with an ominous squaring of the shoulders, what he meant by treading on his toes, — to which he, poor man, instead of replying that it was so obviously unintentional that no gentleman would think of demanding an apology, is fain, in order to escape the impending blow, to answer by assuring the bully in the most soothing terms that no insult was intended, that he never will do so again, and hopes that the occasion may serve as a precedent for Mr. Bully himself to avoid the corns of his neighbors for the future.

It is comparatively but few years since the success of Colonel Colt in the application of the repeating principle to fire-arms was regarded as a feat in which every American felt a national pride. It was such a vast improvement upon anything which had previously existed, and the importance of it was so obvious, that it became as much a matter of necessity to the whole civilized world as iron-clad steamers have become since the demonstration of their power which was given by the performances of the Merrimack and the Monitor. And, indeed, the best evidence of the universal acknowledgment of this fact is afforded by the innumerable imitations and attempts at improvement which have since made their appearance at home and abroad.

We have used Colt's 31-inch rifle, and also his rifled carbine, very freely, and tested them thoroughly for range, precision, penetration, and capacity for continued service, and for our own use in hunting are entirely satisfied with the performance of this rifle, and should be at a loss to imagine any possible demand of a hunter's weapon which it would fail to meet.

An able and interesting article on "Rifled Guns" in the "Atlantic Monthly" for October, 1859, has the following passage: "No breech-loading gun is so trustworthy in its execution as a muzzle-loader; for, in spite of all precautions, the bullets will go out irregularly. We have cut out too many balls of Sharpe's rifle from the target, which had entered sidewise, not to be certain on this point; and we know of no other breech-loader so little likely to err in this respect."

We cannot speak of Sharpe's rifle from our own experience, but from one of the best riflemen of our acquaintance we have heard the same report, — that the cones will occasionally turn and strike

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sidewise. We do not believe, however, that this fault is a necessary consequence of the peculiar method of loading; but, whatever may be the cause, with Colt's rifle the evil does not exist. For the past year we have practised with it at ranges of from fifty to six hundred yards, and have fired something like two thousand rounds; and only three balls have struck the target sidewise, two of which were ricochets, and the third struck a limb of a bush a few feet in front of the target. In no other instance has the shot failed to cut a perfectly true round hole, and these exceptions would of course be equally applicable to any gun. With the latest pattern of Colt's rifle we have never known an instance of a premature discharge of either of the chambers; though, from the repeated inquiries which have been made, it is obvious that such is the general apprehension. In reply to the common assertion, that much of the explosive force must be lost by escape of gas between the chamber and the barrel, we simply state the fact that we have repeatedly shot through nine inches of solid white cedar timber at forty yards. Finally, at two hundred yards, we find no difficulty in making an average of five inches from the centre, in ten successive shots, of which eight inches is the extreme variation. This is good enough for any ordinary purposes of hunting or military service, — for anything, in short, but gambling or fancy work; and for our own use, against either man or beast, we should ask no better weapon. But we should be very far from advocating its general adoption in military service; and, indeed, our own experience with it has brought the conviction that the repeating principle in any form is decidedly objectionable in guns for the use of ordinary troops of the line. We do not extend the objection to pistols in their proper place, but speak now solely of rifles in the hands of infantry.

In action, the time of each soldier must of necessity be divided between the processes of loading and firing; and it is better that these should come in regular alternate succession than that a series of rapid shots should be succeeded by the longer interval required for inserting a number of charges. It would be hard to assign definitely the most important reasons for this conviction, which are based upon elements that prevail so generally in the moral and physical characters of men, and which we have so often seen developed in the excitement of hunting large game, that we can readily appreciate the motives which have made sagacious military men very shy of trusting miscellaneous bodies of soldiers with a weapon whose possible advantages are more than counterbalanced by the probable mischief that must ensue from the want of such instinctive power of manipulation as could result only from constant and long-continued familiarity, and which even then might be paralyzed in very many instances by nervous excitement.

We would not, however, be understood as condemning breech-loading guns for military service. On the contrary, we are firm in the conviction that they are destined to supersede entirely every species of muzzle-loaders, which will thenceforward be regarded only as curious evidences of the difficulty of making an advance of a single step, which, when taken, seems so simple that it appears incredible that it was not thought of before. The ingenuity of thousands of our most skilful men is now turned in this direction, and stimulated by a demand which will obviously insure a fortune to the successful competitor. The advantages of a breech-loading gun consist in the greater rapidity with which it can be loaded and fired, and the avoidance of the exposure incident to the motions of drawing the ramrod and ramming the cartridge. We are well aware that rapid firing is in itself an evil, and that a common complaint with officers is that the men will not take time enough in aiming to insure efficiency; but granting this, it by no means follows that the evil will be increased by the ability to load rapidly. Its remedy lies in thorough discipline and practical knowledge of

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the use of the gun; and the soldier will be more likely to take time for aiming, if he knows he can be ready to repeat his shot almost instantly.

The contingencies of actual service demand the use of different kinds of guns to suit the different circumstances which may arise. In rifle-pits, against batteries, or for picking off artillerymen through the embrasures of a fort, the telescope-rifle has established its reputation beyond all question during the war in which we are now engaged. In repeated instances the enemy's batteries have been effectually kept silent by the aid of this weapon, till counter-works could be established, which could by no possibility have been constructed but for such assistance. During the siege of Yorktown, especially, the fact is historical that the Confederates acquired such a dread of these weapons that they forced their negroes to the work of serving the guns, which they did not dare attempt themselves, and our men were reluctantly compelled, in self-defence, to pick off the poor fellows who were unwillingly opposed to them. In more than one instance after an engagement, members of the "Andrew Sharpshooters" have indicated precisely the spot where their victims would be found, and the exact position of the bullet-holes which had caused their death; for with the telescope-rifle the question is not, whether an enemy shall be hit, but what particular feature of his face, or which button of his coat shall be the target. That this is no exaggeration may be easily proved by the indisputable evidence of hundreds of targets, every shot in which may be covered by the palm of the hand, though fired from a distance at which no unassisted eye could possibly discern the object aimed at.

But the telescope-rifle is utterly useless, except for special service. The great body of infantry comprised in an army must be provided with guns whose general appearance and character admit of no essential variation from the standard which experience has proved to be the best for the wants of the service.

We have given our objections to the whole class of repeating guns in what we have said of Colt's rifles; and we proceed to note the defects of other breech-loading guns, some of which would constitute no ground of objection to the sportsman, but are inadmissible in the soldier's gun. It is, of course, essential that any breech-loading gun which is offered for introduction in the army should be at least equal in range, penetration, and precision, to the best muzzle-loader now in use. It must be so simple in its construction and mode of operation that its manipulation may readily become an instinctive action, requiring no exercise of thought or judgment to guard against errors which might effect a derangement, — for a large portion of any miscellaneous body of men would be found incapable of exercising such judgment in the excitement of action. The limbs and joints comprised in the arrangement for introducing the charge at the breech must not only be so simple as to avoid the danger of making mis takes in their use, but of such strength as will bear the rough usage incident to field-service. They must, of course, make a perfectly tight joint, and there must be no possibility of their becoming clogged by fouling, so as to affect the facility with which they are worked. And finally, it is vitally important that no special ammunition be required, a failure in the supply of which may render the weapon useless.

As this last objection would rule out the whole class of guns requiring metallic cartridges, and as there are undeniable advantages connected with their use, we deem it necessary to give our reasons for this decision somewhat at length. The cartridges are made of copper and filled with powder, and the ball being inserted in the end, they are compressed about its base so as to render them perfectly water-tight. The fulminating powder, being in the base of the cartridge, is exploded by the blow of the hammer, which falls directly upon it. The advantages are, that there is no escape of gas, and

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no liability of injury from water; and experience has abundantly proved the excellence of the system in the essential qualities of precision and force. The most obvious objection to them is the one above alluded to. The cartridges must, of necessity, be made by special machinery, and can be supplied only from the manufactory. To this it is replied, that the same objection may be urged against the use of percussion-caps. We grant it; and if it were possible to dispense with them, it would be an obvious gain. But because we must have caps, in spite of their disadvantages, it does not follow that we should increase unnecessarily the equipments against which the same objection exists in a much greater degree, owing to the more intricate process of manufacture and the very much greater difficulty of transportation. The additional weight for the soldier to carry, also, is no trifle, and will not be overlooked by those who appreciate the importance of every ounce that is saved. But apart from minor objections, a fatal one lies in the fact that every cartridge-box filled with this ammunition may be considered as a shell liable to explode by concussion and spread destruction around it. The powder and fulminating composition being always in contact in every cartridge, it is obvious that a chance shot may explode the whole box-ful; and we have proved by experiment that this is not an imaginary danger.

Since the appearance of our previous article on "The Use of the Rifle," our attention has been called to several new inventions for breech-loading, some of them exceedingly ingenious and curious, but only one of which has at once commended itself as being so obviously and distinctly an improvement as to induce a further test of its powers, and has proved on trial so entirely efficient, and free from the faults which seemed to be inseparable from the system, as to lead to the belief, which we confidently express, that its general adoption as a military weapon must be a necessary consequence of its becoming known.

As a full description and report of the trial of this gun has been officially prepared by a commission appointed for the purpose, and will probably be published, we shall only say of it here that its performance is equal in all respects to that of the best muzzle-loader, and, while possessing all the advantages, it is entirely free from any of the objections which pertain in one form or another to every breech-loading gun we have heretofore had an opportunity to inspect. In appearance it is so nearly like the ordinary soldier's musket that the difference can be perceived only on examination; and, indeed, it may be used as a muzzle-loader either with a cartridge or with loose powder and ball. It is so simple in its mode of operation that there is less danger of error than with a muzzle-loader; yet the anatomical construction of the limbs and joints secures a degree of strength equal to that of a solid mass of iron. The force of the explosion causes so perfect a closing of the joint as to prevent any possible escape of gas, yet the breech may be removed by as simple a process as that of cocking the gun; and we have in the course of experiment fired the gun three hundred times, and have since seen it fired five hundred times, without once wiping or cleaning, and the working of the joints was as easy and the shooting as good at the last as at first.

It is a singular fact in the history of arms, that the successive improvements in their construction have occurred at long intervals, and have made but slow progress towards general adoption even when their advantages were apparent. It was more than a century after muskets were first used in war before they were introduced in the English army to the exclusion of bows and arrows; more than fifty years passed after the invention of flint-locks before they were substituted for match-locks; and many years elapsed after the invention of the percussion-lock before it came into general use.

It is probable that the introduction of

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breech-loading guns will be proportionally slow. A distinguished English military writer says: "With respect to the choice between muzzle-loaders and breech-loaders, I am quite satisfied that the latter will eventually carry the day. The best principles of construction may not yet have been discovered; but I have no more doubt of their advantage over the muzzle-loaders than I have of the superiority of the percussion- over flint-lock guns."

We coincide entirely in this opinion, and we have a very strong feeling of confidence that the gun we have alluded to is destined to achieve the consummation here predicted.

For clubs which propose to combine a military drill with target-practice, it is of course essential that the guns should be of uniform pattern. But in our country-towns, until some definite system of military organization is established by law, it is not likely that volunteer associations will be formed for anything more than the object of perfecting themselves in marksmanship. Great numbers of able-bodied men may be found in every community, who will be very ready to join associations to meet at stated intervals for simple target-practice, but who could not afford the time which would necessarily be required for the attainment of anything like efficient discipline as soldiers. For such associations it is not only unimportant that the arms should be of uniform pattern, but a diversity is even desirable, as affording the means of testing their comparative merits, and thus giving the members the opportunity of learning from actual observation the governing principles of the science of projectiles.

It is essential, however, to the attainment of any proper degree of skill in the use of the rifle that it should be acquired systematically. Experience has proved to the instructors at the Hythe School, that, "the less practice the pupil has previously had with the rifle, the better shot he is likely in a limited period to become; for, in shooting, bad habits of any kind are difficult to eradicate, and such is the Hythe system that it does not admit of being grafted upon any other. Those who have been zealously engaged in maturing it have left nothing to chance; they have ascertained by innumerable trials the best way in which every minute portion of the task to be executed should be performed, and no deviation, however slight, should be attempted from the directions laid down. By rigid adherence to them, far more than average proficiency in shooting is attainable without the expenditure of a single ball-cartridge. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is nevertheless strictly true. It is only, however, to be accomplished by a course of aiming and position drill." *

We have seen too many instances of poor shooting by men who passed for good riflemen, owing to ignorance of principles whose observance would alone enable them to adapt their practice to varying circumstances, to have any doubt of the important truth contained in the above extract; and we would urge its careful consideration and a compliance with its suggestions upon every association of riflemen.

With all the instruction which can be got from books and teachers, however, it is only by constant practice that one can attain the degree of skill which inspires entire confidence in his capacity to develop the best powers of the rifle. It seems a very simple thing to bring the line of sight upon the target, and to pull the trigger at the right moment; but, in reality, it is what no man can do without continued practice, and he who has attained the power will confirm the assertion that the art of doing it is indescribable, and must be acquired by every man for himself.

For the sake of first becoming familiar with the powers of the weapon, we advise beginners to practise for a time with a rest. This should be a bag of sand, or some equally inelastic substance, on which the gun can repose firmly and

* *Hand-Book for Hythe.* By Lieut. Hans Busk.

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steadily; and a little practice with such aid will enable the shooter to realize the relation of the line of sight to the trajectory under varying circumstances of wind and light, and thus to proceed knowingly in his subsequent training. But we are unwilling to give this advice without accompanying it with the caution not to continue the practice till it becomes habitual. It is very difficult for one who is accustomed to use a rest to feel the confidence which is essential to success, when shooting from the shoulder; and no one is deserving the name of a rifleman who requires such aid.

It is difficult for an inexperienced person to conceive of the effect of even a light wind upon so small an object as a rifle-ball, when shot from the gun. The difficulty arises from the impossibility of taking in the idea of such rapid flight, or of the resistance produced by it, by comparison with anything within the limits of our experience. We may attain a conception of it, however, by trying to move a stick through the water. Moving it slowly, the resistance is imperceptible; but as we increase the velocity, we find the difficulty to increase very rapidly, and if we try to strike a quick blow through the water, we find the resistance so enormous that the effort is almost paralyzed. Mathematically, the resistance increases in the ratio of the square of the velocity; and although the air is of course more easily displaced than water, the same rule applies to it, and the flight of a ball is so inconceivably rapid that the resistance becomes enormous. The average initial velocity of a cannon- or rifle-ball is sixteen hundred feet in a second, and a twelve-pound round shot, moving at this rate, encounters an atmospheric resistance of nearly two hundred pounds, or more than sixteen times its own weight. Perhaps a clearer idea may be attained by the statement of the fact, that, were it possible to remove this resistance, or, in other words, to fire a ball in a vacuum, it would fly ten miles in a second, — the same time it now requires to move sixteen hundred feet. Bearing in mind this enormous resistance, it will be more readily apparent that even a slight motion of the element through which the ball is struggling must influence its course. For this reason it is that the best time to shoot, as a general rule, is in the morning or evening, when the air is most apt to be perfectly calm. It will often be found, after making very satisfactory shots at sunrise, that by ten o'clock, even on what would be called a calm day, it is impossible to attain to anything like the accuracy with which the day's work was begun; and, owing to the irregular motion of the air, the difficulty cannot be overcome, except to a limited degree, by making allowance for it.

It is well, however, to practise in all possible conditions of weather, and not to be discouraged at finding unaccountable variations at different times in the flight of balls. A few weeks' experience will at least enable the learner to judge of the veracity of a class of stories one often hears, of the feats of backwoodsmen. It is not long since we were gravely assured by a quondam travelling acquaintance, who no doubt believed it himself, that there were plenty of men in the South who could shave off either ear of a squirrel with a rifle-ball at one hundred yards, without doing him further injury. A short experience of target-shooting will suffice to demonstrate the absurdity of all the wonderful stories of this class which are told and often insisted on with all the bigotry of ignorance. A somewhat extended acquaintance with backwoodsmen has served only to convince us, that, while a practical familiarity with the rifle is more general with them than with us, a scientific knowledge of its principles is rare; and the best target-shooting we have ever seen was in New England.

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TWO SUMMERS.

LAST summer, when athwart the sky
  Shone the immeasurable days,
We wandered slowly, you and I,
  Adown these leafy forest-ways,

With laugh and song and sportive speech,
  And mirthful tales of earlier years,
Though deep within the soul of each
  Lay thoughts too sorrowful for tears,

Because — I marked it many a time —
  Your feet grew slower day by day,
And where I did not fear to climb
  You paused to find an easier way.

And all the while a boding fear
  Pressed hard and heavy on my heart;
Yet still with words of hope and cheer
  I bade the gathering grief depart,

Saying, — "When next these purple bells
  And these red columbines return, —
When woods are full of piny smells,
  And this faint fragrance of the fern, —

"When the wild white-weed's bright surprise
  Looks up from all the strawberried plain,
Like thousands of astonished eyes, —
  Dear child, you will be well again!"

Again the marvellous days are here;
  Warm on my cheek the sunshine burns,
And fledged birds chirp, and far and near
  Floats the strange sweetness of the ferns.

But down these ways I walk alone,
  Tearless, companionless, and dumb, —
Or rest upon this way-side stone,
  To wait for one who does not come.

Yet all is even as I foretold:
  The summer shines on wave and wild,
The fern is fragrant as of old,
  And you are well again, dear child!

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MR. AXTELL.

PART II.

KATIE (the doctor's name for her) said consolingly, as we went up-stairs,—

"I am going to sleep in Miss Lettie's little dressing-room; the door is close beside her bed. If you want me, you can speak, — I shall be sure to hear"; and she lighted my footsteps to the door.

I went in hastily, for Katie was gone. The statuesque lady became informed with life; she started violently, and said,—

"Who is it?"

"I beg pardon for the noise," I said; "how are you?"

"Thank you, a pain up here, Kate"; and she put her hand, so long giving support to her chin, upon the top of her head.

"It is n't Kate"; and I came into full view.

She looked up at me.

"Why, you are — yes, I know — Miss Percival," she said.

"I am."

"Have you been here long?"

"Only since yesterday."

Why did she seem relieved at my reply?

"Do they think me ill enough to have a stranger come to me?"

"Almost as polite as the grum brother," I thought; but I said, "You must n't let me be a stranger to you. I came, — I was n't sent for."

She made an effort to rise from her seat, but, unable, turned her eyes toward the windows.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I thought I 'd like to know what the weather looks like."

"Then let me lift the curtains"; and I drew aside the folds, but there was nothing to be seen. The moon was not yet up; and even had it been, there was slight chance for seeing it, as the sun had stayed behind clouds all the day.

"Put them down, please; there 's no light out there."

"The doctor left some medicine for you; will you take it?"

"No, I thank you. I hate medicines."

"So do I."

"Then pray tell me what you wish me to take it for."

"You mistake; it was the doctor's order, not mine."

"The very idea of asking that image of calm decision there to do anything! — but then I must, I am nurse"; so I ventured, "Had you not better go to bed?"

"After a little. Would you bathe my head? this pain distresses me, and I don't want to dream, I 'd rather stay awake."

As I stood beside her, gently applying the cooling remedy, trying to stroke away the pain, she asked, —

"Did they tell you that my mother is dead?"

"Yes."

"She was my mother. Oh, why did n't I tell her? Why? why?" and great spasms of torturesome pain drew her beautiful face. I did n't tell you how beautiful she is. Well, it does n't matter; you could n't understand, if I should try.

She turned suddenly, caught my dress in her hands, and asked, —

"Have you a mother, Miss Percival?" and before I could answer my sad "No," she said, "Forgive me. I forgot for one moment."

My mother had been twenty years dead. What did she know about it? I, three years old when she died, but just remembered her.

Katie came in, bringing "thoughts of me" condensed into aromatic draughts of coffee, which she put upon the hearth, "to keep warm," she said.

I asked her to bring some "sweet" to mix the powder in.

"I hate disguises," said Miss Axtell;

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"I 'd rather have true bitters than cover them just a little with sugars. Give it me, if I must take it."

"But you can't, — not *this* powder."

"A glass of water, Kate, please"; and she actually took the bitter dose of Dover in all its undisguised severity.

"There! is n't that a thousand times better than covering it all up in a sweetness that one knows is n't true?"

She looked a little as if expecting an answer. I would have preferred not saying my thought, and was waiting, when she asked, —

"Don't you think on the subject?"

"Yes; I think that I like the bitter better when it is concealed."

"You would n't, if you knew, if you had tried it, child."

"Oh, I have taken a Dover's-powder often, and I always bury it in sirup."

She looked a little startled, odd look at me.

"Do you think I 'm talking about that simple powder that I 've been taking?"

"Were n't you?"

"Come here, innocent little thing!" she said, and motioned me to a footstool at her feet.

Her adjectives were both very unsuitable, when applied to me; but I was nurse, and must yield to the whim of my patient.

"Kate, look after Mr. Axtell."

Poor Kate went out, more from the habit of obedience than apparently to obey any such behest; but she went, nevertheless.

"I know who you are; I knew your mother," she said. "Never attempt to cover up bitterness; it has its use in the world."

"Will you go to bed now? It 's very late," I ventured.

She went on as though I had not spoken at all, —

"There 's somebody dead down-stairs, there, — now, — this minute; — but dead, — dead, — gone beyond my reach. — Child! child! do you know, do you feel what I mean?"

"How can I? I have n't seen her; I never saw her."

"She 's dead, — she 's dead, — and I meant to — oh! I meant to do it before she died. Why did n't something tell me? Things do come and speak to me sometimes, — why not last night?"

I got anxious. Was this what the doctor meant by incoherent talking? Away up the village-street I heard the bell striking for midnight.

"It is time you were asleep; please try and sleep."

My words did not stay her; she went on, —

"If it only had, — then, — at the last, — she might have forgiven; — yes, — think, it might have been, — and it *is* not, — no, it *is not!* — and she lies dead, down-stairs, in the very room! — But are you sure? Perhaps she is n't dead. Such things have been."

Oh! what should I do? I thought of Katie. "The next door," she said; there were but two in the room; it must be this one, then. I opened it. "No, this is a closet, — dresses are hanging there," I thought; "but there is a door leading out from it." I looked back to the chair, where Miss Axtell still sat; she was talking to herself, as if I had not left the room. I could not venture to open this unknown door without a light to flow into its darkness. I went back into the room and took up a lamp.

"What are you doing?" Miss Axtell stopped to ask; then, forgetting me, she resumed her self-questioning.

I lighted the lamp and went into the closet. I said that there were dresses hanging there. Among them my eyes singled out one; it was not bright, — no, it was a grave, brown, plaid dress. I tried to call Kate. My voice would not obey me. My tongue was still. I grasped the knob and turned it; the door opened. Poor Katie! she was asleep. She started up, bringing the larger half of a dream with her, I 'm sure. "It 's not so dreadful. You have me left, father," she said, with her young face rosy, and very sleepy. I went close to her, put my hand upon the cover, and said, —

"You must call Mr. Axtell, Katie."

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"For what? Is Miss Axtell worse?"

"I think so; she will not lie down."

"Do you think I might try to coax her?"—and Katie rubbed her heavy eyelids, open too soon.

"If you think you can."

Miss Axtell had ceased to talk; she had fallen back into the old absorbed state. Katie kneeled down beside her chair, and spoke.

"Miss Lettie!" she said.

Miss Lettie did not answer. Katie put out one finger only. I saw it shake a bit, as she laid it upon Miss Lettie's hand. As when the doctor touched her forehead, she came back to her proper self, and said,—

"What is it, Kate? Is n't it time you were asleep?"

"Don't you know that my mother is dead?" said poor motherless Katie.

"And so is mine," said Miss Axtell.

"And mine," added I.

"And is it for that that you don't sleep, Kate?"

"No, Ma'am; but it is because you won't try to sleep; and you told us all, when my mother died, that"——and Katie stopped there.

"Why don't you go on?" I asked, in a low voice.

"I can't,—I don't remember the words; but you said, Miss Lettie, that too much sorrow was wicked."

"And so it is; and mine is, if it keeps you awake. I will lie down."

The little maid so kindly, gently arranged the pillows, and made the lady comfortable, that there was little left for me to do.

When she went back to bury the dream that I so suddenly drew out of the balmy land, I had only to shade the light, stir the fire a little, and then wait. From afar up the street came the stroke of one. Miss Axtell's face was turned away from me. I could only fancy that her eyes were closed. Once she put an arm over the pillow. I touched it. It burned with fever-heat. Then all was still. I sat upon a lounge, comfort-giving, related to the chair in style of covering. I fancied, after a long quiet, that my patient was asleep. I kept myself awake by examining this room that I was in. It was, like most of the other rooms, a hexagon, with two windows looking eastward. An air of homeness was over, and in, its every appointment. It seemed a room to sing in; *were* songs ever heard there? I laid my head upon my hand, and listened to one that Fancy tried to sing,—I, who never sing, in whose soul music rolls and swells in great ocean-waves, that never in this world will break against the shore of sound; and so I builded one, very wild and porous and wavering, a style of iceberg shore, far out in the limitless waters, and listened to the echoes that came,—and, listening, must have fallen into sleep.

I awoke with a chill feeling, as if the fire had gone down. A draught seemed blowing upon me. I got up with a full sense of my position as keeper of that fire, and went to it. The door into the hall was open. I glanced at the bed; Miss Axtell was not there. The hall was dark. I caught up the lamp and hurried out. I leaned over the balustrade and looked down the stairway. Slowly going down I saw Miss Axtell. Was she a somnambulist? Perhaps so. I must be cautious. I hastened after her, moving as noiselessly as she. I took the precaution to leave the lamp in the upper hall. She was leaning against the wall-side of the staircase. Just as she reached the lower step, I put my arm around her. There was no need; she was fully awake.

"Will you go back to sleep?" she asked of me, before I could find time to make the same request of her.

"No,—I came here for you. Where are you going?"

"In there"; and she pointed to the room where I had seen the doctor and Katie go,—where she who was dead lay.

"Oh, come back! please do! that is no place for you"; and I endeavored to turn her steps.

"It is well that you say it. She 's in

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there; perhaps she is n't dead. Such things have been. It was sudden, you know. Let me go."

I held her with all the strength I had.

"Leave me to myself. I 'm going to tell her, — to tell her *now*. She 'll hear me better than to-morrow; they 'll have a fathom of earth over her heart then: that will be deeper than all that love of Abraham which covered up her heart from me."

What could I do? Despite my holding arms, she was gaining toward that fatal door, and the light was very dim. I called Katie three times, Miss Axtell still getting near to that I dreaded.

I heard a door open. I looked back, and saw Mr. Axtell coming from the library. He came quickly along the hall, arrested his sister's progress, and said gently, as twice he had spoken before, —

"Lettie, where are you going?"

"In there, Abraham."

"No, Lettie, you are sick; you must go back up-stairs."

"I will, when I have told her what I wish."

"Whom?"

"Mother."

What could Mr. Axtell have meant? He asked me to bring down the lamp; he took it in his own hand, and, supporting his sister, moved on. Was he going to take her in there. He did. I fled back to the library; trembling in affright, I sank into the first chair, and, covering my face with my hands, thought, —

"What terrible people these are! Why did I come here, where I was not wanted?"

"Poor child!"

I started up at the words. Mr. Axtell left the door open.

"You think it strange that I let my sister follow out such a sick fancy, I suppose."

"I think it is dreadful, — terrible."

"Oh, no, it is not. Why do you think so?"

"Talking to dead people!"

"Well?"

"They don't hear you."

"Perhaps not."

"You *know* they *can't*."

"No, I do not."

"Then go and learn it. Will you go and listen in there?"

"I will not."

"Why?"

"Lettie wished to be alone."

"You 're very strange people."

"We are."

He got up quickly, confusedly, crossed the room, and turned a picture that was upon the sofa. I had not noticed it before. I glanced up at the wall. The face was gone. The picture that he turned must have been that. He came back and stood before me.

"Were you frightened when Lettie came down?" he asked.

"Yes; how could I help it?"

"Why did n't you turn the lock?"

"I was asleep when she went out."

"What awakened you?"

"The cold air from the hall."

"A careful nurse, you are!"

"I am not careful."

"No?"

He teased me, this man. I hate to be teased. And all this time, whilst he stood questioning me, Miss Axtell was in that lone, silent room, confessing to the dead. It was worse than the tower-confessional; and besides, what had she done that was so bad? Nothing, I felt convinced. Why would she do such a thing?

I think I must have spoken the last thought; for Mr. Axtell answered it in his next words.

"Lettie is only working out a necessity of her own spirit. She is not harming any living soul. I cannot see why you should look so white and terrified about it. Have you tasted the coffee?"

I had not thought of it: I told him so.

"Did you give my sister what the doctor left for her?"

Honestly, I had forgotten that the powders were to be given every half-hour, and I had offered only one.

"I don't think you have chosen your vocation wisely," he said, when I had told him of my forgetfulness.

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"It seems not."

He went out. Very gently he entered the place of the soulless one. I heard a low, murmurous sound, with a deal of contentment in it. After a few moments they came out. He asked me again to carry the lamp. I went up before them. I could n't go after; I was afraid of words, or I knew not what, coming from that room.

Mr. Axtell gave the second powder, evidently afraid to trust me. Miss Lettie seemed quite tranquil, — a change had come over her. Her brother poured a cup of coffee and *told me* to drink it. What right had he to tell me to do anything? What right had I to notice it amid the scenes of this night? but I did, and the coffee remained untasted.

"I cannot trust you alone," he said; and leaving me sitting there in Miss Lettie's chair before the fire, he lay down upon the lounge and went to sleep.

The half-hour went by; this time I would remember my duty. Miss Axtell was awake still, but very quiet. Her face was scorched with fever, when I gave her the third powder. I began to feel excessively sleepy; but to fail the second time, — it would never answer. The coffee was the alternative; I drank of it.

Again Miss Axtell asked that I would bathe her head. That, with the half-hour powders, which quite forgot their sleep-bestowing characteristic, was the only change until the day began to dawn.

Katie crept in with it, all in the little shivers March mornings bring.

She did n't see Mr. Axtell. She asked, —

"How has Miss Lettie been?"

"I have n't been asleep, I believe," answered Miss Axtell.

She called Katie to her, and gave some house-orders, in which I thought I heard an allusion to breakfast, in connection with my name. I knew nothing about the arrangements of this house, but ventured to follow Katie out, and ask if there was any one to take my place, should I go home. Finding that my longer stay was unneedful, I went. How lovely the earth seemed on that morning, not long ago, and yet so long! Why could not people live with quiet thoughts, and peaceful quietness of life, in this little country-village, where there seemed nothing to wake up torrents?

Sophie stood beside me, with a tempting little cup in her hand; upon the table lay a breakfast, — for somebody destined, I was sure.

"I thought I 'd waken you, so that you might not lose your night's sleep," she said.

"Thank you. What time is it?"

"Look at what the sun says."

She put up the shade, and the sun came in from the west.

"So long? Have I slept?"

"So long, my dear"; and Sophie gave me a kiss.

Sophie was not demonstrative. I answered it with —

"What queer people you sent me to stay with!"

"You make a mistake, Anna; think a moment; you 're dreaming; I did not send you there at all."

"Well, what queer people I went to stay with!"

"How was Miss Axtell, when you came away?"

"Really, I don't know; better, I should think. But, Sophie, pray tell me how it is that I should never have heard of them before."

"Partly because they have been away during the three years that you have been in the habit of visiting us, — and partly because Mr. Axtell, and his sister, too, I think, have a very decided way of avoiding us. What induces Mr. Axtell to perform the office of sexton is more than any one in the congregation can divine."

"I intend to find out, Sophie."

"How?"

"In some way, — how, I cannot tell."

"In the interim, take some breakfast, or you 'll lose your curiosity in hunger."

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Aaron sent for Sophie just here, and, as usual, I was deserted for him.

I began to scheme a little. "If Miss Axtell had only been the sexton, I could have found a thread; there must be one. Where shall I look for it?"

"How did you manage with our surly Abraham last night? would he let you stay?" asked Aaron, when I joined the family of two.

"He was not very surly; I managed him considerably better than I did his beautiful sister," I said.

He proceeded to question me of the night-events. I told only of the visit to the dead, leaving out the conversations preceding the event.

"An unwarrantable proceeding of Abraham's," said Aaron.

"And that room, so cold, as they always keep such rooms. I expect to hear that Miss Axtell is much worse to-day," was Sophie's comment, when I had told all that I thought it right to tell.

Aaron went away early in the afternoon, to visit some parishioners who lived among the highlands, where the snows of winter had made it difficult to go.

Sophie said she would read to me. My piece of "knitting-work" was still unfinished, and I, sitting near a window looking churchward, knitted, whilst Sophie pushed back from her low, cool brow those bands of softly purplish hair, and read to me something that strangely soothed my militant spirit, lifted me out of my present self, carried me whither breezes of charity stirred the foliage of the world, and opened sweet flower-blooms on dark, unpromising trees. I had been wafted up to a height where I thought I should forever keep in memory the view I saw, and feel charity toward all erring mortals as long as life endured, when a noise came to my ears. I knew it instantly, before I could catch my dropping stitch and look out. It was the first stroke on hard Mother Earth, the first knocking sound, that said, "We 've come to ask one more grave of you."

Sophie did not seem to have heard: she went on with her reading. I looked out. Two men were in the church-yard: one held a measuring-line in his hand, the other a spade. The one with the spade went on to mark the hard winter-beaten turf, — the knotted grass he cut through. I saw him describe the outline of a grave, — the other standing there, silently looking on. When the grave was marked, the one wielding the spade looked up at the silent looker-on, who bowed his head, as if to say, "It is right." Then he began to strike deeper, to hit the stones under the sod.

"What is it?" asked Sophie, looking up, for now she heard.

"I think it 's Mrs. Axtell's grave that is to be made," I said.

Sophie came to the window.

"It 's a wonder he don't make it himself."

"Who make it?"

"Why, Abraham Axtell. Look now,— see him look at it. It would be very like him. He 's fond of such doleful things. He has a way of haunting the churchyard. Aaron sees him there sometimes on moonlight nights."

Even while she spoke, Mr. Axtell did take the spade from the man; and striking down deeper, stronger than he, he rolled out stones, and the yellow, hard earth, crusty with the frost not yet out of it.

"There! I thought he would. Just watch now, and see of how much use that man is; he might as well be away," exclaimed Sophie.

We two watched the other two in yonder church-yard, until the pile of earth grew so high that it half-concealed them. Two or three times the man seemed to offer to take the spade from Mr. Axtell, but he kept it and worked away. At last the excavation grew so deep that one must needs go down into it to make it deeper. Would Mr. Axtell go? We watched to see. Sophie said "Yes" to the question; I thought "No." There grew a pause. Mr. Axtell stopped in his work, looked at the man, and must have spoken; for he picked up his coat and walked away.

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"I wonder what is coming now," said Sophie.

"Nothing," answered I; "for Mr. Axtell evidently is going."

"Time enough to finish to-morrow," she said.—"Where are you going, Anna?"

"To ask after his sister," I answered, and hastened out, for I had seen Mr. Axtell pick up the spade as if to go.

But he did not go; he stood leaning upon the spade, looking into the open grave, forgetful of everything above the earth. I thought to approach him unheard and unseen; but it was willed otherwise, for I stepped upon some of the crispy earth thrown out, and set the stones to rattling in a very rude sort of way. He turned quickly upon me.

"You have chosen a very sad place to meditate over," I said.

"Does it trouble you, if I have?" he asked, not changing his position.

"No, not in the least, Sir. I came to ask after Miss Axtell."

"Lettie is much worse, very ill indeed, to-day."

"I am very sorry to hear it. I ought not to have thought myself wise enough to take care of her last night."

"Yes, you ought; you pleased her; she has asked for you several times to-day,—only she calls you another name. I wish you would n't mind it, or seem to notice it either."

"What is the name?"

"Never mind it now; perhaps you will not see her until she is sane, and then she will give you only your own."

"I wish you would tell me."

The spade upon which Mr. Axtell leaned seemed suddenly to have failed to do its duty, for it slid along the distance to the very edge of the grave. Mr. Axtell regained his position and his strength, that had failed only for the moment.

"No, you do not wish it," he said.

What had become of all my sweet charity-blossoms, that unfolded such a little time ago, when Sophie was reading to me? Surely the time of withering had not come so soon? An untimely frost must have withered them all, for I answered,—

"You are dogmatical."

"No, I am not. I only see farther on than you."

"A pleasant way to say, 'You 're blind.'"

"And if it is true?"

"To say it to one's self, I suppose, is the better way; for others certainly will of you."

"A sensible conclusion. Who taught you it?"

"You, perhaps."

"Did I? Then my life has been of some little use."

"I saw you very usefully employed not long ago."

"Doing that?" and he pointed to the open place.

"Yes, the strangest occupation I ever saw a man engaged in."

"The man did it awkwardly."

"And you?"

"Better, as you can see."

"I 'm no judge."

"Yes, you are."

I saw Aaron coming, driving slowly on. I knew that I must go in.

"Shall I come and stay with Miss Axtell to-night?" I asked.

"You do not look able."

"I am. I 've not been long awake. I am quite restored."

He looked up at me. It was the very first time that I had seen him do so.

"Do you wish to come?" he asked.

What a question! I could n't answer. I thought of my tower-secret, which I felt convinced was wrapped up in that large, sombre mansion, where his dead mother (whom I had never seen) lay, and his beautiful sister was. I had not answered him. He spoke again,—

"As if it could please *you* to come where death and suffering are! I will find some one; if not, I can stay up."

"I will come, if you can trust me, after last night's errors."

"You look like one to be trusted."

"I am glad you think so. Are my services accepted?"

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"Gratefully, if you 'll promise one thing."

"Ask it."

"Sleep until I send for you."

"I can't promise."

"You 'll try?"

"Perhaps"; and I went back to the parsonage.

Sophie had deserted the reading and the window to do something that she imagined would please Aaron when he came home. It was nearly evening. The sun was gone. I resumed my seat and work.

"You look gloomy, Anna,—what is it?" asked Aaron's evergreen voice, as Aaron's self came into the room, somewhat the worse for mud and mountain wear. "Was last night's watching too much for you?"

"Oh, no; I 'm going again to-night."

"Going where?" Sophie was the questioner.

"To stay with Miss Axtell."

"I would n't, Anna; one night has made you pale," she said.

"You 're a frightened little thing," I said. "You 've Aaron's headachy eyes of yesterday."

"Have you promised to go?" Aaron asked.

"I have. Mr. Axtell is to send for me in time."

No more was said on the subject. Aaron had learned many things in his visit to the people's homes. I fancy that he gathered much material for Sunday-sermons that afternoon. I could not help wishing that he knew all of last night's teaching to me. An idle wish; how could he? What is knowledge to one is but dry dust to another soul. The soils of the human heart are as various as those of our planet, and therein as many and as strange plants are grown. Why had I always thought mine to be adapted to the aloe?

The evening was dull. I asked Aaron to lend me a sermon. He inquired,—

"What for?"

"To go to sleep over," I said.

"And are they so soporific?" he laughingly asked.

"It 's a great while since I 've read one. What have you been doing lately in your profession? anything remarkable?"

He brought me one. It aroused me. The evening passed on. I finished the sermon. Bedtime came in the parsonage, and no messenger from Mr. Axtell for me.

Aaron offered to go. I said, "No, they were such strange people, I would rather not." Chloe came in from the kitchen to say that "Kate, Miss Axtell's girl, had come, and said, 'Miss Lettie was too ill for Miss Percival to take care of her. Mr. Abraham could n't leave her.'"

The funeral was to be on the morrow.

The morrow came. Early after breakfast I went to the house whereto I had gone with the neighbor's boy two nights before. I met Mr. Axtell just leaving. I inquired after his sister.

"A bad night," he said; "the doctor is here; are you come to stay?"

"If I can be of use."

He walked back with me, went to the sick-room, and left me there with the doctor and Miss Axtell.

She did n't refuse medicines, it seemed; for Doctor Eaton was administering something when I went in.

The same eager look flashed out of his eyes when she spoke to me. She did not remember me,—she called me Mary. Common name it is, but the change seemed to please this quaint M. D.

"Have you found out about the face?" he asked, when he had answered my inquiries after his patient.

"I have not."

"It is n't there any longer. Somebody 's taken it away."

"Ah!"

"Don't you care to know about it?"

"Yes, it was a pleasant face,—a prettiness of youth about it."

"Ask him,—do you hear, young lady?—ask him"; and giving me directions for the morning, he left.

Curious old doctor,—what care should he have concerning it?

The opiate, if opiate it was, that Doc-

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tor Eaton gave Miss Axtell, quickly worked its spell; for after he had gone, she scarcely noticed me; she only moaned a little, and turned her head upon the pillow, as if to ease the pain that made her face so flushed. The room was darkened; the fire upon the hearth was almost out. It did n't seem the same room as that in which I had heard my song so recently. I had nothing to do but to sit and watch, — a sad, nerve-aching woman-work, at the best. In my pocket I had put the bit of woman's wear that I had taken from the iron bar in my tower. I longed to open the closet-door, and compare it with the dress that I had seen hanging there. No opportunity came. Miss Axtell was very drowsy, if not asleep. For full three hours not a varying occurred. Where had every one gone? Was I forgotten, buried in with this sick lady out of the world? Not quite; for I heard the vitalizing charm of a footstep, followed by the gentlest of knocks, which I rejoicingly answered. It was the brother, come to look at his sister. He walked quietly in, stood several moments looking at her face, as she lay with half the repose of sleep over it, then came to me and said, —

"She looks better."

"I am glad you think so," I replied; "she seems very ill to me. She called me Mary, when I first came in; since then she has n't noticed me."

"She called you Mary?" he said. "Are you Mary?"

"My name is Anna," I answered.

"Then you are not Mary?"

"Of course not; I am not two."

After a little while of silence, he said,—

"My mother's funeral will be this afternoon."

"Is there anything that I can do for you before the time?"

"Yes, if you will."

"I am ready."

"Wait here a little," he said, and went down.

Katie came up, her young rosy face delightful to behold in the half-way gloom that filled the place.

"Mr. Abraham is waiting to see you in the library," she said. "I 'll stay till you come up."

In my short journey down, I marvelled much concerning what he might want. As I entered the room, I saw no visible thing for hands to do. Now, if it were but a hat to fold the winding badge of sorrow about, or a pair of gloves to mend; but no, — he, this strange man, a sort of barbaric gentleman, looked down at me as I went in. "The doctor was right; somebody has taken the face down," I thought, as my glance went up the wall.

"What is there for me to do?" I asked; for Mr. Axtell seemed to have forgotten that he had intimated the possibility of such an event.

"Simply to look upon the face of my mother ere it goes forever away."

"Do you wish it?"

"Very much."

"I would rather not."

"As you will"; and he turned away proudly, with that high style of curling pride that has a touch of soul in it.

"No, Mr. Axtell, it is not as I will; it is very much as I will not. I can go in there, and look at the face you wish; but it will unfit me for the duties of life for days to come. The face that I see there will tenant this house forever, and not this only,—it will be seen wherever I go."

"Can you not overcome it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Why not, then?"

"It takes such sweet revenge that my overcoming is the sorriest kind of victory."

"It *is* strange," he said.

"What, Sir?"

"I beg your pardon; I was thinking in words," he replied.

"I am sorry that I cannot do as you wish," I said, and resumed my profession in the room above.

The day went on, never pausing one moment for the sorrow and the suffering that another day had brought to this house in Redleaf.

Just before the funeral-bell began to toll, Mr. Axtell came again to the sick-

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room door. There was no change. I told him so. Why did the man look as if he had been crying? Was it because he had, I wonder?

He did not come in. Poor man! He was the only relative, the only one to stand at the last beside the grave he opened yesterday. I could not help it, I held out my hand to him as he stood there in the hall. I had no words wherewith to convey sympathy. He looked at it very much as he might have done at one of the waxen hands that belong to waxen figures in a shop-window, without one ray of the meaning it was intended to convey entering into his mind. I felt confused, uncomfortable. It seemed to me, then, irreverent to his sorrow, that I, a stranger, should have attempted the proffer of sympathy; but I must make him comprehend me.

"I wanted to say that I am sorry with you," I said.

"Will you say it the same way again?"

"How?" for this time it was I who did not comprehend.

He held out his hand. I fulfilled my original intention.

"I thank you," he said, and went down alone to his mother's funeral.

How do people ever live through funerals? The solemn tolling of the bell went on. The village-people came, one by one. Aaron's voice it was that was heard in the burial-service that came sounding in to me, sitting close beside the bed whereon the sick one lay. There seemed a comfort in getting near to her. At last — what a cycle of thought! time it was at last—I heard the moving sound of many feet, and then I knew that they were carrying her out, out of the house where she had lived, out of the house wherein she had died, carrying her forth for burial, — forth to the grave her only son had made for her; and I, little, shivering, cowardly soul, hid my face in my hands, and let my tears fall,— not because I knew this proud lady dead, — not because a fibre from my warm heart was being drawn out to be knitted into that fathom-deep grave, for it never would be one of *my* graves, — but because this death and sorrow *were in the world*, and I must live my life out in a world *with them*. The funeral-bell stirred me. I looked out from the window, and saw the long procession moving slowly on.

Katie startled me, coming in.

"The minister's wife is down-stairs; she wants to know if she may come up," she said.

"She is my sister, Katie; yes, I think she may come."

I was so relieved to see Sophie; it was getting back to self again, out of which I had gone in this house. I could not help expressing my relief.

"There 's no one down there to close the house and put away the sad reminders," Sophie said, after asking about my patient. "Some one ought to make it more cheerful down there before Mr. Axtell comes."

"Won't you, Sophie, since there 's no one else?"

I could not yet go into the one room. Death had been too recently there.

"I cannot put away the feeling that I am not wanted; but it has no place here, now at least, and I will go," she said.

So, with Katie to help, she went to throw an air of light into the rooms below, to waft away the sombre shadows that clouded them, to let in a little of the coming life that must still be lived. And I waited on, up-stairs, and listened, counting each long, low peal of the bell, as it shook out its solemn meaning into the March air, and lost itself in quivering distances. They, the kindly hearts, who had come to perform the last rite, must have moved very slowly on; for I counted out the years that the one gone had lived, ere the bell stopped.

Then was silence. In that stillness they were gently lifting down the once more little one, — for are not our dead all little ones, to be watchfully thought of, to be tenderly cared for? — yes, lifting her gently down into the cradle that God hath prepared, and set the sun to rock, until His smile shall awaken, and His arms lift us out of it.

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The opiate's power was past. Miss Axtell turned upon the pillow, and asked Kate for a glass of water.

I carried it to her, lifted her head, and she drank of it without opening her eyes. She asked for Abraham.

"He will be here soon," I replied.

"I thought it was Kate," she said, calling me my own name. "Have you been here long?"

"Since morning."

"Is it afternoon?"

"Yes, three o'clock."

"Why does n't Abraham come?"

"He was here not very long ago," I said, and asked her to take some food, not wishing her to question me.

"Food!" she said, "what an odd word! Yes, so that you give it to me in pleasant guise."

"What is pleasant to you to-day?"

"Something soft and cool."

What could I give her? It was very convenient having Sophie so near. This must be Miss Axtell's self who had spoken. Delighted with the change, I ran quickly down to beg of sister Sophie a little skill in preparing some dish suitable to the illness up-stairs.

"I 'll go and make something," she said.

And straightway taking off her hat and cloak, and tossing them just where mine had gone two nights before, she followed willing Katie to regions where I had not been, and I went back to find my patient perfectly herself, — only oblivious of time. She asked me if the various preludes to the sad event had been properly done. I answered that it was over.

"And I was not to know it?"

I had heard that tone of voice, surely, somewhere else in life. Where could it have been? I thought of my tower, and of that dress in there. Was never to come chance of seeing it? It seemed quite probable, for the lady asked to have the doors opened through.

"Through where?" I asked.

"All of them," she said.

I opened the two into the dressing-room; there was still another out of that. Uncertain if she might mean it as well, I went back to ask.

"Yes," she said; and I opened it.

The first object that met my sight was the painting — the young girl's face — that had been in the library. The hair was covered, as if one had been trying effects of light and shade. I saw this instantly, and turned away.

"I would like you to raise the shades in there," Miss Axtell said. "I like the light that comes in through the distance, the afternoon light; how much it sees upon the earth!"

Going in again, I drew up one, put the drapery of the curtains back, and laid my hand upon the second, when the door from the hall opened, admitting the owner of the place.

Mr. Axtell did not look window-ward. He did not see me. A stillness of thought and being crept over me. I stood, with fingers clasped about the curtain-cord, enduring conscious paralysis. And he? He laid his overcoat across one chair; next to it was the one on which the portrait of the young girl had been placed. In front of it Mr. Axtell kneeled down, buried his face in his hands, and remained motionless. A second tower I was imprisoned in, higher up than the first, — a well, deep with veins of liquid soul, such as man nor patriarch hath ever builded, and I, a bit of rock-moss, unable to reach out to the light. I heard Miss Axtell's voice, and yet I could not move. She called, "Miss Percival!"—Mr. Axtell did not lift his head; she called, "Abraham!"—then I moved. With a slow swiftness of silence I passed by the kneeling figure, and should have gained the door, had not Mr. Axtell risen up. His eyes were, for the second time, upon me. A dark, thunderous look of anger clouded his face. I stood still and looked at him. If he had evinced emotion at my presence in any other mode, I could not have met his look.

"Your sister wished me to raise the shades in here," I said; "she likes western light."

"Why not do it, then?" — the anger

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rolling sombrous as at the first, — he asked.

I looked back. Noticing that only one of the shades was lifted, —

"I will leave it for you to do," I said; and with one involuntary glance at the young, life-young face, painted there, I went.

"I thought I heard Abraham's footsteps in the hall," said Miss Axtell, when I entered the room.

"You did," I replied. "He is come in."

The second time the sister called, "Abraham!"

"Yes, Lettie," he answered; but he did not come.

"What is the matter, Abraham?" she asked. "Why do you not come?"

"I 'm coming, Lettie."

I thought of the "something soft and cool" that Sophie was making for the invalid; and the thought took me up and carried me away before he came in.

It was not destined that I should be long gone; for I met Katie bringing up something, whose odor was not even a temperate one.

"How is this?" I asked of her; "did Mrs. Wilton send it?"

"Yes, Miss Percival."

"Where is she, Katie?"

"Gone home, she told me to tell you."

Why must Sophie run away? She fancies Aaron might not see the stars come out, if she were not near to point their coming. I would not be so simple, I think; but, whatever I thought, I took from rosy-faced Katie the bowl of warm and fragrant gruel, and carried it in to Miss Axtell.

She took it, looked up smilingly at me, and said, "Something soft and cool."

Mr. Axtell held it for her, whilst slowly she took the gruel.

Doctor Eaton came in.

"How is this?" he asked; "we shall take great skill and credit to our individual self for this recovery. Now tell me, Miss Lettie, am I not the very best physician in all Redleaf?"

"There being none other in the village, I 'll permit you to quaff the vain draught, so that you will season it with a little of my gruel; I cannot fancy, even, where it came from," she said, playfully extending to the doctor her spoon, half filled.

Doctor Eaton bent forward, and put his lips to the spoon she had not meant him to touch.

Miss Axtell seemed surprised.

"Why did you do it?" she asked, with a little bit of childish petulance.

"Because I think that you have taken all of it that is good for you at present. I made use of the speediest remedy; vital cases demand sure means, you know, Miss Lettie."

Mr. Axtell held the bowl of gruel no longer. Doctor Eaton turned to me.

"Have you been here all day?" he asked.

"I have."

"Will you put your hat on and walk in the air? There 's just time enough for you to walk to the parsonage and come back, before dark."

Did Doctor Eaton know how to prescribe for cases which were not vital? It so seemed; for he had given me my need this once. I put my hat on, as he had recommended, and went out. The day was saying its soft, genial farewells, that mingle so charmfully with the promise to come again, that is repeated throughout the great city of Nature. Doctor Eaton evidently intended to watch the effect of his dictation, for he joined me, giving me voice-intimation of his presence.

"Have you asked him yet?" he said, coming to my side, and speaking in his peculiar way, very much as if I were a little child, and he its father.

"Please tell me what I am expected to do," I replied.

"To ask Abraham Axtell about that picture, Miss Percival. It will do him good."

"I am afraid your prescriptions are not always the most agreeable," I said.

"Maybe not; it seems quite possible; but bitters are good, — try them."

"I would rather not, Doctor Eaton."

"No? Then offer them to others. Abraham Axtell is one needing them."

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"You are his physician."

"You think so?"

"No, I take the seeming."

"Unsafe road, young lady! don't take it,—take mine. Just ask Abraham *whose* face that is, then come and tell me what he tells you."

"Breach of confidence, Doctor Eaton. I could n't do it possibly."

"You 'll tell me, though, depend upon it," he said, and was carried off in great haste to repair a broken bone, and I saw him no more, until —— when?

I found the reason why Sophie must go home without one word for me. Aaron had said that he would like some peculiar admixture of flour, etc.; and she had feared that he might meet disappointment, unless she prevented it by hurrying home and adding the ingredient of her hands for his delectable comfort, which bit of spicery he undoubtedly appreciated to the complete value of the sacrifice. Sophie is wise in her day and generation. I look with affectionate, reverent admiration upon her life. It seems that she is in just the position that Creating Wisdom fitted her for. I saw Aaron looking at her across the table. She was preparing for him his cup of tea; and of course he had nought to do save to wait, and in waiting he watched her. What was it that I saw? I cannot tell. Why, how is this? the world has two sides, two phases; how many more I cannot know. That which I saw in Aaron's face was a something transitory, a nebulous luminousness of an existence that I had not known, had not imagined, having never before received intimation of it. Why will light evanish so soon?—the fragment that shone in on this *Terra Incognita* went out, was submerged in the cup of *Thea Sinensis* that Aaron received from Sophie's hand. I cannot divine why all this new world of being should fancy to unroll itself, an endless panorama of pansophical mysteries, before my eyes. I do not appreciate it in the least. Philip Bailey's "Mystic" is more comprehensible to me. This is a practical, matter-of-fact world; I know it is. Sophie Percival, my sister, is the wife of Aaron Wilton, country-clergyman in Redleaf,—nothing more; and I thought of my untasted cup of tea, in which lay condensed all the fragrance of Wooeshan hill-sides.

"Why not take your tea, Anna?" Sophie asked, just as I had decided not to think of the things that misted around me.

My answer was a taste of it. I really thought I was doing my duty, when Sophie's words came upon me, a little distractingly,—

"Will you have more sugar in your tea, Anna?"

"No, I thank you."

Aaron said,—

"The house of Axtell seems to have stolen away your proper self, Anna. I 've been watching you, and I don't really think you 've any idea of what you are subsisting on. Tell me now, what *is* upon the table?" and Aaron held a newspaper, lying conveniently near, before my eyes.

"Confession and absolution are synonymous with you, are n't they, Aaron?" I asked. "Please give me some bread"; and I put the disagreeable paper away.

There was no bread upon the table.

"My wisdom is confirmed," said Aaron; and he gave me the delectable substitute, Sophie's handiwork.

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METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

XIV.

If I succeeded in explaining my subject clearly in the last article, my readers will have seen that the five Orders of the Echinoderms are but five expressions of the same idea; and I will now endeavor to show that the same identity of structural conception prevails also throughout the two other Classes of Radiates, and further, that not only the Orders within each Class, but the three Classes themselves, Echinoderms, Acalephs, and Polyps, bear the strictest comparison, founded upon close structural analysis, and are based upon one organic formula.

We will first compare the three Orders of Acalephs, — Hydroids being the lowest, Discophoræ next, and the Ctenophoræ highest. The fact that these animals have no popular names shows how little they are known. It is true that we hear some of them spoken of as Jelly-Fishes; but this name is usually applied to the larger Discophore, when it is thrown upon the beach and lies a shapeless mass of gelatinous substance on the sand, or is seen floating on the surface of the water. The name gives no idea of the animal as it exists in full life and activity. When we speak of a Bird or an Insect, the mere name calls up at once a characteristic image of the thing; but the name of Jelly-Fish, or Sun-Fish, or Sea-Blubber, as the larger Acalephs are also called, suggests to most persons a vague idea of a fish with a gelatinous body,—or, if they have lived near the sea-shore, they associate it only with the unsightly masses of jelly-like substance sometimes strewn in thousands along the beaches after a storm. To very few does the term recall either the large Discophore, with its purple disk and its long streamers floating perhaps twenty or thirty feet behind it as it swims, — or the Ctenophore, with its more delicate, transparent structure, and almost invisible fringes in parallel rows upon the body, which decompose the rays of light as the creature moves through the water, so that hues of ruby-red and emerald-green, blue, purple, yellow, all the colors of the rainbow, ripple constantly over its surface when it is in motion, — or the Hydroid, with its little shrub-like communities living in tide-pools, establishing themselves on rocks, shells, or sea-weeds, and giving birth not only to animals attached to submarine bodies, like themselves, but also to free Medusæ or Jelly-Fishes that in their turn give birth again to eggs which return to the parent-form, and thus, by alternate generations, maintain two distinct patterns of animal life within one cycle of growth.

Perhaps, of all the three Classes of Radiates, Acalephs are the least known. The general interest in Corals has called attention to the Polyps, and the accessible haunts of the Sea-Urchins and Star-Fishes have made the Echinoderms almost as familiar to the ordinary observer as the common sea-shells, while the Acalephs are usually to be found at a greater distance from the shore, and are not easily kept in confinement. It is true that the Hydroids live along the shore, and may be reared in tanks without difficulty; but they are small, and would be often taken for sea-weeds by those ignorant of their true structure.

Thus this group of animals, with all their beauty of form, color, and movement, and peculiarly interesting from their singular modes of growth, remains comparatively unknown except to the professional naturalist. It may, therefore, be not uninteresting or useless to my readers, if I give some account of the appearance and habits of these animals, keeping in view, at the same time, my ultimate object, namely, to show that they are all founded on the same structural elements and have the same ideal significance. I will begin with some account of the Hydroids, including the story of

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the alternate generations, by which they give birth to Medusæ, while the Medusæ, in their turn, reproduce the Hydroids, from which they spring. But first, a few words upon the growth of Radiates in general.

There is no more interesting series of transformations than that of the development of Radiates. They are all born as little transparent globular bodies, covered with vibratile cilia, swimming about in this condition for a longer or shorter time; then, tapering somewhat at one end and broadening at the other, they become attached by the narrower extremity, while at the opposite one a depression takes place, deepening in the centre till it becomes an aperture, and extending its margin to form the tentacles. All Radiates pass through this Polyp-like condition at some period of their lives, either before or after they are hatched from the eggs. In some it forms a marked period of their existence, while in others it passes very rapidly and is undergone within the egg; but, at whatever time and under whatever conditions it occurs, it forms a necessary part of their development, and shows that all these animals have one and the same pattern of growth. This difference in the relative importance and duration of certain phases of growth is by no means peculiar to the Radiates, but occurs in all divisions of the Animal Kingdom. There are many Insects that pass through their metamorphoses within the egg, appearing as complete Insects at the moment of their birth; but the series of changes is nevertheless analogous to that of the Butterfly, whose existence as Worm, Chrysalis, and Winged Insect is so well known to all. Take the Grasshopper, for instance: with the exception of the wings, it is born in its mature form; but it has had its Worm-like stage within the egg as much as the Butterfly that we knew a few months ago as a Caterpillar. In the same way certain of the higher Radiates undergo all their transformations, from the Polyp phase of growth to that of Acaleph or Echinoderm, after birth; while others pass rapidly through the lower phases of their existence within the egg, and are born in their final condition, when all their intermediate changes have been completed. We have appropriate names for all the aspects of life in the Insect: we call it Larva in its first or Worm-like period, Chrysalis in its second or Crustacean-like phase of life, and Imago in its third and last condition as Winged Insect. But the metamorphoses of the Radiates are too little known to be characterized by popular names; and when they were first traced, the relation between their different phases of existence was not understood, so that the same animal in different stages of growth has frequently been described as two or more distinct animals. This has led to a confusion in our nomenclature much to be regretted; for, however inappropriate it may be, a name once accepted and passed into general use is not easily changed.

That early stage of growth, common to all Radiates, in which they resemble the Polyps, has been called the Hydra state, in consequence of their resemblance to the fresh-water Hydra to be found in quantities on the under side of Duck-Weed and Lily-pads. For any one that cares to examine these animals, it may be well to mention that they are easily found and thrive well in confinement. Dip a pitcher into any pool of fresh water where Duck-Weed or Lilies are growing in the summer, and you are sure to bring up hundreds of these fresh-water Hydræ, swarming in myriads in all our ponds. In a glass bowl their motions are easily watched; and a great deal may be learned of their habits and mode of life, with little trouble. Such an animal soon completes its growth: for the stage which I have spoken of as transient for the higher Radiates is permanent for these; and when the little sphere moving about by means of its vibratile cilia has elongated a little, attached itself by the lower end to some surface, while the inversion of the upper end has formed the mouth and digestive cavity, and the expansion of its margin has made the tentacles, the very simple story of the fresh-water Hydra is told.

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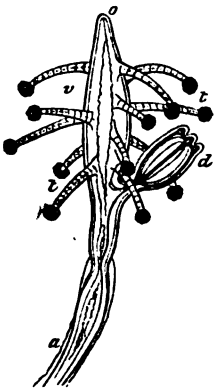
But the last page in the development of these lower Radiates is but the opening chapter in that of the higher ones, and I will give some account of their transformations as they have been observed in the Acalephs.

On shells and stones, on sea-weeds or on floating logs, there may often be observed a growth of exquisitely delicate branches, looking at first sight more like a small bunch of moss than anything else.

Coryne mirabilis, natural size.

But gather such a mossy tuft and place it in a glass bowl filled with sea-water, and you will presently find that it is full of life and activity. Every branch of this miniature shrub terminates in a little club-shaped head, upon which are scattered a number of tentacles. They are



Single head or branch of Coryne mirabilis magnified, with a Medusa bud: *a*, stem; *v*, club-shaped body; *o*, mouth; *tt*, tentacles; *d*, Medusa bud.

in constant motion, extending and contracting their tentacles, some of the heads stretched upwards, others bent downwards, all seeming very busy and active. Each tentacle has a globular tip filled with a multitude of cells, the so-called lasso-cells, each one of which conceals a coiled-up thread. These organs serve to seize the prey, shooting out their long threads, thus entangling the victim in a net more delicate than the finest spider's web, and then carrying it to the mouth by the aid of the lower part of the tentacle. The complication of structure in these animals, a whole community of which, numbering from twenty to thirty individuals, is not more than an inch in height, is truly wonderful. In such a community the different animals are hardly larger than a good-sized pin's head; and yet every individual has a digestive cavity and a complete system of circulation. Its body consists of a cavity inclosed in a double wall, continuing along the whole length of each branch till it joins the common stem forming the base of the stock. In this cavity the food becomes softened and liquefied by the water that enters with it through the mouth, and is thus transformed into a circulating fluid which flows from each head to the very base of the community and back again. The inner surface of the digestive cavity is lined with brownish-red granules, which probably aid in the process of digestion; they frequently become loosened, fall into the circulating fluid, and may be seen borne along the stream as it passes up and down. The rosy tint of the little community is due to these reddish granules.

This crowd of beings united in a common life began as one such little Hydra-like animal as I have described above,—floating free at first, then becoming attached, and growing into a populous stock by putting out buds at different heights along the length of the stem. The formation of such a bud is very simple, produced by the folding outwardly of the double wall of the body, appearing first as a slight projection of the stem sideways, which elongates gradually, putting out tentacles as it grows longer, while at the upper end an aperture is formed to make the mouth. This is one of the lower group of Radiates, known as Hydroids, and long believed to be Polyps, from their mode of

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living in communities and reproducing their kind by budding, after the fashion of Corals. But if such a little tuft of Hydroids has been gathered in spring, a close observer may have an opportunity of watching the growth of another kind of individual from it, which would seem to show its alliance with the Acalephs rather than the Polyps. At any time late in February or early in March, bulb-like projections, more globular than the somewhat elongated buds of the true Hydroid heads, may be seen growing either among the tentacles of one of these little animals, or just below the head where it merges in the stem.* Very delicate and transparent in substance, it is hardly perceptible at first; and the gradual formation of its internal structure is the less easily discerned, because a horny sheath, forming the outer covering of the Hydroid stock, extends to inclose and shield the new-comer, whom we shall see to be so different from the animal that gives it birth that one would suppose the Hydroid parent must be as much surprised at the sight of its offspring as the Hen that has accidentally hatched a Duck's egg. At the right moment this film is torn open by the convulsive contractions of the animal, which, thus freed from its envelope, begins at once to expand. By this time this little bud has assumed the form of a Medusoid or Jelly-Fish disk, with its four tubes radiating from the central cavity. The proboscis, so characteristic of all Jelly-Fishes, hangs from the central opening; and the tentacles, coiled within the internal cavity up to this time, now make their appearance, and we have a complete little Medusa growing upon the Hydroid head. Gradually the point by which it is attached to the parent-stock narrows and becomes more and more contracted, till the animal drops off and swims away, a free Jelly-Fish.

The substance of these animals seems to have hardly more density or solidity than their native element. I remember showing one to a friend who had never seen such an animal before, and after watching its graceful motions for a moment in the glass bowl where it was swimming, he asked, "Is it anything more than organized water?" The question was very descriptive; for so little did it seem to differ in substance from the water in which it floated that one might well fancy that some drops had taken upon themselves organic structure, and had begun to live and move. It swims by means of rapid contractions and expansions of its disk, thus impelling itself through the water, its tentacles floating behind it and measuring many times the length of the body. The disk is very convex, as will be seen by the wood-cut; four tubes radiate from the central cavity to the periphery, where they unite in a circular tube around the margin and connect also with the four tentacles; from the centre of the lower surface hangs the proboscis, terminating in a mouth. Notwithstanding the delicate structure of this little being, it is exceedingly voracious. It places it-

Little Jelly-Fish, commonly called Sarsia, the free Medusa of Coryne mirabilis.

* See lower wood-cut, p. 294, *d*.

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self upon the surface of the animal on which it feeds, and, if it have any hard parts, it simply sucks the juices, dropping the dead carcass immediately after; but it swallows whole the little Acalephs of other Species and other soft animals that come in its way. Early in summer these Jelly-Fishes drop their eggs, little transparent pear-shaped bodies, covered with vibratile cilia. They swim about for a time, until they have found a resting-place, where they attach themselves, each one founding a Hydroid stock of its own, which will in time produce a new brood of Medusæ.

This series of facts, presented here in their connection, had been observed separately before their true relation was understood. Investigations had been made on the Hydroid stock, described as *Coryne*, and upon its Medusoid offspring, described as *Sarsia*, named after the naturalist Sars, whose beautiful papers upon this class of animals have associated his name with it; but the investigations by which all these facts have been associated in one connected series are very recent. These transformations do not correspond to our common idea of metamorphoses, as observed in the Insect, for instance. In the Butterfly's life we have always one and the same individual, — the Caterpillar passing into the Chrysalis state, and the Chrysalis passing into the condition of the Winged Insect. But in the case I have been describing, while the Hydroid gives birth to the Medusa, it still preserves its own distinct existence; and the different forms developed on one stock seem to be two parallel lives, and not the various phases of one and the same life. This group of Hydroids retains the name of Coryne; and the Medusa born from it, Sarsia, has received, as I have said, the name of the distinguished investigator to whose labors we owe much of our present knowledge of these animals. — Let us look now at another group of Hydroids, whose mode of development is equally curious and interesting.

The little transparent embryos from which they arise, oval in form, with a slight, scarcely perceptible depression at one end, resemble the embryos of Coryne already described. They may be seen in great numbers in the spring, floating about in the water, or rather swimming, — for the motion of all Radiates in their earliest stage of existence is rapid and constant, in consequence of the vibratile cilia that cover the surface. At this stage of its existence such an embryo is perfectly free, but presently its wandering life comes to an end; it shows a disposition to become fixed, and proceeds to choose a suitable resting-place. I use the word "choose" advisedly; for though at this time the little embryo seems to have no developed organs, it yet exercises a certain discrimination in its selection of a home. Slightly pear-shaped in form, it settles down upon its narrower end; it wavers and sways to and fro, as if trying to get a firm foothold and force itself down upon the surface to which it adheres; but presently, as if dissatisfied with the spot it has chosen, it suddenly breaks loose and swims away to another locality, where the same examination is repeated, not more to its own satisfaction apparently, for the creature will renew the experiment half a dozen times, perhaps, before making a final selection and becoming permanently attached to the soil. In the course of this process the lower end becomes flattened, and moulds itself to the shape of the body on which it rests. Once settled, this animal, thus far hardly more than a transparent oblong body without any distinct organs, begins to develop rapidly. It elongates, forming a kind of cup-like base or stem, the upper end spreads somewhat, the depression at its centre deepens, a mouth is formed that gapes widely and opens into the digestive cavity, and the upper margin spreads out to form a number of tentacles, few at first, but growing more and more numerous till a wreath is completed all around it. In this condition the young Jelly-Fish has been described under the name of *Scyphostoma*. As soon as this wreath of tentacles is formed, a constriction takes

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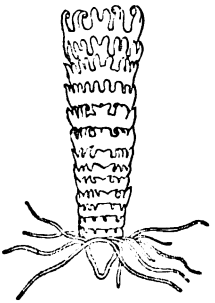
Scyphostoma of Aurelia flavidula, our common white Jelly-Fish with a rosy cross.

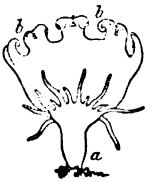
place below it, thus separating the upper portion of the animal from the lower by a marked dividing-line. Presently a second constriction takes place below the first, then a third, till the entire length of the animal is divided across by a number of such transverse constrictions, the whole body growing, meanwhile, in height. But now an extraordinary change takes place in the portions thus divided off. Each one assumes a distinct organic structure, as if it had an individual life of its own. The margin becomes lobed in eight deep scallops, and a tube or canal runs through the centre of each such lobe to the centre of the body, where a digestive cavity is already formed. At this time the constrictions have deepened, so that the margins of all the successive divisions of the little Hydroid are very prominent, and the whole animal looks like a pile of saucers, or of disks with scalloped edges and the convex side turned downward. Its general aspect may be compared to a string of Lilac-blossoms, such as the children make for necklaces in the spring, in which the base of one blossom



Strobila of Aurelia flavidula.

is inserted into the upper side of the one below it. In this condition our Jelly-Fish has been called *Strobila.*

While these organic changes take place in the lower disks, the topmost one, forming the summit of the pile and bearing the tentacles, undergoes no such modification, but presently the first constriction dividing it from the rest deepens to such a degree that it remains united to them by a mere thread only, and it soon breaks off and dies. This is the signal for the breaking up of the whole pile in the same way by the deepening of the constrictions; but, instead of dying, as they part, they begin a new existence as free Medusæ. Only the lowest portion of the body remains, and around the margin of this tentacles have developed corresponding to those which crowned the first little embryo; this repeats the whole his-



Strobila of Aurelia flavidula: *a*, Scyphostoma reproduced at the base of a Strobila, *bb*, all the disks of which have dropped off but the last.

tory again, growing up during the following season to divide itself into disks like its predecessor.

As each individual separates from the community of which it has made a part, it reverses its position, and, instead of turning the margin of the disk upward, it turns it downward, thus bringing the mouth below and the curve of the disk above. These free individuals have been described under the name of *Ephyra.* This is the third phase of the existence of our Jelly-Fish. It swims freely about, a transparent, umbrella-like disk, with a proboscis hanging from the lower side, which, to complete the comparison, we may call the handle of the umbrella. The margin of the disk is even more deeply lobed than in the Hydroid condition, and in the middle of each lobe is a second de-

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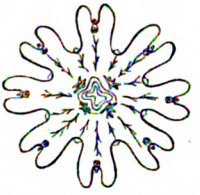
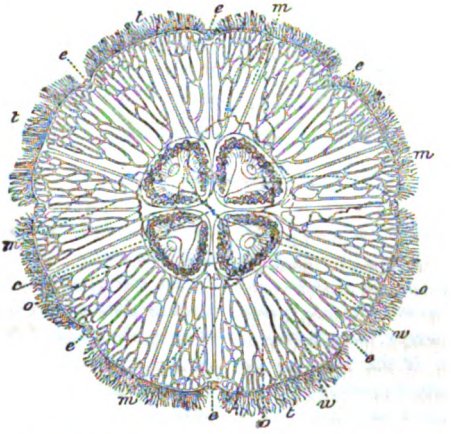


Ephyra of Aurelia flavidula.

pression, quite deep and narrow, at the base of which is an eye. How far such organs are gifted with the power of vision we cannot decide; but the cells of which they are composed certainly serve the purpose of facets, of lenses and prisms, and must convey to the animal a more or less distinct perception of light and color. The lobes are eight in number, as before, with a tube diverging from the centre of the body into each lobe. Shorter tubes between the lobes alternate with these, making thus sixteen radiating tubes, all ramifying more or less.

From this stage to its adult condition, the animal undergoes a succession of changes in the gradual course of its growth, uninterrupted, however, by any such abrupt transition as that by which it began its life as a free animal. The lobes are gradually obliterated, so that the



Aurelia flavidula, the common white Jelly-Fish of our sea-shores, seen from above: *c*, mouth; *eeeeee*, eyes; *mmmm*, lobes or curtain of the mouth in outlines; *ooo*, ovaries; *ttt*, tentacles; *ww*, ramified tubes.

margin becomes almost an unbroken circle. The eight eyes were, as I have said, at the bottom of depressions in the centre of the several lobes; but, by the equalizing of the marginal line, the gradual levelling, as it were, of all the inequalities of the edge, the eyes are pushed out, and occupy eight spots on the margin, where a faint indentation only marks what was before a deep cut in the lobe. The eight tubes of the lobes have extended in like manner to the edge, and join it just at the point where the eyes are placed, so that the extremity of each tube unites with the base of each eye. Those parts of the margin filling the spaces between the eyes correspond to the depressions dividing the lobes or scallops in the earlier stage, and to these radiate the eight other tubes alternating with the eye-tubes, now divided into numerous branches. Along each of these spaces is developed a fine, delicate fringe of tentacles, hanging down like a veil when the animal is at rest, or swept back when it is in motion. In the previous stage, the tubes ramified toward the margin; but now they branch at or near their point of starting from the central cavity, so extensively that every part of the body is traversed by these collateral tubes, and when one looks down at it from above through the gelatinous transparent disk, the numerous ramifications resemble the

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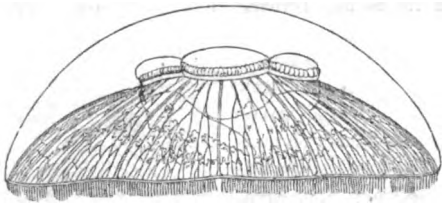
fine fibrous structure of a leaf with its net-work of nervules.

On the lower side, or what I have called in a previous article the oral region of the animal, a wonderfully complicated apparatus is developed. The mouth projects in four angles, and at each such angle a curtain arises, stretching outwardly, and sometimes extending as far as the margin. These curtains are fringed and folded on the lower edge, so that they look like four ruffled flounces hanging from the lower side of the animal. On the upper side of the body, but alternating in position with these curtains, are the four ovaries, crescent-like in shape, and so placed as to form the figure of a cross, when seen from above through the transparency of the disk. I should add, that, though I speak of some organs as being on the upper and others on the lower side of the body, all are under the convex, arched surface of the disk, which is gelatinous throughout, and simply forms a transparent vaulted roof, as it were, above the rest of the body.



Aurelia flavidula, seen in profile.

When these animals first make their appearance in the spring, they may be seen, when the sky is clear and the sea smooth, floating in immense numbers near the surface of the water, though they do not seek the glare of the sun, but are more often found about sheltered places, in the neighborhood of wharves or overhanging rocks. As they grow larger, they lose something of their gregarious disposition, — they scatter more; and at this time they prefer the sunniest exposures, and like to bask in the light and warmth. They assume every variety of attitude, but move always by the regular contraction and expansion of the disk, which rises and falls with rhythmical alternations, the average number of these movements being from twelve to fifteen in a minute. There can be no doubt that they perceive what is going on about them, and are very sensitive to changes in the state of the atmosphere; for, as soon as the surface of the water is ruffled, or the sky becomes overcast, they sink into deeper water, and vanish out of sight. When approached with a dip-net, it is evident, from the acceleration of their movements, that they are attempting to escape.

At the spawning season, toward the end of July or the beginning of August, they gather again in close clusters. At this period I have seen them at Nahant in large shoals, covering a space of fifty feet or more, and packed so closely in one unbroken mass that an oar could not be thrust between them without injuring many. So deep was the phalanx that I could not ascertain how far it extended below the surface of the water, and those in the uppermost layer were partially forced out of the water by the pressure of those below.

It is not strange that the relation between the various phases of this extraordinary series of metamorphoses, so different from each other in their external aspects, should not have been recognized at once, and that this singular Acaleph should have been called Scyphostoma in its simple Hydroid condition, Strobila after the transverse division of the body had taken place, Ephyra in the first stages of its free existence, and Aurelia in its adult state,—being thus described as four distinct

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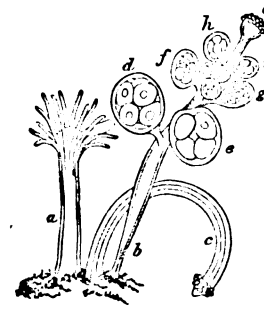
animals. These various forms are now rightly considered as the successive stages of a development intimately connected in all its parts, — beginning with the simple Hydroid attached to the ground, and closing in the shape of our common Aurelia, with its white transparent disk, its silky fringe of tentacles around the margin, its ruffled curtains hanging from the mouth, and its four crescent-shaped ovaries grouped to form a cross on the summit. From these ovaries a new brood of little embryos is shed in due time.

There are other Hydroids giving rise to Medusæ buds, from which, however, the Medusæ do not separate to begin a new life, but wither on the Hydroid stock, after having come to maturity and dropped their eggs. Such is the *Hydractinia polyclina*. This curious community begins, like the preceding ones, with a single little individual, settling upon some shell or stone, or on the rocks in a tide-pool, where it will sometimes cover a space of several square feet. Rosy in color, very soft and delicate in texture, such a growth of Hydractinia spreads a velvet-like carpet over the rocks on which it occurs. They may be kept in aquariums with perfect success, and for that purpose it is better to gather them on single shells or stones, so that the whole community may be removed unbroken. These colonies of Hydractinia have one very singular character: they exist in distinct communities, some of which give birth only to male, others to female individuals. The functions, also, are divided,—certain members of the community being appointed to special offices, in which the others do not share. Some bear the Medusæ buds, which in due time become laden with eggs, but, as I have said, wither and die after the eggs are hatched. Others put forth Hydroid buds only, while others again are wholly sterile. About the outskirts of the community are more simple individuals, whose whole body seems to be hardly more than a double-walled tube, terminating in a knob of lasso-cells. They are like long tentacles placed where they can most easily seize the prey that happens to approach the little colony. The entire community is connected at its base by a horny net-work, uniting all the Hydroid stems in its meshes, and spreading over the whole surface on which the colony has established itself.



Hydractinia polyclina: *a*, sterile individual; *b*, fertile individual, producing female Medusæ; *d*, *e*, female Medusæ, containing advanced eggs; *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, cluster of female Medusæ, with less advanced eggs; *o*, peduncle of mouth, with short globular tentacles; *c*, individual with globular tentacles, upon which no Medusæ have appeared, or from which they have dropped.

There is a very curious and beautiful animal, or rather community of animals, closely allied to the *Hydractinia polyclina*, which next deserves to be noticed. The Portuguese Man-of-War — so called from its bright-colored crest, which makes it so conspicuous as it sails upon the water, and the long and various streamers that hang from its lower side — is such a community of animals as I have just described, reversed in position, however, with the individuals hanging down, and the base swollen and expanded to make the air-bladder which forms its brilliant crested float. In this curious Acalephian Hydroid, or *Physalia*, the individuality of function is even more marked than in the Hydractinia. As in the latter, some of the individuals are Medusæ-bearing, and others simple Hydræ; but, beside these, there are certain members of the community who act as swimmers, to carry it along through the water, — others that are its purveyors,

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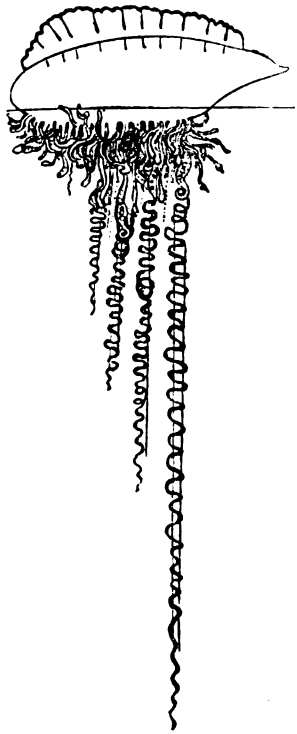
catching the prey, by which, however, they profit only indirectly, for others are appointed to eat it, and these feeders may be seen sometimes actually gorged with the food they have devoured, and which is then distributed throughout the community by the process of digestion and circulation.



Physalia, or Portuguese Man-of-War.

It would be hopeless, even were it desirable, to attempt within the limits of such an article as this to give the faintest idea of the number and variety of these Hydroids; and I will therefore say nothing of the endless host of Tubularians, Campanularians, Sertularians, etc. They are very abundant along our coast, and will well reward any who care to study their habits and their singular modes of growth. For their beauty, simply, it is worth while to examine them. Some are deep red, others rosy, others purple, others white with a glitter upon them, as if frosted with silver. Their homes are very various. Some like the fresh, deep sea-water, while they avoid the dash and tumult of the waves; and they establish themselves in the depressions on some low ledge of rocks running far out from the shore, and yet left bare for an hour or two, when the tide is out. In such a depression, forming a stony cup filled with purest sea-water, overhung by a roof of rock, which may be fringed by a heavy curtain of brown seaweed, the rosy-headed, branching Eudendrium, one of the prettiest of the Tubularians, may be found. Others like the tide-pools, higher up on the rocks, that are freshened by the waves only when the tide is full: such are the small, creeping Campanularians. Others, again, like the tiny Dynamena, prefer the rougher action of the sea; and they settle upon the sides of rents and fissures in the cliffs along the shore, where even in calm weather the waves rush in and out with a certain degree of violence, broken into eddies by the abrupt character of the rocks. Others seek the broad fronds of the larger sea-weeds, and are lashed up and down upon their spreading branches, as they rock to and fro with the motion of the sea. Many live in sheltered harbors, attaching themselves to floating logs, or to the keels of vessels; and some are even so indifferent to the freshness of the water that they may be found in numbers along the city-wharves.*

Beside the Jelly-Fishes arising from Hydroids, there are many others resembling these in all the essential features of their structure, but differing in their mode of development; for, although more or less Polyp-like when first born from the egg, they never become attached, nor do they ever bud or divide, but reach their mature condition without any such striking

* Those who care to know more of the habits and structure of these animals will find more detailed descriptions of all the various species, illustrated by numerous plates, in the fourth volume of my *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*, just published.

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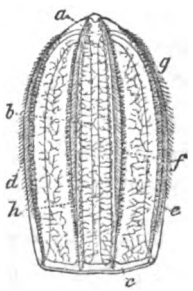
metamorphoses as those that characterize the development of the Hydroid Acalephs. All the Medusæ, whether they arise from buds on the Hydroid stock, like the Sarsia, or from transverse division of the Hydroid form, like the Aurelia, or grow directly from the egg to maturity, without pausing in the Hydroid phase, like the Campanella, agree in the general division and relation of parts. All have a central cavity, from which arise radiating tubes extending to the margin of the umbrella-like disk, where they unite either in a net-work of meshes or in a single circular tube. But there is a great difference in the oral apparatus; the elaborate ruffled curtains, that hang from the corners of the mouth, occur only in the Species arising from the transverse division of the Polyp-like young. For this reason they are divided into two Orders,—the Hydroids and the Discophoræ.

The third Order, the Ctenophoræ, are among the most beautiful of the Acalephs. I have spoken of the various hues they assume when in motion, and I will add one word of the peculiarity in their structure which causes this effect. The Ctenophoræ differ from the Jelly-Fishes described above in sending off from the main cavity only two main tubes, instead of four like the others; but each of these tubes divides and subdivides in four branches as it approaches the periphery. From the eight branches produced in this way there arise vertical tubes extending in opposite directions up and down the sides of the body. Along these vertical tubes run the rows of little locomotive oars, or combs, as they have been called, from which these animals derive their name of Ctenophoræ. The rapid motion of these flappers causes the decomposition of the rays of light along the surface of the body, producing the most striking prismatic effect; and it is no exaggeration to say that no jewel is brighter than these Ctenophoræ as they move through the water.



Idyia roseola; one of our Ctenophoræ: *a*, anal aperture; *b*, radiating tube; *c*, circular tube; *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, rows of locomotive fringes.

I trust I have succeeded in showing that the three Orders of the Acalephs are, like the five Orders of the Echinoderms, different degrees of complication of the same structure. In the Hydroids, the organization does not rise above the simple digestive cavity inclosed by the double body-wall; and we might not suspect their relation to the Acalephs, did we not see the Jelly-Fish born from the Hydroid stock. In the Hydroid-Medusæ and Discophoræ, instead of a simple digestive sac, as in the Hydroids, we have a cavity sending off tubes toward the periphery, which ramify more or less in their course. Now whether there are four tubes or eight, whether they ramify extensively or not, whether there are more or less complicated appendages around the margin or the mouth, makes no difference in the essential structure of these bodies. They are all disk-like in outline, they all have tentacles hanging from the margin, and a central cavity from which tubes diverge that divide the body into a certain number of portions, bearing in all the same relation to each other and to the central cavity. In the Ctenophoræ, another complication of structure is introduced in the combination of vertical with horizontal tubes and the external appendages accompanying them.

But, whatever their differences may be, a very slight effort of the imagination only is needed to transform any one of these forms into any other. Reverse the position of any simple Hydra, so that the tentacles hang down from the margin,

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and let four tubes radiate from the central cavity to the periphery, and we have the lowest form of Jelly-Fish. Expand the cup of the Hydra to form a gelatinous disk, increase the number of tubes, complicate their ramifications, let eyes be developed along the margin, add some external appendages, and we have the Discophore. Elongate the disk in order to give the body an oval form, diminish the number of main tubes, and let them give off vertical as well as horizontal branches, and we have the Ctenophore.

In the Class of Polyps there are but two Orders, — the Actinoids and the Halcyonoids; and I have already said so much of the structure of Polyps that I think I need not repeat my remarks here in order to show the relation between these groups. The body of all Polyps consists of a sac divided into chambers by vertical partitions, and having a wreath of hollow tentacles around the summit, each one of which opens into one of the chambers. The greater complication of these parts and their limitation in definite numbers constitute the characters upon which their superiority or inferiority of structure is based. Here the comparison is easily made; it is simply the complication and number of identical parts that make the difference between the Orders. The Actinoids stand lowest from the simple character and indefinite increase of these parts; while the Halcyonoids, with their eight lobed tentacles, corresponding to the same number of internal divisions, are placed above them.

We have the key-note to the common structure of the three Classes whose Orders we have been comparing in the name of the division to which they all belong: they are *Radiates*. The idea of radiation lies at the foundation of all these animals, whatever be their form or substance. Whether stony, like the Corals, or soft, like the Sea-Anemone, or gelatinous and transparent, like the Jelly-Fish, or hard and brittle, like the Sea-Urchins, — whether round or oblong or cylindrical or stellate, in all, the internal structure obeys this law of radiation.

Not only is this true in a general way, but the comparison may be traced in all the details. One may ask how the narrow radiating tubes of the Acalephs, traversing the gelatinous mass of the body, can be compared to the wide radiating chambers of the Polyp; and yet nothing is more simple than to thicken the partitions in the Polyps so much as to narrow the chambers between them, till they form narrow alleys instead of wide spaces, and then we have the tubes of the Jelly-Fish. In the Jelly-Fish there is a circular tube around the margin into which all the radiating tubes open. What have we to compare with this in the Polyps? The outer edge of each partition in the Polyp is pierced by a hole near the margin. Of course when the partition is thickened, this hole, remaining open, becomes a tube; for what is a tube but an elongated hole? The comparison of the Acalephs with the Echinoderms is still easier, for they both have tubes; but in the latter the tubes are inclosed in walls of their own, instead of traversing the mass of the body, as in Acalephs, etc.

In preparing these articles on the homologies of Radiates, I have felt the difficulty of divesting my subject of the technicalities which cling to all scientific results, until they are woven into the tissue of our every-day knowledge and assume the familiar garb of our common intellectual property. When the forms of animals are as familiar to children as their A, B, C, and the intelligent study of Natural History, from the objects themselves, and not from text-books alone, is introduced into all our schools, we shall have popular names for things that can now only be approached with a certain professional stateliness on account of their technical nomenclature. The best result of such familiarity with Nature will be the recognition of an intellectual unity holding together all the various forms of life as parts of one Creative Conception.

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GABRIEL'S DEFEAT.

In exploring among dusty files of newspapers for the true records of Denmark Vesey and Nat Turner, I have caught occasional glimpses of a plot perhaps more wide in its outlines than that of either, which has lain obscure in the darkness of half a century, traceable only in the political events which dated from it, and the utter incorrectness of the scanty traditions which assumed to preserve it. And though researches in public libraries have only proved to me how rapidly the materials for American history are vanishing, — since not one of our great institutions possesses, for instance, a file of any Southern newspaper of the year 1800, — yet the little which I have gained may have an interest which makes it worth preserving. I have never been able to see why American historians should be driven to foreign lands for subjects, when our own nation has furnished tyrannies more terrible than that of Philip of Spain, and heroes more silent than William of Orange, — or why our novelists must seek themes in Italy, on the theory avowed by one of the most gifted of their number, that this country is given over to a "broad commonplace prosperity," and harbors "no picturesque or gloomy wrong." But since, as the Spanish proverb says, no man can at the same time ring the bells and walk in the procession, so it has perhaps happened that those most qualified to record the romance of slave-institutions have been thus far too busy in dealing with the reality.

Three times, at intervals of thirty years, has a wave of unutterable terror swept across the Old Dominion, bringing thoughts of agony to every Virginian master, and of vague hope to every Virginian slave. Each time has one man's name become a spell of dismay and a symbol of deliverance. Each time has that name eclipsed its predecessor, while recalling it for a moment to fresher memory: John Brown revived the story of Nat Turner, as in his day Nat Turner recalled the vaster schemes of Gabriel.

On September 8th, 1800, a Virginia correspondent wrote thus to the Philadelphia "United States Gazette": —

"For the week past, we have been under momentary expectation of a rising among the negroes, who have assembled to the number of nine hundred or a thousand, and threatened to massacre all the whites. They are armed with desperate weapons, and secrete themselves in the woods. God only knows our fate; we have strong guards every night under arms."

It was no wonder, if there were foundation for such rumors. Liberty was the creed or the cant of the day. France was being rocked by revolution, and England by Clarkson. In America, slavery was habitually recognized as a misfortune and an error, only to be palliated by the nearness of its expected end. How freely anti-slavery pamphlets had been circulated in Virginia we know from the priceless volumes collected and annotated by Washington, and now preserved in the Boston Athenæum. Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," itself an anti-slavery tract, had passed through seven editions. Judge St. George Tucker, law-professor in William and Mary College, had recently published his noble work, "A Dissertation on Slavery, with a Proposal for the Gradual Abolition of it in the State of Virginia." From all this agitation a slave insurrection was a mere corollary. With so much electricity in the air, a single flash of lightning foreboded all the terrors of the tempest. Let but a single armed negro be seen or suspected, and at once on many a lonely plantation there were trembling hands at work to bar doors and windows that seldom had been even closed before, and there was shuddering when a gray squirrel scrambled over the roof, or a shower

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of walnuts came down clattering from the overhanging boughs.

Early in September, 1800, as a certain Mr. Moseley Sheppard, of Henrico County in Virginia, was one day sitting in his counting-room, two negroes knocked at the door and were let in. They shut the door themselves, and began to unfold an insurrectionary plot, which was subsequently repeated by one of them, named Ben Woodfolk or Woolfolk, in presence of the court, on the fifteenth of the same month.

He stated that about the first of the preceding June he had been asked by a negro named Colonel George whether he would like to be made a Mason. He refused; but George ultimately prevailed on him to have an interview with a certain leading man among the blacks, named Gabriel. Arrived at the place of meeting, he found many persons assembled, to whom a preliminary oath was administered, that they would keep secret all which they might hear. The leaders then began, to the dismay of this witness, to allude to a plan of insurrection, which, as they stated, was already far advanced toward maturity. Presently a man named Martin, Gabriel's brother, proposed religious services, caused the company to be duly seated, and began an impassioned exposition of Scripture, bearing upon the perilous theme. The Israelites were glowingly portrayed as a type of successful resistance to tyranny; and it was argued, that now, as then, God would stretch forth His arm to save, and would strengthen a hundred to overthrow a thousand. Thus passed, the witness stated, this preparatory meeting. At a subsequent gathering the affair was brought to a point, and the only difficult question was, whether to rise in rebellion upon a certain Saturday, or upon the Sunday following. Gabriel said that Saturday was the day already fixed, and that it must not be altered; but George was for changing it to Sunday, as being more convenient for the country negroes, who could travel on that day without suspicion. Gabriel, however, said decisively that they had enough to carry Richmond without them, and Saturday was therefore retained as the momentous day.

This was the confession, so far as it is now accessible; and on the strength of it Ben Woolfolk was promptly pardoned by the court for all his sins, past, present, or to come, and they proceeded with their investigation. Of Gabriel little appeared to be known, except that he had been the property of Thomas Prosser, a young man who had recently inherited a plantation a few miles from Richmond, and who had the reputation among his neighbors of "behaving with great barbarity to his slaves." Gabriel was, however, reported to be "a fellow of courage and intellect above his rank in life,"— to be about twenty-five years of age,— and to be guiltless of the alphabet.

Further inquiry made it appear that the preparations of the insurgents were hardly adequate to any grand revolutionary design,— at least, if they proposed to begin with open warfare. The commissariat may have been well organized, for black Virginians are apt to have a prudent eye to the larder; but the ordnance department and the treasury were as low as if Secretary Floyd had been in charge of them. A slave called "Prosser's Ben" testified that he went with Gabriel to see Ben Woolfolk, who was going to Caroline County to enlist men, and that "Gabriel gave him three shillings for himself and three other negroes, to be expended in recruiting men." Their arms and ammunition, so far as reported, consisted of a peck of bullets, ten pounds of powder, and twelve scythe-swords, made by Gabriel's brother Solomon, and fitted with handles by Gabriel himself. "These cutlasses," said subsequently a white eyewitness, "are made of scythes cut in two and fixed into well-turned handles. I have never seen arms so murderous. Those who still doubt the importance of the conspiracy which has been so fortunately frustrated would shudder with horror at the sight of these instruments of death." And as it presently appeared that a conspirator named Scott had

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astonished his master by accidentally pulling ten dollars from a ragged pocket which seemed inadequate to the custody of ten cents, it was agreed that the plot might still be dangerous, even though the resources seemed limited.

And indeed, as was soon discovered, the effective weapon of the insurgents lay in the very audacity of their plan. The scheme, as it existed in the mind of Gabriel, was as elaborate as that of Denmark Vesey, and as thorough as that of Nat Turner. If the current statements of all the Virginia letter-writers were true, "nothing could have been better contrived." It was to have taken effect on the first day of September. The rendezvous for the blacks was to be a brook six miles from Richmond. Eleven hundred men were to assemble there, and were to be divided into three columns, their officers having been designated in advance. All were to march on Richmond, — then a town of eight thousand inhabitants, — under cover of night. The right wing was instantly to seize upon the penitentiary building, just converted into an arsenal; while the left wing was to take possession of the powder-house. These two columns were to be armed chiefly with clubs, as their undertaking depended for success upon surprise, and was expected to prevail without hard fighting. But it was the central force, armed with muskets, cutlasses, knives, and pikes, upon which the chief responsibility rested; these men were to enter the town at both ends simultaneously, and begin a general carnage, none being excepted save the French inhabitants, who were supposed for some reason to be friendly to the negroes. In a very few hours, it was thought, they would have entire control of the metropolis. And that this hope was not in the least unreasonable was shown by the subsequent confessions of weakness from the whites. "They could scarcely have failed of success," wrote the Richmond Correspondent of the Boston "Chronicle," "for, after all, we could only muster four or five hundred men, of whom not more than thirty had muskets."

For the insurgents, if successful, the penitentiary held several thousand stand of arms; the powder-house was well stocked; the capitol contained the State treasury; the mills would give them bread; the control of the bridge across James River would keep off enemies from beyond. Thus secured and provided, they planned to issue proclamations summoning to their standard "their fellow-negroes and the friends of humanity throughout the continent." In a week, it was estimated, they would have fifty thousand men on their side, with which force they could easily possess themselves of other towns; and, indeed, a slave named John Scott — possibly the dangerous possessor of the ten dollars — was already appointed to head the attack on Petersburg. But in case of final failure, the project included a retreat to the mountains, with their new-found property. John Brown was therefore anticipated by Gabriel, sixty years before, in believing the Virginia mountains to have been "created, from the foundation of the world, as a place of refuge for fugitive slaves."

These are the statements of the contemporary witnesses; they are repeated in many newspapers of the year 1800, and are in themselves clear and consistent. Whether they are on the whole exaggerated or understated, it is now impossible to say. It is certain that a Richmond paper of September 12th (quoted in the "New York Gazette" of September 18th) declares that "the plot has been entirely exploded, which was shallow; and had the attempt been made to carry it into execution, but little resistance would have been required to render the scheme entirely abortive." But it is necessary to remember that this is no more than the Charleston newspapers said at the very crisis of Denmark Vesey's formidable plot. "Last evening," wrote a lady from Charleston in 1822, "twenty-five hundred of our citizens were under arms to guard our

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property and lives. But it is a subject *not to be mentioned* [so underscored]; and unless you hear of it elsewhere, say nothing about it." Thus it is always hard to know whether to assume the facts of an insurrection as above or below the estimates. This Virginian excitement also happened at a period of intense political agitation, and was seized upon as a boon by the Federalists. The very article above quoted is ironically headed, "Holy Insurrection," and takes its motto from Jefferson, with profuse capital letters, — "The Spirit of the Master is abating, that of the Slave rising from the dust, his condition mollifying."

In view of the political aspect thus given to the plot, and of its ingenuity and thoroughness likewise, the Virginians were naturally disposed to attribute to white men some share in it; and speculation presently began to run wild. The newspapers were soon full of theories, no two being alike, and no one credible. The plot originated, some said, in certain handbills written by Jefferson's friend Callender, then in prison at Richmond on a charge of sedition; these were circulated by two French negroes, aided by a "United Irishman," calling himself a Methodist preacher, — and it was in consideration of these services that no Frenchman was to be injured by the slaves. When Gabriel was arrested, the editor of the "United States Gazette" affected much diplomatic surprise that no letters were *yet* found upon his person "from Fries, Gallatin, or Duane, nor was he at the time of his capture accompanied by any United Irishman." "He, however, acknowledges that there are others concerned, and that he is not the principal instigator." All Federalists agreed that the Southern Democratic talk was constructive insurrection, — which it certainly was, — and they painted graphic pictures of noisy "Jacobins" over their wine, and eager, dusky listeners behind their chairs. "It is evident that the French principles of liberty and equality have been effused into the minds of the negroes, and that the incautious and intemperate use of the words by some whites among us have inspired them with hopes of success." "While the fiery Hotspurs of the State vociferate their *French babble* of the natural equality of man, the insulted negro will be constantly stimulated to cast away his cords and to sharpen his pike." "It is, moreover, believed, though not positively known, that a great many of our profligate and abandoned whites (who are distinguished by the burlesque appellation of *Democrats*) are implicated with the blacks, and would have joined them, if they had commenced their operations. . . . . The Jacobin printers and their friends are panic-struck. Never was terror more strongly depicted in the countenances of men." These extracts from three different Federalist newspapers show the amiable emotions of that side of the house; while Democratic Duane, in the "Aurora," could find no better repartee than to attribute the whole trouble to the policy of the Administration in renewing commercial intercourse with San Domingo.

I have discovered in the Norfolk "Epitome of the Times," for October 9, 1800, a remarkable epistle written from Richmond jail by the unfortunate Callender himself. He indignantly denies the charges against the Democrats, of complicity in dangerous plots, boldly retorting them upon the Federalists. "An insurrection at this critical moment by the negroes of the Southern States would have thrown everything into confusion, and consequently it was to have prevented the choice of electors in the whole or the greater part of the States to the south of the Potomac. Such a disaster must have tended directly to injure the interests of Mr. Jefferson, and to promote the slender possibility of a second election of Mr. Adams." And, to be sure, the "United States Gazette" followed up the thing with a good, single-minded party malice which cannot be surpassed in these present days, ending in such altitudes of sublime coolness as the following: — "The insurrection of the negroes in the Southern

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States, which appears to be organized on the true French plan, must be decisive with every reflecting man in those States of the election of Mr. Adams and General Pinckney. The military skill and approved bravery of the General must be peculiarly valuable to his countrymen at these trying moments." Let us have a military Vice-President, by all means, to meet this formidable exigency of Gabriel's peck of bullets, and this unexplained three shillings in the pocket of "Prosser's Ben"!

But Gabriel's campaign failed, like that of the Federalists, and the appointed day brought disasters more fatal than even the sword of General Pinckney. The affrighted negroes declared that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." The most furious tempest ever known in Virginia burst upon the land that day, instead of an insurrection. Roads and plantations were submerged. Bridges were carried away. The fords, which then, as now, were the ordinary substitutes for bridges in that region, were rendered wholly impassable. The Brook Swamp, one of the most important strategic points of the insurgents, was entirely inundated, hopelessly dividing Prosser's farm from Richmond; the country negroes could not get in, nor those from the city get out. The thousand men dwindled to a few hundred, — and these half paralyzed by superstition; there was nothing to do but to dismiss them, and before they could reassemble they were betrayed.

That the greatest alarm was instantly created throughout the community, there is no question. All the city of Richmond was in arms, and in all large towns of the State the night-patrol was doubled. It is a little amusing to find it formally announced, that "the Governor, impressed with the magnitude of the danger, has appointed for himself three Aides-de-camp." A troop of United States cavalry was ordered to Richmond. Numerous arrests were made. Men were convicted on one day and hanged on the next, — five, six, ten, fifteen at a time, almost without evidence. Three hundred dollars were offered by Governor Monroe for the arrest of Gabriel; as much more for another chief named Jack Bowler, *alias* Ditcher; whereupon Bowler, *alias* Ditcher, surrendered himself, but it took some weeks to get upon the track of Gabriel. He was finally captured at Norfolk, on board a schooner just arrived from Richmond, in whose hold he had concealed himself for eleven days, having thrown overboard a bayonet and bludgeon, which were his only arms. Crowds of people collected to see him, including many of his own color. He was arrested on September 24th, convicted on October 3d, and executed on October 7th; and it is known of him further only, that, like almost all leaders of slave insurrections, he showed a courage which his enemies could not gainsay. "When he was apprehended, he manifested the greatest marks of firmness and confidence, showing not the least disposition to equivocate or screen himself from justice," — but making no confession that could implicate any one else. "The behavior of Gabriel under his misfortunes," said the Norfolk "Epitome" of September 25th, "was such as might be expected from a mind capable of forming the daring project which he had conceived." The "United States Gazette" for October 9th states, more sarcastically, that "the General is said to have manifested the utmost composure, and with the true spirit of heroism seems ready to resign his high office, and even his life, rather than gratify the officious inquiries of the Governor."

Some of these newspapers suggest that the authorities found it good policy to omit the statement made by Gabriel, whatever it was. At any rate, he assured them that he was by no means the sole instigator of the affair; he could name numbers, even in Norfolk, who were more deeply concerned. To his brother Solomon he is said to have stated that the real head of the plot was Jack Bowler. Still another leader was "General John Scott," already mentioned, the slave of Mr. Greenhow, hired by Mr. McCrea.

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He was captured by his employer in Norfolk, just as he was boldly entering a public conveyance to escape; and the Baltimore "Telegraphe" declared that he had a written paper directing him to apply to Alexander Biddenhurst or Weddenhurst in Philadelphia, "corner of Coats Alley and Budd Street, who would supply his needs." What became of this military individual, or of his Philadelphia sympathizers, does not appear. But it was noticed, as usually happens in such cases, that all the insurgents had previously passed for saints. "It consists within my knowledge," says one letter-writer, "that many of these wretches who were or would have been partakers in the plot have been treated with the utmost tenderness by their masters, and were more like children than slaves."

These appear to be all the details now accessible of this once famous plot. They were not very freely published even at the time. "The minutiæ of the conspiracy have not been detailed to the public," said the "Salem Gazette" of October 7th, "and, perhaps, through a mistaken notion of prudence and policy, will not be detailed, in the Richmond papers." The New York "Commercial Advertiser" of October 13th was still more explicit. "The trials of the negroes concerned in the late insurrection are suspended until the opinions of the Legislature can be had on the subject. This measure is said to be owing to the immense numbers who are interested in the plot, whose death, should they all be found guilty and be executed, will nearly produce the annihilation of the blacks in this part of the country." And in the next issue of the same journal a Richmond correspondent makes a similar statement, with the following addition: — "A conditional amnesty is perhaps expected. At the next session of the Legislature [of Virginia] they took into consideration the subject referred to them, in secret session, with closed doors. The whole result of their deliberations has never yet been made public, as the injunction of secrecy has never been removed. To satisfy the court, the public, and themselves, they had a task so difficult to perform that it is not surprising that their deliberations were in secret."

It is a matter of historical interest to know that in these mysterious sessions lay the germs of the American Colonization Society. A correspondence was at once secretly commenced between the Governor of Virginia and the President of the United States, with a view to securing a grant of land whither troublesome slaves might be banished. Nothing came of it then; but in 1801, 1802, and 1804, these attempts were renewed. And finally, on January 22d, 1805, the following vote was passed, still in secret session: — "*Resolved*, that the Senators of this State in the Congress of the United States be instructed, and the Representatives be requested, to use their best efforts for the obtaining from the General Government a competent portion of territory in the State of Louisiana, to be appropriated to the residence of such people of color as have been or shall be emancipated, or hereafter may become dangerous to the public safety," etc. But of all these efforts nothing was known till their record was accidentally discovered by Charles Fenton Mercer in 1816. He at once brought the matter to light, and moved a similar resolution in the Virginia Legislature; it was almost unanimously adopted, and the first formal meeting of the Colonization Society, in 1817, was called "in aid" of this Virginia movement. But the whole correspondence was never made public until the Nat-Turner insurrection of 1831 recalled the previous excitement, and these papers were demanded by Mr. Summers, a member of the Legislature, who described them as "having originated in a convulsion similar to that which had recently, but more terribly, occurred."

But neither these subsequent papers, nor any documents which now appear accessible, can supply any authentic or trustworthy evidence as to the real extent of the earlier plot. It certainly was not confined to the mere environs of Rich-

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mond. The Norfolk "Epitome" of October 6th states that on the sixth and seventh of the previous month one hundred and fifty blacks, including twenty from Norfolk, were assembled near Whitlock's Mills in Suffolk County, and remained in the neighborhood till the failure of the Richmond plan became known. Petersburg newspapers also had letters containing similar tales. Then the alarm spread more widely. Near Edenton, N. C., there was undoubtedly a real insurrection, though promptly suppressed; and many families ultimately removed from that vicinity in consequence. In Charleston, S. C., there was still greater excitement, if the contemporary press may be trusted; it was reported that the freeholders had been summoned to appear in arms, on penalty of a fine of fifteen pounds, which many preferred to pay rather than risk taking the fever which then prevailed. These reports were, however, zealously contradicted in letters from Charleston, dated October 8th, and the Charleston newspapers up to September 17th had certainly contained no reference to any especial excitement. This alone might not settle the fact, for reasons already given. But the omission of any such affair from the valuable pamphlet containing reminiscences of insurrections in South Carolina, published in 1822 by Edwin C. Holland, is presumptive evidence that no very extended agitation occurred.

But wherever there was a black population, slave or emancipated, men's startled consciences made cowards of them all, and recognized the negro as a dangerous man, because an injured one. In Philadelphia it was seriously proposed to prohibit the use of sky-rockets for a time, because they had been employed as signals in San Domingo. "Even in Boston," said the New York "Daily Advertiser" of September 20th, "fears are expressed, and measures of prevention adopted." This probably refers to a singular advertisement which appeared in some of the Boston newspapers on September 16th, and runs as follows: —

"NOTICE TO BLACKS.

"The officers of the police having made returns to the subscriber of the names of the following persons who are Africans or negroes, not subjects of the Emperor of Morocco nor citizens of any of the United States, the same are hereby warned and directed to depart out of this Commonwealth before the tenth day of October next, as they would avoid the pains and penalties of the law in that case provided, which was passed by the Legislature March 26, 1788.

"CHARLES BULFINCH,
"Superintendent.

"By order and direction of the Selectmen."

The names annexed are about three hundred, with the places of their supposed origin, and they occupy a column of the paper. So at least asserts the "United States Gazette" of September 23d. "It seems probable," adds the editor, "from the nature of the notice, that some suspicion of the design of the negroes is entertained, and we regret to say there is too much cause." The law of 1788 above mentioned was "an act for suppressing rogues, vagabonds, and the like," which forbade all persons of African descent, unless citizens of some one of the United States or subjects of the Emperor of Morocco, from remaining more than two months within the Commonwealth, on penalty of imprisonment and hard labor. This singular statute remained unrepealed until 1834.

Amid the general harmony in the contemporary narratives of Gabriel's insurrection, it would be improper to pass by one exceptional legend, which by some singular fatality has obtained more circulation than all the true accounts put together. I can trace it no farther back than Nat Turner's time, when it was published in the Albany "Evening Journal"; thence transferred to the "Liberator" of September 17th, 1831, and many other newspapers; then refuted in detail by the "Richmond Enquirer" of Octo-

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ber 21st; then resuscitated in the John-Brown epoch by the Philadelphia "Press," and extensively copied. It is fresh, spirited, and full of graphic and interesting details, nearly every one of which is altogether false.

Gabriel in this narrative becomes a rather mythical being, of vast abilities and life-long preparations. He bought his freedom, it is stated, at the age of twenty-one, and then travelled all over the Southern States, enlisting confederates and forming stores of arms. At length his plot was discovered, in consequence of three negroes' having been seen riding out of a stable-yard together; and the Governor offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for further information, to which a Richmond gentleman added as much more. Gabriel concealed himself on board the Sally Ann, a vessel just sailing for San Domingo, and was revealed by his little nephew, whom he had sent for a jug of rum. Finally, the narrative puts an eloquent dying speech into Gabriel's mouth, and, to give a properly tragic consummation, causes him to be torn to death by four wild horses. The last item is, however, omitted in the more recent reprints of the story.

Every one of these statements appears to be absolutely erroneous. Gabriel lived and died a slave, and was probably never out of Virginia. His plot was voluntarily revealed by accomplices. The rewards offered for his arrest amounted to three hundred dollars only. He concealed himself on board the schooner Mary, bound to Norfolk, and was discovered by the police. He died on the gallows, with ten associates, having made no address to the court or the people. All the errors of the statement were contradicted when it was first made public, but they have proved very hard to kill.

It is stated at the close of this newspaper romance, — and it may nevertheless be true, — that these events were embodied in a song bearing the same title with this essay, "Gabriel's Defeat," and set to a tune of the same name, both being composed by a colored man. The reporter claims to have heard it in Virginia, as a favorite air at the dances of the white people, as well as in the huts of the slaves. It would certainly be one of history's strange parallelisms, if this fatal enterprise, like that of John Brown afterwards, should thus triumphantly have embalmed itself in music. But I have found no other trace of such a piece of border-minstrelsy, and it is probable that even this plaintive memorial has at length disappeared.

Yet, twenty-two years after these events their impression still remained vivid enough for Benjamin Lundy, in Tennessee, to write, — "So well had they matured their plot, and so completely had they organized their system of operations, that nothing but a seemingly miraculous intervention of the arm of Providence was supposed to have been capable of saving the city from pillage and flames, and the inhabitants thereof from butchery. So dreadful was the alarm and so great the consternation produced on this occasion, that a member of Congress from that State was some time after heard to express himself in his place as follows: 'The night-bell is never heard to toll in the city of Richmond but the anxious mother presses her infant more closely to her bosom.'" The Congressman was John Randolph of Roanoke, and it was Gabriel who had taught him the lesson.

And longer than the melancholy life of that wayward statesman, — down even to the beginning of the present civil war, and perhaps to this very moment, — there lingered in Richmond a memorial of those days, most peculiar and most instructive. Before the days of Secession, when the Northern traveller in Virginia, after traversing for weary leagues its miry ways, its desolate fields, and its flowery forests, rode at last into its metropolis, — now slowly expanded into a city of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, — he was sure to be guided erelong to visit its stately Capitol, modelled by Jefferson, when French minister, from the Maison Carrée. Standing before it, he might admire

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undisturbed the Grecian outline of its exterior, or criticize at will the unsightly cheapness of its stucco imitations; but he found himself forbidden to enter, save by passing an armed and uniformed sentinel at the door-way. No other State of the Union has thus found it necessary in time of profoundest quiet to protect its State-House by a permanent cordon of bayonets; indeed, the Constitution expressly prohibits to any State a standing army, however small. Yet there for sixty years has stood sentinel the "Public Guard" of Virginia, wearing the suicidal motto of that decaying Commonwealth, "*Sic semper Tyrannis*"; and when one asked the origin of the precaution, one learned that it was the lasting memorial of Gabriel's insurrection, the stern heritage of terror bequeathed by his defeat.

BETHEL.

We mustered at midnight, in darkness we formed,
And the whisper went round of a fort to be stormed;
But no drum-beat had called us, no trumpet we heard,
And no voice of command, but our Colonel's low word, —
"Column! Forward!"

And out, through the mist and the murk of the morn,
From the beaches of Hampton our barges were borne;
And we heard not a sound, save the sweep of the oar,
Till the word of our Colonel came up from the shore, —
"Column! Forward!"

With hearts bounding bravely, and eyes all alight,
As ye dance to soft music, so trod we, that night;
Through the aisles of the greenwood, with vines overarched,
Tossing dew-drops, like gems, from our feet, as we marched, —
"Column! Forward!"

As ye dance with the damsels, to viol and flute,
So we skipped from the shadows, and mocked their pursuit;
But the soft zephyrs chased us, with scents of the morn,
As we passed by the hay-fields and green waving corn, —
"Column! Forward!"

For the leaves were all laden with fragrance of June,
And the flowers and the foliage with sweets were in tune;
And the air was so calm, and the forest so dumb,
That we heard our own heart-beats, like taps of a drum, —
"Column! Forward!"

Till the lull of the lowlands was stirred by a breeze,
And the buskins of Morn brushed the tops of the trees,
And the glintings of glory that slid from her track
By the sheen of our rifles were gayly flung back, —
"Column! Forward!"

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And the woodlands grew purple with sunshiny mist,
And the blue-crested hill-tops with rose-light were kissed,
And the earth gave her prayers to the sun in perfumes,
Till we marched as through gardens, and trampled on blooms, —
"Column! Forward!"

Ay! trampled on blossoms, and seared the sweet breath
Of the greenwood with low-brooding vapors of death;
O'er the flowers and the corn we were borne like a blast,
And away to the fore-front of battle we passed, —
"Column! Forward!"

For the cannon's hoarse thunder roared out from the glades,
And the sun was like lightning on banners and blades,
When the long line of chanting Zouaves, like a flood,
From the green of the woodlands rolled, crimson as blood, —
"Column! Forward!"

While the sound of their song, like the surge of the seas,
With the "Star-Spangled Banner" swelled over the leas;
And the sword of DURYEA, like a torch, led the way,
Bearing down on the batteries of Bethel, that day, — *
"Column! Forward!"

Through green-tasselled cornfields our columns were thrown,
And like corn by the red scythe of fire we were mown;
While the cannon's fierce ploughings new-furrowed the plain,
That our blood might be planted for LIBERTY'S grain, —
"Column! Forward!"

Oh! the fields of fair June have no lack of sweet flowers,
But their rarest and best breathe no fragrance like ours;
And the sunshine of June, sprinkling gold on the corn,
Hath no harvest that ripeneth like BETHEL'S red morn, —
"Column! Forward!"

When our heroes, like bridegrooms, with lips and with breath,
Drank the first kiss of Danger and clasped her in death;
And the heart of brave WINTHROP grew mute, with his lyre,
When the plumes of his genius lay moulting in fire, —
"Column! Forward!"

Where he fell shall be sunshine as bright as his name,
And the grass where he slept shall be green as his fame;
For the gold of the Pen and the steel of the Sword
Write his deeds — in his blood — on the land he adored, —
"Column! Forward!"

* The march on Bethel was begun in high spirits at midnight, but it was near noon when the Zouaves, in their crimson garments, led by Colonel Duryea, charged the batteries, after singing the "Star-Spangled Banner" in chorus. Major Winthrop fell in the storming of the enemy's defences, and was left on the battle-field. Lieutenant Greble, the only other officer killed, was shot at his gun soon after. This fatal contest inaugurated the "war of posts" which has since raged in Virginia.

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And the soul of our comrade shall sweeten the air,
And the flowers and the grass-blades his memory upbear;
While the breath of his genius, like music in leaves,
With the corn-tassels whispers, and sings in the sheaves, —
"Column! Forward!"

THE HORRORS OF SAN DOMINGO.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUCCANEERS — FLIBUSTIERS — TORTUGA — SETTLEMENT OF THE WESTERN PART OF SAN DOMINGO BY THE FRENCH.

PEACEABLE voyagers in the West Indies were much astonished at their first sight of certain men, who might have been a new species of native, generated with slight advances upon the old stock by the principle of selection, or spontaneous growths of a soil well guanoed by ferocity. They sported the scarlet suit of the Carib, but of a dye less innocent, as if the fated islands imparted this color to the men who preyed upon them. A cotton shirt hung on their shoulders, and a pair of cotton drawers struggled vainly to cover their thighs: you had to look very closely to pronounce upon the material, it was so stained with blood and fat. Their bronzed faces and thick necks were hirsute, as if overgrown with moss, tangled or crispy. Their feet were tied up in the raw hides of hogs or beeves just slaughtered, from which they also frequently extemporized drawers, cut while reeking, and left to stiffen to the shape of the legs. A heavy-stocked musket, made at Dieppe or Nantes, with a barrel four and a half feet long, and carrying sixteen balls to the pound,* lay over the shoulder, a calabash full of powder, with a wax stopper, was slung behind, and a belt of crocodile's skin, with four knives and a bayonet, went round the waist. These individuals, if the term is applicable to the phenomena in question, were Buccaneers.*

The name is derived from the arrangements which the Caribs made to cook their prisoners of war. After being dismembered, their pieces were placed upon wooden gridirons, which were called in Carib, *barbacoa.* It will please our Southern brethren to recognize a congenial origin for their favorite barbecue. The place where these grilling hurdles were set up was called *boucan*, and the method of roasting and smoking, *boucaner.* The Buccaneers were men of many nations, who hunted the wild cattle, which had increased prodigiously from the original Spanish stock; after taking off the hide, they served the flesh

* This musket was afterwards called *fusil boucanier. Fusil demi-boucanier* was the same kind, with a shorter barrel.

* *Histoire des Avanturiers Flibustiers, avec la Vie, les Mœurs, et les Coutumes des Boucaniers,* par A. O. Oexmelin, who went out to the West Indies as a poor *Engagé*, and became a Buccaneer. Four Volumes. New Edition, printed in 1744: Vol. III., containing the Journal of a Voyage made with *Flibustiers* in the South Sea in 1685, by Le Sieur Ravenau de Lussan; and Vol. IV., containing a History of English pirates, with the Lives of two Female Pirates, Mary Read and Ann Bonny, and Extracts from Pirate-Codes: translated from the English of Captain Charles Johnson.—Charlevoix, *Histoire de St. Domingue*, Vols. III. and IV.—*The History of the Bucaniers of America, from the First Original down to this Time; written in Several Languages, and now collected into One Volume.* Third Edition, London, 1704: containing Portraits of all the Celebrated *Flibustiers*, and Plans of some of their Land-Attacks.—*Nouveaux Voyages aux Isles Françoises de l'Amérique*, par le Père Labat, 1724, Tom. V. pp. 228–230. See also Archenholtz.

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as the Caribs served their captives. There appears to have been a division of employment among them; for some hunted beeves merely for the hide, and others hunted the wild hogs to salt and sell their flesh. But their habits and appearance were the same. The beef-hunters had many dogs, of the old mastiff-breed imported from Spain, to assist in running down their game, with one or two hounds in each pack, who were taught to announce and follow up a trail.

The origin of these men, called Buccaneers, can be traced to a few Norman-French who were driven out of St. Christophe, in 1630, by the Spaniards. This island was settled jointly, but by an accidental coincidence, by French and English, in 1625. They lived tranquilly together for five years: the hunting of Caribs, who disputed their title to the soil, being a bond of union between them which was stronger than national prejudice. But the Spanish power became jealous of this encroachment among the islands, which it affected to own by virtue of Papal dispensation. Though Spain did not care to occupy it, Cuba and the Main being too engrossing, she determined that no other power should do so. She therefore took advantage of disturbances which arose there, in consequence, the French writers affirm, of the perfidious ambition of Albion, and chased both parties out of the island. The French soon recovered possession of it, which they solely held in future; but many exiles never returned, preferring to woo Fortune in company with the French and English adventurers who swarmed in those seas, having withdrawn, for sufficient reasons, from civilized society before a graceful retreat became impossible. This medley of people settled at first upon the northern and western coasts of San Domingo, — the latter being as yet unoccupied. A few settlements of Spaniards upon the northern coast, which suffered from their national antipathies and had endeavored to root them out, were quickly broken up by them. The Dutch, of course, were friendly, and promised to supply them with necessaries in payment for hides, lard, and meat, *boucané*.

Their favorite haunt was the little island Tortuga,* so named, some say, from its resemblance to a turtle afloat, and others, from the abundance of that "green and glutinous" delight of aldermen. It is only two or three leagues distant from the northern coast of San Domingo, off the mouth of Trois Rivières. Its northern side is inaccessible: a boat cannot find a nook or cove into which it may slip for landing or shelter. But there is one harbor upon the southern side, and the Buccaneers took possession of this, and gradually fortified it to make a place tenable against the anticipated assaults of the Spaniards. The soil was thin, but it nourished great trees which seemed to grow from the rocks; water was scarce; the hogs were numerous, smaller and more delicate than those of San Domingo; the sugar-cane flourished; and tobacco of superior quality could be raised. About five-and-twenty Spaniards held the harbor when these adventurers approached to take possession. There were, besides, a few other rovers like themselves, whom the new community adopted. The Spaniards made no resistance, and were suffered to retire.

There was cordial fellowship between the *Flibustiers* and Buccaneers, for they were all outlaws, without a country, with few national predilections, — men who could not live at home except at the risk of apprehension for vagrancy or crime, — men who ran away in search of adventure when the public ear was ringing with the marvels and riches of the Indies, and when a multitude of sins could be covered by judicious preying. The Spaniards were the victims of this floating and roving St. Giles of the seventeenth century. If England or France went to war with Spain, these freebooters obtained commissions, and their pillaging grew honorable; but it did not subside with the conclusion of a peace. They followed their own policy

* Not to be confounded with the Tortugas, the westernmost islands of the Florida Keys (*Cayos*, Spanish for rocks, shoals, or islets).

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of lust and avarice, over regions too far from the main history of the times to be controlled.

The word *Flibustier* is derived from the Dutch *Vlieboot*, fly-boat, swift boat, a kind of small craft whose sailing qualities were superior to those of the other vessels then in vogue. It is possible that the English made *freebooter* * out of the French adaptation. The fly-boat was originally only a long, light pinnace † or cutter with oars, fitted also to carry sail; we often find the word used by the French writers to designate vessels which brought important intelligence. They were favorite craft with the *Flibustiers*, not from their swiftness alone, but from their ease of management, and capacity to run up the creeks and river-openings, and to lie concealed. From these they boarded the larger vessels, to plunder or to use them for prolonged freebooting expeditions. The *Flibustier*, then, was a sea-hunter or pirate, as the Buccaneer was a land-hunter, but ready also for pillaging expeditions, in which they coöperated. And their pursuits were interchangeable: the Buccaneer sometimes went to sea, and the *Flibustier*, in times of marine scarcity, would don the hog-skin breeches, and run down cows or hunt fugitive negroes with packs of dogs. The Buccaneers, however, slowly acquired a tendency to settle, while the *Flibustiers* preferred to keep the seas, till Europe began to look them up too sharply; so that the former became, eventually, the agricultural nucleus of the western part of San Domingo, when the supply of wild cattle began to fail. This failure happened partly in consequence of their own extravagant hunting-habits, and partly through the agency of the Spaniards of the eastern colony, who thought that by slaughtering the cattle their French neighbors would be driven, for lack of employment, from the soil.

The Buccaneers generally went to the chase in couples, attended by their dogs and *Engagés*. These hired or *engaged* men first appear in the history of the island as valets of the Buccaneers. But, in their case, misfortune rather than vice was the reason of their appearance in such doubtful companionship. They were often sold for debt or inability to pay a rent, as happened in Scotland even during the eighteenth century; they were deluded to take ship by the flaming promises which the captains of vessels issued in the ports of different countries, to recruit their crews, or with the wickeder purpose of kidnapping simple rustics and hangers-on of cities; they sometimes came to a vessel's side in poverty, and sold their liberty for three years for the sake of a passage to the fabled Ind; press-gangs sometimes stole and smuggled them aboard of vessels just ready to sail; very young people were induced to come aboard, — indeed, one or two cases happened in France, where a schoolmaster and his flock, who were out for a walk, were cajoled by these purveyors of avaricious navigators, and actually carried away from the country. There was, besides, a regular method of supplying the French colonies in the different islands with voluntary *engagés*, who agreed to serve for three years at certain wages, with liberty

* Charlevoix will have it reversed, and derives *flibustier* from *freebooter;* but this English word is not old enough to have been a vagrom in those seas at that time. Webster derives it from the Dutch *Vrijbuiter;* but that and the corresponding German word were themselves derived. Schoelcher says that it is a corruption of an English word, *fly-boater*, one who manages a fly-boat; and he adds, — "Our *flibot*, a small and very fast craft, draws its origin from the English *fly-boat*, *bateau mouche*, *bateau volant*." But this is only a kind of pun. Perhaps the Dutch named it so, not from its swiftness, but from its resemblance, with its busy oars and darting motions, to a slender-legged fly. There appears to be no ground for saying that the boat was so called because it first came into use upon the river Vlie in Holland. It might have been a boat used by the inhabitants of Vlieland, a town on the island of the same name, north of Texel. *Freebooter* is such a good word for *flibustier* that it was easy to accuse it of the parentage.

† Pinnaces of five or six tons, which could be packed on shipboard in pieces and put together when wanted, were built in the reign of Elizabeth. The name is of Spanish origin, from the pine used for material.

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and a small allotment of land at the expiration of the time. These were called "thirty-six months' men." Sometimes their regular indenture was respected, and sometimes violently set aside to make the signers virtually slaves. This was done occasionally by the French in imitation of the English. A number of *engagés* at St. Christophe, finding that they were not set at liberty at the expiration of their three years, and that their masters intended to hold them two years more, assembled tumultuously, and threatened to attack the colony. This was in 1632. Their masters were not in sufficient force to carry out their plan, and the Governor was obliged to set at liberty all who had served their time. In 1719, the French Council of State decreed, in consequence of the scarcity of *engagés*, that all vagabonds and criminals sentenced to the galleys should be transported for colonial service; and in order to diminish the expense of shipping them, every vessel leaving France for the Antilles was compelled to carry three *engagés* free of expense.

The amount of misery created by these various methods of supplying the islands with human labor cannot be computed. The victims were very humble; the manner of their taking-off was rarely noticed; the spirit of the age never stooped to consider these trifles of sorrow, nor to protect by some legislation the unfortunates who suffered in remote islands, whence their cries seldom reached the ears of authority. It would have been surprising, if many of these *engagés* had not assumed the habits of their masters, and kept the wandering hordes by land and sea recruited. Some of the most famous Buccaneers — for that name popularly included also the *Flibustiers* — were originally thirty-six months' men who had daring and conduct enough to make the best of their enforced condition.

These *engagés* were in all respects treated as slaves, especially when bound to agricultural service. Their master left them to the mercies of an overseer, who whistled them up at daybreak for wood-cutting or labor in the tobacco-fields, and went about among them with a stout stick, which he used freely to bring the lagging up to their work. Many cruelties are related of these men, but they are of the ordinary kind to be found in the annals of all slave-holding countries. The fact that the *engagés* were indentured only for three years made no difference with men whose sole object was to use up every available resource in the pursuit of wealth. Bad treatment, chagrin, and scurvy destroyed many of them. The French writers accused the English of treating their *engagés* worse than any other nation, as they retained them for seven years, at the end of which time they gave them money enough to procure a lengthened debauch, during which they generally signed away their liberty for seven more years. Oexmelin says that Cromwell sold more than ten thousand Scotch and Irish, destined for Barbadoes. A whole ship-load of these escaped, but perished miserably of famine near Cape Tiburon, at a place which was afterwards called *L'Anse aux Ibernois.*

The first *engagés* were brought by the French from Dieppe: they signed contracts before notaries previously to quitting the country. This class of laborers was eagerly sought by all the colonists of the West Indies, and a good many vessels of different nations were employed in the trade. There was in Brazil a system of letting out land to be worked, called *a labrados*,* because a manager held the land from a proprietor for a certain share of the profits, and cultivated it by laborers procurable in various ways. The name of Labrador is derived by some writers from the stealing of natives upon our northern coast by the Portuguese, to be enslaved. It is certain that they did this as early as 1501,† and named the coast afterwards *Terra de Laborador.*

The Buccaneers, hunting in couples, called each other *matelot*, or shipmate: the word expresses their amphibious ca-

* See a contract of this kind in *Histoire Générale des Antilles*, Du Tertre, Tom. I. p. 464.

† Bancroft's *United States*, Vol. I. p. 14.

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pacity. When a bull was run down by the dogs, the hunter, almost as fleet of foot as they, ran in to hamstring him, if possible,—if not, to shoot him. A certain mulatto became glorious in buccaneering annals for running down his game: out of a hundred hides which he sent to France, ten only were pierced with bullet-holes. When the animal was stripped of its skin, the large bones were drawn from the flesh for the sake of the marrow, of which the two *matelots* made their stout repast. Portions of the flesh were then *boucané* by the followers, the rest was left to dogs and birds, and the chase was pursued day by day till a sufficient number of hides were collected. These were transported to the little coves and landing-places, where they were exchanged for powder and shot, spirits and silver. Then a grand debauch at Tortuga followed, with the wildest gratification of every passion. Comrades quarrelled and sought each other's blood; their pleasure ran *amôk* like a mad Malay. When the wine was all drunk and the money gamed away, another expedition, with fresh air and beef-marrow, set these independent bankrupts again to rights.

The *Flibustiers* had an inexpensive way of furnishing themselves with vessels for prosecuting their piratical operations. A dozen of them in a boat would hang about the mouth of a river, or in the vicinity of a Spanish port, enduring the greatest privations with constancy, till they saw a vessel which had good sailing qualities and a fair equipment. If they could not surprise it, they would run down to board it, regardless of its fire, and swarm up the side and over the decks in a perfect fury, which nothing could resist, driving the crew into the sea. These expeditions were always prefaced by religious observances. On this point they were very strict; even before each meal, the Catholics chanted the Canticle of Zacharias, the Magnificat, and the Miserere, and the Protestants of all nations read a chapter of the Bible and sang a psalm. For many a Huguenot was in these seas, revenging upon mankind its capability to perpetrate, in the name of religion, a St. Bartholomew's.

Captain Daniel was a *Flibustier* with religious tendencies. Finding himself out of poultry, as he lay between Les Saintes and Dominica, (1701,) he approached the former island by night, landed, and carried off the *curé* and some of the principal inhabitants. These were not the fowls he wanted, but rather decoys to the fattest poultry-yards. The account of his exquisite mingling of business and religion gives us a glimpse into the interior of flibustierism. We translate from Father Labat, who had the story from the astonished *curé*. They were very polite to them, he says, "and while the people were bringing in the provisions, they begged the *curé* to say mass in their vessel, which he did not care to refuse. They sent on shore for the proper accessories, and set up a tent on the quarter-deck, furnished with an altar, to celebrate the mass, which they chanted zealously with the inhabitants who were on board. It was commenced by a discharge of musketry, and of eight pieces of cannon with which their bark was armed. They made a second discharge at the Sanctus, a third at the Elevation, a fourth at the Benediction, and, finally, a fifth after the Exaudiat and the prayer for the King, which was followed by a ringing *Vive le Roi*. Only one slight incident disturbed a little our devotions. One of the *Flibustiers*, taking an indecent posture during the Elevation, was reprimanded by Captain Daniel. Instead of correcting himself, he made some impertinent answer, accompanied with an execrable oath, which was paid on the spot by the Captain, who pistolled him in the head, swearing before God that he would do the same to the first man who failed in respect for the Holy Sacrifice. The *curé* was a little fluttered, as it happened very close to him. But Daniel said to him, 'Don't be troubled, father; 't was a rascal whom I had to punish to teach his duty': a very efficacious way to prevent the recurrence of a similar fault. After mass, they threw the body into the

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sea, and paid the holy father handsomely for his trouble and his fright. They gave him some valuable clothes, and as they knew that he was destitute of a negro, they made him a present of one,"—"which," says Father Labat, "I received an order to reclaim, the original owner having made a demand for him."

Such was Captain Daniel's rubricated copy of the Buccaneers' Λειτουργία. One may judge from this what the early condition of religion must have been in the French colony of San Domingo, which sprang from these pirates of the land and sea. And it seems that their reverence for the observances diminished in an inverse proportion to their perils. Father Labat said mass in the little town of Cap Français, in 1701. The chapel was not much better than an *ajoupa*, that is, a four-posted square with a sloping roof of leaves or light boards. The aisle had half a foot of dust in the dry season, and the same depth of mud during rain. "I asked the sacristan, who also filled the office of chanter, if he should chant the Introït, or begin simply with the Kyrie Eleïson; but he replied that it was not their custom to chant a great deal, they were content with low mass, brief, and well hurried up, and never chanted except at funerals. However, I did not omit to bless the water and asperse the people; and as I thought that the solemnity of the day demanded a little preaching, I preached, and gave notice that I should say mass on the following day." This he did, but was infinitely scandalized at the behavior of the people, comparing it with that of the thorough-going Catholics of the other French islands. "They came into the chapel as to an assembly, or to some profane spectacle; they talked, laughed, and joked. The people in the gallery talked louder than I did, and mingled the name of God in their discourse in an insufferable manner. I mildly remonstrated with them three or four times; but seeing that it had no effect, I spoke in a way that compelled some officers to impose silence. A well-behaved person had the goodness to inform me, after mass, that it was necessary to be rather more indulgent with the *People of the Coast*, if one wanted to live with them." This was an old euphemism for *Flibustiers*. The good father could expect nothing better, especially as so many of his audience may have been Calvinists, for the first habitant at Cap Français was of that sect. These men were trying to become settled; and the alternative was between rapine with religion and raising crops without it. The latter became the habitude of the island; for the descendants of the Buccaneers could afford the luxury of absolute sincerity, which even their hardy progenitors were too weak to seize.

In the other islands, however, the priest had the colonists well in hand, as may be understood from the lofty language which he could assume towards petty sacramental infractions. At St. Croix, for instance, three light fellows made a mock of Sunday and the mass, saying, "We go a-fishing," and tried to persuade some neighbors to accompany them.

"No; 't is Trinity Sunday, and we shall go to mass."

"And will the Trinity help you to your dinner? Come, mass will keep for another time."

The decent neighbors refusing, these three unfortunate men departed, and were permitted by an inscrutable Providence to catch a great number of little fishes, which they shared with their conforming neighbors. All ate of them, but with this difference, that the three anti-sabbatarians fell sick, and died in twenty-four hours, while the others experienced no injury. The effect of this gastric warning is somewhat weakened by the incautious statement of the narrative, that a priest, who ran from one dying man to another, became overheated, and contracted a fatal illness.

The Catholic profession brought no immunity to the Spanish navigators. Our *Flibustiers*, strengthened by religious exercises, and a pistol in each hand, stormed upon the deck, as if they had fallen from the clouds. "*Jesus, son demonios estos*":

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"They are demons, and not men." After they had thus "cleared" their vessel, they entered into a contract, called *chasse-partie*, the articles of which regulated their voyage and the disposition of the booty. They were very minutely made out. Here are some of the awards and reimbursements. The one who discovered a prize earned one hundred crowns; the same amount, or a slave, recompensed for the loss of an eye. Two eyes were rated at six hundred crowns, or six slaves. For the loss of the right hand or arm two hundred crowns or two slaves were paid, and for both six hundred crowns. When a *Flibustier* had a wound which obliged him to carry surgical helps and substitutes, they paid him two hundred crowns, or two slaves. If he had not entirely lost a member, but was only deprived of its use, he was recompensed the same as if the member had disappeared.

"They have also regard to qualities and places. Thus, the captain or chief is allotted five or six portions to what the ordinary seamen have, the master's mate only two, and other officers proportionable to their employ, after which they draw equal parts from the highest to the lowest mariner, the boys not being omitted, who draw half a share, because, when they take a better vessel than their own, it is the boys' duty to fire their former vessel and then retire to the prize."

Among the conventions of English pirates we find some additional articles which show a national difference. Whoever shall steal from the company, or game up to the value of a piece of eight, (piastre, translated *écu* by the French,—rated by the English of that day at not quite five shillings sterling,—about a dollar,) shall be landed on a desert place, with a bottle of water, gun, powder, and lead. Whoever shall maltreat or assault another, while the articles subsist, shall receive the Law of Moses: this was the infliction of forty consecutive strokes upon the back, a whimsical memento of the dispensation in the Wilderness. There were articles relative to the treatment and disposition of women, which sometimes depended upon the tossing of a coin,—*jeter à croix pile*,—but they need not be repeated: on this point the French were worse than the English.

The English generally wound up their convention with the solemn agreement that not a man should speak of separation till the gross earnings amounted to one thousand pounds per head. Then the whole company associated by couples, for mutual support in anticipation of wounds and danger, and to devise to each other all their effects in case of death. While at sea, or engaged in expeditions against the coasts of Terra Firma, their friendship was of the most romantic kind, inspired by a common feeling of outlawry, and colored by the risks of their atrocious employment. They called themselves "Brothers of the Coast," and took a solemn oath not to secrete from each other any portion of the common spoil, nor uncharitably to disregard each other's wants. Violence and lust would have gone upon bootless ventures, if justice and generosity had not been crimped to strengthen the crew.

These buccaneering conventions were gradually imposed upon all the West-Indian neighborhood, by the title of uncompromising strength, and became known as the "Usage of the Coast." When the Brothers met with any remonstrance which referred the rights of navigators and settlers back to the Common Law of Europe, they were accustomed to defend their Usage, saying that their baptism had absolved them from all previous obligations. This was an allusion to the marine ceremony called in later times "Crossing the Line," and administered only upon that occasion; but at first it was performed when vessels were passing the Raz de Fonteneau, on their way to and from the Channel, and originated before navigators crossed the Atlantic or passed the Tropic of Cancer. The Raz, or Tide-Race, was a dangerous passage off the coast of Brittany; some religious observance among the early sailors, dictated by anxiety, appears to have degenerated into the Neptunian frolic, which in-

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cluded a copious christening of salt water for the raw hands, and was kept up long after men had ceased to fear the unknown regions of the ocean. Perhaps an aspersion with holy-water was a part of the original rite, on the ground that the mariner was passing into new countries, once thought uninhabited, as into a strange new-world, to sanctify the hardiness and propitiate the Ruler of Sea and Air. The Dutch, also, performed some ceremony in passing the rocks, then called Barlingots, which lie off the mouth of the Tagus. Gradually the usage went farther out to sea; and the farther it went, of course, the more unrestrained it grew.

This was the baptism which regenerated Law for the Buccaneers. It also absolved them from the use of their own names, which might, indeed, in many cases have been but awkward conveniences; and they were not known except by *sobriquets*. But when they became *habitans* or settlers, and took wives, their surnames appeared for the first time in the marriage-contract; so that it was a proverb in the islands, — "You don't know people till they marry."

The institution of marriage was not introduced among the Buccaneers for many years after their settlement of the western coast. In the mean time they selected women for extemporaneous partners, to whom they addressed a few significant words before taking them home to their *ajoupas*, to the effect that their antecedents were not worth minding, but *this*, slightly tapping the musket, "which never deceived me, will avenge me, if *you* do."

These women, with the exception of one or two organized emigrations of poor, but honest, girls, were the sweepings of the streets of Paris and London. They were sometimes deported with as little ceremony as the *engagés*, and sometimes collected by the Government, especially of France, for the deliberate purpose of meeting the not over nice demands of the adventurers; for it was the interest of France to pet Tortuga and the western coast. All the French islands were stocked in the same manner. Du Tertre devotes a page to the intrigues of a Mademoiselle de la Fayolle, who appeared in St. Christophe with a strong force of these unfortunate women, in 1643. They were collected from St. Joseph's Hospital in Paris, to prevent the colonists from leaving the island in search of wives. Mademoiselle came with letters from the Queen and other ladies of quality, and quite dazzled M. Aubert, the Governor, who proposed to his wife that she should be accommodated in the chateau. She had a restless and managing temper, and her power lasted as long as her merchandise.

In 1667 there was an auction-sale of fifty girls without character at Tortuga. They went off so well that fifty more were soon supplied. Schoelcher says that in the twelfth volume of the "Archives de la Marine" there is a note of "one hundred nymphs for the Antilles and a hundred more for San Domingo," under the date of 1685.

Here were new elements of civilization for the devoted island, whose earliest colonists were pirates pacified by prostitutes. They were the progenitors of families whom wealth and colonial luxury made famous; for in such a climate a buccaneering nickname will soon flower into titles which conceal the gnarled and ugly stock. Some of these French Dianas led a healthy and hardy life with their husbands, followed them to the chase, and emulated their exploits with the pistol and the knife. Some blood was thus renewed while some grew more depraved, else the colony would have rotted from the soil.

Nature struggles to keep all her streams fresh and clear. The children of adventurers may inherit the vices of their parents; but Nature silently puts her fragrant graft into the withering tree, and it learns to bud with unexpected fruit. Inheritance is only one of Mother Nature's emphatic protestations that her wayward children will be the death of her; but she knows better than that, un-

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fortunately for the respectable vice and meanness which flourish in every land and seek to prolong their line. California and Australia soon reach the average of New York and London, and invite Nature to preserve through them, too, her world. She drains and plants these unwholesome places; powerful men and lovely women are the Mariposa cedars which attest her splendid tillage. But a part of this Nature consists of conservative decency in men who belong to law-abiding and Protestant races. For want of this, surgery and cautery became Nature's expedients for Hayti, which was one of the worst sinks on her great farm.

If a greater number of female emigrants had been like Mary Read, pirate as she was, the story of Hayti would have been modified. She had the character which Nature loves to civilize.

Mary Read was the illegitimate daughter of an Englishwoman, who brought her up as a boy, after revealing to her the secret of her origin, apparently wishing to protect her against the mischances which befell herself. She was first a footman, then a sailor on board a man-of-war; afterwards she served with great bravery in Flanders in a regiment of infantry. Then she entered a cavalry regiment, where she fell deeply in love with a comrade, and her woman's nature awoke. Obeying the uncontrollable instinct, she modestly revealed her sex to him, and was married with great *éclat*, after he had sought in vain, repelled by her high conduct, to make her less than wife. He died soon after, and the Peace of Ryswick compelled her to assume her male attire again and seek employment. She went before the mast in a vessel bound for the West Indies, which was taken by English pirates, with whom she afterwards enjoyed the benefit of a royal proclamation pardoning all pirates who submitted within a limited period. Their money gave out, and they enlisted under a privateer captain to cruise against the Spaniards; but the men, finding a favorable opportunity, took the vessel from the officers, and commenced their old trade. Mary was as brave as any in boarding Spanish craft, pistol in hand, to clear the decks; no peril made her falter, but she was disarmed again by love in the person of a fine young pirate of superior mind and grace. She made a friend of him, revealed her sex, and married him. Her husband had a falling-out with a comrade, and a duel impended. Torn with love and dread, she managed to pick a quarrel with his antagonist, appointed a meeting an hour before the one which her husband expected, and was lucky enough to postpone the latter indefinitely. At her trial in Jamaica, she would have escaped through the compassion of the court, if some one had not deposed that she often deliberately defended piracy with the argument that pirates were fortunately amenable to capital punishment, and this was a restraint to cowards, without which a thousand rascals who passed for honest people, but who did nothing but pillage widows and orphans and defraud their neighbors, would rush into a more honorable profession, the ocean would be covered with this *canaille*, and the ruin of commerce would involve that of piracy. She died in prison of a fever.

Ann Bonny was born in Cork. She was of a truculent disposition, and the murdering part of piracy was much to her taste. When her husband was led out to execution, the special favor was granted of an interview with her; but her only benediction was, — "I 'm sorry to find ye in this state; if ye had fought like a man, ye would not be seein' yerself hung like a dog."

But what could angels themselves have done to make Captain Teach presentable in the best society? *Blackbeard* was his *sobriquet*, for he had one flowing over his chest which patriarchs might be forgiven for coveting. The hair of his head was tastefully done up with ribbons, and inframed his truculent face. When he went into a fight, three pairs of pistols hung from a scarf, and two slow-matches, alight and projecting under his hat, glow-

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ed above his cruel eyes. Certainly, the light of battle was not in his case a metaphor.

On board his vessel, one day, Captain Teach, just combing upon strong-water, summoned his crew. "Go to, now, let us make a hell," he cried, "and get a little seasoned. We 'll find who can stand it longest." Thereupon they all went down into the hold, which he had carefully battened down; then he lighted sundry pots of sulphur, and showed superior qualifications for the future by smoking them all out.

On the day of his last combat, when advised to confide to his wife where his money was hid, he refused, saying that only he and the Devil knew where it was, and the survivor was to have it.

Whenever these English pirates found a clergyman, they acted as if pillaging had been only a last resort, owing to the scarcity of that commodity in those seas. Captain Roberts took a vessel which had on board a body of English troops with their chaplain, destined for garrison-duty. His crew went into ecstasies of delight, as if they had separated themselves from mankind and incurred atrocious suspicions from their desire to seek for religious persons in all places. They wanted nothing but a chaplain; they had never wanted anything else; he must join them; he would have nothing to do but to pray and make the punch. As he steadily refused, they reluctantly parted with him; but, smitten with his firmness, they retained of his effects nothing but three prayer-books and a corkscrew.

These were but common villains. The genuine *Flibustier* mingled national hatred with his avarice, and harried the Spanish coasts with a sense of being the avenger of old affronts, at least the divine instrument of his country's honest instincts, whose duty it was to smite and spoil, as if the Armada were yet upon the seas as the Inquisition was upon the land. Frenchmen and Englishmen, Huguenot and Dutch Calvinists, Willis, Warner, Montbar the Exterminator, Levasseur, Lolonois, Henry Morgan, Coxon and Sharp, Bartholomew the Portuguese, Rock the Dutchman, were representative men. They gave a villanous expression, and an edge which avarice whetted, to the religious patriotism of their countrymen. The sombre and deadly prejudices which lay half torpid in their cage at home escaped from restraint in these men, and suddenly acted out their proper nature on the highways of the world.

We have no space to record particular deeds and cruelties. The stories of the exploits of the *Flibustiers* show that their outlaw-life had developed all the powerful traits which make pioneering or the profession of arms so illustrious. Audacity, cunning, great endurance, tenacity of purpose, all the character of the organizing nations whence they sprang, appeared in them so stained by murder and bestiality of every kind, that the impression made by their career is revolting, and gets no mitigation from their better qualities. They were generous to each other, and scrupulously just; but it was for the sake of strengthening their hands against mankind. They fought against the enemies of their respective nations with all the fiendishness of popular hate that has broken loose from popular restraints and civilizing checks and has become a beast. Commerce was nothing to them but a convenience for plunder; a voyaging ship was an oasis in the midwaste on which they swarmed for an orgy of avarice and gluttony; the cities of the Spanish Main were hives of wealth and women to be overturned and rifled, and their mother-country a retreat where the sanctimonious old age of a few survivors of these successful crimes could display their money and their piety, and perhaps a titled panel on their coach. Henry Morgan was knighted, and made a good end in the Tower of London as a political prisoner. Pierre le Grand, the first *Flibustier* who took a ship, retired to France with wealth and consideration. Captain Avery, who had an immense fame, was the subject of a drama entitled "The Happy Pirate," which inoculated many a prentice-lad with cut-

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lasses and rollicking ferocity. Others became the agents of easy cabinets who always winked at buccaneering, because it so often saved them the expense of war. What gift or place would a slave-holding cabinet, or a Southern Confederacy, have thought too dear to bestow upon Captain Walker, whose criminal acts were feeding the concealed roots of the Great Conspiracy, if his murder and arson had become illustrious by success?

The *Flibustiers* were composed of many nations. The Buccaneers were mostly French. Their head-quarters, or principal *boucans*, upon San Domingo, were on the peninsula of Samana, at Port Margot, Savanna Brulée near Gonaives, and the landing-place of Mirebalais. The Spaniards gained at first several advantages over them by cutting off the couples which were engaged in chasing the wild cattle. This compelled the Buccaneers to associate in larger bands, and to add Spaniards to their list of game. The word *massacre* on the maps of the island marks places where sanguinary surprises were effected by either party; but the Spaniards lost more blood than their wily antagonists, and were compelled to abandon all their settlements on the northern and northeastern coasts and to fall back upon San Domingo and their other towns. The *Flibustiers* blockaded their rivers, intercepted the vessels of slave-traders of all nations, made prizes of the cargoes, and sold them to the French of the rising western colony, to the English at Jamaica, or among the other islands, wherever a contraband speculation could be made. This completed the ruin of Spanish San Domingo; for the Government, crippled by land- and sea-fights with English, French, and Dutch, was unable to protect its colonies. It is very strange to notice this sudden weakness of the nation which was lately so domineering; the causes which produced it have been stated elsewhere * with great research and power.

* Buckle's *History of Civilization*, Vol. II. chap. 1.

The Spaniards had made a few settlements in the western part of the island, the principal one of which was Yaguana, or Leogane. They were too far from the eastern population to be successfully defended or succored, in case of the attacks which were constantly expected after Drake's expedition. In 1592, the town of Azua was taken and destroyed by an English force under Christopher Newport, who was making war against the Spaniards on his own account. He afterwards attacked Yaguana, was at first repulsed, but took it by night and burned it to the ground. In consequence of this, all the western settlements were abandoned; and not a Spaniard remained in that part of the island after 1606. Cruisers of other nations seized the ports for their private convenience.

A brief outline will suffice to conduct us to the secure establishment of the French in Western San Domingo. Tortuga was attacked by the Spaniards in 1638; the Buccaneers were surprised, put to the sword, and scattered. A few joined their brethren in San Domingo. Their discomfiture was thought to be so complete that no garrison was left upon Tortuga. At the same time the Spaniards organized bands of fifty men each, called *la cinquantaine* by the French Buccaneers, to serve as a kind of rural police to hunt down the latter and exterminate them. For safety the French collected, and put at their head Willis, an Englishman, who had just then appeared with two or three hundred men, with the view of joining those of his countrymen who were Buccaneers. He led them back to Tortuga, and threw up some rude works to command the harbor. But the national antipathies soon appeared, on the occasion of some encroachment of Willis, whose countrymen were the more numerous party. The French despatched secret agents to St. Christophe, who made it clear to M. de Poincy, the Governor of that island, that the English could be easily dispossessed by a small force attacking them from without, while the French rose within. The Governor thought it was a good oppor-

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tunity to weed the Huguenots, who were always making trouble about religious matters, out of his colony; he did not hesitate, therefore, to coöperate with the outlaws for so nice a game as driving out the English by getting rid of his heretics. The operation was intrusted to M. Levasseur, a brave and well-instructed Huguenot officer, who took with him about a hundred men. Willis decamped at their first summons, knowing the temper of his French subjects; and Levasseur landed, and immediately began to fortify a platform-rock which rose only a few paces from the water's edge. This he intrenched, surrounding an open square capable of accommodating three or four hundred men. A never-failing spring gushed from the rock for the supply of a garrison. From the middle of this platform there rose conveniently another rock thirty feet high, with scarped sides, upon which he built a block-house for himself and the ammunition, communicating with the platform by a movable ladder of iron. He made the place so formidable as a buccaneering centre that the Spaniards resolved to attack it. They tried it at first from the sea, but, being well battered, retired and disembarked six hundred men by night to make a land-attack. They were defeated, with the loss of a hundred men.

Levasseur appears to have grown arrogant with his success. He began to abuse and persecute all the Catholics, burned their chapel, and drove away a priest. He had stocks set up, made of iron, which he called his Hell, and the fort where he kept it, Purgatory. Du Tertre says that he wanted to make of Tortuga a little Geneva. He disavowed the authority of M. de Poincy, and when the latter demanded restitution of a *Nôtre Dame* of silver which the *Flibustiers* had taken from a Spanish vessel, he sent a model of it, constructed of wood, with the message that Catholics were too spiritual to attach any value to the material, but as for himself, he had a liking for the metal. Levasseur was assassinated by two of his captains after a reign of a dozen years.

The next Governor sent by De Poincy to Tortuga was a Catholic, the Chevalier Fontenay. The religion of this stronghold changed, but not its habits. The Spaniards planned a second attack upon it in 1653, and succeeded by dragging a couple of light cannon up the mountain so as to command the donjon built by Levasseur. The French took refuge upon the coast of San Domingo, where they waited for an opportunity to repossess their little island. This soon followed upon an application made by De Rausset, one of Levasseur's old comrades, to the French West India Company for a sufficient force to drive out the Spaniards. De Rausset's plan succeeded, Tortuga passed permanently into French hands, and the Spaniards confined themselves for the future to annoying the new colonies of Buccaneers which overflowed upon San Domingo. But their efforts disappear after a terrible defeat inflicted upon them in 1665, which the *Flibustiers* followed up by the sack and destruction of Santiago, the town second in importance to San Domingo. Henceforth the history of the island belongs to France.

[To be continued.]

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A COMPLAINT OF FRIENDS.

If things would not run into each other so, it would be a thousand times easier and a million times pleasanter to get on in the world. Let the sheepiness be set on one side and the goatiness on the other, and immediately you know where you are. It is not necessary to ask that there be any increase of the one or any diminution of the other, but only that each shall preëmpt its own territory and stay there. Milk is good, and water is good, but don't set the milk-pail under the pump. Pleasure softens pain, but pain embitters pleasure; and who would not rather have his happiness concentrated into one memorable day that shall gleam and glow through a lifetime, than have it spread out over a dozen comfortable, commonplace, humdrum forenoons and afternoons, each one as like the others as two peas in a pod? Since the law of compensation obtains, I suppose it is the best law for us; but if it had been left with me, I should have made the clever people rich and handsome, and left poverty and ugliness to the stupid people; because—don't you see?—the stupid people won't know they are ugly, and won't care if they are poor, but the clever people will be hampered and tortured. I would have given the good wives to the good husbands, and made drunken men marry drunken women. Then there would have been one family exquisitely happy, instead of two struggling against misery. I would have made the rose-stem downy, and put all the thorns on the thistles. I would have gouged out the jewel from the toad's head, and given the peacock the nightingale's voice, and not set everything so at half and half.

But that is the way it is. We find the world made to our hand. The wise men marry the foolish virgins, and the splendid virgins marry dolts, and matters in general are so mixed up that the choice lies between nice things about spoiled and vile things that are not so bad after all, and it is hard to tell sometimes which you like best or which you loathe least.

I expect to lose every friend I have in the world by the publication of this paper—except the dunces who are impaled in it. They will never read it, and if they do, will never suspect I mean them; while the sensible and true friends, who do me good and not evil all the days of their lives, will think I am driving at their noble hearts, and will at once haul off and leave me inconsolable. Still I am going to write it. You must open the safety-valve once in a while, even if the steam does whiz and shriek, or there will be an explosion, which is fatal, while the whizzing and shrieking are only disagreeable.

Doubtless friendship has its advantages and its pleasures; doubtless hostility has its isolations and its revenges: still, if called upon to choose once for all between friends and foes, I think, on the whole, I should cast my vote for the foes. Twenty enemies will not do you the mischief of one friend. Enemies you always know where to find. They are in fair and square perpetual hostility, and you keep your armor on and your sentinels posted; but with friends you are inveigled into a false security, and, before you know it, your honor, your modesty, your delicacy are scudding before the gales. Moreover, with your friend you can never make reprisals. If your enemy attacks you, you can always strike back and hit hard. You are expected to defend yourself against him to the top of your bent. He is your legal opponent in honorable warfare. You can pour hot-shot into him with murderous vigor; and the more he wriggles, the better you feel. In fact, it is rather refreshing to measure swords once in a while with such a one. You like to exert your power and keep yourself in practice. You do not rejoice so much in overcoming your enemy as in overcoming. If a marble statue could

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show fight, you would just as soon fight it; but as it cannot, you take something that can, and something, besides, that has had the temerity to attack you, and so has made a lawful target of itself. But against your friend your hands are tied. He has injured you. He has disgusted you. He has infuriated you. But it was most Christianly done. You cannot hurl a thunderbolt, or pull a trigger, or lisp a syllable, against those amiable monsters who with tenderest fingers are sticking pins all over you. So you shut fast the doors of your lips, and inwardly sigh for a good, stout, brawny, malignant foe, who, under any and every circumstance, will design you harm, and on whom you can lavish your lusty blows with a hearty will and a clear conscience.

Your enemy keeps clear of you. He neither grants nor claims favors. He awards you your rights, — no more, no less, — and demands the same from you. Consequently there is no friction. Your friend, on the contrary, is continually getting himself tangled up with you "because he is your friend." I have heard that Shelley was never better pleased than when his associates made free with his coats, boots, and hats for their own use, and that he appropriated their property in the same way. Shelley was a poet, and perhaps idealized his friends. He saw them, probably, in a state of pure intellect. I am not a poet; I look at people in the concrete. The most obvious thing about my friends is their avoirdupois; and I prefer that they should wear their own cloaks and suffor me to wear mine. There is no neck in the world that I want my collar to span except my own. It is very exasperating to me to go to my bookcase and miss a book of which I am in immediate and pressing need, because an intimate friend has carried it off without asking leave, on the score of his intimacy. I have not, and do not wish to have, any alliance that shall abrogate the eighth commandment. A great mistake is lying round loose hereabouts, — a mistake fatal to many friendships that did run well. The common fallacy is, that intimacy dispenses with the necessity of politeness. The truth is just the opposite of this. The more points of contact there are, the more danger of friction there is, and the more carefully should people guard against it. If you see a man only once a month, it is not of so vital importance that you do not trench on his rights, tastes, or whims. He can bear to be crossed or annoyed occasionally. If he does not have a very high regard for you, it is comparatively unimportant, because your paths are generally so diverse. But you and the man with whom you dine every day have it in your power to make each other exceedingly uncomfortable. A very little dropping will wear away rock, if it only keep at it. The thing that you would not think of, if it occurred only twice a year, becomes an intolerable burden when it happens twice a day. This is where husbands and wives run aground. They take too much for granted. If they would but see that they have something to gain, something to save, as well as something to enjoy, it would be better for them; but they proceed on the assumption that their love is an inexhaustible tank, and not a fountain depending for its supply on the stream that trickles into it. So, for every little annoying habit, or weakness, or fault, they draw on the tank without being careful to keep the supply open, till they awake one morning to find the pump dry, and, instead of love, at best, nothing but a cold habit of complacence. On the contrary, the more intimate friends become, whether married or unmarried, the more scrupulously should they strive to repress in themselves everything annoying, and to cherish both in themselves and each other everything pleasing. While each should draw on his love to neutralize the faults of his friend, it is suicidal to draw on his friend's love to neutralize his own faults. Love should be cumulative, since it cannot be stationary. If it does not increase, it decreases. Love, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth, and of most exotic fragility. It must be con-

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stantly and tenderly cherished. Every noxious and foreign element must be carefully removed from it. All sunshine, and sweet airs, and morning dews, and evening showers must breathe upon it perpetual fragrance, or it dies into a hideous and repulsive deformity, fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot of men, while, properly cultivated, it is a Tree of Life.

Your enemy keeps clear of you not only in business, but in society. If circumstances thrust him into contact with you, he is curt and centrifugal. But your friend breaks in upon your "saintly solitude" with perfect equanimity. He never for a moment harbors a suspicion that he can intrude, "because he is your friend." So he drops in on his way to the office to chat half an hour over the latest news. The half-hour is n't much in itself. If it were after dinner, you would n't mind it; but after breakfast every moment "runs itself in golden sands," and the break in your time crashes a worse break in your temper. "Are you busy?" asks the considerate wretch, adding insult to injury. What can you do? Say yes and wound his self-love forever? But he has a wife and family. You respect their feelings, smile and smile, and are villain enough to be civil with your lips, and hide the poison of asps under your tongue, till you have a chance to relieve your o'ercharged heart by shaking your fist in impotent wrath at his retreating form. You will receive the reward of your hypocrisy as you richly deserve, for ten to one he will drop in again when he comes back from his office, and arrest you wandering in Dreamland in the beautiful twilight. Delighted to find that you are neither reading nor writing, — the absurd dolt! as if a man were n't at work unless he be wielding a sledge-hammer! — he will preach out, and prose out, and twaddle out another hour of your golden eventide, "because he is your friend." You don't care whether he is judge or jury,— whether he talks sense or nonsense; you don't want him to talk at all. You don't want him there any way. You want to be alone. If you don't, why are you sitting there in the deepening twilight? If you wanted him, could n't you send for him? Why don't you go out into the drawing-room, where are music, and lights, and gay people? What right have I to suppose, that, because you are not using your eyes, you are not using your brain? What right have I to set myself up as judge of the value of your time, and so rob you of perhaps the most delicious hour in all your day, on pretence that it is of no use to you? — take a pound of flesh clean out of your heart and trip on my smiling way as if I had not earned the gallows?

And what in Heaven's name is the good of all this ceaseless talk? To what purpose are you wearied, exhausted, dragged out and out to the very extreme of tenuity? A sprightly badinage, — a running fire of nonsense for half an hour, — a tramp over unfamiliar ground with a familiar guide, — a discussion of something with somebody who knows all about it, or who, not knowing, wants to learn from you, — a pleasant interchange of commonplaces with a circle of friends around the fire, at such hours as you give to society: all this is not only tolerable, but agreeable, — often positively delightful; but to have an indifferent person, on no score but that of friendship, break into your sacred presence, and suck your blood through indefinite cycles of time, is an abomination. If he clatters on an indifferent subject, you can do well enough for fifteen minutes, buoyed up by the hope that he will presently have a fit, or be sent for, or come to some kind of an end. But when you gradually open to the conviction that *vis inertiæ* rules the hour, and the thing which has been is that which shall be, you wax listless; your chariot-wheels drive heavily; your end of the pole drags in the mud, and you speedily wallow in unmitigated disgust. If he broaches a subject on which you have a real and deep living interest, you shrink from unbosoming yourself to him. You feel that

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it would be sacrilege. He feels nothing of the sort. He treads over your heart-strings in his cow-hide brogans, and does not see that they are not whip-cords. He pokes his gold-headed cane in among your treasures, blind to the fact that you are clutching both arms around them; that no gleam of flashing gold may reveal their whereabouts to him. You draw yourself up in your shell, projecting a monosyllabic claw occasionally as a sign of continued vitality; but the pachyderm does not withdraw, and you gradually lower into an indignation—smothered, fierce, intense.

Why, *why*, WHY will people inundate their unfortunate victims with such "weak, washy, everlasting floods"? Why will they haul everything out into the open day? Why will they make the Holy of Holies common and unclean? Why will they be so ineffably stupid as not to see that there is that which speech profanes? Why will they lower their drag-nets into the unfathomable waters, in the vain attempt to bring up your pearls and gems, whose lustre would pale to ashes in the garish light, — whose only sparkle is in the deep sea-soundings? *Procul, O procul este, profani!*

Oh, the matchless power of silence! There are words that concentrate in themselves the glory of a lifetime; but there is a silence that is more precious than they. Speech ripples over the surface of life, but silence sinks into its depths. Airy pleasantnesses bubble up in airy, pleasant words. Weak sorrows quaver out their shallow being and are not. When the heart is cleft to its core, there is no speech nor language.

Do not now, Messrs. Bores, think to retrieve your characters by coming into my house and sitting mute for two hours. Heaven forbid that your blood should be found on my skirts! but I believe I shall kill you, if you do. The only reason why I have not laid violent hands on you heretofore is that your vapid talk has operated as a wire to conduct my electricity to the receptive and kindly earth; but if you intrude upon my magnetisms without any such life-preserver, your future in this world is not worth a crossed sixpence. Your silence would break the reed that your talk but bruised. The only people with whom it is a joy to sit silent are the people with whom it is a joy to talk. Clear out!

Friendship plays the mischief in the false ideas of constancy which are generated and cherished in its name, if not by its agency. Your enemies are intense, but temporary. Time wears off the edge of hostility. It is the alembic in which offences are dissolved into thin air, and a calm indifference reigns in their stead. But your friends are expected to be a permanent arrangement. They are not only a sore evil, but of long continuance. Adhesiveness seems to be the head and front, the bones and blood of their creed. It is not the direction of the quality, but the quality itself, which they swear by. Only stick, it is no matter what you stick to. Fall out with a man, and you can kiss and be friends as soon as you like; the recording angel will set it down on the credit side of his books. Fall in, and you are expected to stay in, *ad infinitum*, *ad nauseam*. No matter what combination of laws got you there, there you are, and there you must stay, for better, for worse, till merciful Death you do part,—or you are — "fickle." You find a man entertaining for an hour, a week, a concert, a journey, and *presto!* you are saddled with him forever. What preposterous absurdity! Do but look at it calmly. You are thrown into contact with a person, and, as in duty bound, you proceed to fathom him: for every man is a possible revelation. In the deeps of his soul there may lie unknown worlds for you. Consequently you proceed at once to experiment on him. It takes a little while to get your tackle in order. Then the line begins to run off rapidly, and your eager soul cries out, "Ah! what depth! What perpetual calmness must be down below! What rest is here for all my tumult! What a grand, vast nature is this!" Surely, surely, you are on the high seas. Surely, you will now float serenely down

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the eternities! But by-and-by there is a kink. You find, that, though the line runs off so fast, it does not go down, — it only floats out. A current has caught it and bears it on horizontally. It does not sink plumb. You have been deceived. Your grand Pacific Ocean is nothing but a shallow little brook that you can ford all the year round, if it does not utterly dry up in the summer heats, when you want it most; or, at best, it is a fussy little tormenting river, that won't and can't sail a sloop. What are you going to do about it? You are going to wind up your lead and line, shoulder your birch canoe as the old sea-kings used, and thrid the deep forests, and scale the purple hills, till you come to water again, when you will unroll your lead and line for another essay. Is that fickleness? What else can you do? Must you launch your bark on the unquiet stream, against whose pebbly bottom the keel continually grates and rasps your nerves — simply that your reputation suffer no detriment? Fickleness? There was no fickleness about it. You were trying an experiment which you had every right to try. As soon as you were satisfied, you stopped. If you had stopped sooner, you would have been unsatisfied. If you had stopped later, you would have been dissatisfied. It is a criminal contempt of the magnificent possibilities of life not to lay hold of "God's occasions floating by." It is an equally criminal perversion of them to cling tenaciously to what was only the *simulacrum* of an occasion. A man will toil many days and nights among the mountains to find an ingot of gold, which, found, he bears home with infinite pains and just rejoicing; but he would be a fool who should lade his mules with iron-pyrites to justify his labors, however severe.

Fickleness! what is it, that we make such an ado about it? And what is constancy, that it commands such usurious interest? The one is a foible only in its relations. The other is only thus a virtue. "Fickle as the winds" is our death-seal upon a man; but should we like our winds un-fickle? Would a perpetual Northeaster lay us open to perpetual gratitude? or is a soft South gale to be orisoned and vespered forevermore?

I am tired of this eternal prating of devotion and constancy. It is senseless in itself and harmful in its tendencies. The dictate of reason is to treat men and women as we do oranges. Suck all the juice out and then let them go. Where is the good of keeping the peel and pulp-cells till they get old, dry, and mouldy? Let them go, and they will help feed the earth-worms and bugs and beetles who can hardly find existence a continued banquet, and fertilize the earth which will have you give before you receive. Thus they will ultimately spring up in new and beautiful shapes. Clung to with constancy, they stain your knife and napkin, impart a bad odor to your dining-room, and degenerate into something that is neither pleasant to the eye nor good for food. I believe in a rotation of crops, morally and socially, as well as agriculturally. When you have taken the measure of a man, when you have sounded him and know that you cannot wade in him more than ankle-deep, when you have got out of him all that he has to yield for your soul's sustenance and strength, what is the next thing to be done? Obviously, pass him on; and turn you "to fresh woods and pastures new." Do you work him an injury? By no means. Friends that are simply glued on, and don't grow out of, are little worth. He has nothing more for you, nor you for him; but he may be rich in juices wherewithal to nourish the heart of another man, and their two lives, set together, may have an endosmose and exosmose whose result shall be richness of soil, grandeur of growth, beauty of foliage, and perfectness of fruit; while you and he would only have languished into aridity and a stunted crab-tree.

For my part, I desire to sweep off my old friends with the old year and begin the new with a clean record. It is a measure absolutely necessary. The snake

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does not put on his new skin over the old one. He sloughs off the first, before he dons the second. He would be a very clumsy serpent, if he did not. One cannot have successive layers of friendships any more than the snake has successive layers of skins. One must adopt some system to guard against a congestion of the heart from plethora of loves. I go in for the much-abused fair-weather, skin-deep, April-shower friends, — the friends who will drop off, if let alone, — who must be kept awake to be kept at all, — who will talk and laugh with you as long as it suits your respective humors and you are prosperous and happy, — the blessed butterfly-race who flutter about your June mornings, and when the clouds lower, and the drops patter, and the rains descend, and the winds blow, will spread their gay wings and float gracefully away to sunny southern lands where the skies are yet blue and the breezes violet-scented. They are not only agreeable, but deeply wise. So long as a man keeps his streamer flying, his sails set, and his hull above water, it is pleasant to paddle alongside; but when the sails split, the yards crack, and the keel goes staggering down, by all means paddle off. Why should you be submerged in his whirlpool? Will he drown any more easily because you are drowning with him? Lung is lung. He dies from want of air, not from want of sympathy. When a poor fellow sits down among the ashes, the best thing his friends can do is to stand afar off. Job bore the loss of property, children, health, with equanimity. Satan himself found his match there; and for all his buffetings, Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly. But Job's three friends must needs make an appointment together to come and mourn with him and to comfort him, and after this Job opened his mouth, and cursed his day, — and no wonder.

Your friends have an intimate knowledge of you that is astonishing to contemplate. It is not that they know your affairs, which he who runs may read, but they know you. From a bit of bone, Cuvier could predicate a whole animal, even to the hide and hair. Such moral naturalists are your dear five hundred friends. It seems to yourself that you are immeasurably reticent. You know, of a certainty, that you project only the smallest possible fragment of yourself. You yield your universality to the bond of common brotherhood; but your individualism — what it is that makes you you — withdraws itself naturally, involuntarily, inevitably, into the background, — the dim distance which their eyes cannot penetrate. But, from the fraction which you do project, they construct another you, call it by your name, and pass it around for the real, the actual you. You bristle with jest and laughter and wild whims, to keep them at a distance; and they fancy this to be your every-day equipment. They think your life holds constant carnival. It is astonishing what ideas spring up in the heads of sensible people. There are those who assume that a person can never have had any grief, unless somebody has died, or he has been disappointed in love, — not knowing that every avenue of joy lies open to the tramp of pain. They see the flashing coronet on the queen's brow, and they infer a diamond woman, not recking of the human heart that throbs wildly out of sight. They see the foam-crest on the wave, and picture an Atlantic Ocean of froth, and not the solemn sea that stands below in eternal equipoise. You turn to them the luminous crescent of your life, and they call it the whole round globe; and so they love you with a love that is agate, not pearl, because what they love in you is something infinitely below the highest. They love you level: they have never scaled your heights nor fathomed your depths. And when they talk of you as familiarly as if they had taken out your auricles and ventricles, and turned them inside out, and wrung them, and shaken them, — when they prate of your transparency and openness, the abandonment with which you draw aside the curtain and reveal the inmost thoughts of your heart, — you, who

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are to yourself a miracle and a mystery, you smile inwardly, and are content. They are on the wrong scent, and you may pursue your plans in peace. They are indiscriminate and satisfied. They do not know the relation of what appears to what is. If they chance to skirt along the coasts of your Purple Island, it will be only chance, and they will not know it. You may close your port-holes, lower your draw-bridge, and make merry, for they will never come within gun-shot of the "Round Tower of your heart."

There is no such thing as knowing a man intimately. Every soul is, for the greater part of its mortal life, isolated from every other. Whether it dwell in the Garden of Eden or the Desert of Sahara, it dwells alone. Not only do we jostle against the street-crowd unknowing and unknown, but we go out and come in, we lie down and rise up, with strangers. Jupiter and Neptune sweep the heavens not more unfamiliar to us than the worlds that circle our own hearth-stone. Day after day, and year after year, a person moves by your side; he sits at the same table; he reads the same books; he kneels in the same church. You know every hair of his head, every trick of his lips, every tone of his voice; you can tell him far off by his gait. Without seeing him, you recognize his step, his knock, his laugh. "Know him? Yes, I have known him these twenty years." No, you don't know him. You know his gait, and hair, and voice. You know what preacher he hears, what ticket he voted, and what were his last year's expenses; but you don't know him. He sits quietly in his chair, but he is in the temple. You speak to him; his soul comes out into the vestibule to answer you, and returns, — and the gates are shut; therein you cannot enter. You were discussing the state of the country; but, when you ceased, he opened a postern-gate, went down a bank, and launched on a sea over whose waters you have no boat to sail, no star to guide. You have loved and reverenced him. He has been your concrete of truth and nobleness. Unwittingly you touch a secret spring, and a Blue-Beard Chamber stands revealed. You give no sign; you meet and part as usual; but a Dead Sea rolls between you two forevermore.

It must be so. Not even to the nearest and dearest can one unveil the secret place where his soul abideth, so that there shall be no more any winding ways or hidden chambers; but to your indifferent neighbor, what blind alleys, and deep caverns, and inaccessible mountains! To him who "touches the electric chain wherewith you 're darkly bound," your soul sends back an answering thrill. Our little window is opened, and there is short parley. Your ships speak each other now and then in welcome, though imperfect communication; but immediately you strike out again into the great, shoreless sea, over which you must sail forever alone. You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them, save those

> "That, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
> For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

Be thankful that it is so, — that only His eye sees whose hand formed. If we could look in, we should be appalled at the vision. The worlds that glide around us are mysteries too high for us. We cannot attain to them. The naked soul is a sight too awful for man to look at and live. There are individuals whose topography we would like to know a little better, and there is danger that we crash against each other while roaming around in the dark; but, for all that, would we not have the Constitution broken up. Somebody says, "In heaven there will be no secrets," which, it seems to me, would be intolerable. (If that were a revelation from the King of Heaven, of course I would not speak flippantly of it; but, though towards Heaven we look with reverence and humble hope, I do not know that Tom, Dick, and Harry's notions of it have any special claim to our respect.) Such publicity would de-

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stroy all individuality, and undermine the foundations of society. Clairvoyance — if there be any such thing — always seemed to me a stupid impertinence. When people pay visits to me, I wish them to come to the front-door, and ring the bell, and send up their names. I don't wish them to climb in at the window, or creep through the pantry, or, worst of all, float through the keyhole, and catch me in undress. So I believe that in all worlds thoughts will be the subjects of volition, — more accurately expressed when expression is desired, but just as entirely suppressed when we will suppression.

After all, perhaps the chief trouble arises from a prevalent confusion of ideas as to what constitutes a man your friend. Friendship may stand for that peaceful complacence which you feel towards all well-behaved people who wear clean collars and use tolerable grammar. This is a very good meaning, if everybody will subscribe to it. But sundry of these well-behaved people will mistake your civility and complacence for a recognition of special affinity, and proceed at once to frame an alliance offensive and defensive while the sun and the moon shall endure. Oh, the barnacles that cling to your keel in such waters! The inevitable result is, that they win your intense rancor. You would feel a genial kindliness towards them, if they would be satisfied with that; but they lay out to be your specialty. They infer your innocent little inch to be the standard-bearer of twenty ells, and goad you to frenzy. I mean you, you desperate little horror, who nearly dethroned my reason six years ago! I always meant to have my revenge, and here I impale you before the public. For three months, you fastened yourself upon me; and I could not shake you off. What availed it me, that you were an honest and excellent man? Did I not, twenty times a day, wish you had been a villain, who had insulted me, and I a Kentucky giant, that I might have the unspeakable satisfaction of knocking you down? But you added to your crimes virtue. Villany had no part or lot in you. You were a member of a church, in good and regular standing; you had graduated with all the honors worth mentioning; you had not a sin, a vice, or a fault that I knew of; and you were so thoroughly good and repulsive that you were a great grief to me. Do you think, you dear, disinterested wretch, that I have forgotten how you were continually putting yourself to horrible inconveniences on my account? Do you think I am not now filled with remorse for the aversion that rooted itself ineradicably in my soul, and which now gloats over you, as you stand in the pillory where my own hands have fastened you? But can Nature be crushed forever? Did I not ruin my nerves, and seriously injure my temper, by the overpowering pressure I laid upon them to keep them quiet when you were by? Could I not, by the sense of coming ill through all my quivering frame, presage your advent as exactly as the barometer heralds the approaching storm? Those three months of agony are little atoned for by this late vengeance: but go in peace!

Mysterious are the ways of friendship. It is not a matter of reason or of choice, but of magnetisms. You cannot always give the premises nor the argument, but the conclusion is a palpable and stubborn fact. Abana and Pharpar may be broad, and deep, and blue, and grand; but only in Jordan shall your soul wash and be clean. A thousand brooks are born of the sunshine and the mountains: very, very few are they whose flow can mingle with yours, and not disturb, but only deepen and broaden the current.

Your friend! Who shall describe him, or worthily paint what he is to you? No merchant, nor lawyer, nor farmer, nor statesman claims your suffrage, but a kingly soul. He comes to you from God, — a prophet, a seer, a revealer. He has a clear vision. His love is reverence. He goes into the *penetralia* of your life, — not presumptuously, but with uncovered head, unsandalled feet, and

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pours libations at the innermost shrine. His incense is grateful. For him the sunlight brightens, the skies grow rosy, and all the days are Junes. Wrapped in his love, you float in a delicious rest, rocked in the bosom of purple, scented waves. Nameless melodies sing themselves through your heart. A golden glow suffuses your atmosphere. A vague, fine ecstasy thrills to the sources of life, and earth lays hold on heaven. Such friendship is worship. It elevates the most trifling services into rites. The humblest offices are sanctified. All things are baptized into a new name. Duty is lost in joy. Care veils itself in caresses. Drudgery becomes delight. There is no longer anything menial, small, or servile. All is transformed

"Into something rich and strange."

The homely household-ways lead through beds of spices and orchards of pomegranates. The daily toil among your parsnips and carrots is plucking May violets with the dew upon them to meet the eyes you love upon their first awaking. In the burden and heat of the day you hear the rustling of summer showers and the whispering of summer winds. Everything is lifted up from the plane of labor to the plane of love, and a glory spans your life. With your friend, speech and silence are one, — for a communion mysterious and intangible reaches across from heart to heart. The many dig and delve in your nature with fruitless toil to find the spring of living water: he only raises his wand, and, obedient to the hidden power, it bends at once to your secret. Your friendship, though independent of language, gives to it life and light. The mystic spirit stirs even in commonplaces, and the merest question is an endearment. You are quiet because your heart is over-full. You talk because it is pleasant, not because you have anything to say. You weary of terms that are already love-laden, and you go out into the highways and hedges, and gather up the rough, wild, wilful words, heavy with the hatreds of men, and fill them to the brim with honey-dew. All things great and small, grand or humble, you press into your service, force them to do soldier's duty, and your banner over them is love.

With such a friendship, presence alone is happiness; nor is absence wholly void, — for memories, and hopes, and pleasing fancies sparkle through the hours, and you know the sunshine will come back.

For such friendship one is grateful. No matter that it comes unsought, and comes not for the seeking. You do not discuss the reasonableness of your gratitude. You only know that your whole being bows with humility and utter thankfulness to him who thus crowns you monarch of all realms.

And the kingdom is everlasting. A thin, pale love dies weakly with the occasion that gave it birth; but such friendship is born of the gods, and is immortal. Clouds and darkness may sweep around it, but within the cloud the glory lives undimmed. Death has no power over it. Time cannot diminish, nor even dishonor annul it. Its direction may have been unworthy, but itself is eternal. You go back into your solitudes: all is silent as aforetime, but you cannot forget that a Voice once resounded there. A Presence filled the valleys and gilded the mountain-tops, — breathed upon the plains, and they sprang up in lilies and roses,—flashed upon the waters, and they flowed to spheral melody,—swept through the forests, and they, too, trembled into song. And though now the warmth has faded out, though the ruddy tints and amber clearness have paled to ashen hues, though the murmuring melodies are dead, and forest, vale, and hill look hard and angular in the sharp air, you know that it is not death. The fire is unquenched beneath. You go your way not disconsolate. There needs but the Victorious Voice. At the touch of the Prince's lips, life shall rise again and be perfected forevermore.

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THE LIFE OF BIRDS.

When one thinks of a bird, one fancies a soft, swift, aimless, joyous thing, full of nervous energy and arrowy motions, — a song with wings. So remote from ours their mode of existence, they seem accidental exiles from an unknown globe, banished where none can understand their language; and men only stare at their darting, inexplicable ways, as at the gyrations of the circus. Watch their little traits for hours, and it only tantalizes curiosity. Every man's secret is penetrable, if his neighbor be sharp-sighted. Dickens, for instance, can take a poor condemned wretch, like Fagin, whose emotions neither he nor his reader has experienced, and can paint him in colors that seem made of the soul's own atoms, so that each beholder feels as if he, personally, had been the man. But this bird that hovers and alights beside me, peers up at me, takes its food, then looks again, attitudinizing, jerking, flirting its tail, with a thousand inquisitive and fantastic motions, — although I have power to grasp it in my hand and crush its life out, yet I cannot gain its secret thus, and the centre of its consciousness is really farther from mine than the remotest planetary orbit. "We do not steadily bear in mind," says Darwin, with a noble scientific humility, "how profoundly ignorant we are of the condition of existence of every animal."

What "sympathetic penetration" can fathom the life, for instance, of yonder mysterious, almost voiceless, Humming-Bird, smallest of feathery things, and loneliest, whirring among birds, insect-like, and among insects, bird-like, his path untraceable, his home unseen? An image of airy motion, yet it sometimes seems as if there were nothing joyous in him. He seems like some exiled pigmy prince, banished, but still regal, and doomed to wings. Did gems turn to flowers, flowers to feathers, in that long-past dynasty of the Humming-Birds? It is strange to come upon his tiny nest, in some gray and tangled swamp, with this brilliant atom perched disconsolately near it, upon some mossy twig; it is like visiting Cinderella among her ashes. And from Humming-Bird to Eagle, the daily existence of every bird is a remote and bewitching mystery.

Pythagoras has been charged, both before and since the days of Malvolio, with holding that "the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a fowl," — that delinquent men must revisit earth as women, and delinquent women as birds. Malvolio thought nobly of the soul, and in no way approved his opinion; but I remember that Harriet Rohan, in her school-days, accepted this, her destiny, with glee. "When I saw the Oriole," she wrote to me, "from his nest among the plum-trees in the garden, sail over the air and high above the Gothic arches of the elm, a stream of flashing light, or watched him swinging silently on pendent twigs, I did not dream how near akin we were. Or when a Humming-Bird, a winged drop of gorgeous sheen and gloss, a living gem, poising on his wings, thrust his dark, slender, honey-seeking bill into the white blossoms of a little bush beside my window, I should have thought it no such bad thing to be a bird, even if one next became a bat, like the colony in our eaves, that dart and drop and skim and skurry, all the length of moonless nights, in such ecstasies of dusky joy." Was this weird creature, the bat, in very truth a bird, in some far primeval time? and does he fancy, in unquiet dreams at nightfall, that he is one still? I wonder whether he can enjoy the winged brotherhood into which he has thrust himself, — victim, perhaps, of some rash quadruped-ambition, — an Icarus doomed forever *not* to fall.

I think, that, if required, on pain of death, to name instantly the most perfect thing in the universe, I should risk my

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fate on a bird's egg. There is, first, its exquisite fragility of material, strong only by the mathematical precision of that form so daintily moulded. There is its absolute purity from external stain, since that thin barrier remains impassable until the whole is in ruins, — a purity recognized in the household proverb of "An apple, an egg, and a nut." Then, its range of tints, so varied, so subdued, and so beautiful, — whether of pure white, like the Martin's, or pure green, like the Robin's, or dotted and mottled into the loveliest of browns, like the Red Thrush's, or aqua-marine, with stains of moss-agate, like the Chipping-Sparrow's, or blotched with long weird ink-marks on a pale ground, like the Oriole's, as if it bore inscribed some magic clue to the bird's darting flight and pensile nest. Above all, the associations and predictions of this little wonder, — that one may bear home between his fingers all that winged splendor, all that celestial melody, coiled in mystery within these tiny walls! Even the chrysalis is less amazing, for its form always preserves some trace, however fantastic, of the perfect insect, and it is but moulting a skin; but this egg appears to the eye like a separate unit from some other kingdom of Nature, claiming more kindred with the very stones than with feathery existence; and it is as if a pearl opened and an angel sang.

The nest which is to contain these fair things is a wondrous study also, from the coarse masonry of the Robin to the soft structure of the Humming-Bird, a baby-house among nests. Among all created things, the birds come nearest to man in their domesticity. Their unions are usually in pairs, and for life; and with them, unlike the practice of most quadrupeds, the male labors for the young. He chooses the locality of the nest, aids in its construction, and fights for it, if needful. He sometimes assists in hatching the eggs. He feeds the brood with exhausting labor, like yonder Robin, whose winged picturesque day is spent in putting worms into insatiable beaks, at the rate of one morsel in every three minutes. He has to teach them to fly, as among the Swallows, or even to hunt, as among the Hawks. His life is anchored to his home. Yonder Oriole fills with light and melody the thousand branches of a neighborhood; and yet the centre for all this divergent splendor is always that one drooping dome upon one chosen tree. This he helped to build in May, confiscating cotton as if he were a Union provost-martial, and singing many songs, with his mouth full of plunder; and there he watches over his household, all through the leafy June, perched often upon the airy cradle-edge, and swaying with it in the summer wind. And from this deep nest, after the pretty eggs are hatched, will he and his mate extract every fragment of the shell, leaving it, like all other nests, save those of birds of prey, clean and pure, when the young are flown. This they do chiefly from an instinct of delicacy; since wood-birds are not wont to use the same nest a second time, even if they rear several broods in a season.

The subdued tints and notes which almost always mark the female sex, among birds, — unlike insects and human beings, of which the female is often more showy than the male, — seem designed to secure their safety while sitting on the nest, while the brighter colors and louder song of the male enable his domestic circle to detect his whereabouts more easily. It is commonly noticed, in the same way, that ground-birds have more neutral tints than those which build out of reach. With the aid of these advantages, it is astonishing how well these roving creatures keep their secrets, and what sharp eyes are needed to spy out their habitations, — while it always seems as if the empty last-year's nests were very plenty. Some, indeed, are very elaborately concealed, as of the Golden-Crowned Thrush, called, for this reason, the Oven-Bird, — the Meadow-Lark, with its burrowed gallery among the grass,—and the Kingfisher, which mines four feet into the earth. But most of the rarer nests would hardly be discovered, only that the maternal in-

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stinct seems sometimes so overloaded by Nature as to defeat itself, and the bird flies and chirps in agony, when she might pass unnoticed by keeping still. The most marked exception which I have noticed is the Red Thrush, which, in this respect, as in others, has the most high-bred manners among all our birds: both male and female sometimes flit in perfect silence through the bushes, and show solicitude only in a sob which is scarcely audible.

Passing along the shore-path by our lake, one day in June, I heard a great sound of scuffling and yelping before me, as if dogs were hunting rabbits or woodchucks. On approaching, I saw no sign of such disturbances, and presently a Partridge came running at me through the trees, with ruff and tail expanded, bill wide open, and hissing like a Goose, — then turned suddenly, and with ruff and tail furled, but with no pretence of lameness, scudded off through the woods in a circle, — then at me again fiercely, approaching within two yards, and spreading all her furbelows, to intimidate, as before, — then, taking in sail, went off again, always at the same rate of speed, yelping like an angry squirrel, squealing like a pig, occasionally clucking like a hen, and, in general, so filling the woods with bustle and disturbance that there seemed no room for anything else. Quite overawed by the display, I stood watching her for some time, then entered the underbrush, where the little invisible brood had been unceasingly piping, in their baby way. So motionless were they, that, for all their noise, I stood with my feet among them, for some minutes, without finding it possible to detect them. When found and taken from the ground, which they so closely resembled, they made no attempt to escape; but, when replaced, they presently ran away fast, as if conscious that the first policy had failed, and that their mother had retreated. Such is the summer-life of these little things; but come again in the fall, when the wild autumnal winds go marching through the woods, and a dozen pairs of strong wings will thrill like thunder through the arches of the trees, as the full-grown brood whirrs away around you.

Not only have we scarcely any species of birds which are thoroughly and unquestionably identical with European species, but there are certain general variations of habit. For instance, in regard to migration. This is, of course, a universal instinct, since even tropical birds migrate for short distances from the equator, so essential to their existence do these wanderings seem. But in New England, among birds as among men, the roving habit seems unusually strong, and abodes are shifted very rapidly. The whole number of species observed in Massachusetts is about the same as in England, — some three hundred in all. But of this number, in England, about a hundred habitually winter on the island, and half that number even in the Hebrides, some birds actually breeding in Scotland during January and February, incredible as it may seem. Their habits can, therefore, be observed through a long period of the year; while with us the bright army comes and encamps for a month or two and then vanishes. You must attend their dress-parades, while they last; for you will have but few opportunities, and their domestic life must commonly be studied during a few weeks of the season, or not at all.

Wonderful as the instinct of migration seems, it is not, perhaps, so altogether amazing in itself as in some of its attendant details. To a great extent, birds follow the opening foliage northward, and flee from its fading, south; they must keep near the food on which they live, and secure due shelter for their eggs. Our earliest visitors shrink from trusting the bare trees with their nests; the Song-Sparrow seeks the ground; the Blue-Bird finds a box or a hole somewhere; the Red-Wing haunts the marshy thickets, safer in spring than at any other season; and even the sociable Robin prefers a pine-tree to an apple-tree, if resolved to begin housekeeping prematurely. The movements of birds are chiefly timed by the advance of vegetation; and the thing

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most thoroughly surprising about them is not the general fact of the change of latitude, but their accuracy in hitting the precise locality. That the same Cat-Bird should find its way back, every spring, to almost the same branch of yonder larch-tree, — that is the thing astonishing to me. In England, a lame Redstart was observed in the same garden for sixteen successive years; and the astonishing precision of course which enables some birds of small size to fly from Australia to New Zealand in a day — probably the longest single flight ever taken — is only a part of the same mysterious instinct of direction.

In comparing modes of flight, the most surprising, of course, is that of the Swallow tribe, remarkable not merely for its velocity, but for the amazing boldness and instantaneousness of the angles it makes; so that eminent European mechanicians have speculated in vain upon the methods used in its locomotion, and prizes have been offered, by mechanical exhibitions, to him who could best explain it. With impetuous dash, they sweep through our perilous streets, these wild hunters of the air, "so near, and yet so far"; they bathe flying, and flying they feed their young. In my immediate vicinity, the Chimney-Swallow is not now common, nor the Sand-Swallow; but the Cliff-Swallow, that strange emigrant from the Far West, the Barn-Swallow, and the white-breasted species, are abundant, together with the Purple Martin. I know no prettier sight than a bevy of these bright little creatures, met from a dozen different farm-houses to picnic at a wayside pool, splashing and fluttering, with their long wings expanded like butterflies, keeping poised by a constant hovering motion, just tilting upon their feet, which scarcely touch the moist ground. You will seldom see them actually perch on anything less airy than some telegraphic wire; but, when they do alight, each will make chatter enough for a dozen, as if all the rushing hurry of the wings had passed into the tongue.

Between the swiftness of the Swallow and the stateliness of the birds of prey, the whole range of bird-motion seems included. The long wave of a Hawk's wings seems almost to send a slow vibration through the atmosphere, tolling upon the eye as yon distant bell upon the ear. I never was more impressed with the superior dignity of these soarings than in observing a bloodless contest in the air, last April. Standing beside a little grove, on a rocky hill-side, I heard Crows cawing near by, and then a sound like great flies buzzing, which I really attributed, for a moment, to some early insect. Turning, I saw two Crows flapping their heavy wings among the trees, and observed that they were teasing a Hawk about as large as themselves, which was also on the wing. Presently all three had risen above the branches, and were circling higher and higher in a slow spiral. The Crows kept constantly swooping at their enemy, with the same angry buzz, one of the two taking decidedly the lead. They seldom struck at him with their beaks, but kept lumbering against him, and flapping him with their wings, as if in a fruitless effort to capsize him; while the Hawk kept carelessly eluding the assaults, now inclining on one side, now on the other, with a stately grace, never retaliating, but seeming rather to enjoy the novel amusement, as if it were a skirmish in balloons. During all this, indeed, he scarcely seemed once to wave his wings; yet he soared steadily aloft, till the Crows refused to follow, though already higher than I ever saw Crows before, dim against the fleecy sky; then the Hawk flew northward, but soon after he sailed over us once again, with loud, scornful *chirr*, and they only cawed, and left him undisturbed.

When we hear the tumult of music from these various artists of the air, it seems as if the symphony never could be analyzed into its different instruments. But with time and patience it is not so difficult; nor can we really enjoy the performance, so long as it is only a confused chorus to our ears. It is not merely the highest form of animal language, but, in

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strictness of etymology, the only form, if it be true, as is claimed, that no other animal employs its tongue, *lingua*, in producing sound. In the Middle Ages, the song of birds was called their Latin, as was any other foreign dialect. It was the old German superstition, that any one who should eat the heart of a bird would thenceforth comprehend its language; and one modern philologist of the same nation (Masius declares) has so far studied the sounds produced by domestic fowls as to announce a Goose-Lexicon. Dupont de Nemours asserted that he understood eleven words of the Pigeon language, the same number of that of Fowls, fourteen of the Cat tongue, twenty-two of that of Cattle, thirty of that of Dogs, and the Raven language he understood completely. But the ordinary observer seldom attains farther than to comprehend some of the cries of anxiety and fear around him, often so unlike the accustomed carol of the bird, — as the mew of the Cat-Bird, the lamb-like bleating of the Veery and his impatient *yeoick*, the *chaip* of the Meadow-Lark, the *towyee* of the Chewink, the petulant *psit* and *tsee* of the Red-Winged Blackbird, and the hoarse cooing of the Bobolink. And with some of our most familiar birds the variety of notes is so great as really to promise difficulties in the American department of the bird-lexicon. I have watched two Song-Sparrows, perched near each other, in whom the spy-glass could show not the slightest difference of marking, even in the characteristic stains upon the breast, who yet chanted to each other, for fifteen minutes, over and over, two elaborate songs which had nothing in common. I have observed a similar thing in two Wood-Sparrows, with their sweet, distinct, accelerating lay; nor can I find it stated that the difference is sexual. Who can claim to have heard the whole song of the Robin? Taking shelter from a shower beneath an oak-tree, the other day, I caught a few of the notes which one of those cheery creatures, who love to sing in wet weather, tossed down to me through the drops.

(Before noticing me,)	*chirrup, cheerup;*
(pausing in alarm, at my approach,)	*che, che, che;*
(broken presently by a thoughtful strain,)	*caw, caw;*
(then softer and more confiding,)	*see, see, see;*
(then the original note, in a whisper,)	*chirrup, cheerup;*
(often broken by a soft note,)	*see, wee;*
(and an odder one,)	*squeal;*
(and a mellow note,)	*tweedle.*

And all these were mingled with more complex combinations, and with half-imitations, as of the Blue-Bird, so that it seemed almost impossible to doubt that there was some specific meaning, to him and his peers, in this endless vocabulary. Yet other birds, as quick-witted as the Robins, possess but one or two chirping notes, to which they seem unable to give more than the very rudest variation of accent.

The controversy between the singing-birds of Europe and America has had various phases and influential disputants. Buffon easily convinced himself that our Thrushes had no songs, because the voices of all birds grew harsh in savage countries, such as he naturally held this continent to be. Audubon, on the other hand, relates that even in his childhood he was assured by his father that the American songsters were the best, though neither Americans nor Europeans could be convinced of it. MacGillivray, the Scottish naturalist, reports that Audubon himself, in conversation, arranged our vocalists in the following order: — first, the Mocking-Bird, as unrivalled; then, the Wood-Thrush, Cat-Bird, and Red Thrush; the Rose-Breasted, Pine, and Blue Grosbeak; the Orchard and Golden Oriole; the Tawny and Hermit Thrushes; several Finches, — Bachmann's, the White-Crowned, the Indigo, and the Nonpareil; and finally, the Bobolink.

Among those birds of this list which

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frequent Massachusetts, Audubon might well put the Wood-Thrush at the head. As I sat the other day in the deep woods beside a black brook which dropped from stone to stone beneath the shadow of our Rattlesnake Rocks, the air seemed at first as silent above me as the earth below. The buzz of summer sounds had not begun. Sometimes a bee hummed by with a long swift thrill like a chord of music; sometimes a breeze came resounding up the forest like an approaching locomotive, and then died utterly away. Then, at length, a Veery's delicious note rose in a fountain of liquid melody from beneath me; and when it was ended, the clear, calm, interrupted chant of the Wood-Thrush fell like solemn water-drops from some source above. I am acquainted with no sound in Nature so sweet, so elevated, so serene. Flutes and flageolets are Art's poor efforts to recall that softer sound. It is simple, and seems all prelude; but the music to which it is the overture must belong to other spheres. It might be the *Angelus* of some lost convent. It might be the meditation of some maiden-hermit, saying over to herself in solitude, with recurrent tuneful pauses, the only song she knows. Beside this soliloquy of seraphs, the carol of the Veery seems a familiar and almost domestic thing; yet it is so charming that Audubon must have designed to include it among the Thrushes whose merits he proclaims.

But the range of musical perfection is a wide one; and if the standard of excellence be that wondrous brilliancy and variety of execution suggested by the Mocking-Bird, then the palm belongs, among our New-England songsters, to the Red Thrush, otherwise called the Mavis or Brown Thrasher. I have never heard the Mocking-Bird sing at liberty; and while the caged bird may surpass the Red Thrush in volume of voice and in quaintness of direct imitation, he gives me no such impression of depth and magnificence. I know not how to describe the voluble and fantastic notes which fall like pearls and diamonds from the beak of our Mavis, while his stately attitudes and high-born bearing are in full harmony with the song. I recall the steep, bare hill-side, and the two great boulders which guard the lonely grove, where I first fully learned the wonder of this lay, as if I had met Saint Cecilia there. A thoroughly happy song, overflowing with life, it gives even its most familiar phrases an air of gracious condescension, as when some great violinist stoops to the "Carnival of Venice." The Red Thrush does not, however, consent to any parrot-like mimicry, though every note of wood or field — Oriole, Bobolink, Crow, Jay, Robin, Whippoorwill — appears to pass in veiled procession through the song.

Retain the execution of the Red Thrush, but hopelessly impair his organ, and you have the Cat-Bird. This accustomed visitor would seem a gifted vocalist, but for the inevitable comparison between his thinner note and the gushing melodies of the lordlier bird. Is it some hopeless consciousness of this disadvantage which leads him to pursue that peculiar habit of singing softly to himself very often, in a fancied seclusion? When other birds are cheerily out-of-doors, on some bright morning of May or June, one will often discover a solitary Cat-Bird sitting concealed in the middle of a dense bush, and twittering busily, in subdued rehearsal, the whole copious variety of his lay, practising trills and preparing half-imitations, which, at some other time, sitting on the topmost twig, he shall hilariously seem to improvise before all the world. Can it be that he is really in some slight disgrace with Nature, with that demi-mourning garb of his, — and that his feline cry of terror, which makes his opprobrium with boys, is part of some hidden doom decreed? No, the lovely color of the eggs which his companion watches on that laboriously builded staging of twigs shall vindicate this familiar companion from any suspicion of original sin. Indeed, it is well demonstrated by our American oölogist, Dr. Brewer, that the eggs of the Cat-Bird affiliate him with the Robin and the Wood-Thrush,

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all three being widely separated in this respect from the Red Thrush. The Red Thrush builds on the ground, and has mottled eggs; while the whole household establishment of the Wood-Thrush is scarcely distinguishable from that of the Robin, and the Cat-Bird differs chiefly in being more of a carpenter and less of a mason.

The Rose-Breasted Grosbeak, which Audubon places so high on his list of minstrels, comes annually to one region in this vicinity, but I am not sure of having heard it. The young Pine Grosbeaks come to our woods in winter, and have then but a subdued twitter. Every one knows the Bobolink; and almost all recognize the Oriole, by sight at least, even if unfamiliar with all the notes of his cheery and resounding song. The Red-Eyed Flycatcher, heard even more constantly, is less generally identified by name; but his note sounds all day among the elms of our streets, and seems a sort of piano-adaptation, popularized for the million, of the rich notes of the Thrushes. He is not mentioned by Audubon among his favorites, and has no right to complain of the exclusion. Yet the birds which most endear summer are not necessarily the finest performers; and certainly there is none whose note I could spare less easily than the little Chipping-Sparrow, called hereabouts the Hair-Bird. To lie half-awake on a warm morning in June, and hear that soft insect-like chirp draw in and out with long melodious pulsations, like the rising and falling of the human breath, condenses for my ear the whole luxury of summer. Later in the day, among the multiplicity of noises, the chirping becomes louder and more detached, losing that faint and dream-like thrill.

The bird-notes which have the most familiar fascination are perhaps simply those most intimately associated with other rural things. This applies especially to the earliest spring songsters. Listening to these delicious prophets upon some of those still and moist days which slip in between the rough winds of March and fill our lives for a moment with anticipated delights, it has seemed to me that their varied notes were sent to symbolize all the different elements of spring association. The Blue-Bird seems to represent simply spring's faint, tremulous, liquid sweetness, the Song-Sparrow its changing pulsations of more positive and varied joy, and the Robin its cheery and superabundant vitality. The later birds of the season, suggesting no such fine-drawn sensations, yet identify themselves with their chosen haunts, so that we cannot think of the one without the other. In the meadows, we hear the languid and tender drawl of the Meadow-Lark, — one of the most peculiar of notes, almost amounting to affectation in its excess of laborious sweetness. When we reach the thickets and wooded streams, there is no affectation in the Maryland Yellow-Throat, that little restless busybody, with his eternal *which-is-it*, *which-is-it*, *which-is-it*, emphasizing each syllable at will, in despair of response. Passing into the loftier woods, we find them resounding with the loud proclamation of the Golden-Crowned Thrush,—*scheat*, *scheat*, *scheat*, *scheat*,—rising and growing louder in a vigorous way that rather suggests some great Woodpecker than such a tiny thing. And penetrating to some yet lonelier place, we find it consecrated to that life-long sorrow, whatever it may be, which is made immortal in the plaintive cadence of the Pewee.

There is one favorite bird, — the Chewink, or Ground-Robin, — which, I always fancied, must have been known to Keats when he wrote those few words of perfect descriptiveness, —

> "If an innocent bird
> Before my heedless footsteps *stirred and stirred*
> *In little journeys.*"

What restless spirit is in this creature, that, while so shy in its own personal habits, it yet watches every visitor with a Paul-Pry curiosity, follows him in the woods, peers out among the underbrush, scratches upon the leaves with a pretty pretence of important business

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there, and presently, when disregarded, ascends some small tree and begins to carol its monotonous song, as if there were no such thing as man in the universe? There is something irregular and fantastic in the coloring, also, of the Chewink: unlike the generality of ground-birds, it is a showy thing, with black, white, and bay intermingled, and it is one of the most unmistakable of all our feathery creatures, in its aspect and its ways.

Another of my favorites, perhaps from our sympathy as to localities, since we meet freely every summer at a favorite lake, is the King-Bird or Tyrant-Fly-catcher. The habits of royalty or tyranny I have never been able to perceive, — only a democratic habit of resistance to tyrants; but this bird always impresses me as a perfectly well-dressed and well-mannered person, who amid a very talkative society prefers to listen, and shows his character by action only. So long as he sits silently on some stake or bush in the neighborhood of his family-circle, you notice only his glossy black cap and the white feathers in his handsome tail; but let a Hawk or a Crow come near, and you find that he is something more than a mere lazy listener to the Bobolink: far up in the air, determined to be thorough in his chastisements, you will see him, with a comrade or two, driving the bulky intruder away into the distance, till you wonder how he ever expects to find his own way back again. He speaks with emphasis, on these occasions, and then reverts, more sedately than ever, to his accustomed silence.

After all the great labors of Audubon and Wilson, it is certain that the recent visible progress of American ornithology has by no means equalled that of several other departments of Natural History. The older books are now out of print, and there is actually no popular treatise on the subject to be had: a destitution singularly contrasted with the variety of excellent botanical works which the last twenty years have produced. Nuttall's fascinating volumes, and Brewer's edition of Wilson, are equally inaccessible; and the most valuable contributions since their time, so far as I know, are that portion of Dr. Brewer's work on eggs printed in the eleventh volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions," and four admirable articles in this very magazine.* But the most important observations are locked up in the desks or exhibited in the cabinets of private observers, who have little opportunity of comparing facts with other students, or with reliable printed authorities. What do we know, for instance, of the local distribution of our birds? I remember that in my latest conversation with Thoreau, last December, he mentioned most remarkable facts in this department, which had fallen under his unerring eyes. The Hawk most common at Concord, the Red-Tailed species, is not known near the sea-shore, twenty miles off, — as at Boston or Plymouth. The White-Breasted Sparrow is rare in Concord; but the Ashburnham woods, thirty miles away, are full of it. The Scarlet Tanager's is the commonest note in Concord, except the Red-Eyed Flycatcher's; yet one of the best field-ornithologists in Boston had never heard it. The Rose-Breasted Grosbeak is seen not infrequently at Concord, though its nest is rarely found; but in Minnesota Thoreau found it more abundant than any other bird, far more so than the Robin. But his most interesting statement, to my fancy, was, that, during a stay of ten weeks on Monadnock, he found that the Snow-Bird built its nest on the top of the mountain, and probably never came down through the season. That was its Arctic; and it would probably yet be found, he predicted, on Wachusett and other Massachusetts peaks. It is known that the Snow-Bird, or "Snow-Flake," as it is called in England, was reported by Audubon as hav-

* "Our Birds and their Ways" (December, 1857); "The Singing-Birds and their Songs" (August, 1858); "The Birds of the Garden and Orchard" (October, 1858); "The Birds of the Pasture and Forest" (December, 1858); — the first by J. Elliot Cabot, and the three last by Wilson Flagg.

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ing only once been proved to build in the United States, namely, among the White Mountains, though Wilson found its nests among the Alleghanies; and in New England it used to be the rural belief that the Snow-Bird and the Chipping-Sparrow were the same.

After July, most of our birds grow silent, and, but for the insects, August would be almost the stillest month in the year, — stiller than the winter, when the woods are often vocal with the Crow, the Jay, and the Chickadee. But with patient attention one may hear, even far into the autumn, the accustomed notes. As I sat in my boat, one sunny afternoon of last September, beneath the shady western shore of our quiet lake, with the low sunlight striking almost level across the wooded banks, it seemed as if the last hoarded drops of summer's sweetness were being poured over all the world. The air was full of quiet sounds. Turtles rustled beside the brink and slid into the water, — cows plashed in the shallows, — fishes leaped from the placid depths, — a squirrel sobbed and fretted on a neighboring stump, — a katydid across the lake maintained its hard, dry croak, — the crickets chirped pertinaciously, but with little fatigued pauses, as if glad that their work was almost done, — the grasshoppers kept up their continual chant, which seemed thoroughly melted and amalgamated into the summer, as if it would go on indefinitely, though the body of the little creature were dried into dust. All this time the birds were silent and invisible, as if they would take no more part in the symphony of the year. Then, as if by preconcerted signal, they joined in: Crows cawed anxiously afar; Jays screamed in the woods; a Partridge clucked to its brood, like the gurgle of water from a bottle; a Kingfisher wound his rattle, more briefly than in spring, as if we now knew all about it and the merest hint ought to suffice; a Fish-Hawk flapped into the water, with a great rude splash, and then flew heavily away; a flock of Wild Ducks went southward overhead, and a smaller party returned beneath them, flying low and anxiously, as if to pick up some lost baggage; and, at last, a Loon laughed loud from behind a distant island, and it was pleasant to people these woods and waters with that wild shouting, linking them with Katahdin Lake and Amperzand.

But the later the birds linger in the autumn, the more their aspect differs from that of spring. In spring, they come, jubilant, noisy, triumphant, from the South, the winter conquered and the long journey done. In autumn, they come timidly from the North, and, pausing on their anxious retreat, lurk within the fading copses and twitter snatches of song as fading. Others fly as openly as ever, but gather in flocks, as the Robins, most piteous of all birds at this season, — thin, faded, ragged, their bold note sunk to a feeble quaver, and their manner a mere caricature of that inexpressible military smartness with which they held up their heads in May.

Yet I cannot really find anything sad even in November. When I think of the thrilling beauty of the season past, the birds that came and went, the insects that took up the choral song as the birds grew silent, the procession of the flowers, the glory of autumn, — and when I think, that, this also ended, a new gallery of wonder is opening, almost more beautiful, in the magnificence of frost and snow, there comes an impression of affluence and liberality in the universe, which seasons of changeless and uneventful verdure would never give. The catkins already formed on the alder, quite prepared to droop into April's beauty, — the white edges of the May-flower's petals, already visible through the bud, show in advance that winter is but a slight and temporary retardation of the life of Nature, and that the barrier which separates November from March is not really more solid than that which parts the sunset from the sunrise.

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THE NEW OPPOSITION PARTY.

In the rapid alternations of opinion produced by the varying incidents of the present war, a few days effect the work of centuries. We may therefore be pardoned for giving an antique coloring to an event of recent occurrence. Accordingly we say, once upon a time, (Tuesday, July 1, 1862,) a great popular convention of all who loved the Constitution and the Union, and all who hated "niggers," was called in the city of New York. The place of meeting was the Cooper Institute, and among the signers to the call were prominent business and professional men of that great metropolis. At this meeting, that eminently calm and learned jurist, the Honorable W. A. Duer, interrupted the course of an elaborate argument for the constitutional rights of the Southern rebels by a melodramatic exclamation, that, if we hanged the traitors of the country in the order of their guilt, "the next man who marched upon the scaffold after Jefferson Davis would be Charles Sumner."

The professed object of the meeting was to form a party devoted to the support of "the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was." Its practical effect was to give the Confederates and foreign powers a broad hint that the North was no longer a unit. The coincidence of the meeting with the Federal reverses before Richmond made its professed object all the more ridiculous. The babbling and bawling of the speakers about "the rights of the South," and "the infamous Abolitionists who disgraced Congress," were but faint echoes of the Confederate cannon which had just ceased to carry death into the Union ranks. Both the speeches and the cannon spoke hostility to the National Cause. The number of the dead, wounded, "missing," and demoralized members of the great Army of the Potomac exceeded, on that Tuesday evening, any army which the United States had ever, before the present war, arrayed on any battle-field. Jefferson Davis, on that evening, was safer at Richmond than Abraham Lincoln was at Washington. A well-grounded apprehension, not only for the "Union," but for the safety of loyal States, was felt on that evening all over the North and West. It was, in fact, the darkest hour in the whole annals of the Republic. Even the authorities at Washington feared that the Army of the Potomac was destroyed. This was exactly the time for the Honorable Mr. Wickliffe and the Honorable Mr. Brooks, for the Honorable W. A. Duer and the Honorable Fernando Wood, to delight the citizens of New York with their peculiar eloquence. This was the appropriate occasion to stand up for the persecuted and down-trodden South! This was the grand opportunity to assert the noble principle, that, by the Constitution, every traitor had the right to be tried by a jury of traitors! This was the time to dishonor all the New England dead! This was the time to denounce the living worthies of New England! Hang Jeff. Davis? Oh, yes! We all know that he is secure behind his triumphant slayers of the real defenders of the Constitution and the Union. Neither hangman nor Major-General can get near *him*. But Charles Sumner is in our power. We can hang him easily. He has not two or four hundred thousand men at his back. He travels alone and unattended. Do we want a constitutional principle for combining the two men in one act of treason? Here is a calm jurist, — here, gentlemen of the party of the Constitution and the Laws, is the Honorable W. A. Duer. What does he say? Simply this: "Hang Jeff. Davis and Charles Sumner." Davis we cannot hang, but Sumner we can. Let us take one-half of his advice; circumstances prevent us from availing ourselves of the whole. There is, to be sure, no possibility of hanging Charles Sumner under

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any law known to us, the especial champions of the laws. But what then? Don't you see the Honorable W. A. Duer appeals, in this especial case, to "the higher law" of the mob? Don't you see that he desires to shield Jeff. Davis by weaving around his august person all the fine cobwebs of the Law, while he proposes to have Sumner hanged on "irregular" principles, unknown to the jurisprudence of Marshall and Kent?

But enough for the New York meeting. It was of no importance, except as indicating the existence, and giving a blundering expression to the objects, of one of the most malignant and unpatriotic factions which this country has ever seen. The faction is led by a few cold-blooded politicians universally known as the meanest sycophants of the South and the most impudent bullies of the North; but they have contrived to array on their side a considerable number of honest and well-meaning dupes by a dexterous appeal to conservative prejudice and conservative passion, so that hundreds serve their ends who would feel contaminated by their companionship. Never before has Respectability so blandly consented to become the mere instrument and tool of Rascality. The rogues trust to inaugurate treason and anarchy under the pretence of being the special champions of the Constitution and the Laws. Their real adherents are culled from the most desperate and dishonest portions of our population. They can hardly indite a leading article, or make a stump speech, without showing their proclivities to mob-law. To be sure, if a known traitor is informally arrested, they rave about the violation of the rights of the citizen; but they think Lynch-law is good enough for "Abolitionists." If a General is assailed as being over prudent and cautious in his operations against the common enemy, they immediately laud him as a Hannibal, a Cæsar, and a Napoleon; they assume to be his special friends and admirers; they adjure him to persevere in what they conceive to be his policy of inaction; and, as he is a great master in strategy, they hint that his best strategic movement would be a movement, *à la* Cromwell, on the Abolitionized Congress of the United States. Disunion, anarchy, the violation of all law, the appeal to the lowest and fiercest impulses of the most ignorant portions of the Northern people, — these constitute the real stock-in-trade of "the Hang-Jeff.-Davis-and-Charles-Sumner" party; but the thing is so managed, that, formally, this party appears as the special champion of the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws.

Those politicians who personally dislike the present holders of political power, those politicians who think that the measures of confiscation and emancipation passed by the Congress which has just adjourned are both unjust and impolitic, unconsciously slide into the aiders and abettors of the knaves they individually despise and distrust. The "radicals" must, they say, at all events, be checked; and they lazily follow the lead of the rascals. The rascals intend to ruin the country. But then they propose to do it in a constitutional way. The only thing, it seems, that a lawyer and a jurist can consider is Form. If the country is dismembered, if all its defenders are slain, if the Southern Confederacy is triumphant, not only at Richmond, but at Washington and New York, if eight millions of people beat twenty millions, and the greatest of all democracies ignominiously succumbs to the basest of all aristocracies, the true patriots will still have the consolation, that the defeat, the "damned defeat," occurred under the strictest forms of Law. Better that ten Massachusetts soldiers should be killed than that one negro should be illegally freed! Better that Massachusetts should be governed by Jeff. Davis than that it should be represented by such men as Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, notoriously hostile to the constitutional rights of the South! Subjection, in itself, is bad; but the great American idea of local governments for local purposes, and a general government for general purposes, still, thank God! may survive it. To

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be sure, we may be beaten and enslaved. The rascals, renegades, and liberticides may gain their object. This object we shall ever contemn. But if they gain it fairly, under the forms of the Constitution, it is the duty of all good citizens to submit. Our Southern opponents, we acknowledge, committed some "irregularities"; but nobody can assert, that, in dealing with them, we deviated, by a hair's-breadth, from the powers intrusted to the Government by the Fathers of the Republic. While the country is convulsed by a rebellion unprecedented in the whole history of the world, we are compelled by our principles to look upon it as lawyers, and not as statesmen. We apply to it the same principles which our venerated forefathers applied to Shay's Rebellion in Massachusetts and the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania. To be sure, the "circumstances" are different; but we need not remind the philanthropic inhabitants of our section of the country, that "principles are eternal." We judge the existing case by these eternal principles. We may fail, and fail ignominiously; but, in our failure, nobody can say that we violated any sacred form of the ever-glorious Constitution of the United States. The Constitution has in it no provisions to secure its own existence by unconstitutional means. It is therefore our duty, as lawyers as well as legislators, to allow the gentlemen who have repudiated it, because they were defeated in an election, to enjoy all its benefits. That they do not seem to appreciate these benefits, but shoot, in a shockingly "irregular" manner, all who insist on imposing on them its blessings, furnishes no reason why we should partake in their guilt by violating its provisions. It is true that the Government established by the Constitution may fall by a strict adherence to our notions of the Constitution; but even in that event we shall have the delicious satisfaction of contemplating it in memory as a beautiful idea, after it has ceased to exist as a palpable fact. As the best constitution ever devised by human wisdom, we shall always find a more exquisite delight in meditating on the mental image of its perfect features than in enjoying the practical blessings of any other Government which may be established after it is dead and gone; and our feeling regarding it can be best expressed in the words in which the lyric poet celebrates his loyalty to the soul of the departed object of his affection: —

> "Though many a gifted mind we meet,
> And fairest forms we see,
> To live with them is far less sweet
> Than to remember thee!"

It is fortunate both for our safety and the safety of the Constitution, that these politico-sentimental gentlemen represent only a certain theory of the Constitution, and not the Constitution itself. Their leading defect is an incapacity to adjust their profound legal intellects to the altered circumstances of the country. Any child in political knowledge is competent to give them this important item of political information, — that by no constitution of government ever devised by human morality and intelligence were the rights of rascals so secured as to give them the privilege of trampling on the rights of honest men. Any child in political knowledge is competent to inform them of this fundamental fact, underlying all laws and constitutions,—that, if a miscreant attempts to cut your throat, you may resist him by all the means which your strength and his weakness place in your power. Any child in political knowledge is further competent to furnish them with this additional bit of wisdom,—that every constitution of government provides, under the war-power it confers, against its own overthrow by rebels and by enemies. If rebels rise to the dignity and exert the power of enemies, they can be proceeded against both as rebels and as enemies. As rebels, the Government is bound to give them all the securities which the Constitution may guaranty to traitors. As enemies, the Government is restricted only by the vast and vague "rights of war," of which its own military necessities must be the final judge.

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"But," say the serene thinkers and scholars whom the rogues use as mouth-pieces, "our object is simply to defend the Constitution. We do not believe that the Government has any of the so-called 'rights of war' against the rebels. If Jefferson Davis has committed the crime of treason, he has the same right to be tried by a jury of the district in which his alleged crime was committed that a murderer has to be tried by a similar jury. We know that Mr. Davis, in case the rebellion is crushed, will not only be triumphantly acquitted, but will be sent to Congress as Senator from Mississippi. This is mortifying in itself, but it still is a beautiful illustration of the merits of our admirable system of government. It enables the South to play successfully the transparent game of 'Heads I win, tails you lose,' and so far must be reckoned bad. But this evil is counterbalanced by so many blessings, that nobody but a miserable Abolitionist will think of objecting to the arrangement. We, on the whole, agree with the traitors, whose designs we lazily aid, in thinking that Jeff. Davis and Charles Sumner are equally guilty, in a fair estimate of the causes of our present misfortunes. Hang both, we say; and we say it with an inward confidence that neither will be hanged, if the true principles of the Constitution be carried out."

The political rogues and the class of honest men we have referred to are, therefore, practically associated in one party to oppose the present Government. The rogues lead; the honest men follow. If this new party succeeds, we shall have the worst party in power that the country has ever known. Buchanan as President, and Floyd as Secretary of War, were bad enough. But Buchanan and Floyd had no large army to command, no immense material of war to direct. As far as they could, they worked mischief, and mischief only. But their means were limited. The Administration which will succeed that of Abraham Lincoln will have under its control one of the largest and ablest armies and navies in the world. Every general and every admiral will be compelled to obey the orders of the Administration. If the Administration be in the hands of secret traitors, the immense military and naval power of the country will be used for its own destruction. A compromise will be patched up with the Rebel States. The leaders of the rebellion will be invited back to their old seats of power. A united South combined with a Pro-slavery faction in the North will rule the nation. And all this enormous evil will be caused by the simplicity of honest men in falling into the trap set for them by traitors and rogues.

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REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Tariff-Question, considered in Regard to the Policy of England and the Interests of the United States; with Statistical and Comparative Tables. By ERASTUS B. BIGELOW. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 4to.

UNDER this modest title, the American public is presented with a work of uncommon research, and of great practical utility and value. Its author is well known as a skilful and most successful inventor, in whose admirable power-looms nearly all the carpets of the world are now woven. On the subject of manufactures few can speak with more authority, whether in reference to its general bearings or its minute details. The work before us affords ample proof of his ability to discuss one of the most important questions in political economy.

The hundred pages of text are followed by two hundred and thirty-four pages of tabular statistics. This large and well-arranged body of invaluable information, though styled an appendix, was, in fact, the precursor of the argument, and constitutes the solid base on which it rests. These tables are "not mere copies or abstracts, but the result of labored and careful selection, comparison, and combination." In this treasury of facts, derived for the most part from official records, the commercial and industrial interests of the United States and of England, especially, are presented in all their most important aspects and relations. The amount of information here given is immense; and knowing, as we do, the scrupulous care of the collector, we cannot doubt its accuracy. Independently of its connection with the author's argument, this feature of the work cannot fail to give it value and a permanent place in every library, office, counting-room, and workshop of the country.

In his discussion of the tariff-question, Mr. Bigelow assumes it as a settled principle of national policy that revenue should be raised by duties on imports. To clear the ground from ambiguity, he states exactly what he means when he uses the terms "free-trade" and "protection," and then proceeds to describe and explain the tariff-policy of Great Britain. Not without good reason does he give this prominence to the action of that great power. It is not merely that England stands at the head of manufacturing and commercial nations, or that our business-connections with her are intimate and extensive. The fact which makes English policy so important an element in the discussion is found in the persistent and too often successful efforts of that country to shape American opinion and legislation on questions of manufacture and trade. Nowhere else have we seen the utter fallacy of the free-trade argument, as urged by Great Britain on other countries upon the strength of her own successful example, so clearly shown. The nature, object, extent, and motive of the tariff-reforms effected by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone are made plain, not only by the quoted explanations of those statesmen, but by statistical facts and figures. Until she had carried her manufactures to a height of prosperity where competition could no longer touch them, England was, of all nations, the most protective. Then she became of a sudden wondrously liberal. Her protective laws were abolished, and, with a mighty show of generosity, she opened her ports to the commerce of the world. Foreign producers were magnanimously told that they could send their goods freely into England at a time when English manufactures were underselling and supplanting theirs in their own markets. The sacrifice of duties actually made by England on foreign manufactures, and which she paraded before the world as a reason why other nations should imitate and reciprocate her action, amounted, as we learn from the work before us, to the immense annual sum of two hundred and eighteen thousand dollars, being "less than one-fourth part of the tax which Englishmen annually pay for the privilege of keeping their dogs!"

It is true that the exports and trade of England have increased with extraordinary rapidity since 1853, and that the free-trade

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economists of that country ascribe this great prosperity in large degree to their alleged reforms. That they have no good ground for such a representation is shown conclusively by Mr. Bigelow. During the same period, France, with high protection, and the United States, with moderate protection, made equal or even greater advances. The causes of this increased prosperity must, therefore, have been general in their nature and influence. The progress of invention and discovery, and the increased supply of gold, are mentioned by the author as among the most efficient.

The immense extent and vast importance of English manufactures, and especially of the cotton-manufacture, are fully unfolded, and we cannot wonder at the earnest and unceasing efforts of that country to preserve and to extend this great interest. This necessity is strikingly evinced in the section on "The Dependent Condition of England." We can only allude to this part of the argument, as full of striking suggestions, and as showing that in some very important respects England is the most dependent of all countries, and that the continued maintenance of her life and power rests on the maintenance of her manufacturing supremacy. In the section headed "Efforts of England to extend her Manufactures," we have some curious and instructive history, and we specially commend this part of the work to those who have been accustomed to lend a willing ear to British talk on the subjects of protection and free-trade.

Mr. Bigelow devotes a short, but graphic and comprehensive, section to the "Condition and Resources of the United States." "The Tariffs of the United States," their merits and defects, are briefly considered. His "Reasons in Favor of a Protective Policy" leave, as it seems to us, very little to be said on the other side. From a multitude of passages which we have been tempted to quote, we select the following, as a not unfavorable specimen of the work:—

"War is an evil to which we are always liable, and shall continue to be liable, until the Millennium comes. With reference to this always existent danger, no nation which is not willing to be trampled on can safely take its position on Quaker ground. That the possible event may not find us unprepared, we build fortresses and war-ships, and maintain armies and artillery at vast expense. No one but the mere visionary denies the propriety or the necessity of this. Yet it is demonstrable that a nation about to be involved in war will find a well-developed industrial and productive power of more real value than any or than all of the precautionary measures above mentioned; since, without such power, neither forts nor armies can long be sustained.

"It is obvious that the doctrine of free-trade (I mean, of course, genuine free-trade, and not the British counterfeit) ignores the probability, if not, indeed, the possibility of war. Could peace, perpetual and universal, be guaranteed to the world, the argument against protection would possess a degree of strength, which, as things now are, does not and cannot belong to it. May it not be well for us to consider, whether, on the whole, we can do better than to take things as they are, by conforming our national policy, not to an imaginary era of universal peace and philanthropy, but to the hard and selfish world in which we happen to live?

"Lest this remark should be misinterpreted, I disclaim all intent to intimate that men acting in communities are released from those obligations of morality and justice which bind them as individuals. As civilization advances and mankind become more enlightened and virtuous, the beneficial change cannot fail to show itself in the public councils of the world, and in the kinder and broader spirit that will animate and control the intercourse of nations. Meanwhile, let us not expect to find in collective humanity the disinterested goodness which is so rarely exhibited by the individual members. Let us rather assume that other nations will act, in the main, on selfish principles; and let us shape our own course as a nation in accordance with that presumption. Few, I think, will call this uncharitable, when they recall to mind our own experience during the year past. Why were so many among us surprised and disappointed at the course pursued by the English, generally, in reference to our domestic difficulties? Simply because they forgot, that, with the mass of mankind, self-interest is a far stronger motive than philanthropy. That England should sympathize, even in the slightest degree, with a rebellious con-

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spiracy against a kindred and friendly nation, — a conspiracy based openly and confessedly on the extension and perpetuity of an institution which Englishmen everywhere professed to regard with the deepest abhorrence, — was certainly very inconsistent; but it was not at all strange. In fact, it was precisely the thing which we might expect would happen under the circumstances. Those who made the mistake have learned a lesson in human nature which should prevent them from repeating the blunder."

From the past opinions and present condition of our Southern States, and from the history of the war thus far, the author strongly argues the necessity of a policy designed and fitted to build up a diversified industry and a vigorous productive power. In regard to the degree of protection, he advocates no more than is necessary to equalize advantages. In consequence of her abundant capital, lower rate of interest, and cheaper labor, England can manufacture at less cost than we can; and this disadvantage can be counteracted only by protective legislation. The benefits which have accrued to the manufacturers of England from a governmental policy on whose stability they could rely, the advantage of a long and firmly established business with all its results of experience and skill, and the collateral aid of a widely extended commerce, are points clearly brought out and presented to the consideration of American economists.

But our limits forbid that we should attempt any further exposition of this excellent work. The section on "Free Trade" cannot fail to arrest attention, and that upon "The Harmony of Interests among the States" is full of common sense inspired by the broadest patriotism.

Our imperfect abstract gives but a meagre notion of the fulness and completeness of this admirable work. It will accomplish its object, if it send the reader to the book itself. The appearance of the volume is timely. Events and circumstances have prepared the minds of our countrymen to understand and to appreciate the argument. The book cannot fail to diffuse sounder views of the great topics which it discusses, and will exert, we trust, a beneficial influence on the legislation of the country.

The Slave-Power; its Character, Career, and Probable Designs: being an Attempt to explain the Real Issue involved in the American Contest. By J. E. Cairnes, M. A. London: Parker, Son, & Brown. 8vo.

This book, which is dedicated to John Stuart Mill, and is in excellent keeping with that writer's article on "The Civil War in America," deserves a respectful and even cordial welcome from the people of this country. It has grown out of a course of university-lectures on North-American Slavery, more especially considered in its economical aspects. But the author has been led to enlarge his view, and has brought before the public one of the most significant works that have yet appeared on this momentous subject. So far as the treatise is a speculative one, it has an interest for all inquirers. So far as it is intended to influence or modify the current estimate of the great conflict in this country, it bears more directly on the people of England; but, unless we have determined neither to seek nor to miss the sympathy of intelligent Englishmen, we ought to hail so manly and powerful an attempt to correct the errors which prevail in the mother-country. We do not undertake at this time to subscribe to everything we find in this book, nor are we now about to criticize its contents. Our wish is to introduce it to our readers as a comforting proof that there is a leaven yet working among our English kinsmen which it would be extremely unjust in us not to recognize. We quote an English critic, who says: — "The work is exceedingly able, as well as exceedingly opportune. It will do much to arrest the extraordinary tide of sympathy with the South which the clever misrepresentations of Southern advocates have managed to set running in this country, and to imprint the picture of a modern slave-community on the imagination of thoughtful men." Professor Cairnes sets himself at the start against the endeavor to refer this great crisis to superficial and secondary causes. He pierces the question to the core, and finds there what has too often been studiously kept out of sight, the cancer of Slavery. Acknowledging what has been so diligently harped upon, that the *motive* of the war is not the overthrow of the slave-power, he still insists that Slavery is the *cause* of the war. This he at-

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tempts to establish historically and economically; nor does he leave the subject without a searching look into Southern society and a prospective glance at the issues of the contest. He has freely consulted American authorities, most of which are familiar to many of our readers; he has also turned to good account the reports of open-eyed English travellers, and the opinions of sensible French writers, not overlooking the remarkably clear narrative of our political history in the "Annuaire des Deux Mondes" for 1860. He handles his materials with great skill, and, in a word, has brought to bear on his difficult subject an amount of good sense and sound thought quite remarkable in a foreigner who is dealing with the complex politics of a distant country.

Professor Cairnes, in opposition to the Southern doctrine proclaimed at home and abroad, views the present rebellion as unconstitutional, and as therefore amenable to the usual tests by which a revolutionary movement is justified or condemned. He refers to the manner in which the English people allowed their sympathies "to be carried, under the skilful management of Southern agency acting through the press, round to the Southern side"; and while he admires the spectacle of a people rising "for no selfish object, but to maintain the integrity of their common country, and to chastise a band of conspirators, who, in the wantonness of their audacity, had dared to attack it," he attributes the "cold criticism and derision" of the English public to a shallow, but natural, misconception of the real issue. So far as in him lies, he does not intend that the case shall be so misconceived any longer. Without declaring himself an advocate or apologist of American democracy, he warmly pleads that democracy ought not to bear the burdens of oligarchy, — that the faults and mistakes in the policy of this country ought not all to be laid at the door of the present National Government, and thus redound to the benefit of its Southern foes, when so many of those faults and mistakes were committed under the sway of the very class in whose behalf they are now quoted. Our sensitive countrymen, who have so keenly smarted under English indifference or hostility, may console themselves with the thought that there is one Englishman of undoubted ability and sincerity who calls the Southern Confederation "the opprobrium of the age."

Near the close of the volume the author strives to penetrate the darkness which hangs over the present conflict. He does not think "that the North is well advised in its attempt to reconstruct the Union in its original proportions." He would have the North supported in striving for "a degree of success which shall compel the South to accept terms of separation, such as the progress of civilization in America and the advancement of human interests throughout the world imperatively require." The terms of his proposed settlement we have not room here to consider.

With this hasty notice, and without any attempt at criticism, we dismiss a thoughtful and interesting book, which, however in some particulars it may fail to meet the entire acceptance of all American readers, is well worthy of their calm and deliberate perusal.

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THE

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AUTUMNAL TINTS.

EUROPEANS coming to America are surprised by the brilliancy of our autumnal foliage. There is no account of such a phenomenon in English poetry, because the trees acquire but few bright colors there. The most that Thomson says on this subject in his "Autumn" is contained in the lines, —

"But see the fading many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green to sooty dark": —

and in the line in which he speaks of

"Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods."

The autumnal change of our woods has not made a deep impression on our own literature yet. October has hardly tinged our poetry.

A great many, who have spent their lives in cities, and have never chanced to come into the country at this season, have never seen this, the flower, or rather the ripe fruit, of the year. I remember riding with one such citizen, who, though a fortnight too late for the most brilliant tints, was taken by surprise, and would not believe that there had been any brighter. He had never heard of this phenomenon before. Not only many in our towns have never witnessed it, but it is scarcely remembered by the majority from year to year.

Most appear to confound changed leaves with withered ones, as if they were to confound ripe apples with rotten ones. I think that the change to some higher color in a leaf is an evidence that it has arrived at a late and perfect maturity, answering to the maturity of fruits. It is generally the lowest and oldest leaves which change first. But as the perfect winged and usually bright-colored insect is short-lived, so the leaves ripen but to fall.

Generally, every fruit, on ripening, and just before it falls, when it commences a more independent and individual existence, requiring less nourishment from any source, and that not so much from the earth through its stem as from the sun and air, acquires a bright tint. So do leaves. The physiologist says it is "due to an increased absorption of oxygen."

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That is the scientific account of the matter, — only a reassertion of the fact. But I am more interested in the rosy cheek than I am to know what particular diet the maiden fed on. The very forest and herbage, the pellicle of the earth, must acquire a bright color, an evidence of its ripeness, — as if the globe itself were a fruit on its stem, with ever a cheek toward the sun.

Flowers are but colored leaves, fruits but ripe ones. The edible part of most fruits is, as the physiologist says, "the parenchyma or fleshy tissue of the leaf" of which they are formed.

Our appetites have commonly confined our views of ripeness and its phenomena, color, mellowness, and perfectness, to the fruits which we eat, and we are wont to forget that an immense harvest which we do not eat, hardly use at all, is annually ripened by Nature. At our annual Cattle Shows and Horticultural Exhibitions, we make, as we think, a great show of fair fruits, destined, however, to a rather ignoble end, fruits not valued for their beauty chiefly. But round about and within our towns there is annually another show of fruits, on an infinitely grander scale, fruits which address our taste for beauty alone.

October is the month of painted leaves. Their rich glow now flashes round the world. As fruits and leaves and the day itself acquire a bright tint just before they fall, so the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November the later twilight.

I formerly thought that it would be worth the while to get a specimen leaf from each changing tree, shrub, and herbaceous plant, when it had acquired its brightest characteristic color, in its transition from the green to the brown state, outline it, and copy its color exactly, with paint, in a book, which should be entitled, "*October, or Autumnal Tints*"; — beginning with the earliest reddening, — Woodbine and the lake of radical leaves, and coming down through the Maples, Hickories, and Sumachs, and many beautifully freckled leaves less generally known, to the latest Oaks and Aspens. What a memento such a book would be! You would need only to turn over its leaves to take a ramble through the autumn woods whenever you pleased. Or if I could preserve the leaves themselves, unfaded, it would be better still. I have made but little progress toward such a book, but I have endeavored, instead, to describe all these bright tints in the order in which they present themselves. The following are some extracts from my notes.

THE PURPLE GRASSES.

By the twentieth of August, everywhere in woods and swamps, we are reminded of the fall, both by the richly spotted Sarsaparilla-leaves and Brakes, and the withering and blackened Skunk-Cabbage and Hellebore, and, by the river-side, the already blackening Pontederia.

The Purple Grass (*Eragrostis pectinacea*) is now in the height of its beauty. I remember still when I first noticed this grass particularly. Standing on a hillside near our river, I saw, thirty or forty rods off, a stripe of purple half a dozen rods long, under the edge of a wood, where the ground sloped toward a meadow. It was as high-colored and interesting, though not quite so bright, as the patches of Rhexia, being a darker purple, like a berry's stain laid on close and thick. On going to and examining it, I found it to be a kind of grass in bloom, hardly a foot high, with but few green blades, and a fine spreading panicle of purple flowers, a shallow, purplish mist trembling around me. Close at hand it appeared but a dull purple, and made little impression on the eye; it was even difficult to detect; and if you plucked a single plant, you were surprised to find how thin it was, and how little color it had. But viewed at a distance in a favorable light, it was of a fine lively purple, flower-like, enriching the earth. Such puny causes combine to produce these decided effects. I was the more surprised and charmed

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because grass is commonly of a sober and humble color.

With its beautiful purple blush it reminds me, and supplies the place, of the Rhexia, which is now leaving off, and it is one of the most interesting phenomena of August. The finest patches of it grow on waste strips or selvages of land at the base of dry hills, just above the edge of the meadows, where the greedy mower does not deign to swing his scythe; for this is a thin and poor grass, beneath his notice. Or, it may be, because it is so beautiful he does not know that it exists; for the same eye does not see this and Timothy. He carefully gets the meadow hay and the more nutritious grasses which grow next to that, but he leaves this fine purple mist for the walker's harvest, — fodder for his fancy stock. Higher up the hill, perchance, grow also Blackberries, John's-Wort, and neglected, withered, and wiry June-Grass. How fortunate that it grows in such places, and not in the midst of the rank grasses which are annually cut! Nature thus keeps use and beauty distinct. I know many such localities, where it does not fail to present itself annually, and paint the earth with its blush. It grows on the gentle slopes, either in a continuous patch or in scattered and rounded tufts a foot in diameter, and it lasts till it is killed by the first smart frosts.

In most plants the corolla or calyx is the part which attains the highest color, and is the most attractive; in many it is the seed-vessel or fruit; in others, as the Red Maple, the leaves; and in others still it is the very culm itself which is the principal flower or blooming part.

The last is especially the case with the Poke or Garget (*Phytolacca decandra*). Some which stand under our cliffs quite dazzle me with their purple stems now and early in September. They are as interesting to me as most flowers, and one of the most important fruits of our autumn. Every part is flower, (or fruit,) such is its superfluity of color, — stem, branch, peduncle, pedicel, petiole, and even the at length yellowish purple-veined leaves. Its cylindrical racemes of berries of various hues, from green to dark purple, six or seven inches long, are gracefully drooping on all sides, offering repasts to the birds; and even the sepals from which the birds have picked the berries are a brilliant lake-red, with crimson flame-like reflections, equal to anything of the kind, — all on fire with ripeness. Hence the *lacca*, from *lac*, lake. There are at the same time flower-buds, flowers, green berries, dark purple or ripe ones, and these flower-like sepals, all on the same plant.

We love to see any redness in the vegetation of the temperate zone. It is the color of colors. This plant speaks to our blood. It asks a bright sun on it to make it show to best advantage, and it must be seen at this season of the year. On warm hill-sides its stems are ripe by the twenty-third of August. At that date I walked through a beautiful grove of them, six or seven feet high, on the side of one of our cliffs, where they ripen early. Quite to the ground they were a deep brilliant purple with a bloom, contrasting with the still clear green leaves. It appears a rare triumph of Nature to have produced and perfected such a plant, as if this were enough for a summer. What a perfect maturity it arrives at! It is the emblem of a successful life concluded by a death not premature, which is an ornament to Nature. What if we were to mature as perfectly, root and branch, glowing in the midst of our decay, like the Poke! I confess that it excites me to behold them. I cut one for a cane, for I would fain handle and lean on it. I love to press the berries between my fingers, and see their juice staining my hand. To walk amid these upright, branching casks of purple wine, which retain and diffuse a sunset glow, tasting each one with your eye, instead of counting the pipes on a London dock, what a privilege! For Nature's vintage is not confined to the vine. Our poets have sung of wine, the product of a foreign plant

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which commonly they never saw, as if our own plants had no juice in them more than the singers. Indeed, this has been called by some the American Grape, and, though a native of America, its juices are used in some foreign countries to improve the color of the wine; so that the poetaster may be celebrating the virtues of the Poke without knowing it. Here are berries enough to paint afresh the western sky, and play the bacchanal with, if you will. And what flutes its ensanguined stems would make, to be used in such a dance! It is truly a royal plant. I could spend the evening of the year musing amid the Poke-stems. And perchance amid these groves might arise at last a new school of philosophy or poetry. It lasts all through September.

At the same time with this, or near the end of August, a to me very interesting genus of grasses, Andropogons, or Beard-Grasses, is in its prime. *Andropogon furcatus*, Forked Beard-Grass, or call it Purple-Fingered Grass; *Andropogon scoparius*, Purple Wood-Grass; and *Andropogon* (now called *Sorghum*) *nutans*, Indian-Grass. The first is a very tall and slender-culmed grass, three to seven feet high, with four or five purple finger-like spikes raying upward from the top. The second is also quite slender, growing in tufts two feet high by one wide, with culms often somewhat curving, which, as the spikes go out of bloom, have a whitish fuzzy look. These two are prevailing grasses at this season on dry and sandy fields and hill-sides. The culms of both, not to mention their pretty flowers, reflect a purple tinge, and help to declare the ripeness of the year. Perhaps I have the more sympathy with them because they are despised by the farmer, and occupy sterile and neglected soil. They are high-colored, like ripe grapes, and express a maturity which the spring did not suggest. Only the August sun could have thus burnished these culms and leaves. The farmer has long since done his upland haying, and he will not condescend to bring his scythe to where these slender wild grasses have at length flowered thinly; you often see spaces of bare sand amid them. But I walk encouraged between the tufts of Purple Wood-Grass, over the sandy fields, and along the edge of the Shrub-Oaks, glad to recognize these simple contemporaries. With thoughts cutting a broad swathe I "get" them, with horse-raking thoughts I gather them into windrows. The fine-eared poet may hear the whetting of my scythe. These two were almost the first grasses that I learned to distinguish, for I had not known by how many friends I was surrounded,—I had seen them simply as grasses standing. The purple of their culms also excites me like that of the Poke-Weed stems.

Think what refuge there is for one, before August is over, from college commencements and society that isolates! I can skulk amid the tufts of Purple Wood-Grass on the borders of the "Great Fields." Wherever I walk these afternoons, the Purple-Fingered Grass also stands like a guide-board, and points my thoughts to more poetic paths than they have lately travelled.

A man shall perhaps rush by and trample down plants as high as his head, and cannot be said to know that they exist, though he may have cut many tons of them, littered his stables with them, and fed them to his cattle for years. Yet, if he ever favorably attends to them, he may be overcome by their beauty. Each humblest plant, or weed, as we call it, stands there to express some thought or mood of ours; and yet how long it stands in vain! I had walked over those Great Fields so many Augusts, and never yet distinctly recognized these purple companions that I had there. I had brushed against them and trodden on them, forsooth; and now, at last, they, as it were, rose up and blessed me. Beauty and true wealth are always thus cheap and despised. Heaven might be defined as the place which men avoid. Who can doubt that these grasses, which the farmer says are of no account to him, find some compensation in your appreciation of them? I may say that I never saw

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them before, — though, when I came to look them face to face, there did come down to me a purple gleam from previous years; and now, wherever I go, I see hardly anything else. It is the reign and presidency of the Andropogons.

Almost the very sands confess the ripening influence of the August sun, and methinks, together with the slender grasses waving over them, reflect a purple tinge. The impurpled sands! Such is the consequence of all this sunshine absorbed into the pores of plants and of the earth. All sap or blood is now wine-colored. At last we have not only the purple sea, but the purple land.

The Chestnut Beard-Grass, Indian-Grass, or Wood-Grass, growing here and there in waste places, but more rare than the former, (from two to four or five feet high,) is still handsomer and of more vivid colors than its congeners, and might well have caught the Indian's eye. It has a long, narrow, one-sided, and slightly nodding panicle of bright purple and yellow flowers, like a banner raised above its reedy leaves. These bright standards are now advanced on the distant hill-sides, not in large armies, but in scattered troops or single file, like the red men. They stand thus fair and bright, representative of the race which they are named after, but for the most part unobserved as they. The expression of this grass haunted me for a week, after I first passed and noticed it, like the glance of an eye. It stands like an Indian chief taking a last look at his favorite hunting-grounds.

THE RED MAPLE.

By the twenty-fifth of September, the Red Maples generally are beginning to be ripe. Some large ones have been conspicuously changing for a week, and some single trees are now very brilliant. I notice a small one, half a mile off across a meadow, against the green wood-side there, a far brighter red than the blossoms of any tree in summer, and more conspicuous. I have observed this tree for several autumns invariably changing earlier than its fellows, just as one tree ripens its fruit earlier than another. It might serve to mark the season, perhaps. I should be sorry, if it were cut down. I know of two or three such trees in different parts of our town, which might, perhaps, be propagated from, as early ripeners or September trees, and their seed be advertised in the market, as well as that of radishes, if we cared as much about them.

At present, these burning bushes stand chiefly along the edge of the meadows, or I distinguish them afar on the hill-sides here and there. Sometimes you will see many small ones in a swamp turned quite crimson when all other trees around are still perfectly green, and the former appear so much the brighter for it. They take you by surprise, as you are going by on one side, across the fields, thus early in the season, as if it were some gay encampment of the red men, or other foresters, of whose arrival you had not heard.

Some single trees, wholly bright scarlet, seen against others of their kind still freshly green, or against evergreens, are more memorable than whole groves will be by-and-by. How beautiful, when a whole tree is like one great scarlet fruit full of ripe juices, every leaf, from lowest limb to topmost spire, all aglow, especially if you look toward the sun! What more remarkable object can there be in the landscape? Visible for miles, too fair to be believed. If such a phenomenon occurred but once, it would be handed down by tradition to posterity, and get into the mythology at last.

The whole tree thus ripening in advance of its fellows attains a singular preëminence, and sometimes maintains it for a week or two. I am thrilled at the sight of it, bearing aloft its scarlet standard for the regiment of green-clad foresters around, and I go half a mile out of my way to examine it. A single tree becomes thus the crowning beauty of some meadowy vale, and the expres-

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sion of the whole surrounding forest is at once more spirited for it.

A small Red Maple has grown, perchance, far away at the head of some retired valley, a mile from any road, unobserved. It has faithfully discharged the duties of a Maple there, all winter and summer, neglected none of its economies, but added to its stature in the virtue which belongs to a Maple, by a steady growth for so many months, never having gone gadding abroad, and is nearer heaven than it was in the spring. It has faithfully husbanded its sap, and afforded a shelter to the wandering bird, has long since ripened its seeds and committed them to the winds, and has the satisfaction of knowing, perhaps, that a thousand little well-behaved Maples are already settled in life somewhere. It deserves well of Mapledom. Its leaves have been asking it from time to time, in a whisper, "When shall we redden?" And now, in this month of September, this month of travelling, when men are hastening to the sea-side, or the mountains, or the lakes, this modest Maple, still without budging an inch, travels in its reputation, — runs up its scarlet flag on that hill-side, which shows that it has finished its summer's work before all other trees, and withdraws from the contest. At the eleventh hour of the year, the tree which no scrutiny could have detected here when it was most industrious is thus, by the tint of its maturity, by its very blushes, revealed at last to the careless and distant traveller, and leads his thoughts away from the dusty road into those brave solitudes which it inhabits. It flashes out conspicuous with all the virtue and beauty of a Maple, — *Acer rubrum.* We may now read its title, or *rubric*, clear. Its *virtues*, not its sins, are as scarlet.

Notwithstanding the Red Maple is the most intense scarlet of any of our trees, the Sugar-Maple has been the most celebrated, and Michaux in his "Sylva" does not speak of the autumnal color of the former. About the second of October, these trees, both large and small, are most brilliant, though many are still green. In "sprout-lands" they seem to vie with one another, and ever some particular one in the midst of the crowd will be of a peculiarly pure scarlet, and by its more intense color attract our eye even at a distance, and carry off the palm. A large Red-Maple swamp, when at the height of its change, is the most obviously brilliant of all tangible things, where I dwell, so abundant is this tree with us. It varies much both in form and color. A great many are merely yellow, more scarlet, others scarlet deepening into crimson, more red than common. Look at yonder swamp of Maples mixed with Pines, at the base of a Pine-clad hill, a quarter of a mile off, so that you get the full effect of the bright colors, without detecting the imperfections of the leaves, and see their yellow, scarlet, and crimson fires, of all tints, mingled and contrasted with the green. Some Maples are yet green, only yellow or crimson-tipped on the edges of their flakes, like the edges of a Hazel-Nut burr; some are wholly brilliant scarlet, raying out regularly and finely every way, bilaterally, like the veins of a leaf; others, of more irregular form, when I turn my head slightly, emptying out some of its earthiness and concealing the trunk of the tree, seem to rest heavily flake on flake, like yellow and scarlet clouds, wreath upon wreath, or like snow-drifts driving through the air, stratified by the wind. It adds greatly to the beauty of such a swamp at this season, that, even though there may be no other trees interspersed, it is not seen as a simple mass of color, but, different trees being of different colors and hues, the outline of each crescent tree-top is distinct, and where one laps on to another. Yet a painter would hardly venture to make them thus distinct a quarter of a mile off.

As I go across a meadow directly toward a low rising ground this bright afternoon, I see, some fifty rods off toward the sun, the top of a Maple swamp just appearing over the sheeny russet edge of the hill, a stripe apparently

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twenty rods long by ten feet deep, of the most intensely brilliant scarlet, orange, and yellow, equal to any flowers or fruits, or any tints ever painted. As I advance, lowering the edge of the hill which makes the firm foreground or lower frame of the picture, the depth of the brilliant grove revealed steadily increases, suggesting that the whole of the inclosed valley is filled with such color. One wonders that the tithing-men and fathers of the town are not out to see what the trees mean by their high colors and exuberance of spirits, fearing that some mischief is brewing. I do not see what the Puritans did at this season, when the Maples blaze out in scarlet. They certainly could not have worshipped in groves then. Perhaps that is what they built meeting-houses and fenced them round with horse-sheds for.

THE ELM.

Now, too, the first of October, or later, the Elms are at the height of their autumnal beauty, great brownish-yellow masses, warm from their September oven, hanging over the highway. Their leaves are perfectly ripe. I wonder if there is any answering ripeness in the lives of the men who live beneath them. As I look down our street, which is lined with them, they remind me both by their form and color of yellowing sheaves of grain, as if the harvest had indeed come to the village itself, and we might expect to find some maturity and *flavor* in the thoughts of the villagers at last. Under those bright rustling yellow piles just ready to fall on the heads of the walkers, how can any crudity or greenness of thought or act prevail? When I stand where half a dozen large Elms droop over a house, it is as if I stood within a ripe pumpkin-rind, and I feel as mellow as if I were the pulp, though I may be somewhat stringy and seedy withal. What is the late greenness of the English Elm, like a cucumber out of season, which does not know when to have done, compared with the early and golden maturity of the American tree? The street is the scene of a great harvest-home. It would be worth the while to set out these trees, if only for their autumnal value. Think of these great yellow canopies or parasols held over our heads and houses by the mile together, making the village all one and compact, — an *ulmarium*, which is at the same time a nursery of men! And then how gently and unobserved they drop their burden and let in the sun when it is wanted, their leaves not heard when they fall on our roofs and in our streets; and thus the village parasol is shut up and put away! I see the market-man driving into the village, and disappearing under its canopy of Elm-tops, with *his* crop, as into a great granary or barn-yard. I am tempted to go thither as to a husking of thoughts, now dry and ripe, and ready to be separated from their integuments; but, alas! I foresee that it will be chiefly husks and little thought, blasted pig-corn, fit only for cob-meal, — for, as you sow, so shall you reap.

FALLEN LEAVES.

By the sixth of October the leaves generally begin to fall, in successive showers, after frost or rain; but the principal leaf-harvest, the acme of the *Fall*, is commonly about the sixteenth. Some morning at that date there is perhaps a harder frost than we have seen, and ice formed under the pump, and now, when the morning wind rises, the leaves come down in denser showers than ever. They suddenly form thick beds or carpets on the ground, in this gentle air, or even without wind, just the size and form of the tree above. Some trees, as small Hickories, appear to have dropped their leaves instantaneously, as a soldier grounds arms at a signal; and those of the Hickory, being bright yellow still, though withered, reflect a blaze of light from the ground where they lie. Down they have come on all sides, at the first earnest touch of autumn's wand, making a sound like rain.

Or else it is after moist and rainy weather that we notice how great a fall of leaves

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there has been in the night, though it may not yet be the touch that loosens the Rock-Maple leaf. The streets are thickly strewn with the trophies, and fallen Elm-leaves make a dark brown pavement under our feet. After some remarkably warm Indian-summer day or days, I perceive that it is the unusual heat which, more than anything, causes the leaves to fall, there having been, perhaps, no frost nor rain for some time. The intense heat suddenly ripens and wilts them, just as it softens and ripens peaches and other fruits, and causes them to drop.

The leaves of late Red Maples, still bright, strew the earth, often crimson-spotted on a yellow ground, like some wild apples,—though they preserve these bright colors on the ground but a day or two, especially if it rains. On causeways I go by trees here and there all bare and smoke-like, having lost their brilliant clothing; but there it lies, nearly as bright as ever, on the ground on one side, and making nearly as regular a figure as lately on the tree. I would rather say that I first observe the trees thus flat on the ground like a permanent colored shadow, and they suggest to look for the boughs that bore them. A queen might be proud to walk where these gallant trees have spread their bright cloaks in the mud. I see wagons roll over them as a shadow or a reflection, and the drivers heed them just as little as they did their shadows before.

Birds'-nests, in the Huckleberry and other shrubs, and in trees, are already being filled with the withered leaves. So many have fallen in the woods, that a squirrel cannot run after a falling nut without being heard. Boys are raking them in the streets, if only for the pleasure of dealing with such clean crisp substances. Some sweep the paths scrupulously neat, and then stand to see the next breath strew them with new trophies. The swamp-floor is thickly covered, and the *Lycopodium lucidulum* looks suddenly greener amid them. In dense woods they half-cover pools that are three or four rods long. The other day I could hardly find a well-known spring, and even suspected that it had dried up, for it was completely concealed by freshly fallen leaves; and when I swept them aside and revealed it, it was like striking the earth, with Aaron's rod, for a new spring. Wet grounds about the edges of swamps look dry with them. At one swamp, where I was surveying, thinking to step on a leafy shore from a rail, I got into the water more than a foot deep.

When I go to the river the day after the principal fall of leaves, the sixteenth, I find my boat all covered, bottom and seats, with the leaves of the Golden Willow under which it is moored, and I set sail with a cargo of them rustling under my feet. If I empty it, it will be full again to-morrow. I do not regard them as litter, to be swept out, but accept them as suitable straw or matting for the bottom of my carriage. When I turn up into the mouth of the Assabet, which is wooded, large fleets of leaves are floating on its surface, as it were getting out to sea, with room to tack; but next the shore, a little farther up, they are thicker than foam, quite concealing the water for a rod in width, under and amid the Alders, Button-Bushes, and Maples, still perfectly light and dry, with fibre unrelaxed; and at a rocky bend where they are met and stopped by the morning wind, they sometimes form a broad and dense crescent quite across the river. When I turn my prow that way, and the wave which it makes strikes them, list what a pleasant rustling from these dry substances grating on one another! Often it is their undulation only which reveals the water beneath them. Also every motion of the wood-turtle on the shore is betrayed by their rustling there. Or even in mid-channel, when the wind rises, I hear them blown with a rustling sound. Higher up they are slowly moving round and round in some great eddy which the river makes, as that at the "Leaning Hemlocks," where the water is deep, and the current is wearing into the bank.

Perchance, in the afternoon of such a day, when the water is perfectly calm

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and full of reflections, I paddle gently down the main stream, and, turning up the Assabet, reach a quiet cove, where I unexpectedly find myself surrounded by myriads of leaves, like fellow-voyagers, which seem to have the same purpose, or want of purpose, with myself. See this great fleet of scattered leaf-boats which we paddle amid, in this smooth river-bay, each one curled up on every side by the sun's skill, each nerve a stiff spruce-knee,—like boats of hide, and of all patterns, Charon's boat probably among the rest, and some with lofty prows and poops, like the stately vessels of the ancients, scarcely moving in the sluggish current,—like the great fleets, the dense Chinese cities of boats, with which you mingle on entering some great mart, some New York or Canton, which we are all steadily approaching together. How gently each has been deposited on the water! No violence has been used towards them yet, though, perchance, palpitating hearts were present at the launching. And painted ducks, too, the splendid wood-duck among the rest, often come to sail and float amid the painted leaves, — barks of a nobler model still!

What wholesome herb-drinks are to be had in the swamps now! What strong medicinal, but rich, scents from the decaying leaves! The rain falling on the freshly dried herbs and leaves, and filling the pools and ditches into which they have dropped thus clean and rigid, will soon convert them into tea,—green, black, brown, and yellow teas, of all degrees of strength, enough to set all Nature a-gossiping. Whether we drink them or not, as yet, before their strength is drawn, these leaves, dried on great Nature's coppers, are of such various pure and delicate tints as might make the fame of Oriental teas.

How they are mixed up, of all species, Oak and Maple and Chestnut and Birch! But Nature is not cluttered with them; she is a perfect husbandman; she stores them all. Consider what a vast crop is thus annually shed on the earth! This, more than any mere grain or seed, is the great harvest of the year. The trees are now repaying the earth with interest what they have taken from it. They are discounting. They are about to add a leaf's thickness to the depth of the soil. This is the beautiful way in which Nature gets her muck, while I chaffer with this man and that, who talks to me about sulphur and the cost of carting. We are all the richer for their decay. I am more interested in this crop than in the English grass alone or in the corn. It prepares the virgin mould for future cornfields and forests, on which the earth fattens. It keeps our homestead in good heart.

For beautiful variety no crop can be compared with this. Here is not merely the plain yellow of the grains, but nearly all the colors that we know, the brightest blue not excepted: the early blushing Maple, the Poison-Sumach blazing its sins as scarlet, the mulberry Ash, the rich chrome-yellow of the Poplars, the brilliant red Huckleberry, with which the hills' backs are painted, like those of sheep. The frost touches them, and, with the slightest breath of returning day or jarring of earth's axle, see in what showers they come floating down! The ground is all party-colored with them. But they still live in the soil, whose fertility and bulk they increase, and in the forests that spring from it. They stoop to rise, to mount higher in coming years, by subtle chemistry, climbing by the sap in the trees, and the sapling's first fruits thus shed, transmuted at last, may adorn its crown, when, in after-years, it has become the monarch of the forest.

It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves! how gently lay themselves down and turn to mould!—painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting-place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting the spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering all through the woods about it,—

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some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them half-way. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their graves! They that soared so loftily, how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of the tree, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high! They teach us how to die. One wonders if the time will ever come when men, with their boasted faith in immortality, will lie down as gracefully and as ripe,—with such an Indian-summer serenity will shed their bodies, as they do their hair and nails.

When the leaves fall, the whole earth is a cemetery pleasant to walk in. I love to wander and muse over them in their graves. Here are no lying nor vain epitaphs. What though you own no lot at Mount Auburn? Your lot is surely cast somewhere in this vast cemetery, which has been consecrated from of old. You need attend no auction to secure a place. There is room enough here. The Loosestrife shall bloom and the Huckleberry-bird sing over your bones. The woodman and hunter shall be your sextons, and the children shall tread upon the borders as much as they will. Let us walk in the cemetery of the leaves,—this is your true Greenwood Cemetery.

THE SUGAR-MAPLE.

But think not that the splendor of the year is over; for as one leaf does not make a summer, neither does one fallen leaf make an autumn. The smallest Sugar-Maples in our streets make a great show as early as the fifth of October, more than any other trees there. As I look up the Main Street, they appear like painted screens standing before the houses; yet many are green. But now, or generally by the seventeenth of October, when almost all Red Maples, and some White Maples, are bare, the large Sugar-Maples also are in their glory, glowing with yellow and red, and show unexpectedly bright and delicate tints. They are remarkable for the contrast they often afford of deep blushing red on one half and green on the other. They become at length dense masses of rich yellow with a deep scarlet blush, or more than blush, on the exposed surfaces. They are the brightest trees now in the street.

The large ones on our Common are particularly beautiful. A delicate, but warmer than golden yellow is now the prevailing color, with scarlet cheeks. Yet, standing on the east side of the Common just before sundown, when the western light is transmitted through them, I see that their yellow even, compared with the pale lemon yellow of an Elm close by, amounts to a scarlet, without noticing the bright scarlet portions. Generally, they are great regular oval masses of yellow and scarlet. All the sunny warmth of the season, the Indian summer, seems to be absorbed in their leaves. The lowest and inmost leaves next the bole are, as usual, of the most delicate yellow and green, like the complexion of young men brought up in the house. There is an auction on the Common to-day, but its red flag is hard to be discerned amid this blaze of color.

Little did the fathers of the town anticipate this brilliant success, when they caused to be imported from farther in the country some straight poles with their tops cut off, which they called Sugar-Maples; and, as I remember, after they were set out, a neighboring merchant's clerk, by way of jest, planted beans about them. Those which were then jestingly called bean-poles are to-day far the most beautiful objects noticeable in our streets. They are worth all and more than they have cost,—though one of the selectmen, while setting them out, took the cold which occasioned his death,—if only because they have filled the open eyes of children with their rich color unstintedly so many Octobers. We will not ask them to yield us sugar in the spring, while they afford us so fair a prospect in the autumn. Wealth in-doors may be the inheritance of few, but it is equally distributed on

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the Common. All children alike can revel in this golden harvest.

Surely trees should be set in our streets with a view to their October splendor; though I doubt whether this is ever considered by the "Tree Society." Do you not think it will make some odds to these children that they were brought up under the Maples? Hundreds of eyes are steadily drinking in this color, and by these teachers even the truants are caught and educated the moment they step abroad. Indeed, neither the truant nor the studious is at present taught color in the schools. These are instead of the bright colors in apothecaries' shops and city windows. It is a pity that we have no more *Red* Maples, and some Hickories, in our streets as well. Our paint-box is very imperfectly filled. Instead of, or beside, supplying such paint-boxes as we do, we might supply these natural colors to the young. Where else will they study color under greater advantages? What School of Design can vie with this? Think how much the eyes of painters of all kinds, and of manufacturers of cloth and paper, and paper-stainers, and countless others, are to be educated by these autumnal colors. The stationer's envelopes may be of very various tints, yet not so various as those of the leaves of a single tree. If you want a different shade or tint of a particular color, you have only to look farther within or without the tree or the wood. These leaves are not many dipped in one dye, as at the dye-house, but they are dyed in light of infinitely various degrees of strength, and left to set and dry there.

Shall the names of so many of our colors continue to be derived from those of obscure foreign localities, as Naples yellow, Prussian blue, raw Sienna, burnt Umber, Gamboge? — (surely the Tyrian purple must have faded by this time) — or from comparatively trivial articles of commerce,—chocolate, lemon, coffee, cinnamon, claret? — (shall we compare our Hickory to a lemon, or a lemon to a Hickory?) — or from ores and oxides which few ever see? Shall we so often, when describing to our neighbors the color of something we have seen, refer them, not to some natural object in our neighborhood, but perchance to a bit of earth fetched from the other side of the planet, which possibly they may find at the apothecary's, but which probably neither they nor we ever saw? Have we not an *earth* under our feet, — ay, and a sky over our heads? Or is the last *all* ultramarine? What do we know of sapphire, amethyst, emerald, ruby, amber, and the like, — most of us who take these names in vain? Leave these precious words to cabinet-keepers, virtuosos, and maids-of-honor, — to the Nabobs, Begums, and Chobdars of Hindostan, or wherever else. I do not see why, since America and her autumn woods have been discovered, our leaves should not compete with the precious stones in giving names to colors; and, indeed, I believe that in course of time the names of some of our trees and shrubs, as well as flowers, will get into our popular chromatic nomenclature.

But of much more importance than a knowledge of the names and distinctions of color is the joy and exhilaration which these colored leaves excite. Already these brilliant trees throughout the street, without any more variety, are at least equal to an annual festival and holiday, or a week of such. These are cheap and innocent gala-days, celebrated by one and all without the aid of committees or marshals, such a show as may safely be licensed, not attracting gamblers or rum-sellers, nor requiring any special police to keep the peace. And poor indeed must be that New-England village's October which has not the Maple in its streets. This October festival costs no powder, nor ringing of bells, but every tree is a living liberty-pole on which a thousand bright flags are waving.

No wonder that we must have our annual Cattle-Show, and Fall Training, and perhaps Cornwallis, our September Courts, and the like. Nature herself holds her annual fair in October, not only in the streets, but in every hollow and on every hill-side. When lately we

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looked into that Red-Maple swamp all a-blaze, where the trees were clothed in their vestures of most dazzling tints, did it not suggest a thousand gypsies beneath, — a race capable of wild delight, — or even the fabled fawns, satyrs, and wood-nymphs come back to earth? Or was it only a congregation of wearied wood-choppers, or of proprietors come to inspect their lots, that we thought of? Or, earlier still, when we paddled on the river through that fine-grained September air, did there not appear to be something new going on under the sparkling surface of the stream, a shaking of props, at least, so that we made haste in order to be up in time? Did not the rows of yellowing Willows and Button-Bushes on each side seem like rows of booths, under which, perhaps, some fluviatile egg-pop equally yellow was effervescing? Did not all these suggest that man's spirits should rise as high as Nature's, — should hang out their flag, and the routine of his life be interrupted by an analogous expression of joy and hilarity?

No annual training or muster of soldiery, no celebration with its scarfs and banners, could import into the town a hundredth part of the annual splendor of our October. We have only to set the trees, or let them stand, and Nature will find the colored drapery, — flags of all her nations, some of whose private signals hardly the botanist can read, — while we walk under the triumphal arches of the Elms. Leave it to Nature to appoint the days, whether the same as in neighboring States or not, and let the clergy read her proclamations, if they can understand them. Behold what a brilliant drapery is her Woodbine flag! What public-spirited merchant, think you, has contributed this part of the show? There is no handsomer shingling and paint than this vine, at present covering a whole side of some houses. I do not believe that the Ivy *never sear* is comparable to it. No wonder it has been extensively introduced into London. Let us have a good many Maples and Hickories and Scarlet Oaks, then, I say. Blaze away! Shall that dirty roll of bunting in the gun-house be all the colors a village can display? A village is not complete, unless it have these trees to mark the season in it. They are important, like the town-clock. A village that has them not will not be found to work well. It has a screw loose, an essential part is wanting. Let us have Willows for spring, Elms for summer, Maples and Walnuts and Tupeloes for autumn, Evergreens for winter, and Oaks for all seasons. What is a gallery in a house to a gallery in the streets, which every market-man rides through, whether he will or not? Of course, there is not a picture-gallery in the country which would be worth so much to us as is the western view at sunset under the Elms of our main street. They are the frame to a picture which is daily painted behind them. An avenue of Elms as large as our largest and three miles long would seem to lead to some admirable place, though only C——— were at the end of it.

A village needs these innocent stimulants of bright and cheering prospects to keep off melancholy and superstition. Show me two villages, one embowered in trees and blazing with all the glories of October, the other a merely trivial and treeless waste, or with only a single tree or two for suicides, and I shall be sure that in the latter will be found the most starved and bigoted religionists and the most desperate drinkers. Every wash-tub and milk-can and gravestone will be exposed. The inhabitants will disappear abruptly behind their barns and houses, like desert Arabs amid their rocks, and I shall look to see spears in their hands. They will be ready to accept the most barren and forlorn doctrine, — as that the world is speedily coming to an end, or has already got to it, or that they themselves are turned wrong side outward. They will perchance crack their dry joints at one another and call it a spiritual communication.

But to confine ourselves to the Maples. What if we were to take half as much pains in protecting them as we do in set-

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ting them out,—not stupidly tie our horses to our dahlia-stems?

What meant the fathers by establishing this *perfectly living* institution before the church,—this institution which needs no repairing nor repainting, which is continually enlarged and repaired by its growth? Surely they

"Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Themselves from God they could not free;
They *planted* better than they knew;—
The conscious *trees* to beauty grew."

Verily these Maples are cheap preachers, permanently settled, which preach their half-century, and century, ay, and century-and-a-half sermons, with constantly increasing unction and influence, ministering to many generations of men; and the least we can do is to supply them with suitable colleagues as they grow infirm.

THE SCARLET OAK.

BELONGING to a genus which is remarkable for the beautiful form of its leaves, I suspect that some Scarlet-Oak leaves surpass those of all other Oaks in the rich and wild beauty of their outlines. I judge from an acquaintance with twelve species, and from drawings which I have seen of many others.

Stand under this tree and see how finely its leaves are cut against the sky,—as it were, only a few sharp points extending from a midrib. They look like double, treble, or quadruple crosses. They are far more ethereal than the less deeply scolloped Oak-leaves. They have so little leafy *terra firma* that they appear melting away in the light, and scarcely obstruct our view. The leaves of very young plants are, like those of full-grown Oaks of other species, more entire, simple, and lumpish in their outlines; but these, raised high on old trees, have solved the leafy problem. Lifted higher and higher, and sublimated more and more, putting off some earthiness and cultivating more intimacy with the light each year, they have at length the least possible amount of earthy matter, and the greatest spread and grasp of skyey influences. There they dance, arm in arm with the light,—tripping it on fantastic points, fit partners in those aërial halls. So intimately mingled are they with it, that, what with their slenderness and their glossy surfaces, you can hardly tell at last what in the dance is leaf and what is light. And when no zephyr stirs, they are at most but a rich tracery to the forest-windows.

I am again struck with their beauty, when, a month later, they thickly strew the ground in the woods, piled one upon another under my feet. They are then brown above, but purple beneath. With their narrow lobes and their bold deep scollops reaching almost to the middle, they suggest that the material must be cheap, or else there has been a lavish expense in their creation, as if so much had been cut out. Or else they seem to us the remnants of the stuff out of which leaves have been cut with a die. Indeed, when they lie thus one upon another, they remind me of a pile of scrap-tin.*

Or bring one home, and study it closely at your leisure, by the fireside. It is a type, not from any Oxford font, not in the Basque nor the arrow-headed character, not found on the Rosetta Stone, but destined to be copied in sculpture one day, if they ever get to whittling stone here. What a wild and pleasing outline, a combination of graceful curves and angles! The eye rests with equal delight on what is not leaf and on what is leaf,—on the broad, free, open sinuses, and on the long, sharp, bristle-pointed lobes. A simple oval outline would include it all, if you connected the points of the leaf; but how much richer is it than that, with its half-dozen deep scollops, in which the eye and thought of the beholder are embayed! If I were a drawing-master, I would set my pupils to copying these leaves, that they might learn to draw firmly and gracefully.

Regarded as water, it is like a pond with half a dozen broad rounded promontories extending nearly to its middle, half from each side, while its watery bays

* The original of the leaf copied on the next page was picked from such a pile.

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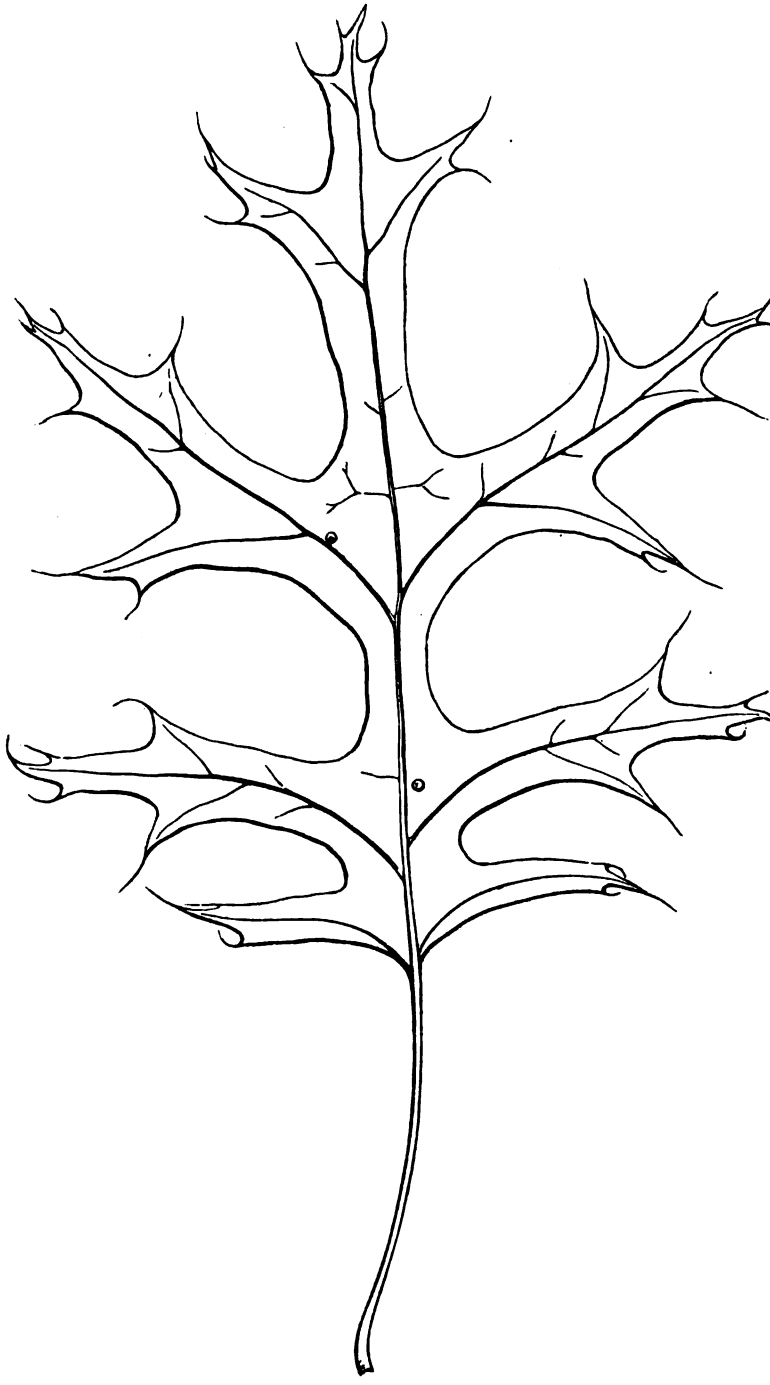

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extend far inland, like sharp friths, at each of whose heads several fine streams empty in, — almost a leafy archipelago.

But it oftener suggests land, and, as Dionysius and Pliny compared the form of the Morea to that of the leaf of the Oriental Plane-tree, so this leaf reminds me of some fair wild island in the ocean, whose extensive coast, alternate rounded bays with smooth strands, and sharp-pointed rocky capes, mark it as fitted for the habitation of man, and destined to become a centre of civilization at last. To the sailor's eye, it is a much-indented shore. Is it not, in fact, a shore to the aërial ocean, on which the windy surf beats? At sight of this leaf we are all mariners, — if not vikings, buccaneers, and filibusters. Both our love of repose and our spirit of adventure are addressed. In our most casual glance, perchance, we think, that, if we succeed in doubling those sharp capes, we shall find deep, smooth, and secure havens in the ample bays. How different from the White-Oak leaf, with its rounded headlands, on which no light-house need be placed! That is an England, with its long civil history, that may be read. This is some still unsettled New-found Island or Celebes. Shall we go and be rajahs there?

By the twenty-sixth of October the large Scarlet Oaks are in their prime, when other Oaks are usually withered. They have been kindling their fires for a week past, and now generally burst into a blaze. This alone of *our* indigenous deciduous trees (excepting the Dogwood, of which I do not know half a dozen, and they are but large bushes) is now in its glory. The two Aspens and the Sugar-Maple come nearest to it in date, but they have lost the greater part of their leaves. Of evergreens, only the Pitch-Pine is still commonly bright.

But it requires a particular alertness, if not devotion to these phenomena, to appreciate the wide-spread, but late and unexpected glory of the Scarlet Oaks. I do not speak here of the small trees and shrubs, which are commonly observed, and which are now withered, but of the large trees. Most go in and shut their doors, thinking that bleak and colorless November has already come, when some of the most brilliant and memorable colors are not yet lit.

This very perfect and vigorous one, about forty feet high, standing in an open pasture, which was quite glossy green on the twelfth, is now, the twenty-sixth, completely changed to bright dark scarlet, — every leaf, between you and the sun, as if it had been dipped into a scarlet dye. The whole tree is much like a heart in form, as well as color. Was not this worth waiting for? Little did you think, ten days ago, that that cold green tree would assume such color as this. Its leaves are still firmly attached, while those of other trees are falling around it. It seems to say, — "I am the last to blush, but I blush deeper than any of ye. I bring up the rear in my red coat. We Scarlet ones, alone of Oaks, have not given up the fight."

The sap is now, and even far into November, frequently flowing fast in these trees, as in Maples in the spring; and apparently their bright tints, now that most other Oaks are withered, are connected with this phenomenon. They are full of life. It has a pleasantly astringent, acorn-like taste, this strong Oak-wine, as I find on tapping them with my knife.

Looking across this woodland valley, a quarter of a mile wide, how rich those Scarlet Oaks, embosomed in Pines, their bright red branches intimately intermingled with them! They have their full effect there. The Pine-boughs are the green calyx to their red petals. Or, as we go along a road in the woods, the sun striking endwise through it, and lighting up the red tents of the Oaks, which on each side are mingled with the liquid green of the Pines, makes a very gorgeous scene. Indeed, without the evergreens for contrast, the autumnal tints would lose much of their effect.

The Scarlet Oak asks a clear sky and the brightness of late October days. These bring out its colors. If the sun

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goes into a cloud, they become comparatively indistinct. As I sit on a cliff in the southwest part of our town, the sun is now getting low, and the woods in Lincoln, south and east of me, are lit up by its more level rays; and in the Scarlet Oaks, scattered so equally over the forest, there is brought out a more brilliant redness than I had believed was in them. Every tree of this species which is visible in those directions, even to the horizon, now stands out distinctly red. Some great ones lift their red backs high above the woods, in the next town, like huge roses with a myriad of fine petals; and some more slender ones, in a small grove of White Pines on Pine Hill in the east, on the very verge of the horizon, alternating with the Pines on the edge of the grove, and shouldering them with their red coats, look like soldiers in red amid hunters in green. This time it is Lincoln green, too. Till the sun got low, I did not believe that there were so many redcoats in the forest army. Theirs is an intense burning red, which would lose some of its strength, methinks, with every step you might take toward them; for the shade that lurks amid their foliage does not report itself at this distance, and they are unanimously red. The focus of their reflected color is in the atmosphere far on this side. Every such tree becomes a nucleus of red, as it were, where, with the declining sun, that color grows and glows. It is partly borrowed fire, gathering strength from the sun on its way to your eye. It has only some comparatively dull red leaves for a rallying-point, or kindling-stuff, to start it, and it becomes an intense scarlet or red mist, or fire, which finds fuel for itself in the very atmosphere. So vivacious is redness. The very rails reflect a rosy light at this hour and season. You see a redder tree than exists.

If you wish to count the Scarlet Oaks, do it now. In a clear day stand thus on a hill-top in the woods, when the sun is an hour high, and every one within range of your vision, excepting in the west, will be revealed. You might live to the age of Methuselah and never find a tithe of them, otherwise. Yet sometimes even in a dark day I have thought them as bright as I ever saw them. Looking westward, their colors are lost in a blaze of light; but in other directions the whole forest is a flower-garden, in which these late roses burn, alternating with green, while the so-called "gardeners," walking here and there, perchance, beneath, with spade and water-pot, see only a few little asters amid withered leaves.

These are *my* China-asters, *my* late garden-flowers. It costs me nothing for a gardener. The falling leaves, all over the forest, are protecting the roots of my plants. Only look at what is to be seen, and you will have garden enough, without deepening the soil in your yard. We have only to elevate our view a little, to see the whole forest as a garden. The blossoming of the Scarlet Oak, — the forest-flower, surpassing all in splendor (at least since the Maple)! I do not know but they interest me more than the Maples, they are so widely and equally dispersed throughout the forest; they are so hardy, a nobler tree on the whole; — our chief November flower, abiding the approach of winter with us, imparting warmth to early November prospects. It is remarkable that the latest bright color that is general should be this deep, dark scarlet and red, the intensest of colors. The ripest fruit of the year; like the cheek of a hard, glossy, red apple from the cold Isle of Orleans, which will not be mellow for eating till next spring! When I rise to a hill-top, a thousand of these great Oak roses, distributed on every side, as far as the horizon! I admire them four or five miles off! This my unfailing prospect for a fortnight past! This late forest-flower surpasses all that spring or summer could do. Their colors were but rare and dainty specks comparatively, (created for the near-sighted, who walk amid the humblest herbs and underwoods,) and made no impression on a distant eye. Now it is an extended forest or a mountain-side,

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through or along which we journey from day to day, that bursts into bloom. Comparatively, our gardening is on a petty scale, — the gardener still nursing a few asters amid dead weeds, ignorant of the gigantic asters and roses, which, as it were, overshadow him, and ask for none of his care. It is like a little red paint ground on a saucer, and held up against the sunset sky. Why not take more elevated and broader views, walk in the great garden, not skulk in a little "debauched" nook of it? consider the beauty of the forest, and not merely of a few impounded herbs?

Let your walks now be a little more adventurous; ascend the hills. If, about the last of October, you ascend any hill in the outskirts of our town, and probably of yours, and look over the forest, you may see —— well, what I have endeavored to describe. All this you surely *will* see, and much more, if you are prepared to see it, — if you *look* for it. Otherwise, regular and universal as this phenomenon is, whether you stand on the hill-top or in the hollow, you will think for threescore years and ten that all the wood is, at this season, sear and brown. Objects are concealed from our view, not so much because they are out of the course of our visual ray as because we do not bring our minds and eyes to bear on them; for there is no power to see in the eye itself, any more than in any other jelly. We do not realize how far and widely, or how near and narrowly, we are to look. The greater part of the phenomena of Nature are for this reason concealed from us all our lives. The gardener sees only the gardener's garden. Here, too, as in political economy, the supply answers to the demand. Nature does not cast pearls before swine. There is just as much beauty visible to us in the landscape as we are prepared to appreciate, — not a grain more. The actual objects which one man will see from a particular hill-top are just as different from those which another will see as the beholders are different. The Scarlet Oak must, in a sense, be in your eye when you go forth. We cannot see anything until we are possessed with the idea of it, take it into our heads, — and then we can hardly see anything else. In my botanical rambles, I find, that, first, the idea, or image, of a plant occupies my thoughts, though it may seem very foreign to this locality, — no nearer than Hudson's Bay, — and for some weeks or months I go thinking of it, and expecting it, unconsciously, and at length I surely see it. This is the history of my finding a score or more of rare plants, which I could name. A man sees only what concerns him. A botanist absorbed in the study of grasses does not distinguish the grandest Pasture Oaks. He, as it were, tramples down Oaks unwittingly in his walk, or at most sees only their shadows. I have found that it required a different intention of the eye, in the same locality, to see different plants, even when they were closely allied, as *Juncaceæ* and *Gramineæ:* when I was looking for the former, I did not see the latter in the midst of them. How much more, then, it requires different intentions of the eye and of the mind to attend to different departments of knowledge! How differently the poet and the naturalist look at objects!

Take a New-England selectman, and set him on the highest of our hills, and tell him to look, — sharpening his sight to the utmost, and putting on the glasses that suit him best, (ay, using a spy-glass, if he likes,) — and make a full report. What, probably, will he *spy?* — what will he *select* to look at? Of course, he will see a Brocken spectre of himself. He will see several meeting-houses, at least, and, perhaps, that somebody ought to be assessed higher than he is, since he has so handsome a wood-lot. Now take Julius Cæsar, or Immanuel Swedenborg, or a Fegee-Islander, and set him up there. Or suppose all together, and let them compare notes afterward. Will it appear that they have enjoyed the same prospect? What they will see will be as different as Rome was from Heaven or Hell, or the last from the Fegee Isl-

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ands. For aught we know, as strange a man as any of these is always at our elbow.

Why, it takes a sharp-shooter to bring down even such trivial game as snipes and woodcocks; he must take very particular aim, and know what he is aiming at. He would stand a very small chance, if he fired at random into the sky, being told that snipes were flying there. And so is it with him that shoots at beauty; though he wait till the sky falls, he will not bag any, if he does not already know its seasons and haunts, and the color of its wing,—if he has not dreamed of it, so that he can *anticipate* it; then, indeed, he flushes it at every step, shoots double and on the wing, with both barrels, even in cornfields. The sportsman trains himself, dresses and watches unweariedly, and loads and primes for his particular game. He prays for it, and offers sacrifices, and so he gets it. After due and long preparation, schooling his eye and hand, dreaming awake and asleep, with gun and paddle and boat he goes out after meadow-hens, which most of his townsmen never saw nor dreamed of, and paddles for miles against a head-wind, and wades in water up to his knees, being out all day without his dinner, and *therefore* he gets them. He had them half-way into his bag when he started, and has only to shove them down. The true sportsman can shoot you almost any of his game from his windows: what else has he windows or eyes for? It comes and perches at last on the barrel of his gun; but the rest of the world never see it *with the feathers on.* The geese fly exactly under his zenith, and honk when they get there, and he will keep himself supplied by firing up his chimney; twenty musquash have the refusal of each one of his traps before it is empty. If he lives, and his game-spirit increases, heaven and earth shall fail him sooner than game; and when he dies, he will go to more extensive, and, perchance, happier hunting-grounds. The fisherman, too, dreams of fish, sees a bobbing cork in his dreams, till he can almost catch them in his sink-spout. I knew a girl who, being sent to pick huckleberries, picked wild gooseberries by the quart, where no one else knew that there were any, because she was accustomed to pick them up country where she came from. The astronomer knows where to go star-gathering, and sees one clearly in his mind before any have seen it with a glass. The hen scratches and finds her food right under where she stands; but such is not the way with the hawk.

These bright leaves which I have mentioned are not the exception, but the rule; for I believe that all leaves, even grasses and mosses, acquire brighter colors just before their fall. When you come to observe faithfully the changes of each humblest plant, you find that each has, sooner or later, its peculiar autumnal tint; and if you undertake to make a complete list of the bright tints, it will be nearly as long as a catalogue of the plants in your vicinity.

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DAVID GAUNT.

PART II.

It was late. Palmer, unhitching his horse from the fence, mounted and rode briskly down the hill. He would lose the girl: saw the loss, faced it. Besides the love he bore her, she had made God a truth to him. He was jaded, defeated, as if some power outside of himself had taken him unexpectedly at advantage to-night, and wrung this thing from him. Life was not much to look forward to, — the stretch it had been before: study, and the war, and hard common sense, — the theatre, — card-playing. Not being a man, I cannot tell you how much his loss amounted to. I know, going down the rutted wagon-road, his mild face fell slowly into a haggard vacancy foreign to it: one or two people at the tavern where he stopped asked him if he were ill: I think, too, that he prayed once or twice to whatever God he had, looking up with dry eye and shut lips, — dumb prayers, wrung out of some depth within, such as Christian sent out of the slough, when he was like to die. But he did stop at the tavern, and there drank some brandy to steady his nerves; and he did not forget that there was an ambuscade of Rebels at Blue's Gap, and that he was to share in the attack on them at daylight: he spurred his horse, as he drew nearer Romney. Dode, being a woman, thinking love lost, sat by the fire, looking vacantly at nothing. Yet the loss was as costly to him as to her, and would be remembered as long.

He came up to the church where the meeting had been held. It was just over; the crowded room was stifling with the smoke of tobacco and tallow-candles; there was an American flag hanging over the pulpit, a man pounding on a drum at the door, and a swarm of loafers on the steps, cheering for the Union, for Jeff Davis, etc. Palmer dismounted, and made his way to the pulpit, where Dyke, a lieutenant in his company, was.

"All ready, Dyke?"

"All right, Capt'n."

Palmer lingered, listening to the talk of the men. Dyke had been an Ohio-River pilot; after the troubles began, had taken a pork-contract under Government; but was lieutenant now, as I said. It paid better than pork, he told Palmer, — a commission, especially in damp weather. Palmer did not sneer. Dykes, North and South, had quit the hog-killing for the man-killing business, with no other motive than the percentage, he knew; but he thought the rottenness lay lower than their hearts. Palmer stood looking down at the crowd: the poorer class of laborers, — their limbs cased in shaggy blouses and green baize leggings, — their faces dogged, anxious as their own oxen.

"'Bout half on 'em Secesh," whispered Jim Dyke. "'T depends on who burned their barns fust."

Jim was recruiting to fill up some vacancies in Palmer's company. He had been tolerably successful that day; as he said, with a wink, to the Captain, —

"The twenty dollars a month on one side, an' the test-oath on t' other, brought loyalty up to the scratch."

He presented some of the recruits to Palmer: pluming himself, adjusting the bogus chains over his pink shirt.

"Hyur 's Squire Pratt. Got two sons in th' army, — goin' hisself. That 's the talk! Charley Orr, show yerself! This boy's father was shot in his bed by the Bushwhackers."

A mere boy, thin, consumptive, hollow-chested: a mother's-boy, Palmer saw, with fair hair and dreamy eyes. He held out his hand to him.

"Charley will fight for something better than revenge. I see it in his face."

The little fellow's eyes flashed.

"Yes, Captain."

He watched Palmer after that with the

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look one of the Cavaliers might have turned to a Stuart. But he began to cough presently, and slipped back to the benches where the women were. Palmer heard one of them in rusty black sob out, — "Oh, Charley! Charley!"

There was not much enthusiasm among the women; Palmer looked at them with a dreary trail of thought in his brain. They were of the raw, unclarified American type: thick-blooded, shrewish, with dish-shaped faces, inelastic limbs. They had taken the war into their whole strength, like their sisters, North and South: as women greedily do anything that promises to be an outlet for what power of brain, heart, or animal fervor they may have, over what is needed for wifehood or maternity. Theodora, he thought, angrily, looked at the war as these women did, had no poetic enthusiasm about it, did not grasp the grand abstract theory on either side. She would not accept it as a fiery, chivalric cause, as the Abolitionist did, nor as a stern necessity, like the Union-saver. The sickly Louisianian, following her son from Pickens to Richmond, besieging God for vengeance with the mad impatience of her blood, or the Puritan mother praying beside her dead hero-boy, would have called Dode cowardly and dull. So would those blue-eyed, gushing girls who lift the cup of blood to their lips with as fervid an *abandon* as ever did French *bacchante*. Palmer despised them. Their sleazy lives had wanted color and substance, and they found it in a cant of patriotism, in illuminating their windows after slaughter, in dressing their tables with helmets of sugar, (after the fashion of the White House,) — delicate *souvenirs de la guerre!*

But Theodora and these women had seen their door-posts slopped with blood, — that made a difference. This woman in front had found her boy's half-charred body left tied to a tree by Rebel scouts: this girl was the grandchild of Naylor, a man of seventy, — the Federal soldiers were fired at from his house one day, — the next, the old man stood dumb upon its threshold; in this world, he never would call to God for vengeance. Palmer knew these things were true. Yet Dode should not for this sink to low notions about the war. She did: she talked plain Saxon of it, and what it made of men; said no cause could sanctify a deed so vile, — nothing could be holy which turned honest men into thieves and assassins. Her notions were low to degradation, Palmer thought, with the quickening cause at his heart; they had talked of it the last time he was here. She thought they struck bottom on some eternal truth, a humanity broader than patriotism. Pah! he sickened at such whining cant! The little Captain was common-sensed to the backbone, — intolerant. He was an American, with the native taint of American conceit, but he was a man whose look was as true as his oath; therefore, talking of the war, he never glossed it over, — showed its worst phases, in Virginia and Missouri; but he accepted it, in all its horror, as a savage necessity. It was a thing that must be, while men were men, and not angels.

While he stood looking at the crowd, Nabbes, a reporter for one of the New-York papers, who was lounging in the pulpit, began to laugh at him.

"I say, Captain, you Virginia Loyalists don't go into this war with *vim*. It 's a bitter job to you."

Palmer's face reddened.

"What you say is true, thank God," — quietly.

Nabbes stuck his hands into his pockets, whistling. He shrewdly suspected Palmer was n't "sound." No patriot would go into the war with such a miserable phiz as that. Yet he fought like a tiger up in the mountains. Of course, the war was a bad business, — and the taxes — whew! Last summer things were smashed generally, and when Will (his brother) sailed in Sherman's expedition, it was a blue day enough: how his mother and the girls did carry on! (Nabbes and Will supported the family, by the way; and Nabbes, inside of his slang, billiards, etc., was a good, soft-hearted fel-

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low.) However, the country was looking up now. There were our victories, — and his own salary was raised. Will was snug down at Port Royal, — sent the girls home some confoundedly pretty jewelry; they were as busy as bees, knitting socks, and —— What, the Devil! were we to be ridden over rough-shod by Davis and his crew? Northern brain and muscle were toughest, and let water find its own level. So he tore out a fly-leaf from the big Bible, and jotted down notes of the meeting, — "An outpouring of the loyal heart of West Virginia," — and yawned, ready for bed, contented with the world, himself, and God.

Dyke touched Palmer's arm.

"Lor', Capt'n," he whispered, "ef thar a'n't old Scofield! 'n the back o' th' house, watchin' you. Son killed at Manassas, — George, — d' ye know?"

"I know."

"Danged ef I don't respect Secesh like them," broke out Dyke. "Ye 'll not sin his soul with a test-oath. Thar 's grit thar. Well, God help us!"

Palmer stepped down from the pulpit; but the old man, seeing him coming, turned and shouldered his way out of the crowd, his haggard face blood-red.

"What 'll the old chap say to Gaunt's enlistin'?" said Dyke.

"Gaunt in? Bully for the parson!" said Squire Pratt.

"Parson 'listed?" said the reporter. "They and the women led off in this war. I 'm glad of it, — brings out the pith in 'em."

"I dunno," said Dyke, looking round. "Gaunt's name brought in a dozen; but —— It 's a dirty business, the war. I wish 'n somebody's hands hed stayed clean of it."

"It 's the Lord's work," said Pratt, with a twang, being a class-leader.

"Ye-s? So 'ud Bishop Polk say. Got a different Lord down thar? 'S likely. Henry Wise used to talk of the 'God of Virginia.'"

"Was a fellow," said Nabbes, nursing one foot, "that set me easy about my soul, and the thing. A chaplain in Congress: after we took down that bitter Mason-and-Slidell pill, it was. Prayed to Jesus to keep us safe until our vengeance on England was ripe, — to 'aid us through the patient watch and vigil long of him who treasures up a wrong.' Old boy, thinks I, if that 's Christianity, it 's cheap. I 'll take stock in it. Going at half-price, I think."

"I am tired of this cant of Christians refusing to join in the war," said Palmer, impatiently. "God allows it; it helps His plans."

"Humph! So did Judas," muttered Dyke, shrewdly. "Well, I a'n't a purfessor myself. — Boys, come along! Drum-call time. You 're in luck. We 'll have work afore mornin', — an' darned ef you sha'n't be in it, in spite of rules!"

When the recruits went out, the meeting broke up. Palmer put on his hat, and made his way out of a side-door into the snow-covered field about the church, glancing at his watch as he went. He had but little time to spare. The Federal camp lay on a distant hill-side below Romney: through the dun winter shadows he could see points of light shifting from tent to tent; a single bugle-call had shrilled through the mountains once or twice; the regiments ordered for the attack were under arms now, he concluded. They had a long march before them: the Gap, where the Confederate band were concealed, lay sixteen miles distant. Unless the Union troops succeeded in surprising the Rebels, the fight, Palmer knew, would be desperate; the position they held was almost impregnable, — camped behind a steep gash in the mountain: a handful of men could hold it against Dunning's whole brigade, unshielded, bare. A surprise was almost impossible in these mountains, where Rebel guerrillas lurked behind every tree, and every woman in the village-shanties was ready to risk limbs or life as a Rebel spy. Thus far, however, he thought this movement had been kept secret: even the men did not know where they were going.

Crossing the field hurriedly, he saw two

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men talking eagerly behind a thorn-bush. One of them, turning, came towards him, his hat slouched over his face. It was Scofield. As he came into the clear starlight, Palmer recognized the thick-set, sluggish figure and haggard face, and waited for him, — with a quick remembrance of long summer days, when he and George, boys together, had looked on this man as the wisest and strongest, sitting at his side digging worms or making yellow flies for him to fish in the Big Cacapon, — how they would have the delicate broiled trout for supper,—how Dode was a chubby little puss then, with white apron and big brown eyes, choosing to sit on his lap when they went to the table, and putting her hand slyly into his coffee. An odd thing to think of then and there! George lay stiff now, with a wooden board only at his head to tell that he once lived. The thoughts struck through Palmer's brain in the waiting moment, making his hand unsteady as he held it out to the old man.

"Uncle Scofield! Is the war to come between you and me? For George's sake! I saw him at Harper's Ferry before — before Manassas. We were no less friends then than ever before."

The old man's eyes had glared defiance at Palmer under their gray brows when he faced him, but his big bony hand kept fumbling nervously with his cravat.

"Yes, Dougl's. I did n't want to meet yer. Red an' white 's my colors, — red an' white, so help me God!"

"I know," said Palmer, quietly.

There was a silence,—the men looking steadily at each other.

"Ye saw George?" the old man said, his eyes falling.

"Yes. At Harper's Ferry. I was making my way through the Confederate lines; George took me over, risking his own life to do it, then reported himself under arrest. He did not lose his commission; your general was just" ——

Scofield's face worked.

"That was like my boy! Thar 's not a grandfather he hes in the country whar he 's gone to that would believe one of our blood could do a mean thing! The Scofields ar'n't well larned, but they 've true honor, Dougl's Palmer!"

Palmer's eyes lighted. Men of the old lion-breed know each other in spite of dress or heirship of opinion.

"Ye 've been to th' house to-night, boy?" said the old man, his voice softened. "Yes? That was right. Ye 've truer notions nor me. I went away so 's not till meet yer. I 'm sorry for it. George 's gone, Dougl's, but he 'd be glad till think you an' me was the same as ever, — he would!"

He held out his hand. Something worthy the name of man in each met in the grasp, that no blood spilled could foul or embitter. They walked across the field together, the old man leaning his hand on Palmer's shoulder as if for support, though he did not need it. He had been used to walk so with George. This was his boy's friend: that thought filled and warmed his heart so utterly that he forgot his hand rested on a Federal uniform. Palmer was strangely silent.

"I saw Theodora," he said at last, gravely.

Scofield started at the tone, looked at him keenly, some new thought breaking in on him, frightening, troubling him. He did not answer; they crossed the broad field, coming at last to the hill-road. The old man spoke at last, with an effort.

"You an' my little girl are friends, did you mean, Dougl's? The war did n't come between ye?"

"Nothing shall come between us," — quietly, his eye full upon the old man's. The story of a life lay in the look.

Scofield met it questioningly, almost solemnly. It was no time for explanation. He pushed his trembling hand through his stubby gray hair.

"Well, well, Dougl's. These days is harrd. But it 'll come right! God knows all."

The road was empty now,—lay narrow and bare down the hill; the moon had set, and the snow-clouds were gray-

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ing heavily the pale light above. Only the sharp call of a discordant trumpet broke the solitude and dumbness of the hills. A lonesome, foreboding night. The old man rested his hand on the fence, choking down an uncertain groan now and then, digging into the snow with his foot, while Palmer watched him.

"I must bid yer good-bye, Dougl's," he said at last. "I've a long tramp afore me to-night. Mebbe worse. Mayhap I may n't see you agin; men can't hev a grip on the next hour, these days. I 'm glad we 're friends. Whatever comes afore mornin', I 'm glad o' that!"

"Have you no more to say to me?"

"Yes, Dougl's,—'s for my little girl,—ef so be as I should foller my boy sometime, I 'd wish you 'd be friends to Dode, Dougl's. Yes! I would,"—hesitating, something wet oozing from his small black eye, and losing itself in the snuffy wrinkles.

Palmer was touched. It was a hard struggle with pain that had wrung out that tear. The old man held his hand a minute, then turned to the road.

"Whichever of us sees Geordy first kin tell him t' other 's livin' a true-grit honest life, call him Yankee or Virginian,—an' that 's enough said! So good bye, Dougl's!"

Palmer mounted his horse and galloped off to the camp, the old man plodding steadily down the road. When the echo of the horse's hoofs had ceased, a lean gangling figure came from out of the field-brush, and met him.

"Why, David boy! whar were ye to-night?" Scofield's voice had grown strangely tender in the last hour.

Gaunt hesitated. He had not the moral courage to tell the old man he had enlisted.

"I waited. I must air the church,—it is polluted with foul smells."

Scofield laughed to himself at David's "whimsey," but he halted, going with the young man as he strode across the field. He had a dull foreboding of the end of the night's battle: before he went to it, he clung with a womanish affection to anything belonging to his home, as this Gaunt did. He had not thought the poor young man was so dear to him, until now, as he jogged along beside him, thinking that before morning he might be lying dead at the Gap. How many people would care? David would, and Dode, and old Bone.

Gaunt hurried in,—he ought to be in camp, but he could not leave the house of God polluted all night,—opening the windows, even carrying the flag outside. The emblem of freedom, of course,—but —— He hardly knew why he did it. There were flags on every Methodist chapel, almost: the sect had thrown itself into the war *con amore*. But Gaunt had fallen into that sect by mistake; his animal nature was too weak for it: as for his feeling about the church, he had just that faint shade of Pantheism innate in him that would have made a good Episcopalian. The planks of the floor were more to him than other planks; something else than sunshine had often shone in to him through the little panes,—he touched them gently; he walked softly over the rag-carpet on the aisle. The LORD was in His holy temple. With another thought close behind that, of the time when the church was built, more than a year ago; what a happy, almost jolly time they had, the members giving the timber, and making a sort of frolic of putting it up, in the afternoons after harvest. They were all in one army or the other now: some of them in Blue's Gap. He would help ferret them out in the morning. He shivered, with the old doubt tugging fiercely at his heart. Was he right? The war was one of God's great judgments, but was it *his* place to be in it? It was too late to question now.

He went up into the pulpit, taking out the Bible that lay on the shelf, lighting a candle, glancing uneasily at the old man on the steps. He never had feared to meet his eye before. He turned to the fly-leaf, holding it to the candle. What odd fancy made him want to read the uncouth, blotted words written there? He

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knew them well enough. "To my Dear frend, David Gaunt. May, 1860. the Lord be Betwien mee And thee. J. Scofield." It was two years since he had given it to Gaunt, just after George had been so ill with cholera, and David had nursed him through with it. Gaunt fancied that nursing had made the hearts of both son and father more tender than all his sermons. He used to pray with them in the evenings as George grew better, hardly able to keep from weeping like a woman, for George was very dear to him. Afterwards the old man came to church more regularly, and George had quit swearing, and given up card-playing. He remembered the evening when the old man gave him the Bible. He had been down in Wheeling, and when he came home brought it out to Gaunt in the old corn-field, wrapped up in his best red bandanna handkerchief, — his face growing red and pale. "It 's the Book, David. I thort ef you 'd use this one till preach from. Mayhap it would n't be right till take it from a sinner like me, but — I thort I 'd like it, somehow," — showing him the fly-leaf. "I writ this, — — ef it would be true, — what I writ, — 'The Lord be between me and thee'?"

Gaunt passed his fingers now over the misspelled words softly as he would stroke a dead face. Then he came out, putting out the candle, and buttoning the Bible inside of his coat.

Scofield waited for him on the steps. Some trouble was in the old fellow's face, Gaunt thought, which he could not fathom. His coarse voice choked every now and then, and his eyes looked as though he never hoped to see the church or Gaunt again.

"Heh, David!" with a silly laugh. "You 'll think me humorsome, boy, but I hev an odd fancy."

He stopped abruptly.

"What is it?"

"It 's lonesome here,"—looking around vaguely. "God seems near here on the hills, d' ye think? David, I 'm goin' a bit out on the road to-night, an' life 's uncertain these times. Whiles I think I might never be back to see Dode agin, — or you. David, you 're nearer to Him than me; you brought me to Him, you know. S'pose, — you 'll think me foolish now, — ef we said a bit prayer here afore I go; what d' ye think? Heh?"

Gaunt was startled. Somehow to-night he did not feel as if God was near on the hills, as Scofield thought.

"I will," — hesitating. "Are you going to see Dode first, before you go?"

"Dode? Don't speak of her, boy! I 'm sick! Kneel down an' pray, — the Lord's Prayer, — that 's enough, — mother taught me that," — baring his gray head, while Gaunt, his worn face turned to the sky, said the old words over. "Forgive," he muttered, — "resist not evil," — some fragments vexing his brain. "Did He mean that? David boy? Did He mean His people to trust in God to right them as He did? Pah! times is different now," — pulling his hat over his forehead to go. "Good bye, David!"

"Where are you going?"

"I don't mind tellin' you, — you 'll keep it. Bone 's bringin' a horse yonder to the road. I 'm goin' to warn the boys to be ready, an' help 'em, — at the Gap, you know?"

"The Gap? Merciful God, no!" cried Gaunt. "Go back" ——

The words stopped in his throat. What if he met this man there?

Scofield looked at him, bewildered.

"Thar 's no danger," he said, calmly. "Yer nerves are weak. But yer love for me 's true, David. That 's sure," — with a smile. "But I 've got to warn the boys. Good bye," — hesitating, his face growing red. "Ye 'll mind, ef anything should happen, — what I writ in the Book, — once, — 'The Lord be between me an' thee,' dead or alive? Them 's good, friendly words. Good bye! God bless you, boy!"

Gaunt wrung his hand, and watched him as he turned to the road. He saw Bone meet him, leading a horse. As the old man mounted, he turned, and, seeing Gaunt, nodded cheerfully, and going down the hill began to whistle. "Ef I

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should never come back, he kin tell Dode I hed a light heart at th' last," he thought. But when he was out of hearing, the whistle stopped, and he put spurs to the horse.

Counting the hours, the minutes, — a turbid broil of thought in his brain, of Dode sitting alone, of George and his murderers, "stiffening his courage," — right and wrong mixing each other inextricably together. If, now and then, a shadow crossed him of the meek Nazarene leaving this word to His followers, that, let the world do as it would, *they* should resist not evil, he thrust it back. It did not suit to-day. Hours passed. The night crept on towards morning, colder, stiller. Faint bars of gray fell on the stretch of hill-tops, broad and pallid. The shaggy peaks blanched whiter in it. You could hear from the road-bushes the chirp of a snow-bird, wakened by the tramp of his horse, or the flutter of its wings. Overhead, the stars disappeared, like flakes of fire going out; the sky came nearer, tinged with healthier blue. He could see the mountain where the Gap was, close at hand, but a few miles distant.

He had met no pickets: he believed the whole Confederate camp there was asleep. And behind him, on the road he had just passed, trailing up the side of a hill, was a wavering, stealthy line, creeping slowly nearer every minute, — the gray columns under Dunning. The old man struck the rowels into his horse,—the boys would be murdered in their sleep! The road was rutted deep: the horse, an old village hack, lumbered along, stumbling at every step. "Ef my old bones was what they used to be, I 'd best trust them," he muttered. Another hour was over; there were but two miles before him to the Gap: but the old mare panted and balked at every ditch across the road. The Federal force was near; even the tap of their drum had ceased long since; their march was as silent as a tiger's spring. Close behind,—closer every minute! He pulled the rein savagely, — why could not the dumb brute know that life and death waited on her foot? The poor beast's eye lightened. She gathered her whole strength, sprang forward, struck upon a glaze of ice, and fell. The old man dragged himself out. "Poor old Jin! ye did what ye could!" he said. He was lamed by the fall. It was no time to think of that; he hobbled on, the cold drops of sweat oozing out on his face from pain. Reaching the bridge that crosses the stream there, he glanced back. He could not see the Federal troops, but he heard the dull march of their regiments, — like some giant's tread, slow, muffled in snow. Closer, — closer every minute! His heavy boots clogged with snow; the pain exhausted even his thick lungs, — they breathed heavily; he climbed the narrow ridge of ground that ran parallel with the road, and hurried on. Half an hour more, and he would save them!

A cold, stirless air: Gaunt panted in it. Was there ever night so silent? Following his lead, came the long column, a dark, even-moving mass, shirred with steel. Sometimes he could catch glimpses of some vivid point in the bulk: a hand, moving nervously to the sword's hilt; faces, — sensual, or vapid, or royal, side by side, but sharpened alike by a high purpose, with shut jaws, and keen, side-glancing eyes.

He was in advance of them, with one other man, — Dyke. Dyke took him, as knowing the country best, and being a trustworthy guide. So this was work! True work for a man. Marching hour after hour through the solitary night, he had time to think. Dyke talked to him but little: said once, "P'raps 't was as well the parsons had wakened up, and was mixin' with other folks. Gettin' into camp 'ud show 'em original sin, he guessed. Not but what this war-work brought out good in a man. Makes 'em, or breaks 'em, ginerally." And then was silent. Gaunt caught the words. Yes, — it was better preachers should lay off the prestige of the cloth, and rough it like their Master, face to face with men. There would be fewer despicable shams among them. But *this?* — clutching the loaded

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pistol in his hand. Thinking of Cromwell and Hedley Vicars. Freedom! It was a nobler cause than theirs. But a Face was before him, white, thorn-crowned, bent watchful over the world. He was sent of Jesus. To do what? Preach peace by murder? What said his Master? "That *ye* resist not evil." Bah! Palmer said the doctrine of non-resistance was whining cant. As long as human nature was the same, right and wrong would be left to the arbitrament of brute force. And yet — was not Christianity a diviner breath than this passing through the ages? "Ye are the light of the world." Even the "roughs" sneered at the fighting parsons. It was too late to think now. He pushed back his thin yellow hair, his homesick eyes wandering upwards, his mouth growing dry and parched.

They were nearing the mountain now. Dawn was coming. The gray sky heated and glowed into inner deeps of rose; the fresh morning air sprang from its warm nest somewhere, and came to meet them, like some one singing a heartsome song under his breath. The faces of the columns looked more rigid, paler, in the glow: men facing death have no time for fresh morning thoughts.

They were within a few rods of the Gap. As yet there was no sign of sentinel, — not even the click of a musket was heard. "They sleep like the dead," muttered Dyke. "We 'll be on them in five minutes more." Gaunt, keeping step with him, pressing up the hill, shivered. He thought he saw blood on his hands. Why, this was work! His whole body throbbed as with one pulse. Behind him, a long way, came the column; his quickened nerves felt the slow beat of their tread, like the breathing of some great animal. Crouching in a stubble-field at the road-side he saw a negro, — a horse at a little distance. It was Bone; he had followed his master: the thought passing vaguely before him without meaning. On! on! The man beside him, with his head bent, his teeth clenched, the pupils of his eyes contracted, like a cat's nearing its prey. The road lay bare before them.

"Halt!" said Dyke. "Let them come up to us."

Gaunt stopped in his shambling gait.

"Look!" hissed Dyke, — "a spy!" — as the figure of a man climbed from a ditch where he had been concealed as he ran, and darted towards the rebel camp. "We 'll miss them yet!" — firing after him with an oath. The pistol missed, — flashed in the pan. "Wet!" — dashing it on the ground. "Fire, Gaunt! — quick!"

The man looked round; he ran lamely, — a thick, burly figure, a haggard face. Gaunt's pistol fell. Dode's father! the only man that loved him!

"Damn you!" shouted Dyke, "are you going to shirk?"

Why, this *was* the work! Gaunt pulled the trigger; there was a blinding flash. The old man stood a moment on the ridge, the wind blowing his gray hair back, then staggered, and fell, — that was all.

The column, sweeping up on the double-quick, carried the young disciple of Jesus with them. The jaws of the Gap were before them, — the enemy. What difference, if he turned pale, and cried out weakly, looking back at the man that he had killed?

For a moment the silence was unbroken. The winter's dawn, with pink blushes, and restless soft sighs, was yet wakening into day. The next, the air was shattered with the thunder of the guns among the hills, shouts, curses, death-cries. The speech which this day was to utter in the years was the old vexed cry, — "How long, O Lord? how long?"

A fight, short, but desperate. Wherever it was hottest, the men crowded after one leader, a small man, with a mild, quiet face, — Douglas Palmer. Fighting with a purpose: high, — the highest, he thought: to uphold his Government. His blows fell heavy and sure.

You know the end of the story. The Federal victory was complete. The Rebel forces were carried off prisoners to Romney. How many, on either side,

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were lost, as in every battle of our civil war, no one can tell: it is better, perhaps, we do not know.

The Federal column did not return in an unbroken mass as they went. There were wounded and dying among them; some vacant places. Besides, they had work to do on their road back: the Rebels had been sheltered in the farmers' houses near; the "nest must be cleaned out": every homestead but two from Romney to the Gap was laid in ashes. It was not a pleasant sight for the officers to see women and children flying half-naked and homeless through the snow, nor did they think it would strengthen the Union sentiment; but what could they do? As great atrocities as these were committed by the Rebels. The war, as Palmer said, was a savage necessity.

When the fight was nearly over, the horse which Palmer rode broke from the *mêlée* and rushed back to the road. His master did not guide him. His face was set, pale; there was a thin foam on his lips. He had felt a sabre-cut in his side in the first of the engagement, but had not heeded it: now, he was growing blind, reeling on the saddle. Every bound of the horse jarred him with pain. His sense was leaving him, he knew; he wondered dimly if he was dying. That was the end of it, was it? He hoped to God the Union cause would triumph. Theodora, — he wished Theodora and he had parted friends. The man fell heavily forward, and the horse, terrified to madness, sprang aside, on a shelving ledge on the road-side, the edge of a deep mountain-gully. It was only sand beneath the snow, and gave way as he touched it. The animal struggled frantically to regain his footing, but the whole mass slid, and horse and rider rolled senseless to the bottom. When the noon-sun struck its peering light that day down into the dark crevice, Palmer lay there, stiff and stark.

When the Federal troops had passed by that morning, Scofield felt some one lift him gently, where he had fallen. It was Bone.

"Don't yer try ter-stan', Mars' Joe," he said. "I kin tote yer like a fedder. Lor' bress yer, dis is nuffin'. We 'll hev yer roun' 'n no time," — his face turning ash-colored as he talked, seeing how dark the stain was on the old man's waistcoat.

His master could not help chuckling even then.

"Bone," he gasped, "when will ye quit lyin'? Put me down, old fellow. Easy. I 'm goin' fast."

Death did not take him unawares. He had thought all day it would end in this way. But he never knew who killed him, — I am glad of that.

Bone laid him on a pile of lumber behind some bushes. He could do little, — only held his big hand over the wound with all his force, having a vague notion he could so keep in life. He did not comprehend yet that his master was dying, enough to be sorry: he had a sort of pride in being nearest to Mars' Joe in a time like this, — in having him to himself. That was right: had n't they always been together since they were boys and set rabbit-traps on the South-Branch Mountain? But there was a strange look in the old man's eyes Bone did not recognize, — a new and awful thought. Now and then the sharp crack of the musketry jarred him.

"Tink dem Yankees is gettin' de Debbil in de Gap," Bone said, consolingly. "Would yer like ter know how de fight is goin', Mars'?"

"What matters it?" mumbled the old man. "Them things is triflin', after all, — now, — now."

"Is dar anyting yer 'd like me ter git, Mars' Joe?" said Bone, through his sobs.

The thought of the dying man was darkening fast; he began to mutter about Dode, and George at Harper's Ferry, — "Give Coly a warm mash tonight, Bone."

"O Lord!" cried the negro, "ef Mist' Dode was hyur! Him 's goin', an' him's las' breff is given ter de beast! Mars' Joe," calling in his ear, "fur God's sake say um prayer!"

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The man moved restlessly, half-conscious.

"I wish David was here, — to pray for me."

The negro gritted his teeth, choking down an oath.

"I wish, — I thort I 'd die at home, — allays. That bed I 've slep' in come thirty years. I wish I was in th' house."

His breath came heavy and at long intervals. Bone gave a crazed look toward the road, with a wild thought of picking his master up and carrying him home. But it was nearly over now. The old man's eyes were dull; they would never see Dode again. That very moment she stood watching for him on the porch, her face colorless from a sleepless night, thinking he had been at Romney, that every moment she would hear his "Hillo!" round the bend of the road. She did not know that could not be again. He lay now, his limbs stretched out, his grizzly old head in Bone's arms.

"Tell Dode I did n't fight. She 'll be glad o' that. Thar 's no blood on my hands." He fumbled at his pocket. "My pipe? Was it broke when I fell? Dody 'd like to keep it, mayhap. She allays lit it for me."

The moment's flash died down. He muttered once or twice, after that, — "Dode," — and "Lord Jesus," — and then his eyes shut. That was all.

•

They had buried her dead out of her sight. They had no time for mourning or funeral-making now. They only left her for a day alone to hide her head from all the world in the coarse old waistcoat, where the heart that had been so big and warm for her lay dead beneath, — to hug the cold, haggard face to her breast, and smooth the gray hair. She knew what the old man had been to her — now! There was not a homely way he had of showing his unutterable pride and love for his little girl that did not wring her very soul. She had always loved him; but she knew now how much warmer and brighter his rough life might have been, if she had chosen to make it so. There was not a cross word of hers, nor an angry look, that she did not remember with a bitterness that made her sick as death. If she could but know he forgave her! It was too late. She loathed herself, her coldness, her want of love to him, — to all the world. If she could only tell him she loved him, once more! — hiding her face in his breast, wishing she could lie there as cold and still as he, whispering, continually, "Father! Father!" Could he not hear? When they took him away, she did not cry nor faint. When trouble stabbed Dode to the quick, she was one of those people who do not ask for help, but go alone, like a hurt deer, until the wound heals or kills. This was a loss for life. Of course, this throbbing pain would grieve itself down; but in all the years to come no one would take just the place her old father had left vacant. Husband and child might be dearer, but she would never be "Dody" to any one again. She shut the loss up in her own heart. She never named him afterwards.

It was a cold winter's evening, that, after the funeral. The January wind came up with a sharp, dreary sough into the defiles of the hills, crusting over the snow-sweeps with a glaze of ice that glittered in the pearly sunlight, clear up the rugged peaks. There, at the edge of them, the snow fretted and arched and fell back in curling foam-waves with hints of delicate rose-bloom in their white shining. The trees, that had stood all winter bare and patient, lifting up their dumb arms in dreary supplication, suddenly, to-day, clothed themselves, every trunk and limb and twig, in flashing ice, that threw back into the gray air the royal greeting of a thousand splendid dyes, violet, amber, and crimson, — to show God they did not need to wait for summer days to praise Him. A cold afternoon: even the seeds hid in the mould down below the snow were chilled to the heart, and thought they surely could not live the winter out: the cows, when Bone went out drearily to feed them by himself, were watching the thin, frozen breath

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steaming from their nostrils with tears in their eyes, he thought.

A cold day: cold for the sick and wounded soldiers that were jolted in ambulances down the mountain-roads through its creeping hours. For the Federal troops had evacuated Romney. The Rebel forces, under Jackson, had nearly closed around the mountain-camp before they were discovered: they were twenty thousand strong. Lander's force was but a handful in comparison; he escaped with them for their lives that day, leaving the town and the hills in full possession of the Confederates.

A bleak, heartless day: coldest of all for Dode, lying on the floor of her little room. How wide and vacant the world looked to her! What could she do there? Why was she born? She must show her Master to others, — of course; but — she was alone: everybody she loved had been taken from her. She wished that she were dead. She lay there, trying to pray, now and then,—motionless, like some death in life; the gray sunlight looking in at her, in a wondering way. It was quite contented to be gray and cold, till summer came.

Out in the little kitchen, the day had warmed up wonderfully. Dode's Aunt Perrine, a widow of thirty years' standing, had come over to "see to things durin' this murnful affliction." As she had brought her hair-trunk and bonnet-box, it was probable her stay would be indefinite. Dode was conscious of her as she would be of an attack of nettle-rash. Mrs. Perrine and her usual burying-colleague, "Mis' Browst," had gotten up a snug supper of fried oysters, and between that and the fresh relish of horror from the funeral were in a high state of enjoyment.

Aunt Perrine, having officiated as chief mourner that very morning, was not disposed to bear her honors meekly.

"It was little Jane Browst knew of sorrer. With eight gells well married, — *well* married, Jane, — deny it, ef you can, — what can you know of my feelins this day? Hyur 's Mahala's husband dead an' gone, — did you say tea or coffee, Jane? — Joseph Scofield, a good brother-in-law to me 's lives, laid in the sod this day. You may well shake yer head! But who 'll take his place to me? Dode there 's young an' 'll outgrow it. But it 's me that suffers the loss," — with a fresh douse of tears, and a contemptuous shove of the oyster-plate to make room for her weeping head. "It 's me that 's the old 'n' withered trunk!"

Mis' Browst helped herself freely to the oysters just then.

"Not," said Aunt Perrine, with stern self-control, "that I don't submit, an' bear as a Christian ought."

She took the spoon again.

"'N' I could wish," severely, raising her voice, "'s all others could profit likewise by this dispensation. Them as is kerried off by tantrums, 'n' consorts with Papishers 'n' the Lord knows what, might see in this a judgment, ef they would."

Mis' Browst groaned in concert.

"Ye need n't girn that away, Jane Browst," whispered Aunt Perrine, emphatically. "Dode Scofield 's a different guess sort of a gell from any Browst. Keep yer groans for yer own nest. Ef I improve the occasion while she 's young an' tender, what 's that to you? Look at home, you 'd best, I say!"

Mis' Browst was a woman of resources and English pluck. She always came out best at last, though her hair was toffy-colored and her eyes a washed-out blue, and Aunt Perrine was of the color of a mild Indian. Two of Mis' Browst's sons-in-law had been "burned out" by the Yankees; another was in the Union army: these trump-cards of misery she did now so produce and flourish and weep over that she utterly routed the enemy, reduced her to stolid silence.

"Well, well," she muttered, getting breath. "We 'll not talk of our individooal sorrers when affliction is general, Jane Browst. S'pose we hev Bone in, and hear the perticklers of the scrimmage at Blue's Gap. It 's little time I 've hed for news since," — with a groan to close the subject finally.

Mis' Browst sighed an assent, drinking

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her coffee with a resigned gulp, with the firm conviction that the civil war had been designed for her especial trial and enlargement in Christian grace.

So Bone was called in from the cow-yard. His eyes were quite fiery, for the poor stupid fellow had been crying over the "warm mash" he was giving to Coly. "Him's las' words was referrin' ter yer, yer pore beast," he had said, snuffling out loud. He had stayed in the stables all day, "wishin' all ole she-cats was to home, an' him an' Mist' Dode could live in peace."

However, he was rather flattered at the possession of so important a story just now, and in obedience to Aunt Perrine's nod seated himself with dignity on the lowest step of the garret-stairs, holding carefully his old felt hat, which he had decorated with streaming weepers of crape.

Dode, pressing her hands to her ears, heard only the dull drone of their voices. She shut her eyes, sometimes, and tried to fancy that she was dreaming and would waken presently,—that she would hear her father rap on the window with his cowhide, and call, "Supper, Dody dear?"—that it was a dream that Douglas Palmer was gone forever, that she had put him away. Had she been right? God knew; she was not sure.

It grew darker; the gray afternoon was wearing away with keen gusts and fitful snow-falls. Dode looked up wearily: a sharp exclamation, rasped out by Aunt Perrine, roused her.

"Dead? Dougl's dead?"

"Done gone, Mist'. I forgot dat—ter tell yer. Had somefin' else ter tink of."

"Down in the gully?"

"Saw him lyin' dar as I went ter git Flynn's cart ter—ter bring Mars' Joe, yer know,—home. Gone dead. Like he 's dar yit. Snow 'ud kiver him fast, an' de Yankees hed n't much leisure ter hunt up de missin',—yi! yi!"—with an attempt at a chuckle.

"Dougl's dead!" said Aunt Perrine. "Well!—in the midst of life—— Yer not goin', Jane Browst? What 's yer hurry, woman? You 've but a step across the road. Stay to-night. Dode an' me 'll be glad of yer company. It 's better to come to the house of murnin' than the house of feastin', you know."

"You may be thankful you 've a house to cover you, Ann Perrine, an'"——

"Yes,—I know. I 'm resigned. But there 's no affliction like death.—Bone, open the gate for Mis' Browst. Them hasps is needin' mendin', as I 've often said to Joseph,—um!"

The women kissed each other as often as women do whose kisses are—cheap, and Mis' Browst set off down the road. Bone, turning to shut the gate, felt a cold hand on his arm.

"Gor-a'mighty! Mist' Dode, what is it?"

The figure standing in the snow wrapt in a blue cloak shook as he touched it. Was she, too, struck with death? Her eyes were burning, her face white and clammy.

"Where is he, Uncle Bone? where?"

The old man understood—all.

"Gone dead, darlin',"—holding her hand in his paw, tenderly. "Don't fret, chile! Down in de Tear-coat gully. Dead, chile, dead! Don't yer understan'?"

"He is not dead," she said, quietly. "Open the gate," pulling at the broken hasp.

"Fur de Lor's sake, Mist' Dode, come in 'n' bathe yer feet 'n' go to bed! Chile, yer crazy!"

Common sense, and a flash of something behind to give it effect, spoke out of Dode's brown eyes, just then.

"Go into the stable, and bring a horse after me. The cart is broken?"

"Yes, 'm. Dat cussed Ben"——

"Bring the horse,—and some brandy, Uncle Bone."

"Danged ef yer shall kill yerself! Chile, I tell yer he 's dead. I 'll call Mist' Perrine."

Her eyes were black now, for an instant; then they softened.

"He is not dead. Come, Uncle Bone. You 're all the help I have, now."

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The old man's flabby face worked. He did not say anything, but went into the stable, and presently came out, leading the horse, with fearful glances back at the windows. He soon overtook the girl going hurriedly down the road, and lifted her into the saddle.

"Chile! chile! yer kin make a fool of ole Bone, allays."

She did not speak; her face, with its straight-lidded eyes, turned to the mountain beyond which lay the Tear-coat gully. A fair face under its blue hood, even though white with pain,—an honorable face: the best a woman can know of pride and love in life spoke through it.

"Mist' Dode," whined Ben, submissively, "what are yer goin' ter do? Bring him home?"

"Yes."

"Fur de lub o' heben!"—stopping short. "A Yankee captain in de house, an' Jackson's men rampin' over de country like devils! Dey 'll burn de place ter de groun', ef dey fin' him."

"I know."

Bone groaned horribly, then went on doggedly. Fate was against him: his gray hairs were bound to go down with sorrow to the grave. He looked up at her wistfully, after a while.

"What 'll Mist' Perrine say?" he asked.

Dode's face flushed scarlet. The winter mountain night, Jackson's army, she did not fear; but the staring malicious world in the face of Aunt Perrine did make her woman's heart blench.

"It does n't matter," she said, her eyes full of tears. "I can't help that, Uncle Bone,"—putting her little hand on his shoulder, as he walked beside her. The child was so utterly alone, you know.

The road was lonely,—a mere mountain-path striking obliquely through the hills to the highway: darkening hills and sky and valleys strangely sinking into that desolate homesick mood of winter twilight. The sun was gone; one or two sad red shadows lay across the gray. Night would soon be here, and he lay stiff-cold beneath the snow. Not dead: her heart told her that imperiously from the first. But there was not one instant to lose.

"I cannot wait for you, Uncle Bone. I must go alone."

"Debbil de step! I 'll take yer 'cross fields ter Gentry's, an' ride on myself."

"You could not find him. No one could find him but me."

Something possessed the girl, other than her common self. She pushed his hand gently from the reins, and left him. Bone wrung his hands.

"'N' de guerrillas,—'n' de rest o' de incarnate debbils!"

She knew that. Dode was no heroine,—a miserable coward. There was not a black stump of a tree by the road-side, nor the rustle of a squirrel in the trees, that did not make her heart jump and throb against her bodice. Her horse climbed the rocky path slowly. I told you the girl thought her Helper was alive, and very near. She did to-night. She thought He was beside her in this lonesome road, and knew she would be safe. She felt as if she could take hold of His very hand. It grew darker: the mountains of snow glowered wan like the dead kings in Hades; the sweeps of dark forests whispered some broken mysterious word, as she passed; sometimes, in a sudden opening, she could see on a far hillside the red fires of a camp. She could not help the sick feeling in her throat, nor make her hand steady; but the more alone she was, the nearer He came,—the pale face of the Nazarene, who loved His mother and Mary, who took the little children in His arms before He blessed them. Nearer than ever before; so she was not afraid to tell Him, as she went, how she had suffered that day, and that she loved this man who lay dying under the snow: to ask that she might find him. A great gulf lay between them. Would *He* go with her, if she crossed it? She knew He would.

A strange peace came to the girl. She untied her hood and pushed it back, that her whole head might feel the still air. How pure it was! God was in it,—in all.

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The mountains, the sky, the armies yonder, her own heart, and his under the snow, rested in Him, like motes in the sunshine.

The moon, rising behind a bank of cloud, threw patches of light now and then across the path: the girl's head, as she rode through them, came into quick relief. No saint's face,—a very woman's, its pale, reserved beauty unstrung with pain, her bosom full of earthly love, but in her eyes that look which Mary must have given, when, after she thought her Lord was dead, He called her, "Mary!" and she, looking up, said, "Master!"

She had reached the highway at last. She could see where, some distance yet beyond, the gully struck black across the snow-covered fields. The road ran above it, zigzag along the hill-side. She thought, as her horse galloped up the path, she could see the very spot where Douglas was lying. Not dead,—she knew he was not dead! She came to it now. How deathly still it was! As she tied the horse to the fence, and climbed down the precipice through the snow, she was dimly conscious that the air was warmer, that the pure moonlight was about her, genial, hopeful. A startled snow-bird chirped to her, as she passed. Why, it was a happy promise! Why should it not be happy? He was not dead, and she had leave to come to him.

Yet, before she gained the level field, the pulse in her body was weak and sick, and her eyes were growing blind. She did not see him. Half covered by snow, she found his gray horse, dead, killed by the fall. Palmer was gone. The gully was covered with muddy ice; there was a split in it, and underneath, the black water curdled and frothed. Had he fallen there? Was that thing that rose and fell in the roots of the old willow his dead hand? There was a floating gleam of yellow in the water,—it looked like hair. Dode put her hand to her hot breast, shut her dry lips. He was not dead! God could not lie to her!

Stooping, she went over the ground again, an unbroken waste of white: until, close to the water's edge, she found the ginseng-weeds torn and trampled down. She never afterwards smelt their unclean, pungent odor, without a sudden pang of the smothered pain of this night coming back to her. She knelt, and found footmarks,—one booted and spurred. She knew it: what was there he had touched that she did not know? He was alive: she did not cry out at this, or laugh, as her soul went up to God,—only thrust her hand deep into the snow where his foot had been, with a quick, fierce tenderness, blushing as she drew it back, as if she had forgotten herself, and from her heart caressed him. She heard a sound at the other side of a bend in the hill, a low drone, like somebody mumbling a hymn.

She pushed her way through the thicket: the moon did not shine there; there was a dark crevice in the hill, where some farmer's boy had built a shed. There was a fire in it, now, smouldering, as though whoever made it feared its red light would be seen by the distant pickets. Coming up to it, she stood in the door-way. Douglas Palmer lay on a heap of blankets on the ground: she could not see his face, for a lank, slothful figure was stooping over him, chafing his head. It was Gaunt. Dode went in, and knelt down beside the wounded man,—quietly: it seemed to her natural and right she should be there. Palmer's eyes were shut, his breathing heavy, uncertain; but his clothes were dried, and his side was bandaged.

"It was only a flesh-wound," said Gaunt, in his vague way,—"deep, though. I knew how to bind it. He 'll live, Douglas will."

He did not seem surprised to see the girl. Nothing could be so bizarre in the world, that his cloudy, crotchety brain did not accept it, and make a commonplace matter out of it. It never occurred to him to wonder how she came there. He stood with folded arms, his bony shoulders bolstering up the board wall, watching her as she knelt, her hands on Palmer's pillow, but not touching him. Gaunt's lean face had a pitiful look, some-

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times, — the look of the child he was in his heart, — hungry, wistful, as though he sought for something, which you might have, perhaps. He looked at Dode, — the child of the man that he had killed. She did not know that. When she came in, he thought of shaking hands with her, as he used to do. That could never be again, — never. *The man that he had killed?* Whatever that meant to him, his artist eye took keen note of Dode, as she knelt there, in spite of remorse or pain below: how her noble, delicate head rose from the coarse blue drapery, the dark rings of her curling hair, the pale, clear-cut face, the burning lips, the eyes whose earthly soul was for the man who lay there. He knew that, yet he never loved her so fiercely as now, — now, when her father's blood lay between them.

"Did you find him?" she asked, without looking up. "I ought to have done it. I wish I had done that. I wish I had given him his life. It was my right."

One would think she was talking in her sleep.

"Why was it your right?" he asked, quietly.

"Because I loved him."

Gaunt raised his hand to his head suddenly.

"Did you, Dode? I had a better right than that. Because I hated him."

"He never harmed you, David Gaunt," — with as proud composure as that with which a Roman wife would defend her lord.

"I saved his life. Dode, I 'm trying to do right: God knows I am. But I hated him: he took from me the only thing that would have loved me."

She looked up timidly, her face growing crimson.

"I never would have loved you, David."

"No? I 'm sorry you told me that, Dode."

That was all he said. He helped her gently, as she arranged the carpets and old blanket under the wounded man; then he went out into the fresh air, saying he did not feel well. She was glad that he was gone; Palmer moved uneasily; she wanted his first look all to herself. She pushed back his fair hair: what a broad, melancholy forehead lay under it! The man wanted something to believe in, — a God in life: you could see that in his face. She was to bring it to him: she could not keep the tears back to think that this was so. The next minute she laughed in her childish fashion, as she put the brandy to his lips, and the color came to his face. He had been physician before; now it was her turn to master and rule. He looked up at last, into her eyes, bewildered, — his face struggling to gather sense, distinctness. When he spoke, though, it was in his quiet old voice.

"I have been asleep. Where is Gaunt? He dressed my side."

"He is out, sitting on the hill-side."

"And you are here, Theodora?"

"Yes, Douglas."

He was silent. He was weak from loss of blood, but his thoughts were sharp, clear as never before. The years that were gone of his life seemed clogged into one bulk; how hungry they had been, hard, cruel! He never had felt it as now, while he lay helpless, his sultry look reading the woman's eyes bent on his. They were pure and restful; love and home waited in them; something beyond, — a peace he could not yet comprehend. But this life was not for him, — he remembered that; the girl was nothing to him now: he was not fool enough to taunt himself with false hopes. She came there out of pity: any woman would do as much for a wounded man. He would never fool himself to be so balked again. The loss cut too deep. So he forced his face to be cool and critical, while poor Dode waited, innocently wondering that he did not welcome her, pity her now that her father was dead, forgetting that he knew nothing of that. For him, he looked at the fire, wondering if the Rebel scouts could see it, — thinking it would not be many days before Lander would dislodge Jackson, — trying to think of anything rather than himself, and the beautiful woman kneeling there.

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Her eyes filled with tears at last, when he did not speak, and she turned away. The blood rushed to Palmer's face: surely that was more than pity! But he would not tempt her, — he would never vex her soul as he had done before: if she had come to him, as a sister might, because she thought he was dying, he would not taunt her with the old love she had for him.

"I think I can stand up," he said, cheerfully; "lend me your arm, Theodora."

Dode's arm was strong-nerved as well as fair; she helped him rise, and stood beside him as he went to the door, for he walked unsteadily. He took his hand from her shoulder instantly,—did not look at her: followed with his eye the black line of the fretted hills, the glimmer of the distant watch-fires. The path to the West lay through the Rebel camps.

"It is a long trail out of danger," he said, smiling.

"You are going? I thought you needed rest."

Calm, icy enough now: he was indifferent to her. She knew how to keep the pain down until he was gone.

"Rest? Yes. Where did you mean I should find it?" — facing her, sudden and keen. "Where am I to be sheltered? In your home, Theodora?"

"I thought that. I see now that it was a foolish hope, Douglas."

"How did you hope it? What brought you here?" — his voice thick, tremulous with passion. "Were you going to take me in as a Sister of Charity might some wounded dog? Are pity and gratitude all that is left between you and me?"

She did not answer, — her face pale, unmoving in the moonlight, quietly turned to his. These mad heats did not touch her.

"You may be cold enough to palter with fire that has burned you, Theodora. I am not."

She did not speak.

"Sooner than have gone to you for sisterly help and comfort, such as you gave just now, I would have frozen in the snow, and been less cold. Unless you break down the bar you put between us, I never want to see your face again, — never, living or dead! I want no sham farce of friendship between us, benefits given or received: your hand touching mine as it might touch Bone's or David Gaunt's; your voice cooing in my ear as it did just now, cool and friendly. It maddened me. Rest can scarcely come from you to me, now."

"I understand you. I am to go back, then? It was a long road, — and cold, Douglas."

He stopped abruptly, looked at her steadily.

"Do not taunt me, child! I am a blunt man: what words say, they mean, to me. Do you love me, Theodora?"

She did not speak, drawn back from him in the opposite shadow of the doorway. He leaned forward, his breath coming hurried, low.

"Are you cold? See how shaggy this great cloak is,—is it wide enough for you and me? Will you come to me, Theodora?"

"I did come to you. Look! you put me back: 'There shall be no benefits given or received between us.'"

"How did you come?" — gravely, as a man should speak to a woman, childish trifling thrust aside. "How did you mean to take me home? As a pure, God-fearing woman should the man she loved? Into your heart, into your holiest thought? to gather strength from my strength, to make my power your power, your God my God? to be one with me? Was it so you came?"

He waited a minute. How cold and lonely the night was! How near rest and home came to him in this woman standing there! Would he lose them? One moment more would tell. When he spoke again, his voice was lower, feeble.

"There is a great gulf between you and me, Theodora. I know that. Will you cross it? Will you come to me?"

She came to him. He gathered her into his arms as he might a little child, never to be cold again; he felt her full

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heart throb passionately against his own; he took from her burning lips the first pure, womanly kiss: she was all his. But when she turned her head, there was a quick upward glance of her eyes, he knew not whether of appeal or thanks. There was a Something in the world more near and real to her than he; he loved her the better for it: yet until he found that Unknown God, they were not one.

It was an uncertain step broke the silence, cracking the crusted snow.

"Why, Gaunt!" said Palmer, "what are you doing in the cold? Come to the fire, boy!"

He could afford to speak cordially, heartily, out of the great warmth in his own breast. Theodora was heaping shavings on the ashes. Gaunt took them from her.

"Let me do it," he muttered. "I 'd like to make your whole life warm, Dode, — your life, and — any one's you love."

Dode's face flushed with a happy smile. Even David never would think of her as alone again. Poor David! She never before had thought how guileless he was, — how pitiful and solitary his life.

"Come home with us," she said, eagerly, holding out her hand.

He drew back, wiping the sweat from his face.

"You cannot see what is on my hand. I can't touch you, Dode. Never again. Let me alone."

"She is right, Gaunt," said Palmer. "You stay here at the risk of your life. Come to the house. Theodora can hide us; and if they discover us, we can protect her together."

Gaunt smiled faintly.

"I must make my way to Springfield to-morrow. My work is there, — my new work, Palmer."

Palmer looked troubled.

"I wish you had not taken it up. This war may be needed to conquer a way for the day of peace and good-will among men; but you, who profess to be a seer and actor in that day, have only one work: to make it real to us now on earth, as your Master did, in the old time."

Gaunt did not speak, — fumbled among the chips at the fire. He raised himself at last.

"I 'm trying to do what 's right," he said, in a subdued voice. "I have n't had a pleasant life, — but it will come right at last, maybe."

"It will come right, David!" said the girl.

His face lighted: her cheery voice sounded like a welcome ringing through his future years. It was a good omen, coming from her whom he had wronged.

"Are you going now, Gaunt?" asked Palmer, seeing him button his thin coat. "Take my blanket, — nay, you shall. As soon as I am strong enough, I 'll find you at Springfield."

He wished he could hearten the poor unnerved soul, somehow.

Gaunt stopped outside, looking at them, — some uncertain thought coming and going in his face.

"I 'll speak it out, whatever you may think. Dode, I 've done you a deadly hurt. Don't ask me what it is, — God knows. I 'd like, before I go, to show you I love you in a pure, honorable way, you and your husband" ——

The words choked in his throat; he stopped abruptly.

"Whatever you do, it will be honorable, David," said Palmer, gently.

"I think — God might take it as expiation," — holding his hand to his head.

He did not speak again for a little while, then he said, —

"I will never see these old Virginian hills again. I am going West; they will let me nurse in one of the hospitals; — that will be better than this that is on my hand."

Whatever intolerable pain lay in these words, he smothered it down, kept his voice steady.

"Do you understand, Douglas Palmer? I will never see you again. Nor Dode. You love this woman; so did I, — as well as you. Let me make her your wife before I go, — here, under this sky, with God looking down on us. Will you? I shall

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be happier to know that I have done it."

He waited while Douglas spoke eagerly to the girl, and then said, —

"Theodora, for God's sake don't refuse! I have hurt you, — the marks of it you and I will carry to the grave. Let me think you forgive me before I go. Grant me this one request."

Did she guess the hurt he had done her? Through all her fright and blushes, the woman in her spoke out nobly.

"I do not wish to know how you have wronged me. Whatever it be, it was innocently done. God will forgive you, and I do. There shall be peace between us, David."

But she did not offer to touch his hand again: stood there, white and trembling.

"It shall be as you say," said Palmer.

So they were married, Douglas and Dode, in the wide winter night. A few short words, that struck the very depths of their being, to make them one: simple words, wrung out of the man's thin lips with what suffering only he knew.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Thus he shut himself out from her forever. But the prayer for a blessing on them came from as pure a heart as any child's that lives. He bade them good-bye, cheerfully, when he had finished, and turned away, but came back presently, and said good-night again, looking in their faces steadily, then took his solitary way across the hills. They never saw him again.

Bone, who had secured two horses by love or money or — confiscation, had stood mutely in the background, gulping down his opinion of this extraordinary scene. He did not offer it now, only suggested it was "high time to be movin'," and when he was left alone, trudging through the snow, contented himself with smoothing his felt hat, and a breathless, "Ef dis nigger on'y knew what Mist' Perrine *would* say!"

A June day. These old Virginia hills have sucked in the winter's ice and snow, and throbbed it out again for the blue heaven to see in a whole summer's wealth of trees quivering with the luxury of being, in wreathed mosses, and bedded fern: the very blood that fell on them speaks in fair, grateful flowers to Him who doeth all things well. Some healthy hearts, like the hills, you know, accept pain, and utter it again in fresher-blooded peace and life and love. The evening sunshine lingers on Dode's little house to-day; the brown walls have the same cheery whim in life as the soul of their mistress, and catch the last ray of light, — will not let it go. Bone, smoking his pipe at the garden-gate, looks at the house with drowsy complacency. He calls it all "Mist' Dode's snuggery," now: he does not know that the rich, full-toned vigor of her happiness is the germ of all this life and beauty. But he does know that the sun never seemed so warm, the air so pure, as this summer, — that about the quiet farm and homestead there is a genial atmosphere of peace: the wounded soldiers who come there often to be cured grow strong and calm in it; the war seems far-off to them; they have come somehow a step nearer the inner heaven. Bone rejoices in showing off the wonders of the place to them, in matching Coly's shiny sides against the "Government beastesses," in talking of the giant red beets, or crumpled green cauliflower, breaking the rich garden-mould. "Yer 've no sich cherries nor taters nor raspberries as dem in de Norf, I 'll bet!" Even the crimson trumpet-flower on the wall is "a *Virginny* creeper, Sah!" But Bone learns something from them in exchange. He does not boast so often now of being "ole Mars' Joe's man," — sits and thinks profoundly, till he goes to sleep. "Not of leavin' yer, Mist' Dode. I know what free darkies is, up dar; but dar 's somefin' in a fellah's 'longin' ter hisself, af'er all!" Dode only smiles at his deep cogitations, as he weeds the garden-beds, or fodders the stock. She is a half-Abolitionist herself, and then she knows her State will soon be free.

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So Dode, with deeper-lit eyes, and fresher rose in her cheek, stands in the door this summer evening waiting for her husband. She cannot see him often; he has yet the work to do which he calls just and holy. But he is coming now. It is very quiet; she can hear her own heart beat slow and full; the warm air holds moveless the delicate scent of the clover; the bees hum her a drowsy good-night, as they pass; the locusts in the lindens have just begun to sing themselves to sleep; but the glowless crimson in the West holds her thought the longest. She loves, understands color: it speaks to her of the Day waiting just behind this. Her eyes fill with tears, she knows not why: her life seems rounded, complete, wrapt in a great peace; the grave at Manassas, and that planted with moss on the hill yonder, are in it: they only make her joy in living more tender and holy.

He has come now; stops to look at his wife's face, as though its fairness and meaning were new to him always. There is no look in her eyes he loves so well to see as that which tells her Master is near her. Sometimes she thinks he too —— But she knows that "according to her faith it shall be unto her." They are alone to-night; even Bone is asleep. But in the midst of a crowd, they who love each other are alone together: as the first man and woman stood face to face in the great silent world, with God looking down, and only their love between them.

The same June evening lights the windows of a Western hospital. There is not a fresh meadow-scented breath it gives that does not bring to some sick brain a thought of home, in a New-England village, or a Georgia rice-field. The windows are open; the pure light creeping into poisoned rooms carries with it a Sabbath peace, they think. One man stops in his hurried work, and looking out, grows cool in its tranquil calm. So the sun used to set in old Virginia, he thinks. A tall, slab-sided man, in the dress of a hospital-nurse: a worn face, but quick, sensitive; the patients like it better than any other: it looks as if the man had buried great pain in his life, and come now into its Indian-summer days. The eyes are childish, eager, ready to laugh as cry, — the voice warm, chordant, — the touch of the hand unutterably tender.

A busy life, not one moment idle; but the man grows strong in it, — a healthy servant, doing a healthy work. The patients are glad when he comes to their ward in turn. How the windows open, and the fresh air comes in! how the lazy nurses find a masterful will over them! how full of innermost life he is! how real his God seems to him!

He looks from the window now, his thought having time to close upon himself. He holds up his busy, solitary life to God, with a happy smile. He goes back to that bitter past, shrinking; but he knows its meaning now. As the warm evening wanes into coolness and gray, the one unspoken pain of his life comes back, and whitens his cheerful face. There is blood on his hands. He sees the old man's gray hairs blown again by the wind, sees him stagger and fall. Gaunt covers his bony face with his hands, but he cannot shut it out. Yet he is learning to look back on even that with healthy, hopeful eyes. He reads over again each day the misspelled words in the Bible, — thinking that the old man's haggard face looks down on him with the old kindly, forgiving smile. What if his blood be on his hands? He looks up now through the gathering night, into the land where spirits wait for us, as one who meets a friend's face, saying, —

"Let it be true what you have writ, — 'The *Lord* be between me and thee,' forever!"

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EUPHORION.

"I will not longer
Earth-bound linger:
Loosen your hold on
Hand and on ringlet,
Girdle and garment;
Leave them: they 're mine!"

"Bethink thee, bethink thee
To whom thou belongest!
Say, wouldst thou wound us,
Rudely destroying
Threefold the beauty,—
Mine, his, and thine?"

FAUST, — SECOND PART.

NAY, fold your arms, beloved Friends,
Above the hearts that vainly beat!
Or catch the rainbow where it bends,
And find your darling at its feet;

Or fix the fountain's varying shape,
The sunset-cloud's elusive dye,
The speech of winds that round the cape
Make music to the sea and sky:

So may you summon from the air
The loveliness that vanished hence,
And Twilight give his beauteous hair,
And Morning give his countenance,

And Life about his being clasp
Her rosy girdle once again: —
But no! let go your stubborn grasp
On some wild hope, and take your pain!

For, through the crystal of your tears,
His love and beauty fairer shine;
The shadows of advancing years
Draw back, and leave him all divine.

And Death, that took him, cannot claim
The smallest vesture of his birth, —
The little life, a dancing flame
That hovered o'er the hills of earth, —

The finer soul, that unto ours
A subtle perfume seemed to be,
Like incense blown from April flowers
Beside the scarred and stormy tree, —

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The wondering eyes, that ever saw
  Some fleeting mystery in the air,
And felt the stars of evening draw
  His heart to silence, childhood's prayer!

Our suns were all too fierce for him;
  Our rude winds pierced him through and through:
But Heaven has valleys cool and dim,
  And boscage sweet with starry dew.

There knowledge breathes in balmy air,
  Not wrung, as here, with panting breast:
The wisdom born of toil you share;
  But he, the wisdom born of rest.

For every picture here that slept,
  A living canvas is unrolled;
The silent harp he might have swept
  Leans to his touch its strings of gold.

Believe, dear Friends, they murmur still
  Some sweet accord to those you play,
That happier winds of Eden thrill
  With echoes of the earthly lay;

That he, for every triumph won,
  Whereto your poet-souls aspire,
Sees opening, in that perfect sun,
  Another blossom's bud of fire!

Each song, of Love and Sorrow born,
  Another flower to crown your boy, —
Each shadow here his ray of morn,
  Till Grief shall clasp the hand of Joy!

HOUSE-BUILDING.

Because our architecture is bad, and because the architecture of our forefathers in the Middle Ages was good, Mr. Ruskin and others seem to think there is no salvation for us until we build in the same spirit as they did. But that we should do so no more follows than that we should envy those geological ages when the club-mosses were of the size of forest-trees, and the frogs as big as oxen. There are many advantages to be had in the forests of the Amazon and the interior of Borneo, — inexhaustible fertility, endless water-power, — but no one thinks of going there to live.

No age is without its attractions. There would be much to envy in the Greek or the Roman life, if we could have them clear of drawbacks. Many persons would be glad always to find Emerson in State

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Street, or sauntering in the Mall, ready to talk with all comers, — or to hear the latest words of Bancroft or Lowell from their own lips at the cattle-show or the militia-muster. The Roman villas had some excellent features, — the peristyle of statues, the cryptoporticus with its midnight coolness and shade of a July noon, the mosaic floor, and the glimmering frescoes of the ceiling. But we are content to get our poets and historians in their books, and to take the pine-grove for our noonday walk, or to wait till night has transformed the street into a cryptoporticus nobler than Titus's. It is as history that these things charm us; but the charm vanishes, when, even in fancy, we bring them into contact with our actual lives. So it is with the mediæval architecture. It is true, in studying these wonderful fossils, a regret for our present poverty, and a desire to appropriate something from the ancient riches, will at times come over us. But this feeling, if it be more than slight and transient, if it seriously influence our conduct, is somewhat factitious or somewhat morbid. Let us be a little disinterested in our admiration, and not, like children, cry for all we see. We have our share: let us leave the dead theirs.

The fallacy lies in the supposition, that, besides all their advantages, they had all ours too. It is with our mental as with our bodily vision, — we see only what is remote; and the image to the mind depends, not only upon seeing, but upon *not seeing*. In the distant star, all foulness and gloom are lost, and only the pure splendor reaches us. Inspired by Mr. Ruskin's eloquence, the neophyte sets forth with contrition to put his precepts into practice. But the counter-statement which he had overlooked does not, therefore, cease to exist. At the outset, he finds unexpected sacrifices are demanded. And, as money is the common measure of the forces disposable, the hindrances take the form of increase of cost. Before the first step can be taken towards doing anything as Mr. Ruskin would have it done, he discovers that at least it will cost enormously more to do it in that way. The lamps of truth and sacrifice demand such expensive nourishment, that he is forced to ask himself whether they are of themselves really sufficient to live by.

It is not that we are poorer or more penurious than our ancestors, but that we have more wants than they, and that the new wants overshadow the old. What is spent in one direction must be spared in another. The matter-of-course necessaries of our life were luxuries or were unknown to them. First of all, the luxury of freedom, — political, social, and domestic, — with the habits it creates, is the source of great and ever-increasing expense. We are still much behindhand in this matter, and shall by-and-by spend more largely upon it. But, compared with our ancestors, individual culture, to which freedom is the means, absorbs a large share of our expenditure. The noble architecture of the thirteenth century was the work of corporations, of a society that knew only corporations, and where individual culture was a crime. Dante had made the discovery that it is the man that creates his own position, not the accident of birth. But his life shows how this belief isolated him. Nor was the coincidence between the artistic spirit of the age and its limitations accidental. Just in proportion as the spirit of individualism penetrated society, and began to show itself as the Renaissance, architecture declined. The Egyptian pyramids are marvels to us, because we are accustomed to look upon the laborer as a man. But once allow that he is only so much brute force, — cheap, readily available, and to be had in endless supply, but as a moral entity less to be respected than a cat or a heron, and the marvel ceases. Should not the building be great to which man himself is sacrificed? Later, the builders are no longer slaves; but man is still subordinate to his own work, adores the work of his hands. This stands for him, undertakes to represent him, though, from its partial nature, it can only typify certain aspects or func-

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tions of him. A Gothic cathedral is an attempt at a universal expression of humanity, a stone image of society, in which each particle, insignificant by itself, has its meaning in the connection. It was the fresh interest in the attempt that gave birth to that wonderful architecture. This is the interest it still has, but now only historical, since the discovery was made that the particle is greater than the mass, — that it is for the sake of the individual that society and its institutions exist. Ever since, a process of disintegration has been going on, resulting in a progressive reversal of the previous relation. Not the private virtues of the structure, but its uses, are now uppermost, and ever more and more developed. Even in our own short annals something of this process may be traced. Old gentlemen complain of the cost of our houses. The houses of their boyhood, they say, were handsomer and better built, yet cost less. There is some truth in this, for the race of architect-builders hardly reaches into this century. But if the comparison be pushed into details, we soon come to the conviction that the owners of these houses were persons whose habits were, in many respects, uncouth and barbarous. It is easy to provide in the lump; but with decency, privacy, independence, — in short, with a high degree of respect on the part of the members of the household for each other's individuality, — expense begins. Letarouilly says it is difficult to discover in the Roman palaces of the Renaissance any reference to special uses of the different apartments. It was to the outside, the vestibule, courtyard, and staircase, that care and study were given: the inside was intended only as a measure of the riches and importance of the owner, not as his habitation. The part really inhabited by him was the *mezzanino*, — a low, intermediate story, where he and his family were kennelled out of the way. Has any admiring traveller ever asked himself how he could establish himself, with wife and children, in the Foscari or the Vendramin palace? To live in them, it would be necessary to build a house inside.

Nor is there any ground for saying that the fault is in the builders, — that the old builders met the demands of their time, and would equally satisfy the demands of our time, without sacrifice of their art. The first demand in the days of good architecture was, that the building should have an independent artistic value beyond its use. This is what architecture requires; for architecture is building, *pure*, — building for its own sake, not as means. What Mr. Garbett says is, no doubt, quite true, — that nothing was ever made, for taste's sake, less efficient than it might have been. But many things were made *more* efficient than they might have been; or, rather, this is always the character of good architecture. It is in this surplus of perfection, above bare necessity, that its claim to rank among the fine arts consists. This character the builders of the good times, accordingly, never left out of sight; so that, if their means were limited, they lavished all upon one point, — made that overflow with riches, and left the rest plain and bare; never did they spread their pittance thin to cover the whole, as we do. It is for this reason that so few of the great cathedrals were finished, and that in buildings of all kinds we so often find the decoration in patches, sharply marked off from the rest of the structure. This noble profuseness is not, indeed, necessarily decoration; the essence of it is an independent value and interest in the building, aside from the temporary and accidental employment. The spires and the flying-buttresses of the Northern cathedrals cannot be defended on the ground of thrifty construction. The Italian churches accomplished that as well without either. How remote the reference to use in the mighty portals of Rheims, or the soaring vaultings of Amiens and Beauvais! Does anybody suppose that Michel Angelo, when he undertook to raise the dome of the Pantheon into the air, was thinking of the most economical way of roofing a given

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space? These fine works have their whole value as expression; it is with their visible contempt of thrift that our admiration begins. They pared away the stone to the minimum that safety demanded, and beyond it, — yet not from thrift, but to make the design more preëminent and necessary, and to owe as little as possible to the inert strength of the material.

But though we admire the result, we have grown out of sympathy with the cause, the state of mind that produced it, and so the root wherefrom the like should be produced is cut off. There is no reason to suppose that the old builders were men of a different kind from ours, more earnest, more poetical. The stories about the science of the mediæval masons are rubbish. All men are in earnest about something; our men are as good as they, and would have built as well, had they been born at the right time for it. But now they are thinking of other things. The Dilettanti Society sent Mr. Penrose to Athens to study in the ancient remains there the optical corrections which it was alleged the Greeks made in the horizontal lines of their buildings. Mr. Penrose made careful measurements, establishing the fact, and a folio volume of plates was published to illustrate the discovery, and evince the unequalled nicety of the Greek eye. But the main point, namely, that a horizontal line above the level of the eye, in order to appear horizontal, must bend slightly upwards, was pointed out to me years ago by a common plasterer.

It is not that our builders are degenerate, but that their art is a trade, occupies only their hands, not their minds, and this by no fault in them or in anybody, but by the natural progress of the world. In each age by turn some one mental organ is in a state of hypertrophy; immediately that becomes the medium of expression, — not that it is the only possible or even the best, but that its time has come, — then it gives place to another. Architecture is dead and gone to dust long ago. We are not called upon to sing threnodies over it, still less to attempt to galvanize a semblance of life into it. If we must blame somebody, let it not be the builder, but his employers, who, caring less even than he for the reality of good architecture, (for the material itself teaches him something,) force him into these puerilities in order to gratify their dissolute fancies.

If these views seem to any one low and prosaic, let me remind him that poetry does not differ from prose in being false. We must respect the facts. If there were in this country any considerable number of persons to whom the buildings they daily enter had any positive permanent value besides convenience, — who looked upon the church, the bank, or the house, as upon a poem or a statue, — the birth of a national architecture would be assured. But as the fact stands, while utility, and that of a temporary and makeshift sort, is really the first consideration, we are not yet ready to acknowledge this to others or to ourselves, and so fail to get from it what negative advantage we might, but blunder on under some fancied necessity, spending what we can ill spare, to the defrauding of legitimate demands, as a sort of sin-offering for our æsthetic deficiency, or as a blind to conceal it. The falsehood, like all falsehood, defeats itself; the pains we take only serve to make the failure more complete.

This is displayed most fully in the doings of "Building Committees." Here we see what each member (perhaps it would be more just to say the least judicious among them) would do in his own case, were he free from the rude admonitions of necessity. He has at least to live in his own house, and so cannot escape some attention to the substantial requirements of it; though some houses, too, seem emancipated from such considerations, and to have been built for any end rather than to live in. But in catering for the public, it is the *outsiders* alone that seem to be consulted, the careless passer-by, who for once will pause a moment to commend or to sneer at the

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façade, — not the persons whose lives for years, perhaps, are to be affected by the internal arrangement. It is doubtless from a suspicion, more or less obscure, of the incoherency of their purpose, that such committees usually fall into the hands of a "practical man," — that is, a man impassive to principles, of hardihood or bluntness of perception enough to carry into effect their vague fancies, and spare them from coming face to face with their inconsistencies. Thus fairly adrift and kept adrift from the main purpose, there is no vagary impossible to them, — churches in which there is no hearing, hospitals contrived to develop disease, museums of tinder, libraries impossible to light or warm. And what gain comes to beauty from these sacrifices, let our streets answer. Good architecture requires before all things a definite aim, long persisted in. It never was an invention, anywhere, but always a gradual growth. What chance of that here?

The only chance clearly is to cut away till we come to the solid ground of real, not fancied, requirement. As long as it is our whims, and not our necessities, that build, it matters little how much pains we take, how learned and assiduous we are. I have no hope of any considerable advantage from the abundant exhortation to frankness and genuineness in the use of materials, unless it lead first of all to a more frank and genuine consideration of the occasion for using the materials at all. If it lead only to open timber roofs and stone walls in place of the Renaissance stucco, I think the gain very questionable. The stucco is more comfortable, and at least we had got used to it. These are matters of detail: suppose your details *are* more genuine, if the whole design is a sham, if the aim be only to excite the admiration of bystanders, the thing is not altered, whether the bystanders are learned in such matters or ignorant. The more excellent the work is in its kind, the more insidious and virulent the falsity, if the whole occasion of it be a pretence. If it must be false, let it by all means be gross and glaring, — we shall be the sooner rid of it.

It may be asked whether, then, I surrender the whole matter of appearance, — whether the building may as well be ugly as beautiful. By no means; what I have said is in the interest of beauty, as far as it is possible to us. Positive beauty it may be often necessary to forego, but bad taste is never necessary. Ugliness is not mere absence of beauty, but absence of it where it ought to be present. It comes always from a disappointed expectation, — as where the lineaments that do not disgust in the potato meet us in the human face, or even in the hippopotamus, whom accordingly Nature kindly puts out of sight. It is bad taste that we suffer from, — not plainness, not indifference to appearance, but features misplaced, shallow mimicry of "effects" where their causes do not exist, transparent pretences of all kinds, forcing attention to the absence of the reality, otherwise perhaps unnoticed. The first step toward seemly building is to rectify the relation between the appearance and the uses of the building, — to give to each the weight that it really has with us, not what we fancy or are told it ought to have. Mr. Ruskin too often seems to imply that fine architecture is like virtue or the kingdom of Heaven: that, if it be sought first, all other things will be added. A sounder basis for design, beyond what is necessary to use, seems to me that proposed by Mr. Garbett, (to whom we are indebted for the most useful hints upon architecture,) namely, politeness, a decent regard for the eyes of other people (and for one's own, for politeness regards one's self as well). Politeness, however, as Mr. Garbett admits, is chiefly a negative art, and consists in abstaining and not meddling. The main character of the building being settled by the most unhesitating consideration of its uses, we are to see that it disfigures the world as little as possible.

Let me, at the risk of tediousness, proceed to bring these generalities to a

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point by a few instances, — not intending to exhaust the topic, but only to exemplify the method of approaching it.

The commonest case for counsel, and more common here than anywhere else, is where a man is to build for himself a house, especially in the country, — for town-houses are more governed by extraneous considerations. The first point is the *aspect*, — that the living-rooms be well open to the sun. Let no fancied advantages of view or of symmetrical position interfere with this. For they operate seldom and strike most at first, but the aspect tells on body and mind every day. It is astonishing how reckless people are of this vital point, suffering it to be determined for them by the direction of a road, or even of a division-fence, — as if they had never looked at their houses with their own eyes, but only with the casual view of a stranger. It does not follow, however, that the entrance must be on the sunny side, though this is generally best, as the loss of space in the rooms is more than made up by the cheeriness of the approach. For the same reason, unless you are sailing very close to the wind, let your entrance-hall be roomy. It is in no sense an unproductive outlay, for it avails above in chambers, and below in the refuge it affords to the children from the severer rules of the parlor.

As to number and distribution of rooms, the field is somewhat wide. Here the differences of income, of pursuits, and the idiosyncrasies of taste come in; and more than all, not only are the circumstances originally different, but constantly varying. I speak not of the fluctuations of fortune, but of normal and expected changes. The young couple, or the old, are easily lodged. But in middle life,—since we are not content, like our forefathers, with bestowing our children out of sight, — it takes a great deal of room to provide for them on both floors, without either neglect or oppression, and to keep up the due oversight without sacrificing ourselves or them. For children are rather exclusive, and spoil for other use more room than they occupy. Here I counsel every man who must have a corner to himself to fix his study in the attic, for the only way to avoid noise without wasteful complication is to be above it.

The smallest house must provide some escape from the dining-room. If dining-room and sitting-room are on the sunny side, and the entrance be also on that side, they will be separated, as indeed they always may be, without loss. The notion that the rooms must immediately connect is one of those whims to which houses are sacrificed. The only advantage is the facility for receiving company. But if the occasions when the guests will be too many for one room are likely to be frequent, rather than permanently spoil the living-room, it is better to set apart rooms for reception. Our position in this matter is in truth rather embarrassing. Formerly (and the view is not yet wholly obsolete) the whole house was a reception-hall, the domestic life of the inmates being a secondary matter, swept into some corner, such as the cells of the mediæval castles or the *mezzanino* of the Italian palaces. But the austere aspect of the shut-up "best parlor" of our grandfathers, with its closed blinds and chilly chintz covers, showed that the tables were beginning to turn, and the household to assert its rights and civilly to pay off the guest for his usurpations. Henceforth he is welcome, but he is secondary; it was not for him that the house was built; and if it comes to choosing, he can be dispensed with. It would be very agreeable to unite with all the new advantages all the old, — the easy hospitality, the disengaged suavity of the ancient manners. Now the brow of the host is clouded, he has too much on his mind to play his part perfectly. It is not that good-will is wanting, but that life is more complicated. The burdens are more evenly distributed, and no class is free and at leisure. But to fret over our disadvantages, and extol the past, is only to ignore the price that was paid for those advantages we covet. There was always somebody to sweat for that leisure. Would

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a society divided into castes be better? Or again, who would like to have his children sleep three in a bed, and live in the kitchen, in order that the best rooms should always be swept and garnished for company?

In every case, unless a man is rich enough to have two houses in one, it comes to choice between domestic comfort and these occasional facilities. Direct connection of rooms usually involves the sacrifice of the chimney-corner, on one or both sides; for it is not pleasant to sit in a passage-way, even if it be rarely used. For use in cold weather the available portion of a room may be reckoned as limited by the door nearest the fireplace.

It will be noticed that this supposes the use of open fireplaces. The open fireplace is not a necessary of life, but it is one of the first luxuries, and one that no man who can afford to eat meat every day can afford to dispense with. No furnace can supply the place of it; for, though the furnace is an indispensable auxiliary in severe cold, and though, well managed, it need not vitiate the air, yet, like all contrivances for supplying heated air instead of heat, it has the insurmountable defect of not warming the body directly, nor until all the surrounding air be warmed first, and thus stops the natural reaction and the brace and stimulus derived from it. Used exclusively, it amounts to voluntarily incurring the disadvantage of a tropical climate.

Let the walls of the second story be upright. The recent fashion of a mansard or "French roof" is only making part of the wall of the house look like roof, at equal expense, at the sacrifice of space inside, and above all, of tightness. For, though shingles and even slates will generally keep out the rain, the innumerable cracks between the sides of them can never be made air-tight, and therefore admit heat and cold much more freely than any proper wall-covering. A covering of metal would be too good a conductor of external temperature,—while clapboarding would endanger the resemblance to a roof, which is the only gain proposed.

As to the size of the house, it is important to observe that its cost does not depend so much upon the size of the rooms (within reasonable limits) as upon the number of them, the complication of plan, and the number of doors and windows. For every door or window you can omit you may add three or four feet to your house. The height of the stories will be governed by the area of the largest rooms;—what will please each person depends very much upon what he is used to. In the old New-England houses the stories were very low, often less than eight feet in the best rooms. In favor of low rooms it is to be remembered that they are more easily lighted and warmed, and involve less climbing of stairs. Rooms are often made lofty under the impression that better ventilation is thereby secured; but there is a confusion here. A high room is less intolerable *without* ventilation, the vitiated air being more diluted; but a low room is usually more easily ventilated, because the windows are nearer the ceiling.

Mr. Garbett advises that the windows be many and small. This costs more; and if it be understood to involve placing the windows on different sides, the effect, I think, will be generally less agreeable than where the room is lighted wholly from one side. A capital exception, however, is the dining-room, which should always, if possible, abound in cross-lights; else one half the table will be oppressed by a glare of light, and the other visible only in *silhouette*.

As to material, stone is the handsomest, and the only one that constantly grows handsomer, and does not require that your creepers should be periodically disturbed for painting or repairs. But this is perhaps all that can be said in its favor. To make a stone house as good as a wooden one we must build a wooden one inside of it. Wood is our common material, and there is none better, if we take the pains to make it tight.

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There is a prevalent notion that it is the thinness of our cheap wooden houses that makes them pervious to heat and cold. But no wooden house, unless built of solid and well-fitted logs, could resist the external temperature by virtue of thickness. It is tightness that tells here. Wherever air passes, heat and cold pass with it. What is important, therefore, is, by good contrivance and careful execution, to stop all cracks as far as possible. For this, an outside covering of sheathing-felt, or some equivalent material, may be recommended, and especially a double plastering inside,—not the common "back-plastering," but two separate compact surfaces of lime and sand, inside the frame.

The position, the internal arrangement, and the material being determined upon, the next point is that the structure shall be as little of an eyesore as we can make it. Do what we will, every house, as long as it is new, is a standing defiance to the landscape. In color, texture, and form, it disconnects itself and resists assimilation to its surroundings. The "gentle incorporation into the scenery of Nature," that Wordsworth demands, is the most difficult point to effect, as well as the most needful. This makes the importance of a background of trees, of shrubs, and creepers, and the uniting lines of sheds, piazzas, etc., mediating and easing off the shock which the upstart mass inflicts upon the eye. Hence Sir Joshua Reynolds's rule for the color of a house, to imitate the tint of the soil where it is to stand. Hence the advantage of a well-assured base and generally of a pyramidal outline, because this is the figure of braced and balanced equilibrium, assured to all natural objects by the slow operation of natural laws, which we must take care not to violate in our haste, unless for due cause shown.

We hear much of the importance of proportions, but the main point generally is that the house be not too high. This is the most universal difficulty, particularly in small houses, the area being diminished, but not the height of stories. In this respect the old farm-houses had a great advantage, and this is a main element in their good effect,—aided as it is by the height of the roof; for a high roof will often make a building seem lower than it would with a low roof or none at all. The dreary effect of the flat-roofed houses in the neighborhood of New York is due partly to the unrelieved height, and partly to the unfinished or truncated appearance of a thing without a top. The New York fashion gives, no doubt, the most for the money; but the effect is so offensive that I think it justifies us for once in violating Mr. Garbett's canon and sacrificing efficiency to taste.

The most pleasing shape of roof, other things being equal, is the pyramidal or hipped, inclining from all sides towards the centre. The drawback is, that, if it must be pierced by windows, their lines will stick off from the roof, so that, as seen from below, they will be violently detached from the general mass. The good taste of the old builders made them avoid putting dormer-windows (at least in front) in roofs of one pitch; the windows were in the gables, carried out for this purpose; or if dormers were necessary, they made a mansard or double-pitched roof, in which the windows are less detached. Another excellent feature in the old New-England farm-houses is the long slope of the roof behind, and, in general, the habit of roofing porches, dormers, sheds, and other projections by continuing the main roof over them, with great gain to breadth and solidity of effect.

In fact, were it possible, we could not do better for the outside than to take these old houses for our model. But here, as everywhere, we find the outside depends on the inside, and that what we most admire in them will conflict with the new requirements. For instance, the massive central chimney and the expanse on the ground point to the kitchen as the common living-room of the family; they are irreconcilable with our need of more chambers and of the possibility of more separation above and below. The later

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and more ambitious houses, such as were built in the neighborhood of Boston at the beginning of the century, come nearer to our wants; but they sacrifice too much to a cut-and-dried symmetry to be of much use to us. After that the way is downward through one set of absurdities after another, until of late some signs of more common-sense treatment begin to be visible.

The way out of this quagmire is first of all to avoid confusion of aim. What is this that we are building? If it is a monument, let us seek only to make it beautiful. But if it is a house, let us always keep in mind that the appearance of it, being really secondary, must be seen to have been held so throughout. Else we shall not, in the long run, escape bad taste. Bad taste is not mere failure, but failure to do something which ought not to have been attempted. For instance, among the most frequent occasions for deformity in modern houses are the dormers, the windows that rise above the roof. In the Gothic buildings these are among the most attractive features. The reason is that the tendency of the outline to detach itself from the mass of the building furnishes to the Gothic a culminating point for the distinct legitimate aim at beauty of expression that pervades the whole; but to the modern builder, whose aim, as regards expression, should be wholly negative, it is at best an embarrassment, and often a snare.

The chief obstacle to a rational view of the present position of architecture comes from the number of clever men who devote their lives to putting a good face on our absurdities, and by all sorts of tricks and sophistries in wood and stone prevent us from seeing our conduct in its proper deformity. They dazzle and bewilder us with beauties plucked at haphazard from all times and ages, — as much forgeries as any that men are hanged for, — and then, when the cheat begins to peep through, they fool us again with pretences of thoroughness, consistency of style, genuineness in the use of materials, etc., as if the danger were in the execution, and not in the main intention. So they fool us for a while longer, and we praise their fine doings, and even persuade ourselves there is something liberal and ennobling in their influence. But we tire at last of these exotics. A million of them is not worth one of those sober flowers of homely growth where use has by chance, as it were, blossomed into beauty. This is the only success in that kind that can be hoped for in our day. But it must come of itself; it cannot be had for the seeking, nor if sought for its own sake. The active competition that goes on in our streets is not the way to it, unless negatively, by way of disgust and exhaustion. For some help, meantime, I commend the opinion of an architect of my acquaintance, who said the highest compliment he ever received was from a drover, who could not account for it that "he had passed that way so often and never seen that *old house*." Nobody expects his house will be beautiful, do what he will; why pay for the certainty of failure? Not to be conspicuous, and, to that end, to respect the plain fundamental rules of statics, of good construction, of harmonious color, and to resist sacrificing any solid advantage to show, these are our safest rules at present.

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MR. AXTELL.

PART III.

THE twilight was almost gone on the Saturday night when I went back to the grave, solemn house. There was no one dead in it now. It was the first time that I had approached it without the abyss of shadow under its roof. A little elasticity came back to me. Kino came out to give his welcome: we had become friendly. Katie let me in.

"Perhaps you 'd choose to wait downstairs a bit," she said; "Mr. Abraham 's getting his tea up in Miss Lettie's room."

She lighted the lamp, and left me. After my two explorations in unknown realms, —the one voluntary, looking at the painting on the wall, the other involuntary, looking at a human soul in sorrow, — I resolved to shut my eyes to all that they ought not to see; and therefore I stationed myself in the green glade of a chair, and very properly decided that the only thing I would look at should be the fire. What I might see there surely could offend no one, unless it were the deity of Coal, — and Redleaf was not near any carboniferous group.

Peculiar were the forms the fire took an elfish pleasure in assuming. Little blue flames came up into atmospheric life, through the rending fissures where so many years of ages they had been pent into the very blackness of darkness; and as they gained their freedom, they gave tiny, crackling shouts of liberty. "We 're free! we 're free!" they smally cried; and I wondered if a race, buried as deeply in the strata of races as these bits of burning coal had been in the geologic periods of earth, could utter such cries.

The fire grew, the liberty pæans ceased. Deep opaline content burned lambescent amid the coals. Ashy cinders fell from the grate slowly, slumberously, as the one dead, that very afternoon buried, had gone to rest, in the night-time, when the household was asleep, without any one to hold her hand whilst she took the first step in the surging sea of river. Yes, she died alone,—"in the heart of the night," Dr. Eaton said it must have been "that the bridegroom came." Had she oil in her lamp? What was she like? Like her son Abraham, or her daughter Lettie? I tried to paint her face as it must have been. It is darker still in that grave where she lies than was the night wherein she died. Miss Lettie was right: they have a fathom of earth over her,—there 's not one glimmer of light down there. When I am buried, won't *some one* shut in one little sun-ray with me, that I may see to feel the gloom?

I looked down upon the gravelly earth lying above her, as I had looked across at it when I left the parsonage at nightfall, and passed by the church-yard. All the while, my eyes were in the depths of the fire. I went down through stone and soil to the coffin there. All was unutterable blackness. I put out my hand to feel. It was a cold, marbleized face that my warm, living fingers wandered over. I touched the forehead: it was very stony, granite-like, — not a woman's forehead. The eyes were large, — I felt them under the half-closed lids. The mouth —— Yes, Miss Lettie was right. Love for Abraham had covered up this mother-love for her. And confession unto her dead was, it must have been, better than unto her living. The answer would have been much the same.

Shudderingly, I picked up my hand, the one that had been lying upon the arm of the chair, whilst its life and spirit had gone out on their mission of discovery. It was very cold. I warmed it before the fire, and began to think that Aaron was right,—this House of Axtell was stealing away my proper self, or, at least, this hand of mine had been unlawfully employed, through occasion of them. As the warmth

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of burning coals revivified my hand, I saw something in the fire, — a face, — the very one these live fingers had just been tracing in yonder church-yard. Its eyes were open now, — large, luminous, earnest, with a wave of solid pride sweeping on through the irides and almost overwhelming the pupils. The mouth, — oh, those lips! *ever uttered they a prayer?* They look, trembling the while, so unutterably unforgiving! When they come to stand before the I AM, will they *ever* plead? It is hard to think the Deity maketh such souls. Doth He? I looked a little farther on in the fiery group. Other forms of coal took the human face. I saw two. Whose were they? One was like unto my mother. How little I remember of her! and yet this was like my memory, — sweetly gentle, loving past expression's power, no taint of earth therein. Another came up. I did not know it. Something whispered, "It is of you." I almost heard the words with my outward ears. I looked around the room. No one was with me. Stillness reigned in the house.

"It takes Mr. Axtell a very long time to take his tea," I thought; "he must know more of hunger's power than I.—I will look at the fire no more," I said, slowly, to myself, and closed my eyelids, somewhat willing to drop after all that they had endured that day.

A soft, silver, "swimming sound" floated through the room. It was the clock upon the mantel sending out tones of time-hours. I looked up. It was eleven of the clock. "I must have fallen asleep," I thought, and threw off the folds of a shawl which I surely left on the sofa over there when I seated myself in this chair. My head was upon a pillow, downy and white, instead of the green vale of chair in which I had laid it down. I sprang up. There was little of lamp-light in the room. I saw something that looked marvellously like somebody, near the sofa. It was Katie, my good little friend Katie. She was sitting on a footstool with her head upon her hands, and, poor, tired child! fast asleep. I awoke her.

"Who covered me up, Katie?" I asked.

"Mr. Abraham," said Katie; and her waking senses came back.

"And how did the pillow get under my head?"

"Mr. Abraham said 'he was sorry that you had come.' You looked very white in your sleep, and he said 'you would n't wake up'; so I lifted your head just a mite, and he fixed the pillow under it. He told me to stay here until you awoke."

"Which I have most decidedly done, Katie," I said; and I fully determined to take no more naps in this house.

How could it have happened? I accounted for the fact in the most reasonable way I knew, — I, who rejoice in being reasonable, — by thinking it occurred in consequence of my long watchfulness, and sombreness of thought and soul.

"I am sorry that you did n't wake me," I said to Katie, as she moved the chairs in the room to their respective places.

With the most childlike implicitness in the world, the little maid stood still and looked at me.

"I *could n't*, you know, Miss Percival, when Mr. Abraham told me not to," were the positive words she used in giving her reason.

I forgave Katie, and wondered what the secret of this man's commanding power could be, as on this Saturday night.

I left the world, and went up to take my last watch with the convalescing lady. Her brother was with her. He looked a little surprised, when I went in; but the cloud of anger had gone away: folded it up he had, I fancied, all ready to shake out again upon the slightest provocation; and I did not care to see its folds waving around me, so I did not speak to him. Miss Axtell seemed pleased to see me; said "she trusted that this would be the last occasion on which she should require night-care."

Her beauty was lovely now. A roseate hue was over her complexion: a little of the old fever rising, I suppose it must have been.

"I 've been talking with Abraham," she said, when I spoke of it.

Why should a conversation with her

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brother occasion return of fever? Perhaps it was not that, but the mention of the fact, which increased the glow wonderfully.

Mr. Axtell bade his sister good-night.

"You will do it to-morrow, Abraham?" she asked, as he was going from the room.

"I will think about it to-night, and give you my decision in the morning, Lettie."

Mr. Axtell must have been very absent-minded, for he turned back, hoped I had not taken cold in the library, and ended the wish with a civil "Good night, Miss Percival."

"Good night, Mr. Axtell," I said; and he was gone.

There was no need of persuasion to quietude to-night, it seemed, for Miss Axtell gave me no field for the practice of oratory: she was quite ready and willing to sleep.

"Can you not sleep, too?" she asked, as she closed her eyes; "if I need you, I can speak."

No, I could not sleep. The night grew cold: a little edge of winter had come back. I felt chilled, — either because of my sleep down-stairs, or because the mercury was cold before me. My shawl I had not brought up with me. Might I not find one? The closet-door was just ajar: it was a place for shawls. I crossed the room, and, opening it a little more, went in. I saw something very like one hanging there, but it was close beside that grave brown plaid dress, and I had resolved to intrude no farther into the affair of the tower. Results had not pleased me.

I grew colder than ever, standing hesitatingly in the closet, whence a draught blew from the dressing-room beyond. I must have the shawl. I reached forth my hand to take it down. The dress, I found, was hung over it. It must needs come off, before the shawl. I lifted it, catching, as I did so, my fingers in a rent, — was it? Yes, a piece was gone. I looked at the size and form of it, which agreed perfectly with the fragment I had found. This dress, then, had been in the tower, beyond all question.

I thought myself very fairy-like in my movements, but the fire was not. Some one — it must have been Mr. Axtell or Katie — had put upon the hearth a stick of chestnut-wood, which, suddenly igniting, snapped vigorously. This began ere I was safely outside of the closet. Miss Lettie was awakened. She arose a little wildly, sitting up in the bed. I do not know that it was the fire that aroused her.

"I 've had a terrific dream, Miss Percival; don't let me fall asleep again"; and her heart beat fast and heavily. She pressed her hands upon it, and asked for some quieting medicine, which I gave. She was getting worse again, I knew; her hands wandered up to her head, in the same way that they had done when she was first ill.

"I want some one to help me," she said, as if talking to herself; "the waters are very rough. I thought they would be all smooth after the great storm."

"Perhaps it is only the healthful rising of the tide," I ventured to say.

She looked at me, took her hands down from her head, her beautiful, classic head, with its wide, heavenly arch of forehead, and sat still thus, looking at me in that fixed way, that wellnigh sent me to call Katie again, for full ten minutes. I moved about the room, arranged the fire on a more quiet basis, and then, finding nothing else to do, stood before it, hoping that Miss Axtell would lie down again. In taking something from my pocket I must have drawn out the trophy of my tower-victory, for Miss Axtell suddenly said, —

"You 've dropped something, Miss Percival."

Turning, I picked it up hastily, lest she should recognize it.

She must have seen it quite well, for it had been lying in the full light of the blazing wood.

"Have you a dress like that?" she asked, when I had restored the fragment.

"I have not," I replied. "I am sorry I awakened you."

"It was a dream that awakened me,"

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she said. "Will you have the kindness to give me that bit of cloth you picked up? I have a fancy for it."

I gave it to her.

She hastily put away the gift I had given, and said, —

"You like the old tower in the churchyard, Miss Percival, I believe?"

"Oh, yes! it is a great attraction for me. Redleaf would be Redleaf no longer, if it were away."

"Have you visited it since you 've been here this time?"

"Once only."

"Were there any changes?" she asked.

"A few," I said. "There is another entrance to the tower than by the door, Miss Axtell."

Slowly the lady dropped back to the pillows whence she had arisen from the disturbing dream. She did not move again for many minutes; then it was a few low-spoken words that summoned me to her side.

"I know there is another entrance to the tower," she said; "but I did not think that any one else knew of it. Who told you?"

"Excuse me from answering, if you please," I said, unwilling to excite her more, for I knew that the fever was rising rapidly.

"Who knows of this besides you? You don't mind telling me that much?"

"No one knows it, I think; no person told me, and I have told no one. You seem to have more fever; can you not sleep?"

"Not with all this equinoctial storm raging, and the tide you told me of coming up with the wind."

She looked decidedly worse. Mr. Axtell let her have her own way. I thought it wise to follow his leading, and I asked, —

"What tide do you mean? You cannot hear the sea, and it is n't time for the equinoctial gale."

This question seemed to have quieted Miss Axtell beyond thought of reply. She did not speak again until the Sabbath-day had begun. Then, at the very point where she had ceased, she recommenced.

"It is a pity to let the sea in on the fertile fields of your young life," she said; "but this tide, — it is not that that is now flowing in on the far-away beach of Redcliff. It is the tide of emotion, that *some one day* in life begins to rise in the human heart, — and, oh, what a strange, wondrous thing it is! There are Bay-of-Fundy tides, and the uniform tides, and the tideless waters that rest around Pacific Isles; and no mortal knoweth the cause of their rise or fall. So in human hearts: some must endure the great throbbing surges that are so hard coming against one poor heart with nothing but the earth to rest upon, and yet *must stand fast;* then there are the many, the blessed congregation of hearts, that are only stirred by moderate, even-flowing emotions, that never rise over a tide-line, behind which the congregation are quite secure, and stand and censure the souls striving and toiling in waves that they only look upon, but never — no, never — feel. Is this right, Miss Percival?"

"It seems not," I said; "but the tideless hearts, what of them?"

"Oh, they are the hardest of all. Think! Imagine one of those serene, iridescent rings of land, moored close beside the cliff, at which the waves never rest from beating. Could the one forever at peace, with leave from wind and wave to grow its verdure and twine its tendrils just where it would, — *could* it feel for the life-points against which the Gulf-Stream only now and then sent up a cheering bit of warmth, whilst the soul of the cliff saw its own land of greenness, only far, far away over the waters, but could not attain unto it, not whilst north-land winds blow or the earth-time endures?"

Miss Axtell ceased, and the same fixed, absorbed expression came to her. She looked as she had done on the night, four days since, when I came in at that door for the first time. I thought of the question her brother had asked me concerning the turning of the key; and crossing the room, I turned it.

"Why did you lock the door?" she asked.

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"I am constitutionally timid," was my apology.

"You have never evinced it before; why now?"

"Because I have not thought of it sooner."

"Will you unlock it, please?" she asked; and her eyes were very bright with the fever-fire that I knew was burning up, until I feared the flame would touch her mind. "I don't like being locked in; I wish to be free," she added.

This lady has something of Mr. Axtell's command of manner. I could not think it right to refuse to comply, and I unlocked the door.

She seemed restless. "Bring me the key, will you?" she asked, after a few moments of silence, in which her wandering eyes sought the door frequently.

I gave it to her. I might have locked the door before giving her the key, but I could not do it even in her approach to wildness. I hate deception as devoutly as she disguises. She thanked me for my compliance, and said, with a scintillation of coaxingness in her manner, —

"You need not be afraid; there 's nothing to harm one in Redleaf."

"Why did you come, to be kind to me, sick and in sorrow?" she suddenly asked, whilst I, unseen by her, was preparing one of the soothing powders that still were left from the night wherein I forgot my duty.

I knew not how to reply. The very bit of material which she had hidden underneath a pillow was the cause; and so I answered, —

"Town-life is so different; one becomes so accustomed to a ring of changes in the all-around of life, that, when in the country, one looks for something to remind one of the life that has been left."

"Then you did not come from genuine kindness?"

"No, I am afraid not."

"Do not be afraid to be truthful, ever," she said, and added, — "Once more, will you tell me where you found the fragment you have given me?"

"I cannot, Miss Axtell."

She did not speak again, but lay looking at the ceiling until long after the moon had risen, — the waning moon, that comes up so weirdly, late in the night, like a spectre of light appointed to haunt the solemn old earth, and punish it with the remembrance of a brighter, better light gone, and a renewed consciousness of its own once unformed, chaotic existence. I saw rays from it coming in through the parted curtains, and distinctly traced tree-branches wavering to and fro out in the night-wind, set astir as the moon came up. At last she said, —

"I wish you would go to sleep. Won't you wake Katie up, and then lie down? She has had a rest."

"Poor, tired child," I said; "she had work to do yesterday; I had not."

"Abraham, then, if not Katie."

"He has been up three nights, Miss Axtell, — I only one."

"I did not know it," she said. "I forgot that I had been so long ill."

"Will you try and sleep?" once more I asked; "it is near morning."

She wished to know the hour, made me give her watch into her own keeping, and then said "she would not talk, no, she would be very quiet, if I would only gratify her by making myself comfortable on the lounge." It did not seem very unreasonable, and I consented.

"But you are looking at me," she said. "I hate to be watched; do shut your eyes."

I looked away from her. Time went on. I heard the clock strike four times, in the March night. Miss Axtell was very quiet, — better, I was convinced. I arose once to rebuild the fire. Wood-fires burn down so soon. Then I took up my watch, thinking over the strange events, all unconsummated, that had been and still were in being under this roof.

Five hours came booming up from the village-clock. The wind must have changed, or I could not have heard the strokes, so roundly full.

"How short the hour has been!" was my first thought. Kino began a furious, untimely barking. "What for?" I won-

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dered; and I lifted up my head and listened. No sound; the room was very still. Miss Axtell had dropped the curtains of the bed. It annoyed her, I supposed, to feel herself watched. "Her breathing is very soft," I thought; "I do not even hear it. Her sleep must be pleasant, after the fever."

I laid my head down to its resting-place, listening still. Kino kept up a low, ominous growl, quite different from his first barking. Nothing more came. "I 'm glad he does n't waken Miss Axtell," I thought; and gradually Kino dropped his growls into low, plaintive moans, which in time died away. As they did so, another sound, not outside, but in the house, set my poor, weak heart into violent throbbings. Footsteps were in the upper hall, I felt sure. Miss Axtell might not hear them, if she had not heard Kino's louder noise. Slowly they came, — not heavy, with a stout, manly tread, but muffled. They came close to the door. If the key were only in it! But I could not move. I heard a hand going over it, just as I had heard that hand three days before in the dark tower. A moment's awful pour of feeling, and then came the gentlest, softest of knocks. Why did I not get up and see who it was? Simply because Nature made me cowardly, and meant me, therefore, to bear cowardice bravely. I never moved. A second time came the knock, but no more nerve of sound in it than at the first. A hand touched the knob after that, and turning it gently, the door was carefully pushed open, and a figure, looking very much like Mr. Axtell, only the long, dark hair fell over his face, came noiselessly in. I could not tell at the moment who it was. I watched him cautiously. He stood still, looking first at the bed, whose curtains were down, then around the room. For one moment I thought him looking at me, and involuntarily my eyelids closed, lest he might know himself watched. He put up his hand, and pushed back the heavy hair from his forehead. It was only Mr. Axtell. The relief was so great that I spoke, — softly, it is true.

"What is it?" I asked. "Is anything wrong, Mr. Axtell?"

"It seems not," he said. "Kino's barking aroused me, — it is so unusual. How has she slept?"

"Very well. For the last hour she has not spoken."

Kino began again his low, dismal howling.

"Did not the dog disturb her when he barked?"

Mr. Axtell had walked to the lounge from which I had risen, still speaking in the voice that has much of tone without much sound.

"No, — she did not seem to hear it."

"She must be sleeping very deeply," the brother said; and as he spoke, he cautiously uplifted a fold of the hangings.

What was it that came over his face, made visible even in the gloom of the room? Something terrible.

"What is it?" I asked, springing up; "what has happened?" and I put out my hand to take the look at the sleeper in there that he had done.

He stayed my hand, waved it back, folded his arms, as if nothing unusual had occurred, and questioned me.

"What has she talked about to-night?"

"She has said very little."

"Tell me something that she has said, immediately"; and he looked fearfully agitated.

"What has happened?" I asked; and again I caught at the hangings which concealed the fearful thing that he had seen.

"Answer me!" Two words only, but tremendously uttered.

"She asked me if I liked the tower in the church-yard," I said.

"You told her what?"

"That I did like it."

"Has she seemed worried about anything?" and Mr. Axtell threw up a window-sash, letting the cold March wind into this room of sickness. As he did so, I lifted the folds that the wind rudely swayed. *Miss Axtell was not there.*

He turned around. I stood speechless.

"How long have you been asleep?"

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he asked, coolly, as if nothing had occurred.

"Not at all," I answered. Then I thought, "I must have slept, else she could not have gone out without my knowing it."—"I heard the stroke of four and of five," I said.

He looked up and down the street, only a little lighted by the feeble, old, fading moon.

"Have you any idea where she would go?" he asked.

"She may be in the house," I said; "why not look?"

"No; I found the front-door unfastened. I thought Katie might have forgotten it, when I went to see. She has gone out, I know."

He looked for the wrappings she might have put on, searching, as he did so, for the small lamp that always was placed beside the larger one upon the table. It was gone. It had been there at four o'clock, when I put wood on the fire.

"Where would she carry a lamp?" Mr. Axtell asked, as he went on, searching, in known places, for articles of apparel that were not in their wonted homes. Having found them, he went out hurriedly, went to his own room, came out thence a moment after, with boots on his feet in place of the slippers he had frightened me with, and an overcoat across his arm. He did not seem to see me, as I stood waiting in the hall.

"Where are you going?" I asked of him, but he did not answer. He went straight on by me, and down, out of the house, closing the great hall-door after him with a force that shook the walls.

I went into the deserted room, put down the window-sash that he had left open, laid more wood upon the dying embers, caught up Miss Axtell's shawl, and, throwing it over my head, started down the stairs. It was pitch-dark, not even moonlight, there. I went back for a lamp: the only one was the heavy bronze, in the lone room. Mr. Axtell's door was open. He had left a light. I went in and took it up, with a box of matches lying near, and once more started down the stairs. How full of trembling I was! yet not afraid: there was a life, perhaps, to save. I opened the heavy oaken door. The wind put out my light. I did not need it longer. The shred of moon, hanging prophetic of doom, let out its ghastly whiteness to ghost the village.

Kino did not bark. The wind came down the street from churchward, whence I had heard the stroke of the village-clock. Ten minutes past five: it would be morning soon. I listened. The wind brought me footsteps, going farther and farther on: or was it the fluttering of my own garments that I heard? "I will know," I thought; and I ran a little way, then listened again. They seemed less far than before, but still going on. I ran again, farther than at first. I saw a figure before me, but, oh, *so* far! It seemed that I should never catch it. I tried, and called. I might as well have shouted to my father, miles away; for the wind carried my voice nearer to him than to Mr. Axtell, hurrying on. Where would he go? I tried to keep him in sight. He turned a corner, and the wind tormented me; it was almost a gale that blew, and I had the shawl to hold over my head. I came to the corner that he had turned: it was near the parsonage,—only two or three houses away. There was less of wind. I went on, half-breathless with the intensity of the effort I made to breathe. The stars looked cold. I was near the church-yard. First the church,—then the place of graves,—after that, the long, sloping garden, and the parsonage higher up. I passed by the last house. I drew near to the church. How fearful! I stopped. It was only a momentary weakness: a life was concerned; it was no place for idle fears. I crept on, shivering with the cold, and the night, and the loneliness, and the awful thought that the Deity was punishing me for having gone, in imagination, down to the cradle of His dead, by sending me out this night among graves. I heard the church-windows rattling coarse, woody tunes; but I tried not to hear, and went past. A low paling ran along the inter-

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val between the church and the parsonage-garden. I had crossed the street when I came up to the church; now I moved along opposite this fearful spot. The paling was white. I listened. No sound. A shadow from a tall pine-tree fell across a part of the paling. Therein I thought I saw what might be Mr. Axtell, leaning on the fence. I went a little of the distance across the street. Whatever it was, it stirred. I ran back, and started on, thinking to gain the parsonage. The figure — it was Mr. Axtell — came after me. As soon as I knew, for he called, "Lettie," I stopped and turned toward him.

"It is n't your sister," I said.

"You, Miss Percival? Why are you out?" and he seemed anxious. He said, "You are suffering too much from the 'strange people.'"

How could he mention my hasty words at such a time? and I remembered the unforgiving face that I had touched a fathom deep under the hard ground.

"I 'm glad I 've found you," I said. "Have you the church-key?"

He told me that he had. I said, —

"Come and open it."

"What for?" and he still peered over among the tombstones, as if expecting to find Miss Lettie there.

"It is not there that she would go, I think; come quickly with me," I said.

We walked to the church-entrance, hastily. He searched for the key. He had n't it. I put my hand out, and touched it in the door.

"See here! I 'm right!" and as I spoke, I drew a match across the stone step. The wind put out the flame. I guarded the second one with my shawl, and lighted the lamp.

"Open quickly, before I lose it," I said.

He did, and we went in,—in through the vestibule, where I first had seen this man, tolling the bell for his mother's death,— up the aisle, where I had gone the day I saw the thirsty, hungry, little mouse. I felt afraid, even with this strong man, for I did not know where I was going. We drew near the pulpit, — the pulpit in which Aaron preached.

"She is not here," Mr. Axtell said; and he looked about the empty pews, feebly lighted from my small flame.

He started forward as he spoke.

"Don't leave me," I said; and I put my hand within his arm.

What we saw was a change in the pulpit, an opening, as if some one had destroyed the panelled front of it.

"Come," I said; and I drew near, and put the lamp through the opening, showing a few stone steps; perhaps there were a dozen of them; at least, they went down into undefined darkness.

"What is this, Miss Percival?"

"I don't know, — I have never seen it before; but I think it leads to the tower. You will find her there. Come!" and I went down the first step, with a feeling far stronger than the prisoner's doomed to step off into interminable depths, in that Old-World castle famous for wrongs to mankind, — for I knew my danger: he does not, as he comes to the last step, from off which he goes down to a deep, watery death.

Mr. Axtell was aroused. He took the lamp from my unsteady hand, and, bidding me come back, went down before me. At the foot we found ourselves in a stone passage-way. It seemed below the reach of rains, and not very damp. Once I hit my foot against a stone, and fell. As Mr. Axtell turned back to see if I was hurt, he let the light fall distinctly on the ground. I saw a letter. He went on. I groped for it, one moment, then found it, and put it, with the torn piece of envelope to which it might belong, within my pocket. We came, at last, — a long distance it seemed for only a hundred feet, — to steps again. There were only three of them. Mr. Axtell held the lamp up; there was an opening. I shaded the light immediately, and whispered, —

"She 's up there, I 'm sure. Don't alarm her."

"How can I help it?" he asked.

I had as little of wisdom on the point

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as he; but I heard a noise. I saw a glimmer of light, as I looked up; then it was gone. I put my head through the opening, then reached down for the lamp. I held it up, and called, —

"Miss Axtell!"

No answer.

"We shall have to go up," her brother said.

I entered the tower, the place I had so loved before, — and now seemed destined to atone for my love by suffering.

"Don't let the light go out, Mr. Axtell," were all the words spoken; and we went up the long, winding stairway.

At the top stood Miss Axtell, fixed and statue-like, with fever-excited eyes. She looked not at us, but far away, through the rough wood inside, through the stone of the tower: her gaze seemed limitless.

"Come, Lettie! come, sister! come home with me," her brother said.

She heeded not; the only seeming effect was a convulsion of the muscles used in holding the lamp. I ventured to take it from her.

"Where did you find it?" she asked, in determined tones; "will you tell me now?"

"Whom is she speaking to?" asked Mr. Axtell.

I answered, —

"Yes, Miss Axtell, it was in here."

"Where is the rest?" and her beautiful eyes were coruscant.

I handed to her the last of the trophies of my first visit. She seized it eagerly.

"Don't do that," said Mr. Axtell, as she lighted it from the lamp he held. But she was not to be stayed; she held it aloft until the fire came down and touched her fingers; then she dropped it, burning still, down to the stone floor, far below.

She seemed helpless then; she looked as she did when a few hours before she had said, "I want some one to help me."

"Oh! — I 've — lost — something!" and she tolled the words out, as slowly as the notes of the passing bell.

"What is it, Lettie? Come home; the day is breaking"; and Mr. Axtell put his arm about her

I thought of the letter that I had picked up in the passage-way.

"What have you lost, Miss Axtell? Is it anything that I could find for you?" and I laid my hand upon hers, as the only method of drawing away her eyes from their terrible immutation of expression.

"You? No, I should think not; how could you? you only found a piece of it."

"What is this?" I asked; and I held up the letter: the superscription was visible only to herself.

What a change came over her! Soft, dewy tears melted in those burning eyes, and sent a mist of sweet effluence over her face. Mr. Axtell was still supporting her; she did not touch the letter I held; she reached out both of her hands, bent a little toward me, — for she was much taller than I am, — took my cold, shivering face in those two burning hands, and touched my forehead with her lips.

"God has made you well," she said; "thank Him."

She did not ask for the letter. I put it whence I had taken it. She evidently trusted me with it.

"Abraham, I 'm sick," she said; and she laid her head upon his shoulder, passively as an infant might have done.

Her strength was gone; she could no longer support herself, and the day was breaking. Mr. Axtell, strong, vigorous, full-souled man as I knew him to be, looked at me, and his look said, "What am I to do with her?"

I answered it by throwing off the shawl and putting it upon the floor where we were standing, and saying, —

"Let her rest here, until I come."

I took the still burning lamp and went down, — down through the entrance into the deep, walled passage-way, on, step after step, through this black tunnel, built, when, I knew not, or by whom; but I was brave now. *I had won the trust of a soul:* it was light unto my feet. I reached the twelve stone steps leading into the church. I ran lightly up them, and, stooping, crept into this still house of God. Silence held the place. The

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next reign would be that of worship. Is it thus in the church-yard, after the silence of Death, — the long waiting, listening for the slowly gathering voice of praise, that, one fair day in time, time, shall transfuse the reverent souls, until the voice of the dew God sends down shall be heard dropping on the grassy sod, and welcomed as the prelude to the archangel's grand semibreve that will usher in the sublime Psalm of Everlasting Life?

Wait on, souls! it is good to wait the voice of the Lord God Almighty, who holdeth the earth in the hollow of His hand, — His hand, that we may feel for, when the way is dark, whose living fibres thrill both heart and soul. Yes, God's hand is never away from earth. I reached out anew for it in that dismal pathway through which I had come, and it guided me into this quiet, peaceful place, full of morning rays.

I did not stop to think all this; I felt it; for feeling is swifter than thought. Thought is the tree; feeling, the blossom thereof. I closed the panelling behind me, leaving the church as it had been on the day when I saw the little hungry mouse treading sacred places. I went down the aisle; and as I passed by the hempen rope in the vestibule that so often had set the bell a-ringing, a longing came to do it now, to tell the village-people, by voice of sacred bell, that there was a new-born worship come down from Heaven. But I did not. I hurried on, and went out, locking the door after me. The March morning was cold. I missed the shawl I had left. My hair was as much astir as Aaron's had been one morning, not long before, and I truly believe there was as much of theology in it. No one was abroad. People sleep late on Sunday mornings. The east was blossoming into a magnificent sunflower.

Looking at myself, as I began my walk, I laughed aloud. I was still carrying a lighted lamp, — for the wind, like the village-people, slept at sunrise. I comforted myself by thinking of a predecessor somewhat famous for a like deed, and bent upon a like errand. The man that I searched for I should surely find, and honest, too; for it was Aaron.

The parsonage was cruelly inhospitable. No door was left unfastened. I knocked at a window opening on the veranda. I gave the signal-knock that Sophie and I had listened and opened to, unhesitatingly, for many years. It needed nothing more. Instantly I heard Sophie say, — "That 's Anna's knock"; and immediately thereafter the curtain was put aside, and Sophie's precious face and azure eyes peeped out. She looked in amazement to see me thus, and in one moment more had let me in.

"Wake Aaron," I said, without giving her time to question me.

"He is awake. What has happened? Is Miss Axtell dying?" she questioned.

"No," I said; "but I want to speak to Aaron, directly. I 'm going to my room one moment."

I went up. The tower-key was hanging where I had left it. I took it down, and made myself respectable by covering up my breezy hair with a hood, with the further precaution of a cloak. I had not long to wait for Aaron's coming; but it was long enough to remind me to carry some restorative with me. Aaron came.

"Miss Axtell is very ill," I said; "she is quite wild, and left the house in the night. She 's up in the church-yard tower. Will you help her brother take her home, as soon as you possibly can?"

"How strange!" were his only words; and as I went the garden way, Aaron started to arouse his horse from morning sleep.

"No one need to know the church entrance," I thought; and as I went in, I tried to close down the heavy stone, which fitted in so well, that it seemed, like all the others, built to stay.

I could not stir it. Perhaps Aaron would not look, when he came in; but doubting his special blindness, I asked Mr. Axtell to put it back. He seemed to comprehend my meaning. I took his place beside Miss Axtell. She was no longer wilful or determined. Her strength was gone. Her head drooped upon my

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shoulder, and when I held a spoon, filled with the restorative that I had brought, to her lips, they opened, and she took that which I gave, mechanically. Her eyelids were down. I looked at the fair, beautiful face that lay so near to my eyes. It was full of the softest pencillings; little golden sinuosities of light were woven all over it; and the blue lines along which emotion flies were wonderfully arrowy and sky-like in their wanderings, for they left no trace to tell whence they came or whither led. I heard the heavy, ponderous weight let fall. It *was* the same sound as that which I heard on that memorable night. Miss Axtell shivered a little; or was it but the effect of the concussion?

The brother came up; he looked down, kindly at me, lovingly at his sister.

"Shall I relieve you?" he asked.

I folded my arm only a little more tightly for answer, and said, —

"Mr. Wilton will be here soon; he is getting the carriage, to take your sister home."

"I will go and help him, if you don't mind being left"; and he looked inquiringly.

"There 's no danger. I shall not fall asleep," I said.

"She 's harmless now, poor child! If we can only get her back safely!" And with these words he left me again.

Sophie came up soon, quite fearless now. She brought a variety of comforting things, among them a pillow. Miss Axtell was too much exhausted to open her eyes, or speak. I thought two or three times that she had ceased to breathe. What if she should die here? They came. She was lifted up, and borne down to the carriage, that waited outside the graveyard. Helpless ones are carried in often: never before (it might be) had one been taken thence. And still the village-people seemed to be buried in rest.

Sophie and I walked on, whilst slowly the carriage proceeded to the gable-roofed, high-chimneyed house, that arose, well defined and clear, in the early sunlight. Smoke was rising from the kitchen-fire. Sophie and I went in, just as the carriage stopped. She waited to receive the invalid, whilst I went up to see if the absence had been discovered. It was but little more than an hour since Mr. Axtell and I had gone out. Evidently there had been no visitors. The wood that had been put on the fire before I left had gone down into glowing coals that looked warm and inviting. I kneeled and stirred them to a brighter glow, and put on more wood, my fingers very stiff the while. I drew back the curtains from the bed, smoothed the pillows, and the disorder occasioned by our hasty exodus, and went down. Aaron and Mr. Axtell had carried the poor invalid to the library, and laid her upon the sofa there, but it was very cold. The fire was not yet built.

There was a sound of some one coming from the kitchen-way. Mr. Axtell looked at me. "You know how to keep a secret," he said, and motioned me in the direction whence came the sound. I hurried out, closing the door, and met Katie running up to know "what had happened?"

I sent her back on some slight pretext, and followed whither she went. I heard the cook mumblingly scolding about "noises in the night, dogs barking and doors shutting, she knew; such a house as it was, with people dying, getting sick, and putting every sort of a bothersome dream into a quiet body's head, that wanted to rest, just as she worked, like a Christian." And all the while she went on making preparations for a future breakfast.

"What was 't now that ye heard? Kate, you 're easy enough at hearing o' noises in the broad daylight: I wish 't ye would be as harksome at night."

"Hush, Cooky!" said Katie; "Miss Percival is here."

I went up to Cooky and soothed her, told her that I had heard the dog barking too, and that I thought that I *did* hear something like the shutting of a door in the night. Cooky rewarded my efforts at sympathy by expressing gladness "that there was one sensible person in the house that had ears fit for Christian purposes."

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"Don't mind her, Miss Percival," Katie said; "she 's cross because I wakened her too early; she 'll get over it when she has had her breakfast."

I gave Katie something to do, telling her to make coffee for Miss Axtell as soon as possible; and with a few more words, meant to be conciliating to Cooky, I took up the glass Katie brought me, and went back.

They had carried Miss Axtell up-stairs. Sophie was taking her wrappings off. How carefully she had guarded herself, even in her illness, for the walk! and now, all the nerve of fever gone, she lay as white and strengthless as she had done in the tower. I went for Doctor Eaton, on my own responsibility.

"He would come in a few minutes," was the message to me.

Sophie said "that she would stay, for I must go home."

As she said so, a little wavering cloud of doubt went across her forehead, eclipsing, for a moment, its light; then all was bright again.

"What is it?" I asked. "Something for Aaron, I know."

Sophie looked the least bit like a rather old child asking for sugar-candy; but she said, —

"Just you tie his cravat for him, there 's a good sister; don't forget; that 's all. After that you may go to sleep, and sleep all day. You look as if you needed it."

She came to say one more forgotten thing, —

"Just see that Aaron gets a white handkerchief: he 's fond of gay colors, you know. Two Sundays ago, when I was n't looking, he carried off to church one of Chloe's turbans, and deliberately shook out the three-cornered article, and never knew the difference till his face told him it was cotton instead of silk."

I promised extra caution on the second point, and had just closed the lower door — Aaron was already holding the gate open for me — when the softly purplish bands of hair came again into the wind.

"One thing more, Anna: *do* see what he takes for a sermon. The text is in the fifth chapter of First Thessalonians. He will certainly pick up a Fast-day or a Thanksgiving sermon, if you don't put the right one into his hands."

"Has n't he two sermons on the same chapter?" I asked.

"Yes, half a dozen. You 'll know the one for to-day; I wrote it for him the day he had the headache; the text is" — and there was a little moment of thought; then she said — "'Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.' Aaron 's waiting; don't keep him; good bye!" and she was closed in.

I felt faint and weary, now that there was no more to be done. The village-people were awake. Village-sounds were abroad in the Sunday atmosphere, vibrant with holiness. The farmers stopped in their care for their animals, and spent a moment in innocent wonder of the reason why their pastor should be abroad thus early.

Chloe's turban welcomed us first, then Chloe's self. Breakfast, that morning, had a rare charm about it for me. I felt that I had a right to it; in some wise it was a breakfast earned. Aaron looked melancholy; his coffee was not charmful, I knew; the chemical changes that sugar and milk wrought were not the same as when Sophie presided over the laboratory of the breakfast-tray. I am not an absorbent, and so I reflected Aaron's discomfort. He was disposed to question me for a reason for Miss Axtell's aberration. I was not empowered to give one, and was fully determined to impart no information until such time as I could with honor tell all. Aaron desisted after a while, and changed interrogation for information.

"We 're to have a new sexton," he said.

"Why, Aaron?" I asked, — and, in my surprise, put sugar, destined for my coffee, into a glass of water.

"Because Abraham Axtell has resigned."

"When?"

"This very morning."

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"He will be sexton until you find another, will he not?"

"For one week only," he said.

I remembered that my pocket held the church-key. I could not send it to him without exciting question. Aaron would surely ask how I came by it, if I trusted him to restore it. So, sleepy, weary, I sat down at the window from which Sophie and her sister Anna had watched the strange man digging in the frosty earth, — sat down to my last watching, waiting to see Mr. Axtell come up to ring the first bell.

I found I was an hour too early; so I went and talked to Chloe a little, scattered crumbs for the first-come birds and corn for the chickens, and looked down the deep, deep well, with its curb lichened over, into the dark pupil of water, whose iris is never disturbed, unless by the bucket that hung in such gibbety repose on the lofty extreme of the great sweep, that creaked dismally, uttering a pitiful cry of complaint. If it had n't been Sunday, I would have coaxed Aaron to pour some oil on its turbulence; but since Sunday it was, I was to be content to let it screech on. It was not a "sheep fallen into a pit," only a disturbed well-sweep. Do well-sweeps feel, I wonder? Why not? Mr. Axtell asked how I knew that the dead cannot hear.

Aaron came out in search of me. He had been assiduously trying to make a ministerial disposition of his cravat, until it was creased and wrinkled beyond repair.

"I did not know that you put on the paraphernalia of pastorhood so early," I said, "or I would have come in."

"I shall be very thankful, if you 'll give me a respectable appearance," he said, which I faithfully tried to do.

I gave him the sermon and the proper handkerchief, then left him to his hour of seclusion before service, when even Sophie never went nigh.

Half-past nine of the clock came. It was the time for the ringing of the first bell. No sexton appeared. I looked far down the street, having walked to the corner of the church for the purpose. Perhaps Mr. Axtell was searching for the key. What if I should ring the bell? I had wished to, still earlier in the morning. No one would see me go in.

The third time I entered within the church. The bell-rope swayed to and fro with a mimic oscillation; a sort of admonitory premonition of what it must shortly do ran up its fibres. I had left the entrance into the place devoted to worship open. I closed it now. There was nothing very alarming in standing there. The floor was oaken and old; the walls were gray, and seamed with crevices; there were steps, at either extreme, leading into galleries, — one for the choir, two for happy children excluded by numbers from the straight family-pews, right under Aaron's gray eyes, that saw everything, except the few items that Sophie must watch for him, such as neckties, handkerchiefs, and sermons.

There was a smooth place on the rope. The roughness had been worn away by contact of human hands. Abraham Axtell's hands — the same that covered his face before the young girl's picture, that digged the grave, and so gently soothed his sister that very morning — had worn it smooth. It was out of my reach, too high up for me to attain unto; and so I held it tightly lower down. The ungrateful rope was very prickly; it hurt me, but I held fast, and slowly, surely drew it down. Too slowly; there was not sound enough to frighten a bird out of the belfry, had one been there to listen; but Aaron, on his knees within his study, praying for the gift of healing, that he might restore sick souls, would hear. Once more I drew the rope, with a tiny persistence that was childish, amusing. A baby-tone came to me from the bell, accustomed to other things. I had gained courage from the two attempts; it grew rapidly; and soon, out into the people's homes, the sounding strokes were ringing, clear, sonorous, and true. I had never noticed how long a time the "first bell" rang. It was the last Sunday morning's service of the sexton. He might be

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expected to linger a little in the net-work of memory; and thus, anxious to do my duty well, I rang on.

The neighbor's boy opened the door and put his head inside; and then he opened his eyes wondrously wide at me, and, frightened, ran away. I left my bell to tone itself to silence, with little sighing notes, like a child sobbing itself into sleep, and called after him. The rough boy came to me. I asked "if he would do me a favor." He said, "of course he would."

"I wish you to build the church-fires; and don't tell any one that you saw me ringing the bell."

"If you tell me not to, I sha'n't," was his laconic reply.

I went home, my latest duty done. I saw, far down the willow-arched street, Mr. Axtell coming.

With closed blinds, and room of silence, I ought to have found rest; but I did not. I heard Aaron go out. I trusted that he had got the proper sermon. I heard the second bell ring. It was so near, how could I help it? I heard the congregation singing. Triumphant joy was the impression that the song brought to my darkened room. I thought of the letter that was in my pocket. It did not please me to feel that it was out of my keeping. I took it thence, and held it in my hands. It had no envelope. It was written upon soft, white paper, and was addressed to some one: to whom I would not see. Not if my happiness depended upon it, would I sacrifice the trust reposed in me. Holding the letter thus, a face came to memory. It was the third face of the three that had been painted in anthracite. I could not tell where I had known it in life. It did not seem as if it belonged to mortal time. I got up, opened the blinds for a moment, and looked in the glass. I saw myself,—and yet,—yes, there was a similitude to that I saw in memory; and then that strange, sad seeming of soul-sense, that says, "Such as you are, you have been *somewhere* for ages," overwhelmed and sent shakings of solemn ague to me.

"I 'm getting ill," I thought; "I 'll have no more of this."

I looked at a bottle of chloroform standing conveniently near, took it up, and drew out the stopper. Lifting it to the light, I looked at it. Quiet and calm and peaceful it reposed, unconscious of ill done or to be done by itself. It was so innocent that I could not let it sin by hurting me. I gazed again at my reflection in the glass, and a sudden intuition taught me a startling truth.

It may have been, nay, must have been, the innocence born of the lucent chloroform, reflected in my own face; but I was certain that the mirror and the Axtell house contained two pictures that were the one like the other. I smiled at the fancy. The illusion, if illusion it was, fled. The picture on the wall never smiled from out the canvas. I took dark winding-cloths and bound them about my head, covering the hair and forehead, all the while watching the effect produced in the mirror. The result was somewhat striking, it is true, but not of the agreeable style. I unbound my frontlet, taking off the black phylactery, whose memorable sentence, written in white letters, had been visible to myself alone. A contrast suggested itself to me. I would try white; and so I materialized the suggestion, and stood looking the least bit in the world like a nun, bound about with my white vestments, and had obtained only one very unsatisfactory glimpse of the effect produced upon the sensitive heart of quicksilver, when I found that that subtile heart responded to influences other than mine. What I discovered was another face, not in the most remote degree like mine,—as different as it could possibly be,—a face belonging to the carboniferous strata of the human ages. Had it been imitating me? Its race are eminent for imitative genius. A queer sort of a nun it was, wearing neither black nor white, but high tropical hues. Repose of being did not belong to this face. It darted around, and looked into my eyes.

"Goodness o' mercy Miss Anna, what

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ails thee's little head? is it quite turned with being up o' nights? Lie down, little honey! let old Chloe bathe it for thee." And Chloe hummed around the room like a bee; she folded up the petals of light that I had unbudded when I wanted to see what manner of face I had. Strange fancy it is that the extra fairy gives to mortals, this breaking up of roses and dolls and joys, to find what is in them!

I was pleased to have Chloe come in, to take charge of me. I had gone a little way beyond my own proper realm, and it was grateful to feel my centrifugal tendencies overcome by this sable centripetency of force, that took off my strange habitings, — only the paraphernalia of headache to her. Pillowing the head supposed to be tormented with pain, Chloe went about to remedy the evil by drowning it in lavender-water. I let her think what she pleased, and bravely lifted up the mount of my head, like Ararat of old unto the great deluge; but she would not let me talk as I pleased. Chloe was half a century old, with a warm, affectionate, red heart under her black seeming; and it pulsated around me now, as I lay there, under her care, in absolute quiet, hushed to content by her humming ways and words.

The second hymn of the church-service was sending its voice of worship up unto the Lord of all the earth, and Chloe and I, two of the children of that Lord, upon His earth, were awed by it. "The neighbor's boy must have left a window open," I thought. The fruitage of song blossomed on, the petalled notes withered and fell, and Chloe garnered in her harvest from the field, with a quaintly expressed regret that she "was n't in the meadows of the land of Canaan, where taller songs were growing."

"Never mind, Chloe," I said; "the hymns of earth are very sweet; you can wait a little longer, can't you?"

"Don't you talk, child; you 'll make your head ache again. Yes, old Chloe is willing to wait; there 's honey and sugar left on the ground for her to find, only she 's old now, she can 't *stoop to pick it up* as well as she could once."

"What do you mean, Chloe?"

"Did n't I tell ye you must n't talk, Miss Anna? Don't be trying to trouble yourself with old Chloe's meanings: they have n't any understanding in them for other people to find out."

"Why not, Chloe?"

"Thee 's talking again, Miss Anna. It 's the Lord's thoughts that are given to black Chloe, and she has n't anything to dress them up in but her own, poor, old, ragged words, that a'n't fit to use any way; so Chloe 'll wait until she gets something better to make 'em 'pear to belong to the Lord that owns 'em"; and Chloe still soothingly bathed my head, which I think was aching all the while, only I should not have found it out, if she had not told me it.

"I want to ask you a question, Chloe."

"Well, just one, honey!"

"Am I much like — do I look as my mother used to?"

"Blessed child! no, no more 'n I do; only ye 've both got white faces from the good Lord, and He did n't please to give Chloe anything better than a black one."

"What did she look like?"

"Thee 's not to talk one word more. Chloe must go and look after Master Aaron's dinner; he does n't like husks to feed on. Mistress Percival was like an angel, when the Lord took her from the earth. I 'm afraid old Chloe would n't know her now, she 's been so long with Seraphim and Cherubim in the Great City with the light of the Celestial Sun shining in her face. I 'm afraid Chloe would n't dare to speak to her, if she was to meet her in the shining street of the New Jerusalem."

"She would know you, though, Chloe."

"There is n't any night there, Miss Anna; she could n't see me; I 'm black and wicked"; and Chloe dropped something upon my hand. It was a tear from her great eyes.

"Your soul will be white, Chloe. Christ will make it so."

"Well, well, honey, don't you trouble yourself 'bout my soul. The Lord made

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it, and I guess He 'll take care of it, when it gets free from the earth"; and Chloe went down to look after a fragment of the very earth she was anxious to escape from.

I heard this child of "Afric's golden sands" singing a song to soothe her soul among the dinner-deeds that she was enacting. Then I thought me of the earth lying in the hollow of God's hand, and in some way I wished that I might get in between the earth and the Holding Hand, and a wisp of the sweet hymn, "Nearer to Thee, my God," floated out from my heart's voice, almost with music in it. And the wishing words melted into an air of prayer. I felt the mighty Hand around me. I put myself fearlessly into the loving depths thereof, engraved with lines of life, and slept securely there. Did the divine fingers draw me a little more closely, and press the lines engraven on the Hand into my soul, and leave an impression of dreams there? I felt myself going swiftly on and up through a skyey gradient, and the soft, balmy air, displaced by my passing through, fell back into its own place with pearly music. I wanted to open my eyes and see where I was going; but I could not. I was passive in action, active in thought only. Then, the music growing fainter and fainter as the atmosphere became more celestially rarefied, I felt the supporting Hand going away from me. One after another the fingers loosened their hold, and yet I did not feel that I was falling. It was gone, and I floated on. With its absence came the wish for action. My eyes were unloosed, and I looked up. Far above me I saw the Hand that had brought me up hither. It had gone on before, and was waiting my coming. I made an effort to reach it.

A voice came; and clouds, rosy, ambient, such as angels hang around the pavilion of the sun, were unfolding their glory-woven webs and weaving me in. "It is good to be here," I whispered to my spirit's inmost sense of hearing; and the voice that I heard spake these words unto me: —

"You have been brought up hither to learn your mission upon the earth to which you go."

Old, prophetic, syllabic sounds, lisped in the place whence I had come, were given unto me, and I answered, —

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!"

Then a rushing wind of sound filled my ears, and I saw the flashing of a wing of angel in among the cumulosity of clouds, and it made an opening into an ethereous region beyond. An oval, azurous picture was before me, set in this rolling, surging frame of ambient gold and silver glory.

"It is not for me to see in there," I thought; and I shut my eyes.

The voice that I had heard before spake once more: —

"Learn what thy God would have thee to do. Look up!"

Obeying the mighty behest, I beheld, and an ovaline picture, painted in the artistry of heaven, let down from the crystalline walls, that I might not see, and held fast by a cord of gold, safe in an angel's keeping, God had sent for me to look upon.

It was not such as masters of earth toil to paint. It was a living group that I saw.

Four figures stood there.

The first one was the face that I had just asked Chloe the semblance of. Loving past expression's power. The love emitted from those eyes brought tears into mine, and I heard one of them go dropping down, down into the cloudy deep below, as one day I had heard one falling elsewhere, on a cold stone.

Two hands were wafted out towards me, and the lips were just parted, as if waiting for coming words. I looked and listened, a little blinded by the glory and my tears.

"Go forth, dear child, to the work thy God appoints for thee to do!"

I looked up a little higher, just over the face of my mother, and, in holiest benediction, the Hand that had brought me up hither was laid upon her head. One stood beside her, leaning upon her

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shoulder. I recognized the face of the mysterious young girl.

"Will you do something for me on the earth, whence I have been called?" she asked.

The mighty voice that rang amid the clouds bade me "Answer." And tremulously, as if my poor earth-words had no place in the exceeding brightness, I gave an "I will."

"Comfort you the one afflicted. Tell him to look no longer into my grave. Let him not wander beside the marble foam that surges up from the Sea of Death, for that the Lord hath prepared another way for his footsteps. Lead him a little while on the earth, and then" ——

I know not what more she would have spoken, for the Hand closed her lips. I sought my mother's face. It was gone. Another came forward. I felt involuntarily for the cold hand that one night wandered under the sod in search of the face that now I saw in this picture let down from crystalline walls.

"I have a message for you," were the words I heard. "Tell her that I know what she would tell me: I have been made to know it here, where all things are clear: tell her that my forgiveness is as large as the heaven to which I have been permitted to enter in. Give her of the love that I did not when I might have done it."

The Hand was offered to her. Pleadingly, she looked up at it. For a moment my eyelids were heavy. When the weight was lifted, only one figure remained upon the celestial canvas. I could not see the countenance thereof: hands were clasped tightly over it.

"One more message the Lord permits for earth," said a touching, trembling, praying voice. "Say unto one sinning, that I have prayed unto the Christ that died for him, — that his mother is always praying for her son. Find out his sin, and solace his soul with the knowledge of my prayers."

The angel-wing that had cleaved the sky to let this picture in lifted her upon its pinions, and bore her through the azure, and I saw the great Hand open, as of one casting out many seeds upon the earth. Again an angel-wing swept its way among the clouds, and folds of opaline glow pavilioned the entrance into cerulean heights, and a solemn voice uttered these words out of the great All-Where around me: —

"I am the Lord thy God. I will show thee the way wherein I would have thee to walk. Rest thy soul in my love, and it shall satisfy thee."

With heart and soul and voice, my all of being cried out, —

"Only let Thy hand hold me!"

I awoke with one of those awful heart-exciting starts that come in sleep, such as a new planet might give when first projected into its orbit, before centrifugal and centripetal forces have time to exert their influences. I wonder what it is. Can it be a misstep, in the darkness, into the abyss between the land of waking and the land where there are nor years nor months nor days, where the soul abides in Lethe, — save when some wing troubles the waters for a little while?

I was wearied, with the weariness of one having come from long journeying. I closed my eyes again, and tried to sleep. Chloe looked in at me.

"Have you had a nice sleep, Miss Anna?" she asked, as I moved at her coming.

"I fear not, Chloe," I said; "my head does n't behave nicely since I awoke. Bring me the bottle of chloroform: it 's just there, upon the bureau."

Chloe went hurrying, bustling out of the room, and brought me the chloroform from some other part of the house.

"Where did you bring this from?" I asked; "do you use chloroform?"

"I 've a horror of all pisons," said Chloe; "I did n't like to leave this near you; pisons is very bad for young people."

Smiling at Chloe's prudent fears for me, I inhaled a little of the friend, dangerous, and to be trusted only a little way, like the most of friends, and gave it back to Chloe. The honest woman restored it to her pocket in the presence of

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my two eyes. I had had enough of it, and I let her carry it away, — a victory she enjoyed, I knew, and it cost me nothing, save a smile at her idle fears for me. I did not know then that Chloe had, in her semi-century of life, found a reason for her dread of poisons, among which she evidently promoted chloroform to a high power in the field of active service.

I arose with a *new* feeling in my existence. I felt that I had been led into a strange avenue of life, constellated with the Southern Cross, which I had never yet seen. It was daylight now. I must await the coming of the hours when God maketh the darkness to curtain round the earth, that He may come down and walk in "the groves and grounds that His own feet have hallowed," that He may look near at what the children of men will to do. I must await this hour, when heaven will be thick with legions of starry eyes, that look down through the empyrean at their God walking among men.

Is it wonderful that they tremble so, when He who saith, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," seeth so much to awaken the eye that "never slumbereth nor sleepeth" to retribution? If angels tremble so, safe in heavenly heights, how ought poor sinful man to fear for himself, lest that vengeance overtake him, ere he have time to cry, "Have mercy!"

I took up the Holy Bible, and opened it, as I often had done before, with the belief at work within my heart, that whatsoever words my eyes first fell upon would be prophetic to me. I opened and read, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

And I, kneeling, prayed, "Show me, my God, what Thou wilt have me to do, or to be! Work Thou within me! Let the one little atom of Thyself that Thou hast given into my keeping be so holily guarded, so sacredly kept, that, at the last, it may come back a fibre of Thine own Self, and be received into the Great Existence that liveth forever and ever!"

I arose and walked forth into this newness of life, enveloped with a halo of the Divine effluence, in which I hoped forever to dwell, — or if forever had any meaning to me, it was in an existent now.

I passed through Aaron's study, and an awe of reverence led me to pause before the table where he had worked for so many days, worked to make God's salvation seem harmonious with man's free-will; and, in loving all suffering human kind, newness of love for Aaron and for his cool-browed wife came to me: not that I had not loved them long, but there come neap-tides into the oceans of emotion, and work solemnly, awfully, until great frothings from the storm lie all a-tremble on the coasts of the land whither our course tends in the daily, hourly round of life.

I 'm very glad Aaron did n't come in just then. It is good to be with God alone, in deep emotions. It never was meant by the Good Spirit for man to behold what is in his brother-man. I think we 'd all fly — as far apart as the Universe would give us leave. Just let the effervescence of one life o'erlip the cup and fall into another, and the draught would be a drink of electricity. Who would care to taste it? Not Aaron, I 'm sure. And so I shook out this crispy lace of emotion that was rather choking in my throat, and went down to where Chloe watched the elements whence all this chemistry had been evolved.

"I thought ye 'd be coming after somewhat to eat," Chloe said; "but I knew, if I asked you, you 'd sure say, 'No, honey'"; and she went about to "do me good," in her own way.

I heard the afternoon's latest hymn sung in the church whilst I waited. I saw the great congregation come out, and, with divided ways, go each homeward. Sophie had not returned. I wanted to hear from Miss Axtell. Last of all walked Aaron. With bent head and slow musingness of step, he came to his home. I met him at the entrance.

"Are you tired with preaching, Aaron?" I asked.

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He looked up, at my unusual accost; and I think there must have been somewhat unwonted about me, he looked at me so long.

"No," he said, "I 've had a pleasant field to-day: there are violets, even in my pathways, Anna."

"Sophie 's a pansy," I said.

"Sophie 's a Sharon rose," spake Aaron.

He looked inquiringly at me, and added, —

"And you, Anna?"

"An aloe, Aaron."

He smiled the least in the world, and said, —

"Had I been asked, instead of being the asker, I should have made answer, 'She 's a Japan rose.'"

"Oh, Aaron, no fragrance! that 's not complimentary."

"Crush the leaves of heliotrope in the cup, Anna."

I did not understand what he meant, then; perhaps I do not now: some figure of speech from the Orient, I fancy, with a glow of meaning about it visible only to poetic vision. I lost my way, blinded in seeking to penetrate the mystery, and was brought back to Redleaf by two welcome events: the cup Chloe brought, and the letter Aaron gave, with a beseeching of pardon for having forgotten to give it in the morning.

I read my letter, interluding it with little commas of sipping at the cup. It was from my father, very brief, but somewhat stirring. Here it lies before me now.

"My Myrtle-Vine, —

"I want you at home. I am well; but that is no reason why I should not need your greenness on my walls. Come home, dear child, on the morrow. Do not fail me. You never have; 't would be cruel now, when spring is coming, the very time of hope. Waitingly,

"Your father,

"Julius Percival."

"What puts you in such a turmoil, Anna?" Aaron asked. "What has happened at home?"

I thought he had been duly attending to the state of his own inward hopes and fears, instead of mine. Slightly disconcerted by his gray eyes, the very same that disturb turbulent boys in church-time, I turned away from them, went to the door, and leaning against the side thereof, looking the while up at the sky, I answered, —

"I 'm going home on the morrow, Aaron."

"Going home?" he repeated, as if the words had borne an uncertain import. "Pray tell me, what has occurred?"

"It pleases my father to have me there. He gives no reason."

"What will Sophie say? She 's hardly seen you since you came, you 've been so usefully employed. I hope you have not hurt yourself. I wish you were going back with brighter color in your cheeks."

"There is something in Nature besides mere coloring," I said, and looked for the answer.

It was better than I thought to get.

"What?" he asked.

"Two things, Aaron,—conception and form."

Aaron mused awhile.

"What gave you the idea?" he asked, his musing over.

"Sermons in granite," I answered; and I looked at the sunshine, the afternoon radiance that fell soothingly into the winter-wearied grass lying in the graveyard, waiting like souls for the warmth of love to enlife them.

Aaron said, —

"Sandstone and limestone you mean, Anna."

"Oh, no, — granite. I mean the Axtells."

"I 'm glad you 've found anything comprehensible enough to call a sermon in them," he answered. "Ill, dying, and in affliction, they are impenetrable to me." And Aaron turned away and went in.

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LEAMINGTON SPA.

My dear Editor, —

You can hardly have expected to hear from me again, (unless by invitation to the field of honor,) after those cruel and terrible notes upon my harmless article in the July Number. How could you find it in your heart (a soft one, as I have hitherto supposed) to treat an old friend and liege contributor in that unheard-of way? Not that I should care a fig for any amount of vituperation, if you had only let my article come before the public as I wrote it, instead of suppressing precisely the passages with which I had taken most pains, and which I flattered myself were most cleverly done. The interview with the President, for example: it would have been a treasure to the future historian; and I hold you responsible to posterity for thrusting it into the fire. However, I cannot lose so good an opportunity of showing the world the placability and sweetness that adorn my character, and therefore send you another article, in which, I trust, you will find nothing to strike out, — unless, peradventure, you think that I may disturb the tranquillity of nations by my plan of annexing Great Britain, or my attempted adumbration of a fat English dowager!

Truly, yours,

A Peaceable Man.

In the course of several visits and stays of considerable length we acquired a homelike feeling towards Leamington, and came back thither again and again, chiefly because we had been there before. Wandering and wayside people, such as we had long since become, retain a few of the instincts that belong to a more settled way of life, and often prefer familiar and commonplace objects (for the very reason that they are so) to the dreary strangeness of scenes that might be thought much better worth the seeing. There is a small nest of a place in Leamington — at No. 16, Lansdowne Circus — upon which, to this day, my reminiscences are apt to settle as one of the coziest nooks in England, or in the world; not that it had any special charm of its own, but only that we stayed long enough to know it well, and even to grow a little tired of it. In my opinion, the very tediousness of home and friends makes a part of what we love them for; if it be not mixed in sufficiently with the other elements of life, there may be mad enjoyment, but no happiness.

The modest abode to which I have alluded forms one of a circular range of pretty, moderate-sized, two-story houses, all built on nearly the same plan, and each provided with its little grass-plot, its flowers, its tufts of box trimmed into globes and other fantastic shapes, and its verdant hedges shutting the house in from the common drive and dividing it from its equally cozy neighbors. Coming out of the door, and taking a turn round the circle of sister-dwellings, it is difficult to find your way back by any distinguishing individuality of your own habitation. In the centre of the Circus is a space fenced in with iron railing, a small play-place and sylvan retreat for the children of the precinct, permeated by brief paths through the fresh English grass, and shadowed by various shrubbery; amid which, if you like, you may fancy yourself in a deep seclusion, though probably the mark of eye-shot from the windows of all the surrounding houses. But, in truth, with regard to the rest of the town and the world at large, an abode here is a genuine seclusion; for the ordinary stream of life does not run through this little, quiet pool, and few or none of the inhabitants seem to be troubled with any business or outside activities. I used to set them down as half-pay officers, dowagers of narrow income, elderly maiden ladies, and other people of respectability, but small account, such as hang on the world's skirts rather than actually belong to it. The quiet of the place was seldom disturbed, except by the grocer and butcher, who came to receive orders,

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or the cabs, hackney-coaches, and Bath-chairs, in which the ladies took an infrequent airing, or the livery-steed which the retired captain sometimes bestrode for a morning ride, or by the red-coated postman who went his rounds twice a day to deliver letters, and again in the evening, ringing a hand-bell, to take letters for the mail. In merely mentioning these slight interruptions of its sluggish stillness, I seem to myself to disturb too much the atmosphere of quiet that brooded over the spot; whereas its impression upon me was, that the world had never found the way hither, or had forgotten it, and that the fortunate inhabitants were the only ones who possessed the spell-word of admittance. Nothing could have suited me better, at the time; for I had been holding a position of public servitude, which imposed upon me (among a great many lighter duties) the ponderous necessity of being universally civil and sociable.

Nevertheless, if a man were seeking the bustle of society, he might find it more readily in Leamington than in most other English towns. It is a permanent watering-place, a sort of institution to which I do not know any close parallel in American life: for such places as Saratoga bloom only for the summer season, and offer a thousand dissimilitudes even then; while Leamington seems to be always in flower, and serves as a home to the homeless all the year round. Its original nucleus, the plausible excuse for the town's coming into prosperous existence, lies in the fiction of a chalybeate well, which, indeed, is so far a reality that out of its magical depths have gushed streets, groves, gardens, mansions, shops, and churches, and spread themselves along the banks of the little river Leam. This miracle accomplished, the beneficent fountain has retired beneath a pump-room, and appears to have given up all pretensions to the remedial virtues formerly attributed to it. I know not whether its waters are ever tasted nowadays; but not the less does Leamington — in pleasant Warwickshire, at the very midmost point of England, in a good hunting neighborhood, and surrounded by country-seats and castles — continue to be a resort of transient visitors, and the more permanent abode of a class of genteel, unoccupied, well-to-do, but not very wealthy people, such as are hardly known among ourselves. Persons who have no country-houses, and whose fortunes are inadequate to a London expenditure, find here, I suppose, a sort of town and country life in one.

In its present aspect, the town is of no great age. In contrast with the antiquity of many places in its neighborhood, it has a bright, new face, and seems almost to smile even amid the sombreness of an English autumn. Nevertheless, it is hundreds upon hundreds of years old, if we reckon up that sleepy lapse of time during which it existed as a small village of thatched houses, clustered round a priory; and it would still have been precisely such a rural village, but for a certain Doctor Jephson, who lived within the memory of man, and who found out the magic well, and foresaw what fairy wealth might be made to flow from it. A public garden has been laid out along the margin of the Leam, and called the Jephson Garden, in honor of him who created the prosperity of his native spot. A little way within the garden-gate there is a circular temple of Grecian architecture, beneath the dome of which stands a marble statue of the good Doctor, very well executed, and representing him with a face of fussy activity and benevolence: just the kind of man, if luck favored him, to build up the fortunes of those about him, or, quite as probably, to blight his whole neighborhood by some disastrous speculation.

The Jephson Garden is very beautiful, like most other English pleasure-grounds; for, aided by their moist climate and not too fervid sun, the landscape-gardeners excel in converting flat or tame surfaces into attractive scenery, chiefly through the skilful arrangement of trees and shrubbery. An Englishman aims at this effect even in the little patches under the windows of a suburban villa,

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and achieves it on a larger scale in a tract of many acres. The Garden is shadowed with trees of a fine growth, standing alone, or in dusky groves and dense entanglements, pervaded by woodland paths; and emerging from these pleasant glooms, we come upon a breadth of sunshine, where the green sward — so vividly green that it has a kind of lustre in it — is spotted with beds of gemlike flowers. Rustic chairs and benches are scattered about, some of them ponderously fashioned out of the stumps of obtruncated trees, and others more artfully made with intertwining branches, or perhaps an imitation of such frail handiwork in iron. In a central part of the Garden is an archery-ground, where laughing maidens practise at the butts, generally missing their ostensible mark, but, by the mere grace of their action, sending an unseen shaft into some young man's heart. There is space, moreover, within these precincts, for an artificial lake, with a little green island in the midst of it; both lake and island being the haunt of swans, whose aspect and movement in the water are most beautiful and stately, — most infirm, disjointed, and decrepit, when, unadvisedly, they see fit to emerge, and try to walk upon dry land. In the latter case, they look like a breed of uncommonly ill-contrived geese; and I record the matter here for the sake of the moral, — that we should never pass judgment on the merits of any person or thing, unless we behold it in the sphere and circumstances to which it is specially adapted. In still another part of the Garden there is a labyrinthine maze, formed of an intricacy of hedge-bordered walks, involving himself in which, a man might wander for hours inextricably within a circuit of only a few yards, — a sad emblem, it seemed to me, of the mental and moral perplexities in which we sometimes go astray, petty in scope, yet large enough to entangle a lifetime, and bewilder us with a weary movement, but no genuine progress.

The Leam, after drowsing across the principal street of the town beneath a handsome bridge, skirts along the margin of the Garden without any perceptible flow. Heretofore I had fancied the Concord the laziest river in the world, but now assign that amiable distinction to the little English stream. Its water is by no means transparent, but has a greenish, goose-puddly hue, which, however, accords well with the other coloring and characteristics of the scene, and is disagreeable neither to sight nor smell. Certainly, this river is a perfect feature of that gentle picturesqueness in which England is so rich, sleeping, as it does, beneath a margin of willows that droop into its bosom, and other trees, of deeper verdure than our own country can boast, inclining lovingly over it. On the Garden-side it is bordered by a shadowy, secluded grove, with winding paths among its boskiness, affording many a peep at the river's imperceptible lapse and tranquil gleam; and on the opposite shore stands the priory-church, with its churchyard full of shrubbery and tombstones.

The business-portion of the town clusters about the banks of the Leam, and is naturally densest around the well to which the modern settlement owes its existence. Here are the commercial inns, the post-office, the furniture-dealers, the ironmongers, and all the heavy and homely establishments that connect themselves even with the airiest modes of human life; while upward from the river, by a long and gentle ascent, rises the principal street, which is very bright and cheerful in its physiognomy, and adorned with shop-fronts almost as splendid as those of London, though on a diminutive scale. There are likewise side-streets and cross-streets, many of which are bordered with the beautiful Warwickshire elm, a most unusual kind of adornment for an English town; and spacious avenues, wide enough to afford room for stately groves, with foot-paths running beneath the lofty shade, and rooks cawing and chattering so high in the tree-tops that their voices get musical before reaching the earth. The houses are mostly built in blocks

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and ranges, in which every separate tenement is a repetition of its fellow, though the architecture of the different ranges is sufficiently various. Some of them are almost palatial in size and sumptuousness of arrangement. Then, on the outskirts of the town, there are detached villas, inclosed within that separate domain of high stone fence and embowered shrubbery which an Englishman so loves to build and plant around his abode, presenting to the public only an iron gate, with a gravelled carriage-drive winding away towards the half-hidden mansion. Whether in street or suburb, Leamington may fairly be called beautiful, and, at some points, magnificent; but by-and-by you become doubtfully suspicious of a somewhat unreal finery: it is pretentious, though not glaringly so; it has been built, with malice aforethought, as a place of gentility and enjoyment. Moreover, splendid as the houses look, and comfortable as they often are, there is a nameless something about them, betokening that they have not grown out of human hearts, but are the creations of a skilfully applied human intellect: no man has reared any one of them, whether stately or humble, to be his life-long residence, wherein to bring up his children, who are to inherit it as a home. They are nicely contrived lodging-houses, one and all, — the best as well as the shabbiest of them, — and therefore inevitably lack some nameless property that a home should have. This was the case with our own little snuggery in Lansdowne Circus, as with all the rest: it had not grown out of anybody's individual need, but was built to let or sell, and was therefore like a ready-made garment, — a tolerable fit, but only tolerable.

All these blocks, ranges, and detached villas are adorned with the finest and most aristocratic names that I have found anywhere in England, except, perhaps, in Bath, which is the great metropolis of that second-class gentility with which watering-places are chiefly populated. Lansdowne Crescent, Lansdowne Circus, Lansdowne Terrace, Regent Street, Warwick Street, Clarendon Street, the Upper and Lower Parade: such are a few of the designations. Parade, indeed, is a well-chosen name for the principal street, along which the population of the idle town draws itself out for daily review and display. I only wish that my descriptive powers would enable me to throw off a picture of the scene at a sunny noontide, individualizing each character with a touch: the great people alighting from their carriages at the principal shop-doors; the elderly ladies and infirm Indian officers drawn along in Bath-chairs; the comely, rather than pretty, English girls, with their deep, healthy bloom, which an American taste is apt to deem fitter for a milkmaid than for a lady; the moustached gentlemen with frogged surtouts and a military air; the nursemaids and chubby children, but no chubbier than our own, and scampering on slenderer legs; the sturdy figure of John Bull in all varieties and of all ages, but ever with the stamp of authenticity somewhere about him.

To say the truth, I have been holding the pen over my paper, purposing to write a descriptive paragraph or two about the throng on the principal Parade of Leamington, so arranging it as to present a sketch of the British out-of-door aspect on a morning walk of gentility; but I find no personages quite sufficiently distinct and individual in my memory to supply the materials of such a panorama. Oddly enough, the only figure that comes fairly forth to my mind's eye is that of a dowager, one of hundreds whom I used to marvel at, all over England, but who have scarcely a representative among our own ladies of autumnal life, so thin, careworn, and frail, as age usually makes the latter. I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to

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become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we Western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, not always positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-founded self-reliance, such acquaintance with the world, its toils, troubles, and dangers, and such sturdy capacity for trampling down a foe. Without anything positively salient, or actively offensive, or, indeed, unjustly formidable to her neighbors, she has the effect of a seventy-four gun-ship in time of peace; for, while you assure yourself that there is no real danger, you cannot help thinking how tremendous would be her onset, if pugnaciously inclined, and how futile the effort to inflict any counter-injury. She certainly looks tenfold — nay, a hundredfold — better able to take care of herself than our slender-framed and haggard womankind; but I have not found reason to suppose that the English dowager of fifty has actually greater courage, fortitude, and strength of character than our women of similar age, or even a tougher physical endurance than they. Morally, she is strong, I suspect, only in society, and in the common routine of social affairs, and would be found powerless and timid in any exceptional strait that might call for energy outside of the conventionalities amid which she has grown up.

You can meet this figure in the street, and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ball-room, with the bare, brawny arms that she invariably displays there, and all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossom, but a spectacle to howl at in such an overblown cabbage-rose as this.

Yet, somewhere in this enormous bulk there must be hidden the modest, slender, violet-nature of a girl, whom an alien mass of earthliness has unkindly overgrown; for an English maiden in her teens, though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blossom, and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood shielded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment. It is a pity that the English violet should grow into such an outrageously developed peony as I have attempted to describe. I wonder whether a middle-aged husband ought to be considered as legally married to all the accretions that have overgrown the slenderness of his bride, since he led her to the altar, and which make her so much more than he ever bargained for! Is it not a sounder view of the case, that the matrimonial bond cannot be held to include the three-fourths of the wife that had no existence when the ceremony was performed? And as a matter of conscience and good morals, ought not an English married pair to insist upon the celebration of a Silver Wedding at the end of twenty-five years, in order to legalize and mutually appropriate that corporeal growth of which both parties have individually come into possession since they were pronounced one flesh?

The chief enjoyment of my several visits to Leamington lay in rural walks about the neighborhood, and in jaunts to places of note and interest, which are particularly abundant in that region. The high-roads are made pleasant to the traveller by a border of trees, and often

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afford him the hospitality of a wayside-bench beneath a comfortable shade. But a fresher delight is to be found in the foot-paths, which go wandering away from stile to stile, along hedges, and across broad fields, and through wooded parks, leading you to little hamlets of thatched cottages, ancient, solitary farm-houses, picturesque old mills, streamlets, pools, and all those quiet, secret, unexpected, yet strangely familiar features of English scenery that Tennyson shows us in his idyls and eclogues. These by-paths admit the wayfarer into the very heart of rural life, and yet do not burden him with a sense of intrusiveness. He has a right to go whithersoever they lead him; for, with all their shaded privacy, they are as much the property of the public as the dusty high-road itself, and even by an older tenure. Their antiquity probably exceeds that of the Roman ways; the footsteps of the aboriginal Britons first wore away the grass, and the natural flow of intercourse between village and village has kept the track bare ever since. An American farmer would plough across any such path, and obliterate it with his hills of potatoes and Indian corn; but here it is protected by law, and still more by the sacredness that inevitably springs up, in this soil, along the well-defined footprints of centuries. Old associations are sure to be fragrant herbs in English nostrils: we pull them up as weeds.

I remember such a path, the access to which is from Lovers' Grove, a range of tall old oaks and elms on a high hill-top, whence there is a view of Warwick Castle, and a wide extent of landscape, beautiful, though bedimmed with English mist. This particular foot-path, however, is not a remarkably good specimen of its kind, since it leads into no hollows and seclusions, and soon terminates in a high-road. It connects Leamington by a short cut with the small neighboring village of Lillington, a place which impresses an American observer with its many points of contrast to the rural aspects of his own country. The village consists chiefly of one row of contiguous dwellings, separated only by party-walls, but ill-matched among themselves, being of different heights, and apparently of various ages, though all are of an antiquity which we should call venerable. Some of the windows are leaden-framed lattices, opening on hinges. These houses are mostly built of gray stone; but others, in the same range, are of brick, and one or two are in a very old fashion, — Elizabethan, or still older, — having a ponderous framework of oak, painted black, and filled in with plastered stone or bricks. Judging by the patches of repair, the oak seems to be the more durable part of the structure. Some of the roofs are covered with earthen tiles; others (more decayed and poverty-stricken) with thatch, out of which sprouts a luxurious vegetation of grass, house-leeks, and yellow flowers. What especially strikes an American is the lack of that insulated space, the intervening gardens, grass-plots, orchards, broad-spreading shade-trees, which occur between our own village-houses. These English dwellings have no such separate surroundings; they all grow together, like the cells of a honey-comb.

Beyond the first row of houses, and hidden from it by a turn of the road, there was another row (or block, as we should call it) of small, old cottages, stuck one against another, with their thatched roofs forming a single contiguity. These, I presume, were the habitations of the poorest order of rustic laborers; and the narrow precincts of each cottage, as well as the close neighborhood of the whole, gave the impression of a stifled, unhealthy atmosphere among the occupants. It seemed impossible that there should be a cleanly reserve, a proper self-respect among individuals, or a wholesome unfamiliarity between families, where human life was crowded and massed into such intimate communities as these. Nevertheless, not to look beyond the outside, I never saw a prettier rural scene than was presented by this range of contiguous huts; for in front of the whole row was a luxuriant and well-trimmed hawthorn hedge, and

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belonging to each cottage was a little square of garden-ground, separated from its neighbors by a line of the same verdant fence. The gardens were chock-full, not of esculent vegetables, but of flowers, familiar ones, but very bright-colored, and shrubs of box, some of which were trimmed into artistic shapes; and I remember, before one door, a representation of Warwick Castle, made of oyster-shells. The cottagers evidently loved the little nests in which they dwelt, and did their best to make them beautiful, and succeeded more than tolerably well, — so kindly did Nature help their humble efforts with its verdure, flowers, moss, lichens, and the green things that grew out of the thatch. Through some of the open door-ways we saw plump children rolling about on the stone floors, and their mothers, by no means very pretty, but as happy-looking as mothers generally are; and while we gazed at these domestic matters, an old woman rushed wildly out of one of the gates, upholding a shovel, on which she clanged and clattered with a key. At first we fancied that she intended an onslaught against ourselves, but soon discovered that a more dangerous enemy was abroad; for the old lady's bees had swarmed, and the air was full of them, whizzing by our heads like bullets.

Not far from these two rows of houses and cottages, a green lane, overshadowed with trees, turned aside from the main road, and tended towards a square, gray tower, the battlements of which were just high enough to be visible above the foliage. Wending our way thitherward, we found the very picture and ideal of a country-church and church-yard. The tower seemed to be of Norman architecture, low, massive, and crowned with battlements. The body of the church was of very modest dimensions, and the eaves so low that I could touch them with my walking-stick. We looked into the windows, and beheld the dim and quiet interior, a narrow space, but venerable with the consecration of many centuries, and keeping its sanctity as entire and inviolate as that of a vast cathedral. The nave was divided from the side aisles of the church by pointed arches resting on very sturdy pillars: it was good to see how solemnly they held themselves to their age-long task of supporting that lowly roof. There was a small organ, suited in size to the vaulted hollow, which it weekly filled with religious sound. On the opposite wall of the church, between two windows, was a mural tablet of white marble, with an inscription in black letters, — the only such memorial that I could discern, although many dead people doubtless lay beneath the floor, and had paved it with their ancient tombstones, as is customary in old English churches. There were no modern painted windows, flaring with raw colors, nor other gorgeous adornments, such as the present taste for mediæval restoration often patches upon the decorous simplicity of the gray village-church. It is probably the worshipping-place of no more distinguished a congregation than the farmers and peasantry who inhabit the houses and cottages which I have just described. Had the lord of the manor been one of the parishioners, there would have been an eminent pew near the chancel, walled high about, curtained, and softly cushioned, warmed by a fireplace of its own, and distinguished by hereditary tablets and escutcheons on the inclosed stone pillar.

A well-trodden path led across the church-yard, and the gate being on the latch, we entered, and walked round among the graves and monuments. The latter were chiefly head-stones, none of which were very old, so far as was discoverable by the dates; some, indeed, in so ancient a cemetery, were disagreeably new, with inscriptions glittering like sunshine, in gold letters. The ground must have been dug over and over again, innumerable times, until the soil is made up of what was once human clay, out of which have sprung successive crops of gravestones, that flourish their allotted time, and disappear, like the weeds and flowers in their briefer period. The Eng-

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lish climate is very unfavorable to the endurance of memorials in the open air. Twenty years of it suffice to give as much antiquity of aspect, whether to tombstone or edifice, as a hundred years of our own drier atmosphere, — so soon do the drizzly rains and constant moisture corrode the surface of marble or freestone. Sculptured edges lose their sharpness in a year or two; yellow lichens overspread a beloved name, and obliterate it while it is yet fresh upon some survivor's heart. Time gnaws an English gravestone with wonderful appetite; and when the inscription is quite illegible, the sexton takes the useless slab away, and perhaps makes a hearthstone of it, and digs up the unripe bones which it ineffectually tried to memorialize, and gives the bed to another sleeper. In the Charter-Street burial-ground at Salem, and in the old graveyard on the hill at Ipswich, I have seen more ancient gravestones, with legible inscriptions on them, than in any English church-yard.

And yet this same ungenial climate, hostile as it generally is to the long remembrance of departed people, has sometimes a lovely way of dealing with the records on certain monuments that lie horizontally in the open air. The rain falls into the deep incisions of the letters, and has scarcely time to be dried away before another shower sprinkles the flat stone again, and replenishes those little reservoirs. The unseen, mysterious seeds of mosses find their way into the lettered furrows, and are made to germinate by the continual moisture and watery sunshine of the English sky; and by-and-by, in a year, or two years, or many years, behold the complete inscription — HERE LIETH THE BODY, and all the rest of the tender falsehood — beautifully embossed in raised letters of living green, a bas-relief of velvet moss on the marble slab! It becomes more legible, under the skyey influences, after the world has forgotten the deceased, than when it was fresh from the stone-cutter's hands. It outlives the grief of friends. I first saw an example of this in Bebbington churchyard, in Cheshire, and thought that Nature must needs have had a special tenderness for the person (no noted man, however, in the world's history) so long ago laid beneath that stone, since she took such wonderful pains to "keep his memory green." Perhaps the proverbial phrase just quoted may have had its origin in the natural phenomenon here described.

While we rested ourselves on a horizontal monument, which was elevated just high enough to be a convenient seat, I observed that one of the gravestones lay very close to the church, — so close that the droppings of the eaves would fall upon it. It seemed as if the inmate of that grave had desired to creep under the church-wall. On closer inspection, we found an almost illegible epitaph on the stone, and with difficulty made out this forlorn verse: —

> "Poorly lived,
> And poorly died,
> Poorly buried,
> And no one cried."

It would be hard to compress the story of a cold and luckless life, death, and burial into fewer words, or more impressive ones; at least, we found them impressive, perhaps because we had to re-create the inscription by scraping away the lichens from the faintly traced letters. The grave was on the shady and damp side of the church, endwise towards it, the head-stone being within about three feet of the foundation-wall; so that, unless the poor man was a dwarf, he must have been doubled up to fit him into his final resting-place. No wonder that his epitaph murmured against so poor a burial as this! His name, as well as I could make it out, was Treeo, — John Treeo, I think, — and he died in 1810, at the age of seventy-four. The gravestone is so overgrown with grass and weeds, so covered with unsightly lichens, and so crumbly with time and foul weather, that it is questionable whether anybody will ever be at the trouble of deciphering it again. But there is a quaint and sad kind of enjoyment in defeating (to such

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slight degree as my pen may do it) the probabilities of oblivion for poor John Treeo, and asking a little sympathy for him, half a century after his death, and making him better and more widely known, at least, than any other slumberer in Lillington church-yard: he having been, as appearances go, the outcast of them all.

You find similar old churches and villages in all the neighboring country, at the distance of every two or three miles; and I describe them, not as being rare, but because they are so common and characteristic. The village of Whitnash, within twenty minutes' walk of Leamington, looks as secluded, as rural, and as little disturbed by the fashions of to-day, as if Doctor Jephson had never developed all those Parades and Crescents out of his magic well. I used to wonder whether the inhabitants had ever yet heard of railways, or, at their slow rate of progress, had even reached the epoch of stage-coaches. As you approach the village, while it is yet unseen, you observe a tall, overshadowing canopy of elm-tree tops, beneath which you almost hesitate to follow the public road, on account of the remoteness that seems to exist between the precincts of this old-world community and the thronged modern street out of which you have so recently emerged. Venturing onward, however, you soon find yourself in the heart of Whitnash, and see an irregular ring of ancient rustic dwellings surrounding the village-green, on one side of which stands the church, with its square Norman tower and battlements, while close adjoining is the vicarage, made picturesque by peaks and gables. At first glimpse, none of the houses appear to be less than two or three centuries old, and they are of the ancient, wooden-framed fashion, with thatched roofs, which give them the air of birds' nests, thereby assimilating them closely to the simplicity of Nature.

The church-tower is mossy and much gnawed by time; it has narrow loopholes up and down its front and sides, and an arched window over the low portal, set with small panes of glass, cracked, dim, and irregular, through which a bygone age is peeping out into the daylight. Some of those old, grotesque faces, called gargoyles, are seen on the projections of the architecture. The church-yard is very small, and is encompassed by a gray stone fence that looks as ancient as the church itself. In front of the tower, on the village-green, is a yew-tree of incalculable age, with a vast circumference of trunk, but a very scanty head of foliage; though its boughs still keep some of the vitality which perhaps was in its early prime when the Saxon invaders founded Whitnash. A thousand years is no extraordinary antiquity in the lifetime of a yew. We were pleasantly startled, however, by discovering an exuberance of more youthful life than we had thought possible in so old a tree; for the faces of two children laughed at us out of an opening in the trunk, which had become hollow with long decay. On one side of the yew stood a framework of worm-eaten timber, the use and meaning of which puzzled me exceedingly, till I made it out to be the village-stocks: a public institution that, in its day, had doubtless hampered many a pair of shank-bones, now crumbling in the adjacent church-yard. It is not to be supposed, however, that this old-fashioned mode of punishment is still in vogue among the good people of Whitnash. The vicar of the parish has antiquarian propensities, and had probably dragged the stocks out of some dusty hiding-place, and set them up on their former site as a curiosity.

I disquiet myself in vain with the effort to hit upon some characteristic feature, or assemblage of features, that shall convey to the reader the influence of hoar antiquity lingering into the present daylight, as I so often felt it in these old English scenes. It is only an American who can feel it; and even he begins to find himself growing insensible to its effect, after a long residence in England. But while you are still new in the old country, it

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thrills you with strange emotion to think that this little church of Whitnash, humble as it seems, stood for ages under the Catholic faith, and has not materially changed since Wickcliffe's days, and that it looked as gray as now in Bloody Mary's time, and that Cromwell's troopers broke off the stone noses of those same gargoyles that are now grinning in your face. So, too, with the immemorial yew-tree: you see its great roots grasping hold of the earth like gigantic claws, clinging so sturdily that no effort of time can wrench them away; and there being life in the old tree, you feel all the more as if a contemporary witness were telling you of the things that have been. It has lived among men, and been a familiar object to them, and seen them brought to be christened and married and buried in the neighboring church and church-yard, through so many centuries, that it knows all about our race, so far as fifty generations of the Whitnash people can supply such knowledge. And, after all, what a weary life it must have been for the old tree! Tedious beyond imagination! Such, I think, is the final impression on the mind of an American visitor, when his delight at finding something permanent begins to yield to his Western love of change, and he becomes sensible of the heavy air of a spot where the forefathers and foremothers have grown up together, intermarried, and died, through a long succession of lives, without any intermixture of new elements, till family features and character are all run in the same inevitable mould. Life is there fossilized in its greenest leaf. The man who died yesterday or ever so long ago walks the village-street to-day, and chooses the same wife that he married a hundred years since, and must be buried again to-morrow under the same kindred dust that has already covered him half a score of times. The stone threshold of his cottage is worn away with his hob-nailed footsteps, scuffling over it from the reign of the first Plantagenet to that of Victoria. Better than this is the lot of our restless countrymen, whose modern instinct bids them tend always towards "fresh woods and pastures new." Rather than such monotony of sluggish ages, loitering on a village-green, toiling in hereditary fields, listening to the parson's drone lengthened through centuries in the gray Norman church, let us welcome whatever change may come, — change of place, social customs, political institutions, modes of worship, — trusting, that, if all present things shall vanish, they will but make room for better systems, and for a higher type of man to clothe his life in them, and to fling them off in turn.

Nevertheless, while an American willingly accepts growth and change as the law of his own national and private existence, he has a singular tenderness for the stone-incrusted institutions of the mother-country. The reason may be (though I should prefer a more generous explanation) that he recognizes the tendency of these hardened forms to stiffen her joints and fetter her ankles, in the race and rivalry of improvement. I hated to see so much as a twig of ivy wrenched away from an old wall in England. Yet change is at work, even in such a village as Whitnash. At a subsequent visit, looking more critically at the irregular circle of dwellings that surround the yew-tree and confront the church, I perceived that some of the houses must have been built within no long time, although the thatch, the quaint gables, and the old oaken framework of the others diffused an air of antiquity over the whole assemblage. The church itself was undergoing repair and restoration, which is but another name for change. Masons were making patchwork on the front of the tower, and were sawing a slab of stone and piling up bricks to strengthen the side-wall, or possibly to enlarge the ancient edifice by an additional aisle. Moreover, they had dug an immense pit in the church-yard, long and broad, and fifteen feet deep, two-thirds of which profundity were discolored by human decay and mixed up with crumbly bones. What this excavation was intended for I could nowise imagine, unless it were the very pit in which Longfellow

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bids the "Dead Past bury its Dead," and Whitnash, of all places in the world, were going to avail itself of our poet's suggestion. If so, it must needs be confessed that many picturesque and delightful things would be thrown into the hole, and covered out of sight forever.

The article which I am writing has taken its own course, and occupied itself almost wholly with country churches; whereas I had purposed to attempt a description of some of the many old towns —Warwick, Coventry, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon — which lie within an easy scope of Leamington. And still another church presents itself to my remembrance. It is that of Hatton, on which I stumbled in the course of a forenoon's ramble, and paused a little while to look at it for the sake of old Doctor Parr, who was once its vicar. Hatton, so far as I could discover, has no public-house, no shop, no contiguity of roofs, (as in most English villages, however small,) but is merely an ancient neighborhood of farm-houses, spacious, and standing wide apart, each within its own precincts, and offering a most comfortable aspect of orchards, harvest-fields, barns, stacks, and all manner of rural plenty. It seemed to be a community of old settlers, among whom everything had been going on prosperously since an epoch beyond the memory of man; and they kept a certain privacy among themselves, and dwelt on a cross-road at the entrance of which was a barred gate, hospitably open, but still impressing me with a sense of scarcely warrantable intrusion. After all, in some shady nook of those gentle Warwickshire slopes there may have been a denser and more populous settlement, styled Hatton, which I never reached.

Emerging from the by-road, and entering upon one that crossed it at right angles and led to Warwick, I espied the church of Doctor Parr. Like the others which I have described, it had a low stone tower, square, and battlemented at its summit: for all these little churches seem to have been built on the same model, and nearly at the same measurement, and have even a greater family-likeness than the cathedrals. As I approached, the bell of the tower (a remarkably deep-toned bell, considering how small it was) flung its voice abroad, and told me that it was noon. The church stands among its graves, a little removed from the wayside, quite apart from any collection of houses, and with no signs of a vicarage; it is a good deal shadowed by trees, and not wholly destitute of ivy. The body of the edifice, unfortunately, (and it is an outrage which the English churchwardens are fond of perpetrating,) has been newly covered with a yellowish plaster or wash, so as quite to destroy the aspect of antiquity, except upon the tower, which wears the dark gray hue of many centuries. The chancel-window is painted with a representation of Christ upon the Cross, and all the other windows are full of painted or stained glass, but none of it ancient, nor (if it be fair to judge from without of what ought to be seen within) possessing any of the tender glory that should be the inheritance of this branch of Art, revived from mediæval times. I stepped over the graves, and peeped in at two or three of the windows, and saw the snug interior of the church glimmering through the many-colored panes, like a show of commonplace objects under the fantastic influence of a dream: for the floor was covered with modern pews, very like what we may see in a New-England meeting-house, though, I think, a little more favorable than those would be to the quiet slumbers of the Hatton farmers and their families. Those who slept under Doctor Parr's preaching now prolong their nap, I suppose, in the church-yard round about, and can scarcely have drawn much spiritual benefit from any truths that he contrived to tell them in their lifetime. It struck me as a rare example (even where examples are numerous) of a man utterly misplaced, that this enormous scholar, great in the classic tongues, and inevitably converting his own simplest vernacular into a learned language, should have been set up in this homely pulpit, and ordained to preach salvation to a rustic au-

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dience, to whom it is difficult to imagine how he could ever have spoken one available word.

Almost always, in visiting such scenes as I have been attempting to describe, I had a singular sense of having been there before. The ivy-grown English churches (even that of Bebbington, the first that I beheld) were quite as familiar to me, when fresh from home, as the old wooden meeting-house in Salem, which used, on wintry Sabbaths, to be the frozen purgatory of my childhood. This was a bewildering, yet very delightful emotion, fluttering about me like a faint summer-wind, and filling my imagination with a thousand half-remembrances, which looked as vivid as sunshine, at a side-glance, but faded quite away whenever I attempted to grasp and define them. Of course, the explanation of the mystery was, that history, poetry, and fiction, books of travel, and the talk of tourists, had given me pretty accurate preconceptions of the common objects of English scenery, and these, being long ago vivified by a youthful fancy, had insensibly taken their places among the images of things actually seen. Yet the illusion was often so powerful, that I almost doubted whether such airy remembrances might not be a sort of innate idea, the print of a recollection in some ancestral mind, transmitted, with fainter and fainter impress through several descents, to my own. I felt, indeed, like the stalwart progenitor in person, returning to the hereditary haunts after more than two hundred years, and finding the church, the hall, the farm-house, the cottage, hardly changed during his long absence,—the same shady by-paths and hedge-lanes, the same veiled sky, and green lustre of the lawns and fields,—while his own affinities for these things, a little obscured by disuse, were reviving at every step.

An American is not very apt to love the English people, as a whole, on whatever length of acquaintance. I fancy that they would value our regard, and even reciprocate it in their ungracious way, if we could give it to them in spite of all rebuffs; but they are beset by a curious and inevitable infelicity, which compels them, as it were, to keep up what they seem to consider a wholesome bitterness of feeling between themselves and all other nationalities, especially that of America. They will never confess it; nevertheless, it is as essential a tonic to them as their bitter ale. Therefore — and possibly, too, from a similar narrowness in his own character — an American seldom feels quite as if he were at home among the English people. If he do so, he has ceased to be an American. But it requires no long residence to make him love their island, and appreciate it as thoroughly as they themselves do. For my part, I used to wish that we could annex it, transferring their thirty millions of inhabitants to some convenient wilderness in the great West, and putting half or a quarter as many of ourselves into their places. The change would be beneficial to both parties. We, in our dry atmosphere, are getting too nervous, haggard, dyspeptic, extenuated, unsubstantial, theoretic, and need to be made grosser. John Bull, on the other hand, has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material, and, in a word, too intensely English. In a few more centuries he will be the earthliest creature that ever the earth saw. Heretofore Providence has obviated such a result by timely intermixtures of alien races with the old English stock; so that each successive conquest of England has proved a victory, by the revivification and improvement of its native manhood. Cannot America and England hit upon some scheme to secure even greater advantages to both nations?

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SANITARY CONDITION OF THE ARMY.

THE power and efficiency of an army consist in the amount of the power and efficiency of its elements, in the health, strength, and energy of its members. No army can be strong, however numerous its soldiers, if they are weak; nor is it completely strong, unless every member is in full vigor. The weakness of any part, however small, diminishes, to that extent, the force of the whole; and the increase of power in any part adds so much to the total strength.

In order, then, to have a strong and effective army, it is necessary not only to have a sufficient number of men, but that each one of these should have in himself the greatest amount of force, the fullest health and energy the human body can present.

This is usually regarded in the original creation of an army. The soldiers are picked men. None but those of perfect form, complete in all their organization and functions, and free from every defect or disease, are intended to be admitted. The general community, in civil life, includes not only the strong and healthy, but also the defective, the weak, and the sick, the blind, the halt, the consumptive, the rheumatic, the immature in childhood, and the exhausted and decrepit in age.

In the enlistment of recruits, the candidates for the army are rigidly examined, and none are admitted except such as appear to be mentally and physically sound and perfect. Hence, many who offer their services to the Government are rejected, and sometimes the proportion accepted is very small.

In Great Britain and Ireland, during the twenty years from 1832 to 1851 inclusive, 305,897 applied for admission into the British army. Of these, 97,457, or 32 per cent., were rejected, and only 208,440, or 68 per cent., were accepted.*

In France, during thirteen years, 1831 to 1843 inclusive, 2,280,540 were offered for examination as candidates for the army. Of these, 182,664, being too short, though perhaps otherwise in possession of all the requisites of health, were not examined, leaving 2,097,876, who were considered as candidates for examination. Of these, 680,560, or 32.5 per cent., were rejected on account of physical unfitness, and only 1,417,316, or 67.5 per cent., were allowed to join the army.*

The men who ordinarily offer for the American army, in time of peace, are of still inferior grade, as to health and strength. In the year 1852, at the several recruiting-stations, 16,114 presented themselves for enlistment, and 10,945, or 67.9 per cent., were rejected, for reasons not connected with health:—

3,162	too young,
732	too old,
1,806	too short,
657	married,
2,434	could not speak English,
32	extremely ignorant,
1,965	intemperate,
106	of bad morals,
51	had been in armies from which they had deserted,
Total, 10,945	

All of these may have been in good health.

Of the remainder, 5,169, who were subjects of further inquiry, 2,443 were rejected for reasons connected with their physical or mental condition:—

243	mal-formed,
630	unsound in physical constitution,
16	unsound in mind,
114	had diseased eyes,
55	had diseased ears,
314	had hernia,
1,071	had varicose veins,
Total, 2,443	

Only 2,726 were accepted, being 52.7 per cent. of those who were examined, and less than 17 per cent., or about one-

* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 498.

* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 499.

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sixth, of all who offered themselves as candidates for the army, in that year.*

In time of peace, the character of the men who desire to become soldiers differs with the degree of public prosperity. When business is good, most men obtain employment in the more desirable and profitable avocations of civil life. Then a larger proportion of those who are willing to enter the army are unfitted, by their habits or their health, for the occupations of peace, and go to the rendezvous only as a last resort, to obtain their bread. But when business falters, a larger and a better class are thrown out of work, and are glad to enter the service of the country by bearing arms. The year 1852 was one of prosperity, and affords, therefore, no indication of the class and character of men who are willing to enlist in the average years. The Government Reports state that in some other years 6,383 were accepted and 3,617 rejected out of 10,000 that offered to enlist. But in time of war, when the country is endangered, and men have a higher motive for entering its service than mere employment and wages, those of a better class both as to character and health flock to the army; and in the present war, the army is composed, in great degree, of men of the highest personal character and social position, who leave the most desirable and lucrative employments to serve their country as soldiers.

As, then, the army excludes, or intends to exclude, from its ranks all the defective, weak, and sick, it begins with a much higher average of health and vigor, a greater power of action, of endurance, and of resisting the causes of disease, than the mass of men of the same ages in civil life. It is composed of men in the fulness of strength and efficiency. This is the vital machinery with which Governments propose to do their martial work; and the amount of vital force which belongs to these living machines, severally and collectively, is the capital with which they intend to accomplish their purposes. Every wise Government begins the business of war with a good capital of life, a large quantity of vital force in its army. So far they do well; but more is necessary. This complete and fitting preparation alone is not sufficient to carry on the martial process through weeks and months of labor and privation. Not only must the living machinery of bone and flesh be well selected, but its force must be sustained, it must be kept in the most effective condition and in the best and most available working order. For this there are two established conditions, that admit of no variation nor neglect: first, a sufficient supply of suitable nutriment, and faithful regard to all the laws of health; and, second, the due appropriation of the vital force that is thus from day to day created.

A due supply of appropriate food and of pure air, sufficient protection and cleansing of the surface, moderate labor and refreshing rest, are the necessary conditions of health, and cannot be disregarded, in the least degree, without a loss of force. The privation of even a single meal, or the use of food that is hard of digestion or innutritious, and the loss of any of the needful sleep, are followed by a corresponding loss of effective power, as surely as the slackened fire in the furnace is followed by lessened steam and power in the engine.

Whosoever, then, wishes to sustain his own forces or those of his laborers with the least cost, and use them with the greatest effect, must take Nature on her own terms. It is vain to try to evade or alter her conditions. The Kingdom of Heaven is not divided against itself. It makes no compromises, not even for the necessities of nations. It will not consent that any one, even the least, of its laws shall be set aside, to advance any other, however important. Each single law stands by itself, and exacts complete obedience to its own requirements: it gives its own rewards and inflicts its own punishments. The stomach will not digest tough and hard or old salted meats, or heavy bread, without demanding and

* *Medical Statistics of the United States Army*, 1839–54, p. 625.

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receiving a great and perhaps an almost exhausting proportion of the nervous energies. The nutritive organs will not create vigorous muscles and effective limbs, unless the blood is constantly and appropriately recruited. The lungs will not decarbonize and purify the blood with foul air, that has been breathed over and over and lost its oxygen. However noble or holy the purpose for which human power is to be used, it will not be created, except according to the established conditions. The strength of the warrior in battle cannot be sustained, except in the appointed way, even though the fate of all humanity depend on his exertions.

Nature keeps an exact account with all her children, and gives power in proportion to their fulfilment of her conditions. She measures out and sustains vital force according to the kind and fitness of the raw material provided for her. When we deal liberally with her, she deals liberally with us. For everything we give to her she makes a just return. The stomach, the nutrient arteries, the lungs, have no love, no patriotism, no pity; but they are perfectly honest. The healthy digestive organs will extract and pay over to the blood-vessels just so much of the nutritive elements as the food we eat contains in an extractible form, and no more; and for this purpose they will demand and take just so much of the nervous energy as may be needed. The nutrient arteries will convert into living flesh just so much of the nutritive elements as the digestive organs give them, and no more. The lungs will send out from the body as many of the atoms of exhausted and dead flesh as the oxygen we give them will convert into carbonic acid and water, and this is all they can do. In these matters, the vital organs are as honest and as faithful as the boiler, that gives forth steam in the exact ratio of the heat which the burning fuel evolves and the fitness of the water that is supplied to it; and neither can be persuaded to do otherwise. The living machine of bone and flesh and the dead machine of iron prepare their forces according to the means they have, not according to the ulterior purpose to which those forces are to be applied. They do this alike for all. They do it as well for the sinner as for the saint, — as well for the traitorous Secessionist striving to destroy his country as for the patriot endeavoring to sustain it.

In neither case is it a matter of will, but of necessity. The amount of power to be generated in both living and dead machines is simply a question of quality and quantity of provision for the purpose. So much food, air, protection given produce so much strength. A proposition to reduce the amount of either of these necessarily involves the proposition to reduce the available force. Whoever determines to eat or give his men less or poorer food, or impure air, practically determines to do less work. In all this management of the human body, we are sure to get what we pay for, and we are equally sure not to get what we do not pay for.

All Governments have tried, and are now, in various degrees, trying, the experiment of privation in their armies. The soldier cannot carry with him the usual means and comforts of home. He must give these up the moment he enters the martial ranks, and reduce his apparatus of living to the smallest possible quantity. He must generally limit himself to a portable house, kitchen, cooking-apparatus, and wardrobe, and to an entire privation of furniture, and sometimes submit to a complete destitution of everything except the provision he may carry in his haversack and the blanket he can carry on his back. When stationary, he commonly sleeps in barracks; but he spends most of his time in the field and sleeps in tents. Occasionally he is compelled to sleep in the open air, without any covering but his blanket, and to cook in an extemporized kitchen, which he may make of a few stones piled together or of a hole in the earth, with only a kettle, that he carries on his back, for cooking-apparatus. In all cases and conditions, whether in fort or in field, in barrack, tent, or open air, he is limited

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to the smallest artificial habitation, the least amount of furniture and conveniences, the cheapest and most compact food, and the rudest cookery. He is, therefore, never so well protected against the elements, nor, when sleeping under cover, so well supplied with air for respiration, as he is at home. Moreover, when lodging abroad, he cannot take his choice of places; he is liable, from the necessities of war, to encamp in wet and malarious spots, and to be exposed to chills and miasms of unhealthy districts. He is necessarily exposed to weather of every kind, — to cold, to rains, to storms; and when wet, he has not the means of warming himself, nor of drying or changing his clothing. His life, though under martial discipline, is irregular. At times, he has to undergo severe and protracted labors, forced marches, and the violent and long-continued struggles of combat; at other times, he has not exercise sufficient for health. His food is irregularly served. He is sometimes short of provisions, and compelled to pass whole days in abstinence or on short allowance. Occasionally he cannot obtain even water to drink, through hours of thirsty toil. No Government nor managers of war have ever yet been able to make exact and unfailing provision for the wants and necessities of their armies, as men usually do for themselves and their families at home.

SUPPOSED DANGERS TO THE SOLDIER.

FROM the earliest recorded periods of the world, men have gone forth to war, for the purpose of destroying or overcoming their enemies, and with the chance of being themselves destroyed or overthrown. Public authorities have generally taken account of the number of their own men who have been wounded and killed in battle, and of the casualties in the opposing armies. Gunpowder and steel, and the manifold weapons, instruments, and means of destruction in the hands of the enemy are commonly considered as the principal, if not the only sources of danger to the soldier, and ground of anxiety to his friends; and the nation reckons its losses in war by the number of those who were wounded and killed in battle. But the suffering and waste of life, apart from the combat, the sickness, the depreciation of vital force, the withering of constitutional energy, and the mortality in camp and fortress, in barrack, tent, and hospital, have not usually been the subjects of such careful observation, nor the grounds of fear to the soldier and of anxiety to those who are interested in his safety. Consequently, until within the present century, comparatively little attention has been given to the dangers that hang over the army out of the battle-field, and but little provision has been made, by the combatants or their rulers, to obviate or relieve them. No Government in former times, and few in later years, have taken and published complete accounts of the diseases of their armies, and of the deaths that followed in consequence. Some such records have been made and printed, but these are mostly fragmentary and partial, and on the authority of individuals, officers, surgeons, scholars, and philanthropists.

It must not be forgotten that the army is originally composed of picked men, while the general community includes not only the imperfect, diseased, and weak that belong to itself, but also those who are rejected from the army. If, then, the conditions, circumstances, and habits of both were equally favorable, there would be less sickness and a lower rate of mortality among the soldiers than among men of the same ages at home. But if in the army there should be found more sickness and death than in the community at home, or even an equal amount, it is manifestly chargeable to the presence of more deteriorating and destructive influences in the military than in civil life.

SICKNESS AND MORTALITY IN CIVIL LIFE.

THE amount of sickness among the people at home is not generally recog-

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nized, still less is it carefully measured and recorded. But the experience and calculations of the Friendly Societies of Great Britain, and of other associations for Health-Assurance there and elsewhere, afford sufficient data for determining the proportion of time lost in sickness by men of various ages. These Friendly Societies are composed mainly of men of the working-classes, from which most of the soldiers of the British army are drawn.

According to the calculations and tables of Mr. Ansel, in his work on "Friendly Societies," the men of the army-ages, from 20 to 40, in the working-classes, lose, on an average, five days and six-tenths of a day by sickness in each year, which will make one and a half per cent. of the males of this age and class constantly sick. Mr. Neison's calculations and tables, in his "Contributions to Vital Statistics," make this average somewhat over seven days' yearly sickness, and one and ninety-two hundredths of one per cent. constantly sick. These were the bases of the rates adopted by the Health-Assurance companies in New England, and their experience shows that the amount of sickness in these Northern States is about the same as, if not somewhat greater than, that in Great Britain, among any definite number of men.

The rate of mortality is more easily ascertained, and is generally calculated and determined in civilized nations. This rate, among all classes of males, between 20 and 40 years old, in England and Wales, is .92 per cent.: that is, 92 will die out of 10,000 men of these ages, on an average, in each year; but in the healthiest districts the rate is only 77 in 10,000. The mortality among the males of Massachusetts, of the same ages, according to Mr. Elliott's calculations, is 1.11 per cent. or 111 in 10,000. This may be safely assumed as the rate of mortality in all New England. That of the Southern States is somewhat greater.

These rates of sickness and death — one and a half or one and ninety-two hundredths per cent. constantly sick, and seventy-seven to one hundred and eleven dying, in each year, among ten thousand living — may be considered as the proportion of males, of the army-ages, that should be constantly taken away from active labor and business by illness, and that should be annually lost by death. Whether at home, amidst the usually favorable circumstances and the average comforts, or in the army, under privation and exposure, men of these ages may be presumed to be necessarily subject to this amount, at least, of loss of vital force and life. And these rates may be adopted as the standard of comparison of the sanitary influences of civil and military life.

SICKNESS AND MORTALITY OF THE ARMY IN PEACE.

SOLDIERS are subject to different influences and exposures, and their waste and loss of life differ, in peace and war. In peace they are mostly stationary, at posts, forts, and in cantonments. They generally live in barracks, with fixed habits and sufficient means of subsistence. They have their regular supplies of food and clothing and labor, and are protected from the elements, heat, cold, and storms. They are seldom or never subjected to privation or excessive fatigue. But in war they are in the field, and sleep in tents which are generally too full and often densely crowded. Sometimes they sleep in huts, and occasionally in the open air. They are liable to exposures, hardships, and privations, to uncertain supplies of food and bad cookery.

The report of the commission appointed by the British Government to inquire into the sanitary condition of the army shows a remarkable and unexpected degree of mortality among the troops stationed at home under the most favorable circumstances, as well as among those abroad. The Foot-Guards are the very *élite* of the whole army; they are the most perfect of the faultless in form and in health. They are the pets of the Government and the people. They are stationed at London and Windsor, and lodged in

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magnificent barracks, apparently ample for their accommodation. They are clothed and fed with extraordinary care, and are supposed to have every means of health. And yet their record shows a sad difference between their rate of mortality and that of men of the same ages in civil life. A similar excess of mortality was found to exist among all the home-army, which includes many thousand soldiers, stationed in various towns and places throughout the kingdom.

The following table exhibits the annual mortality in these classes.*

DEATHS IN 10,000.

Age.	Civilians.	Foot-Guards.	Home-Army.
20 to 25	84	216	170
25 to 30	92	211	183
30 to 35	102	195	184
35 to 40	116	224	193

Through the fifteen years from 1839 to 1853 inclusive, the annual mortality of all the army, excepting the artillery, engineers, and West India and colonial corps, was 330 among 10,000 living; while that among the same number of males of the army-ages, in all England and Wales, was 92, and in the healthiest districts only 77.†

There is no official account at hand of the general mortality in the Russian army on the peace-establishment; yet, according to Boudin, in one portion, consisting of 192,834 men, 144,352 had been sick, and 7,541, or 38 per 1,000, died in one year.‡

The Prussian army, with an average of 150,582 men, lost by death, during the ten years 1829 to 1838, 1,975 in each year, which is at the rate of 13 per 1,000 living.§

The mortality of the Piedmontese army, from 1834 to 1843 inclusive, was 158 in 10,000, while that of the males at home was 92 in the same number living.

From 1775 to 1791, seventeen years, the mortality among the cavalry was 181, and among the infantry 349, out of 10,000 living; but in the ten years from 1834 to 1843 these rates were only 108 and 215.*

Colored troops are employed by the British Government in all their colonies and possessions in tropical climates. The mortality of these soldiers is known, and also that of the colored male civilians in the East Indies and in the West-India Islands and South-American Provinces. In four of these, the rate of mortality is higher among the male slaves than among the colored soldiers; but in all the others, this rate is higher in the army. In all the West-Indian and South-American possessions of Great Britain, the average rate of deaths is 25 per cent. greater among the black troops than among the black males of all ages on the plantations and in the towns. The soldiers are of the healthier ages, 20 to 40, but the civilians include both the young and the old: if these could be excluded, and the comparison made between soldiers and laborers of the same ages, the difference in favor of civil pursuits would appear much greater.

Throughout the world, where the armies of Great Britain are stationed or serve, the death-rate is greater among the troops than among civilians of the same races and ages, except among the colored troops in Tobago, Montserrat, Antigua, and Granada in America, and among the Sepoys in the East Indies.†

In the army of the United States, during the period from 1840 to 1854, not including the two years of the Mexican War, there was an average of 9,278 men, or an aggregate of 120,622 years of service, equal to so many men serving one year. Among these and dur-

* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II. p. 289.

§ *Ibid.* p. 286.

* *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II. p. 284.

† *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army.*

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ing this period, there were 342,107 cases of sickness reported by the surgeons, and 3,416 deaths from disease, showing a rate of mortality of 2.83 per cent., or two and a half times as great as that among the males of Massachusetts of the army-ages, and three times as great as that in England and Wales. The attacks of sickness average almost three for each man in each year. This is manifestly more than that which falls upon men of these ages at home.*

SICKNESS AND MORTALITY OF THE ARMY IN WAR.

THUS far the sickness and mortality of the army in time of peace only has been considered. The experience of war tells a more painful story of the dangers of the men engaged in it. Sir John Pringle states, that, in the British armies that were sent to the Low Countries and Germany, in the years 1743 to 1747, a great amount of sickness and mortality prevailed. He says, that, besides those who were suffering from wounds, "at some periods more than one-fifth of the army were in the hospitals." "One regiment had over one-half of its men sick." "In July and August, 1743, one-half of the army had the dysentery." "In 1747, four battalions," of 715 men each, "at South Beveland and Walcheren, both in field and in quarters, were so very sickly, that, at the height of the epidemic, some of these corps had but one hundred men fit for duty; six-sevenths of their numbers were sick."† "At the end of the campaign the Royal Battalion had but four men who had not been ill." And "when these corps went into winter-quarters, their sick, in proportion to their men fit for duty, were nearly as four to one."‡ In 1748, dysentery prevailed. "In one regiment of 500 men, 150 were sick at the end of five weeks; 200 were sick after two months; and at the end of the campaign, they had in all but thirty who had never been ill." "In Johnson's regiment sometimes one-half were sick; and in the Scotch Fusileers 300 were ill at one time."*

The British army in Egypt, in 1801, had from 103 to 261 and an average of 182 sick in each thousand; and the French army had an average of 125 in 1,000, or one-eighth of the whole, on the sick-list.†

In July, 1809, the British Government sent another army, of 39,219 men, to the Netherlands. They were stationed at Walcheren, which was the principal seat of the sickness and suffering of their predecessors, sixty or seventy years before. Fever and dysentery attacked this second army as they had the first, and with a similar virulence and destructiveness. In two months after landing,

Sept. 13,	7,626	were on the	sick-list.
" 19,	8,123	"	"
" 21,	8,684	"	"
" 23,	9,046	"	"

In ninety-seven days 12,867 were sent home sick; and on the 22d of October there were only 4,000 effective men left fit for duty out of this army of about 40,000 healthy men, who had left England within less than four months. On the 1st of February of the next year, there were 11,513 on the sick-list, and 15,570 had been lost or disabled. Between January 1st and June of the same year, (1810,) 36,500 were admitted to the hospitals, and 8,000, or more than 20 per cent., died, which is equal to an annual rate of 48 per cent. mortality.

The British army in Spain and Portugal suffered greatly through the Peninsular War, from 1808 to 1814. During the whole of that period, there was a constant average of 209 per 1,000 on the sick-list, and the proportion was sometimes swelled to 330 per 1,000. Through the

* *Medical Statistics U. S. Army*, 1839–54, p. 491, etc.

† *Observations on the Diseases of the Army*, p. 51.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 53.

* *Observations on the Diseases of the Army*, p. 59.

† *London Statistical Journal*, Vol. XIX. p. 247.

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forty-one months ending May 25th, 1814, with an average of 61,511 men, there was an average of 13,815 in the hospitals, which is 22.5 per cent.; of these only one-fifteenth, or 1.5 per cent. of the whole army, were laid up on account of injuries in battle, and 21 per cent. were disabled by diseases. From these causes 24,930 died, which is an annual average of 7,296, or a rate of 11.8 per cent. mortality.*

No better authority can be adduced, for the condition of men engaged in the actual service of war, than Lord Wellington. On the 14th of November, 1809, he wrote from his army in Spain to Lord Liverpool, then at the head of the British Government, — "In all times and places the sick-list of the army amounts to ten per cent of all." † He seemed to consider this the lowest attainable rate of sickness, and he hoped to be able to reduce that of his own army to it: this is more than five times as great as the rate of sickness among male civilians of the army-ages. The sickness in Lord Wellington's army, at the moment of writing this despatch, was fifteen per cent., or seven and a half times as great as that at home.

In the same Peninsular War, there was of the sick in the French army a constant average of 136 per 1,000 in Spain, and 146 per 1,000 in Portugal. Mr. Edmonds says, that, just before the Battle of Talavera, the French army consisted of 275,000 men, of whom 61,000, or 22.2 per cent., were sick.‡ Lord Wellington wrote, Sept. 19, 1809, that the French army of 225,000 men had 30,000 to 40,000 sick, which is 13.3 to 17.7 per cent. The French army in Portugal had at one time 64 per 1,000, and at another 235 per 1,000, and an average of 146 per 1,000, in the hospitals through the war.

The British army that fought the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, had an average of 60,992 men, through the campaign of four months, June to September; of these, there was an average of 7,909, or 12.9 per cent., in the hospitals.*

The British legion that went to Spain in 1836 consisted of 7,000 men. Of these, 5,000, or 71 per cent., were admitted into the hospitals in three and a half months, and 1,223 died in six months. This is equal to an annual rate of almost two and a half, 2.44, attacks for each man, and of 34.9 per cent. mortality.†

"Of 115,000 Russians who invaded Turkey in 1828 and 1829, only 10,000 or 15,000 ever repassed the Pruth. The rest died there of intermittent fevers, dysenteries, and plague." "From May, 1828, to February, 1829, 210,108 patients were admitted into the general and regimental hospitals." "In October, 1828, 20,000 entered the general hospitals." "The sickness was very fatal." "More than a quarter of the fever-patients died." "5,509 entered the hospitals, and of these, 3,959 died in August, 1829, and only 614 ultimately recovered." "At Brailow the plague attacked 1,200 and destroyed 774." "Dysentery was equally fatal." "In the march across the Balkan, 1,000 men died of diarrhœa, fever, and scurvy." "In Bulgaria, during July, 37,000 men were taken sick." "At Adrianople a vast barrack was taken for a hospital, and in three days 1,616 patients were admitted. On the first of September there were 3,666, and on the 15th, 4,646 patients in the house. This was one-quarter of all the disposable force at that station." "In October, 1,300 died of dysentery; and at the end of the month there were 4,700 in the hospitals." "In the whole army the loss to the Russians in the year 1829 was at least 60,000 men." ‡

CRIMEAN WAR.

In 1854, twenty-five years after this fatal experience of the Russian army in

* Edmonds in *London Lancet*, Vol. XXXVI. p. 143.

† *Despatches.*

‡ Edmonds in *London Lancet*, Vol. XXXVI. p. 145.

* Edmonds in *London Lancet*, Vol. XXXVI. p. 148.

† *Ib.*, p. 219.

‡ Boudin, *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II. p. 289, etc., quoted by him from Major Moltke.

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Bulgaria, the British Government sent an army to the same province, where the men were exposed to the same diseases and suffered a similar depreciation of vital force in sickness and death. For two years and more they struggled with these destructive influences in their own camps, in Bulgaria and the Crimea, with the usual result of such exposures in the waste of life. From April 10, 1854, to June 30, 1856, 82,901 British soldiers were sent to the Black Sea and its coasts; and through these twenty-six and two-thirds months the British army had an average of 34,559 men engaged in that "War in the East" with Russia. From these there were furnished to the general and regimental, the stationary and movable hospitals 218,952 cases: 24,084, or 11 per cent., of these patients were wounded or injured in battle, and 194,868, or 89 per cent., suffered from the diseases of the camp. This is equal to an annual average of two and a half attacks of sickness for each man. The published reports give an analysis of only 162,123 of these cases of disease. Of these, 110,673, or 68 per cent., were of the zymotic class, — fevers, dysenteries, scurvy, etc., which are generally supposed to be due to exposure and privation, and other causes which are subject to human control. During the two years ending with March, 1856, 16,224 died of diseases, of which 14,476 were of the zymotic or preventable class, 2,755 were killed in battle, and 2,019 died of wounds and injuries received in battle. The annual rate of mortality, from all diseases, was 23 per cent.; from zymotic diseases, 21 per cent.; from battle, 6.9 per cent. The rate of sickness and mortality varied exceedingly in different months. In April, May, and June, 1854, the deaths were at the annual rate of 8.7 per 1,000; in July, 159 per 1,000; in August and September, 340 per 1,000; in December, this rate again rose and reached 679 per 1,000; and in January, 1855, owing to the great exposures, hardships, and privations in the siege, and the very imperfect means of sustenance and protection, the mortality increased to the enormous rate of 1,142 per 1,000, so that, if it had continued unabated, it would have destroyed the whole army in ten and a half months.*

AMERICAN ARMY, 1812 TO 1814.

We need not go abroad to find proofs of the waste of life in military camps. Our own army, in the war with Great Britain in 1812–14, suffered, as the European armies have done, by sickness and death, far beyond men in civil occupations. There are no comprehensive reports, published by the Government, of the sanitary condition and history of the army on the Northern frontier during that war. But the partial and fragmentary statements of Dr. Mann, in his "Medical Sketches," and the occasional and apparently incidental allusions to the diseases and deaths by the commanding officers, in their letters and despatches to the Secretary of War, show that sickness was sometimes fearfully prevalent and fatal among our soldiers. Dr. Mann says: "One regiment on the frontier, at one time, counted 900 strong, but was reduced, by a total want of a good police, to less than 200 fit for duty." "At one period more than 340 were in the hospitals, and, in addition to this, a large number were reported sick in camp." † "The aggregate of the army at Fort George and its dependencies was about 5,000. From an estimate of the number sick in the general and regimental hospitals, it was my persuasion that but little more than half of the army was capable of duty, at one period, during the summer months" ‡ of 1813. "During the month of August more than one-third of the soldiers were on the sick-reports." § Dr. Mann quotes Dr. Lovell, another army-surgeon, who says, in the autumn of 1813: "A morning report, now before me, gives 75 sick, out of a corps of 160. The several regiments of the army, in their reports, ex-

* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 524.

† *Medical Sketches*, p. 39.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 204. § *Ib.*, p. 66.

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hibit a proportional number unfit for duty." * Dr. Mann states that "the troops at Burlington, Vt., in the winter of 1812–13, did not number over 1,600, and the deaths did not exceed 200, from the last of November to the last of February." † But Dr. Gallup says: "The whole number of deaths is said to be not less than 700 to 800 in four months," and "the number of soldiers stationed at this encampment [Burlington] was about 2,500 to 2,800." ‡ According to Dr. Mann's statement, the mortality was at the annual rate of 50 per cent.; and according to that of Dr. Gallup, it was at the rate of 75 to 96 per cent. This is nearly equal to the severest mortality in the Crimea.

General William H. Harrison, writing to the Secretary of War from the borders of Lake Erie, Aug. 29, 1813, says: "You can form some estimate of the deadly effects of the immense body of stagnant water with which the vicinity of the lake abounds, from the state of the troops at Sandusky. Upwards of 90 are this morning reported sick, out of about 220." This is a rate of over 40 per cent. "Those at Fort Meigs are not much better." §

General Wilkinson wrote from Fort George, Sept. 16, 1813: "We count, on paper, 4,600, and could show 3,400 combatants"; that is, 25 per cent. and more are sick. "The enemy, from the best information we have, have about 3,000 on paper, of whom 1,400," or 46.6 per cent., "are sick." ‖

MEXICAN WAR.

THERE was a similar waste of life among our troops in the Mexican War. There is no published record of the number of the sick, nor of their diseases. But the letters of General Scott and General Taylor to the Secretary of War show that the loss of effective force in our army was at times very great by sickness in that war.

General Scott wrote: —

"*Puebla*, July 25, 1847.

"May 30, the number of sick here was 1,017, of effectives 5,820."

"Since the arrival of General Pillow, we have effectives (rank and file) 8,061, sick 2,215, beside 87 officers under the latter head." *

Again: —

"*Mexico*, Dec. 5, 1847.

"The force at Chapultepec fit for duty is only about 6,000, rank and file; the number of sick, exclusive of officers, being 2,041." †

According to these statements, the proportions of the sick were 17.4 to 27.4 and 24.7 per cent. of all in these corps at the times specified.

General Taylor wrote: —

"*Camp near Monterey*, July 27, 1847.

"Great sickness and mortality have prevailed among the volunteer troops in front of Saltillo." ‡

August 10th, he said, that "nearly 23 per cent. of the force present was disabled by disease."

The official reports show only the number that died, but make no distinction as to causes of death, except to separate the deaths from wounds received in battle from those from other causes.

During that war, 100,454 men were sent to Mexico from the United States. They were enlisted for various periods, but served, on an average, thirteen months and one day each, making a total of 109,104 years of military service rendered by our soldiers in that war. The total loss of these men was 1,549 killed in battle or died of wounds, 10,986 died from diseases, making 12,535 deaths. Besides these, 12,252 were discharged for disability. The mortality from disease was almost equal to the annual rate of 11 per cent., which is about ten times as

* *Medical Sketches*, p. 119.
† *Ib.*, p. 199.
‡ *On Epidemics*, p. 70.
§ *United States Documents*, 1814.
‖ *Ib.*, 1814.

* *Executive Documents, U. S.*, 1847–48, Vol. VII. p. 1013.
† *Ib.*, p. 1033.
‡ *Ib.*, p. 1185.

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great as that of men in ordinary civil life at home.

SICKNESS IN THE PRESENT UNION ARMY.

THERE are not as yet, and for a long time there cannot be, any full Government reports of the amount and kind of sickness in the present army of the United States. But the excellent reports of the inquiries of the Sanitary Commission give much important and trustworthy information in respect to these matters. Most of the encampments of all the corps have been examined by their inspectors; and their returns show, that the average number sick, during the seven months ending with February last, was, among the troops who were recruited in New England 74.6, among those from the Middle States 56.6, and, during six months ending with January, among those from the Western States 104.3, in 1,000 men. From an examination of 217 regiments, during two months ending the middle of February, the rate of sickness among the troops in the Eastern Sanitary Department was 74, in the Central Department, Western Virginia and Ohio, 90, and in the Western, 107, in 1,000 men. The average of all these regiments was 90 in 1,000. The highest rate in Eastern Virginia was 281 per 1,000, in the Fifth Vermont; and the lowest, 9, in the Seventh Massachusetts. In the Central Department the highest was 260, in the Forty-First Ohio; and the lowest, 17, in the Sixth Ohio. In the Western Department the highest was 340, in the Forty-Second Illinois; and the lowest, 15, in the Thirty-Sixth Illinois.

On the 22d of February, the number of men sick in each 1,000, in the several divisions of the Army of the Potomac, was ascertained to be, —

Keyes's,	30.3
Sedgwick's,	32.0
Hooker's,	43.7
McCall's,	44.4
Banks's,	45.0
Porter's,	46.4
Blenker's,	47.7
McDowell's,	48.2
Heintzelman's,	49.0
Franklin's,	54.1
Dix's,	71.8
United States Regulars,	76.0
Sumner's,	77.5
Smith's,	81.6
Casey's,	87.6*

Probably there has been more sickness in all the armies, as they have gone farther southward and the warm season has advanced. This would naturally be expected, and the fear is strengthened by the occasional reports in the newspapers. Still, taking the trustworthy reports herein given, it is manifest that our Union army is one of the healthiest on record; and yet their rate of sickness is from three to five times as great as that of civilians of their own ages at home. Unquestionably, this better condition of our men is due to the better intelligence of the age and of our people,—especially in respect to the dangers of the field and the necessity of proper provision on the part of the Government and of self-care on the part of the men, — to the wisdom, labors, and comprehensive watchfulness of the Sanitary Commission, and to the universal sympathy of the men and women of the land, who have given their souls, their hands, and their money to the work of lessening the discomforts and alleviating the sufferings of the Army of Freedom.

OTHER LIGHTER AND UNRECORDED SICKNESS.

THE records and reports of the sickness in the army do not include all the depreciations and curtailments of life and strength among the soldiers, nor all the losses of effective force which the Government suffers through them, on account of disease and debility. These records contain, at best, only such ailments as are of sufficient importance to come under the observation of the surgeon. But there are manifold lighter physical disturbances, which, though they neither prostrate the

* *MS. Letter of Mr. Elliott*, Actuary of the Sanitary Commission.

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patient, nor even cause him to go to the hospital, yet none the less certainly unfit him for labor and duty. Of the regiment referred to by Dr. Mann, and already adduced in this article, in which 700 were unable to attend to duty, 340 were in the hospital under the surgeon's care, and 360 were ill in camp. It is probable that a similar, though smaller, discrepancy often exists between the surgeon's records and the absentees from parades, guard-duty, etc.

It is improbable, and even impossible, that complete records and reports should always be made of all who are sick and unfit for duty, or even of all who come under the surgeon's care. Sir John Hall, principal Medical Officer of the British army in the Crimea, says that there were "218,952 admissions into hospital." * "The general return, showing the primary admissions into the hospitals of the army in the East, from the 10th April, 1854, to the 30th June, 1856, gives only 162,123 cases of all kinds." † But another Government Report states the admissions to be 162,673. ‡ Miss Nightingale says, "There was, at first, no system of registration for general hospitals, for all were burdened with work beyond their strength." § Dr. Mann says, that, in the War of 1812, "no sick-records were found in the hospital at Burlington," one of the largest depositories of the sick then in the country. "The hospital-records on the Niagara were under no order." ‖ It could hardly have been otherwise. The regimental hospitals then, as frequently must be the case in war, were merely extemporized shelters, not conveniences. They were churches, houses, barns, shops, sheds, or any building that happened to be within reach, or huts, cabins, or tents suddenly created for the purpose. In these all the surgeons' time, energy, and resources were expended in making their patients comfortable, in defending them from cold and storm, or from suffering in their crowded rooms or shanties. They were obliged to devote all their strength to taking care of the present. They could take little account of the past, and were often unable to make any record for the future. They could not do this for those under their own immediate eye in the hospital; much less could they do it for those who remained in their tents, and needed little or no medical attention, but only rest. Moreover, the exposures and labors of the campaign sometimes diminish the number and force of the surgeons as well as of the men, and reduce their strength at the very moment when the greatest demand is made for their exertions. Dr. Mann says, "The sick in the hospital were between six and seven hundred, and there were only three surgeons present for duty." "Of seven surgeons attached to the hospital department, one died, three were absent by reason of indisposition, and the other three were sick." * Fifty-four surgeons died in the Russian army in Turkey in the summer of 1828. "At Brailow, the pestilence spared neither surgeons nor nurses." † Sir John Hall says, "The medical officers got sick, a great number went away, and we were embarrassed." "Thirty per cent. were sometimes sick and absent" from their posts in the Crimea. ‡ Seventy surgeons died in the French army in the same war. It is not reasonable, then, to suppose that all or nearly all the cases of sickness, whether in hospital or in camp, can be recorded, especially at times when they are the most abundant.

Nor do the cases of sickness of every sort, grave and light, recorded and unrecorded, include all the depressions of vital energy and all the suspensions and loss of effective force in the army. Whenever any general cause of depression

* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 180.

† Ib., 525.

‡ *Medical and Surgical History of the War in the East*, Vol. II. p. 252.

§ *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 377.

‖ *Medical Sketches*, p. 246.

* *Medical Sketches*, p. 66.

† Boudin, *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II., p. 289.

‡ *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 180.

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weighs upon a body of men, as fatigue, cold, storm, privation of food, or malaria, it vitiates the power of all, in various degrees and with various results; the weak and susceptible are sickened, and all lose some force and are less able to labor and attend to duty. No account is taken, none can be taken, of this discount of the general force of the army; yet it is none the less a loss of strength, and an impediment to the execution of the purposes of the Government.

INVALIDING.

THE loss of force by death, by sickness in hospital and camp, and by temporary depression, is not all that the army is subject to. Those who are laboring under consumption, asthma, epilepsy, insanity, and other incurable disorders, and those whose constitutions are broken, or withered and reduced below the standard of military requirement, are generally, and by some Governments always, discharged. These pass back to the general community, where they finally die. By this process the army is continually sifting out its worst lives, and at the same time it fills their places with healthy recruits. It thus keeps up its average of health and diminishes its rate of mortality; but the sum and the rates of sickness and mortality in the community are both thereby increased.

During the Crimean War, 17.34 per cent. were invalided and sent home from the British army, and 21 per cent. from the French army, as unable to do military service. By this means, 11,994 * British and 65,069 † French soldiers were lost to their Governments. The army of the United States, in the Mexican War, discharged and sent home 12,252 men, or 12 per cent. of the entire number engaged in that war, on account of disability.

The causes of this exhaustion of personal force are manifold and various, and so generally present that the number and proportion of those who are thus hopelessly reduced below the degree of efficient military usefulness, in the British army, has been determined by observation, and the Government calculates the rate of the loss which will happen in this way, at any period of service. Out of 10,000 men enlisted in their twenty-first year, 718 will be invalided during the first quinquennial period, or before they pass their twenty-fifth year, 539 in the second, 673 in the third, and 854 in the fourth, — making 2,784, or more than one-quarter of the whole, discharged for disability or chronic ailment, before they complete their twenty years of military service and their forty years of life.

It is further to be considered, that, during these twenty years, the numbers are diminishing by death, and thus the ratio of the enfeebled and invalided is increased. Out of 10,000 soldiers who survive and remain in the army in each successive quinquennial period, 768 will be invalided in the first, 680 in the second, 1,023 in the third, and 1,674 in the fourth. In the first year the ratio is 181, in the fifth 129, in the tenth 165, in the fifteenth 276, and in the twentieth 411, among 10,000 surviving and remaining.

The depressing and exhaustive force of military life on the soldiers is gradually accumulative, or the power of resistance gradually wastes, from the beginning to the end of service. There is an apparent exception to this law in the fact, that, in the British army, the ratio of those who were invalided was 181 in 10,000, but diminished, in the second, third, and fourth years, to 129 in the fifth and sixth, then again rose, through all the succeeding years, to 411 in the twentieth. The experience of the British army, in this respect, is corroborated by that of ours in the Mexican War. From the old standing army 502, from the additional force recently enlisted 548, and from the volunteers 1,178, in 10,000 of each, were discharged on account of

* *Medical and Surgical History of the British Army in the East*, Vol. II. p. 227.

† *British and Foreign Medical and Surgical Journal*, Vol. XXI.

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disability. Some part of this great difference between the regulars and volunteers is doubtless due to the well-known fact, that the latter were originally enlisted, in part at least, for domestic trainings, and not for the actual service of war, and therefore were examined with less scrutiny, and included more of the weaker constitutions.

The Sanitary Commission, after inspecting two hundred and seventeen regiments of the present army of the United States, and comparing the several corps with each other in respect of health, came to a similar conclusion. They found that the twenty-four regiments which had the least sickness had been in service one hundred and forty days on an average, and the twenty-four regiments which had the most sickness had been in the field only one hundred and eleven days. The Actuary adds, in explanation, — "The difference between the sickness of the older and newer regiments is probably attributable, in part, to the constant weeding out of the sickly by discharges from the service. The fact is notorious, that medical inspection of recruits, on enlistment, has been, as a rule, most imperfectly executed; and the city of Washington is constantly thronged with invalids awaiting their discharge-papers, who at the time of their enlistment were physically unfit for service."* In addition to this, it must be remembered, that, although all recruits are apparently perfect in form and free from disease when they enter the army, yet there may be differences in constitutional force, which cannot be detected by the most careful examiners. Some have more and some have less power of endurance. But the military burden and the work of war are arranged and determined for the strongest, and, of course, break down the weak, who retire in disability or sink in death.

GENERAL VITAL DEPRESSION.

Two causes of depression operate, to a considerable degree in peace and to a very great degree in war, on the soldier, and reduce and sicken him more than the civilian. His vital force is not so well sustained by never-failing supplies of nutritious and digestible food and regular nightly sleep, and his powers are more exhausted in hardships and exposures, in excessive labors and want of due rest and protection against cold and heat, storms and rains. Consequently the army suffers mostly from diseases of depression, — those of the typhoid, adynamic, and scorbutic types. McGrigor says, that, in the British army in the Peninsula, of 176,007 cases treated and recorded by the surgeons, 68,894 were fevers, 23,203 diseases of the bowels, 12,167 ulcers, and 4,027 diseases of the lungs.* In the British hospitals in the Crimean War, 39 per cent. were cholera, dysentery, and diarrhœa, 19 per cent. fevers, 1.2 per cent. scurvy, 8 per cent. diseases of the lungs, 8 per cent. diseases of the skin, 3.3 per cent. rheumatism, 2.5 per cent. diseases of the brain and nervous system, 1.4 per cent. frost-bite or mortification produced by low vitality and chills, 13, or one in 12,000, had sunstroke, 257 had the itch, and 68 per cent. of all were of the zymotic class,† which are considered as principally due to privation, exposure, and personal neglect. The deaths from these classes of causes were in a somewhat similar proportion to the mortality from all stated causes, — being 58 per cent. from cholera, dysentery, and diarrhœa, and 1 per cent. from all other disorders of the digestive organs, 19 per cent. from fevers, 3.6 per cent. from diseases of the lungs, 1.3 per cent. from rheumatism, 1.3 per cent. from diseases of the brain and nervous system, and 79 per cent. from those of the zymotic class. The same classes of disease, with a much larger proportion of typhoid pneumonia, prostrated and destroyed many in the American army in the War of 1812.

* *MS. Letter of Mr. Elliott.*

* *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, Vol. VI. p. 478, etc.

† *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 525. — *Medical and Surgical History of the War in the East.*

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In paper No. 40, p. 54, of the Sanitary Commission, is a report of the diseases that occurred in forty-nine regiments, while under inspection about forty days each, between July and October, 1861. 27,526 cases were reported; of these 67 per cent. were zymotic, 41 per cent. diseases of the digestive organs, 22 per cent. fevers, 7 per cent. diseases of the lungs, 5 per cent. diseases of the brain. Among males of the army-ages the proportions of deaths from these classes of causes to those from all causes were, in Massachusetts, in 1859, zymotic 15 per cent., diseases of digestive organs 3.6 per cent., of lungs 50 per cent., fevers 9 per cent., diseases of brain 4.6 per cent.* According to the mortality-statistics of the seventh census of the United States, of the males between the ages of twenty and fifty, in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, whose deaths in the year ending June 1st, 1850, and their causes, were ascertained and reported by the marshals, 34.3 per cent. died of zymotic diseases, 8 per cent. of all the diseases of the digestive organs, 30.8 per cent. of diseases of the respiratory organs, 24.4 per cent. of fevers, and 5.7 per cent. of disorders of the brain and nervous system. In England and Wales, in 1858, these proportions were, zymotic 14 per cent., fevers 8 per cent., diseases of digestive organs 7.9 per cent., of lungs 8 per cent., and of the brain 7 per cent.†

If, however, we analyze the returns of mortality in civil life, and distinguish those of the poor and neglected dwellers in the crowded and filthy lanes and alleys of cities, whose animal forces are not well developed, or are reduced by insufficient and uncertain nutrition, by poor food or bad cookery, by foul air within and stenchy atmosphere without, by imperfect protection of house and clothing, we shall find the same diseases there as in the army. Wherever the vital forces are depressed, there these diseases of low vitality happen most frequently and are most fatal.

Volumes of other facts and statements might be quoted to show that military service is exhaustive of vital force more than the pursuits of civil life. It is so even in time of peace, and it is remarkably so in time of war. Comparing the English statements of the mortality in the army with the calculations of the expectation of life in the general community, the difference is at once manifest.

Of 10,000 men at the age of twenty, there will die before they complete their fortieth year, —

British army in time of peace, ...	3,058
England and Wales, English Life-Table,	1,853
According to tables of Amicable and Equitable Life-Insurance Companies,	1,972
New England and New York, according to the tables of the New-England Mutual Life-Insurance Company, .	1,721

DANGERS IN LAND-BATTLES.

THIS large amount of disease and mortality in the army arises not from the battle-field, but belongs to the camp, the tent, the barrack, the cantonment; and it is as certain, though not so great, in time of peace, when no harm is inflicted by the instruments of destruction, as in time of war. The battle, which is the world's terror, is comparatively harmless. The official histories of the deadly struggles of armies show that they are not so wasteful of life as is generally supposed. Mr. William Barwick Hodge examined the records and despatches in the War-Office in London, and from these and other sources prepared an exceedingly valuable and instructive paper on "The Mortality arising from Military Operations," which was read before the London Statistical Society, and printed in the nineteenth volume of the Society's journal. Some of the tables will be as interesting to Americans as to Englishmen. On the following page is a tabular view, taken from this work, of the casualties in nineteen battles fought by the British armies with those of other nations.

* Calculated from the *Eighteenth Registration Report.*

† Calculated from *Twenty-First Report of Registrar General.*

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TABLE I.—NINETEEN LAND-BATTLES.

Date.	Battles.	BRITISH.							BRITISH AND ALLIES.		
		Officers and men engaged.	Casualties.				Deaths in battle, from wounds, and among the missing.		Officers and men engaged.	Casualties.	
			Killed in battle.		Wounded.						
			Number.	Per 1000 engaged.	Number.	Per 1000 engaged.	Number.	Per 1000 engaged.		Number.	Per 1000 engaged.
1801, March 21,	Alexandria	14,000	243	17.3	1,193	85.2	393	28.1			
1806, July 4,	Maida	5,675	45	7.9	282	49.1	87	15.3			
1808, August 21,	Vimieiro	19,200	135	7.	534	27.7	215	11.2			
1809, January 16,	Corunna	16,700	158	9.4	634	37.9	257	15.4			
" July 28,	Talavera	22,100	801	3.6	3,913	17.7	1,455	65.8	56,000	6,268	112
1810, September 27,	Busaco	27,800	106	3.9	500	18.	183	6.6	57,000	1,300	23
1811, March 5,	Barrosa	5,230	202	38.6	1,040	198.8	360	68.8	14,500	1,610	111
" May 5,	Fuentes de Onore	22,900	170	7.4	1,043	45.5	379	16.6	35,200	1,469	42
" " 16,	Albuera	9,000	882	98.	2,672	296.6	1,358	151.	37,000	6,500	176
1812, July 22,	Salamanca	30,500	388	12.7	2,714	89.	770	25.2	54,200	4,964	92
1813, June 21,	Vittoria	42,000	501	11.9	2,807	66.8	890	21.2	95,800	4,829	50
" July 25 to August 2,	Pyrenees	30,000	559	18.6	3,693	123.1	1,197	39.9	65,000	6,540	101
" November 10,	Nivelle	47,600	277	5.7	1,777	37.3	675	14.2	90,600	2,621	29
1814, February 27,	Orthés	27,000	210	7.7	1,411	52.2	404	15.	43,600	2,200	50
" April 10,	Toulouse	26,800	312	11.6	1,795	66.9	582	21.7	54,400	4,641	85
1815, January 8,	New Orleans	6,000	386	64.3	1,516	252.6	625	104.2			
" June 16–18,	Waterloo	49,900	2,126	42.6	8,140	163.1	3,245	65.	230,600	36,590	159
1854, September 20,	Alma	26,800	353	13.1	1,619	60.4	559	20.9	55,000	3,545	64
" November 5,	Inkerman	9,000	632	70.2	1,878	208.6	883	98.1			
		438,205	8,486	19.3	39,161	89.3	14,517	33.	888,900	83,077	92
Estimated deaths among the wounded			4,894								
Estimated casualties among the missing			1,137							3,787	
			14,517	33.1		91.9				86,864	98

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Of those who were engaged in these nineteen battles, one in 51.6, or 1.93 per cent., were killed. The deaths in consequence of the battles, including both those who died of wounds and those that died among the missing, were one in 30, or 3.3 per cent. of all who were in the fight. It is worth noticing here, that the British loss in the Battle of New Orleans was larger than in any other battle here adduced, except in that of Albuera, in Spain, with the French, in 1811.

In the British army, from 1793 to 1815, including twenty-one years of war, and excluding 1802, the year of peace, the number of officers varied from 3,576 in the first year to 13,248 in 1813, and the men varied from 74,500 in 1793 to 276,000 in 1813, making an annual average of 9,078 officers and 189,200 men, and equal to 199,727 officers and 4,168,500 men serving one year. During these twenty-one years of war, among the officers 920 were killed and 4,685 were wounded, and among the men 15,392 were killed and 65,393 were wounded. This is an annual average of deaths from battle of 460 officers and 369 men, and of wounded 2,340 officers and 1,580 men, among 100,000 of each class. Of the officers less than half of one per cent., or 1 in 217, were killed, and a little more than two per cent., or 1 in 42, were wounded; and among the men a little more than a third of one per cent., 1 in 271, were killed, and one and a half per cent., 1 in 63, wounded, in each year. The comparative danger to the two is, of death, 46 officers to 37 men, and of wounds, 234 officers to 158 men. A larger proportion of the officers than of the soldiers were killed and wounded; yet a larger proportion of the wounded officers recovered. This is attributed to the fact that the officers were injured by rifle-balls, being picked out by the marksmen, while the soldiers were injured by cannon- and musket-balls and shells, which inflict more deadly injuries.

DANGERS IN NAVAL BATTLES.

It may not be out of place here to show the dangers of naval warfare, which are discussed at length by Mr. Hodge, in a very elaborate paper in the eighteenth volume of the Statistical Society's journal. From one of his tables, containing a condensed statistical history of the English navy, through the wars with France, 1792–1815, the following facts are gathered.

During those wars, the British Parliament, in its several annual grants, voted 2,527,390 men for the navy. But the number actually in the service is estimated not to have exceeded 2,424,000 in all, or a constant average force of 110,180 men. Within this time these men fought five hundred and seventy-six naval battles, and they were exposed to storms, to shipwreck, and to fire, in every sea. In all these exposures, the records show that the loss of life was less than was suffered by the soldiers on the land. There were —

Killed in battle, officers, ...	346
" " men, ...	4,441
Total,	4,787
Wounded, officers, ...	935
" men, ...	13,335
Total,	14,270
Drowned and otherwise destroyed in battle, ...	449
Estimated deaths among the wounded,	1,427
Total destroyed by battle, . . .	6,663
Lost by shipwreck, accidental drowning, and by fire, ...	13,621
Total deaths, from other causes than disease, ...	20,284

Comparing the whole number of men in the naval service, during this period, with the mortality from causes incident to the service, the average annual loss was—

Killed in battle, ...	one in 506, or .197 per cent.
Drowned and lost in battle, and died of wounds, ...	one in 1,292, or .077 per cent.
Wounded, ...	one in 169, or .588 per cent.
Drowned and lost by shipwreck, fire, etc., otherwise than by battle,	one in 178, or .561 per cent.
Total annual loss by battle and the special dangers of the sea, .	one in 119, or .836 per cent.

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TABLE II.—BATTLES BETWEEN FLEETS OR SQUADRONS.

Date.	Place.	BRITISH.							Enemy.
		Ships.	Guns. Broadside.	Men.	Killed.		Wounded.		
					Number.	Per 1000.	Number.	Per 1000.	
1782, April 12,	West Indies	36	1,315	21,608	250	11	810	37	French.
1794, June 1,	English Channel	26	1,087	17,241	290	16	858	47	do.
1795, March 14,	Genoa	14	557	8,810	71	8	266	30	do.
1797, February 14,	Cape St. Vincent	15	620	9,508	73	7	227	29	Spanish.
" October 11,	Camperdown	16	575	8,221	203	24	622	75	Dutch.
1798, August 1,	Nile	14	507	7,985	218	27	678	84	French.
1801, July 12,	Algeziras	5	188	3,100	18	6	102	33	French and Spanish.
1805, July 22,	Cape Finisterre	15	596	10,500	39	3	159	15	do.
" October 21,	Trafalgar	27	1,074	16,826	449	26	1,241	73	do.
" November 4,	Bay of Biscay	9	262	4,186	24	5	111	26	French.
1806, February 6,	San Domingo	7	257	4,094	74	1.8	264	64	do.
1811, March 12,	Lissa	4	59	886	44	49	144	162	French and Italian.
" May 20,	Madagascar	4	73	903	25	27	89	98	French.
		192	7,170	113,868	1,778	15.6	5,571	48.9	

TABLE III.—BATTLES BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN SHIPS.

Date.	BRITISH.								AMERICAN.				
	Duration of action.		Ship.	Guns. Broadside.	Men.	Loss.			Ship.	Guns. Broadside.	Men.	Killed and wounded.	
						Killed.	Wounded.	Casualties.					
								Number. Per 1000.				Number.	Per 1000.
	H.	M.											
1812, August 19,	1	55	Guerrière	24	244	15	63	78 320	Constitution	28	460	20	43
" September 17,		43	Frolic	9	92	15	47	62 674	Wasp	9	135	16	119
" October 25,	2	40	Macedonian	24	254	31	64	95 374	United States	28	474	6	13
" December 20,	3		Java	24	379	22	102	124 379	Constitution	28	480	34	71
1813, February 14,		25	Peacock	9	110	4	33	37 336	Hornet	10	162	5	31
" June 1,		15	Shannon	25	306	24	59	83 271	Chesapeake	25	376	146	389
" August 12,		45	Pelican	9	101	2	5	7 69	Argus	10	122	24	197
1814, August 27,		45	Reindeer	9	98	25	41	66 673	Wasp	11	173	26	150
1815, January 15,	5	58	Endymion	24	319	11	14	25 78	President	28	465	105	226
				157	1,903	149	428	577 303		177	2,847	382	133

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Mr. Hodge's second table shows the conditions and casualties of thirteen battles between fleets and squadrons. This is condensed and quoted on the preceding page.

His third table includes thirty-five actions with single ships on each side, between the years 1793 and 1815. 8,542 men were engaged, and 483, or 56.5 per 1,000, were killed, and 1,230, or 144 per 1,000, wounded.

Twenty-six of these actions were with French ships, which are here omitted, and nine with American ships, which are shown in the second table on the preceding page.

There is a very remarkable difference in the loss which the British suffered in naval and in land battles:—

No. of Battles.	Vessels.	Killed. One in	Wounded. One in
13	Fleets.....	64.0	20.4
35	Single ships.....	17.7	6.9
26	French single ships.	19.8	10.6
9	American do. do.	12.7	4.4
19	Land battles.....	30.0	11.0

The danger both of wounds and death in these contests was three times as great in the single ships as in fleets, and about five times as great in battles with the Americans as in fleet-battles with other nations. The dangers in fleet-battles were about half as great as those in land-battles, and these were but little more than half as great as those in fights with single ships.

COMPARATIVE DANGER OF CAMP AND BATTLE-FIELD.

THESE records of land-battles show that the dangers from that cause are not very great; probably they are less than the world imagines; certainly they are much less than those of the camp. Of the 176,007 admitted into the regimental hospitals during the Peninsular War, only 20,886 were from wounds, the rest from diseases; fourteen-fifteenths of the burden on the hospitals in that war, through forty-two months, were diseased patients, and only one-fifteenth were wounded. In the Crimean War, 11.2 per cent. in the hospitals suffered from injuries in battle, and 88.8 per cent. from other causes. 10 per cent. of the French patients in the same war were wounded, and 90 per cent. had fevers, etc. In the autumn of 1814, there were 815 patients in the great military hospital at Burlington, Vermont. Of these 50 were wounded, and the rest had the diseases of the camp.

In the Crimean War, 16,296 died from disease, and 4,774 from injuries received in battle. In the Peninsular War, 25,304 died of disease, and 9,450 from wounds.

During eighteen years, 1840 to 1857, 19,504 were discharged from the home, and 21,325 from the foreign stations of the British army. Of these, 541, or 2.7 per cent. of those at home, and 3,703, or 17.3 per cent. abroad, were on account of wounds and fractures, and the others on account of disease, debility, and exhaustion.

NATIONS DO NOT LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE TO PREPARE FOR ARMY-SICKNESS.

NATIONS, when they go to war, prepare to inflict injury and death on their opponents, and make up their minds to receive the same in return; but they seem neither to look nor to prepare for sickness and death in their camps. And when these come upon their armies, they seem either to shut their eyes to the facts, or submit to the loss as to a disturbance in Nature, a storm, a drought, or an earthquake, which they can neither prevent nor provide for, and for which they feel no responsibility, but only hope that it will not happen again. Nevertheless, this waste of life has followed every army which has been made to violate the laws of health, in privations, exposures, and hardships, and whose internal history is known. The experience of such disastrous campaigns ought to induce Governments to inquire into the causes of the

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suffering and loss, and to learn whether they are not engaged in a struggle against Nature, in which they must certainly fail, and endeavoring to make the human body bear burdens and labors which are beyond its strength. But Governments are slow to learn, especially sanitary lessons. The British army suffered and died in great numbers at Walcheren and South Beveland, in the middle of the last century. Pringle described the sad condition of those troops, and warned his nation against a similar exposure; yet, sixty years later, the Ministry sent another army to the same place, to sink under the malarious influences and diseases in the same way. The English troops at Jamaica were stationed in the low grounds, where, "for many generations," "the average annual mortality was 13 per cent." "A recommendation for their removal from the plains to the mountains was made so far back as 1791. Numerous reports were sent to the Government, advising that a higher situation should be selected"; but it was not until 1837, after nearly half a century of experience and warning, that the Ministry opened their eyes to this cost of life and money in excessive sickness and mortality, and then removed the garrison to Maroontown, where the death-rate fell to 2 per cent., or less than one-sixth of what it had been.*

The American army, in the war with Great Britain fifty years ago, suffered from the want of proper provision for their necessities and comfort, from exposures and hardships, so that sometimes half its force was unavailable; yet, at the present moment, a monstrous army is collected and sent to the field, under the same regulations, and with the same idea of man's indefinite power of endurance, and the responsibility and superintendence of their health is left, in large measure, to an accidental and outside body of men, the Sanitary Commission, which, although an institution of great heart and energy, and supported by the sympathies and co-operation of the whole people, is yet doing a work that ought to be done by the Government, and carrying out a plan of operations that should be inseparably associated with the original creation of the army and the whole management of the war.

* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 212. Colonel Tulloch.

CRIMEAN WAR.

THE lesson which the experience of the Russian army of 1828 and 1829 taught the world of the mortal dangers of Bulgaria was lost on the British Government, which sent its own troops there in 1854, to be exposed to, and wither before, the same destructive influences. But at length sickness prevailed to such an extent, and death made such havoc, in the army in the East, that England's great sympathies were roused, and the Ministers' attention was drawn to the irresistible fact, that the strongest of Britain's soldiers were passing rapidly from the camp to the hospital, and from the hospital to the grave. Then a doubt occurred to the minds of the men in power, whether all was right in the Crimea, and whether something might not be done for the sanitary salvation of the army. They sent a commission, consisting of Dr. John Sutherland, one of the ablest sanitarians of the kingdom, Dr. Hector Gavin, and Robert Rawlinson, civil engineer, to the Black Sea, to inquire into the state of things there, to search out the causes of the sufferings of the army, and see if there might not be a remedy found and applied. At the same time, Miss Nightingale and a large corps of assistants, attendants, and nurses, women of station and culture and women of hire, went to that terrible scene of misery and death, to aid in any measures that might be devised to alleviate the condition of the men. Great abuses and negligence were found; and the causes of disease were manifest, manifold, and needless. But a reform was at once instituted; great changes were made in the general management of the camp and hospitals and in the condition of the soldiers. Disease began to diminish, the progress of mortality was arrested, and

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in the course of a few months the rate of death was as low as among men of the same ages at home.

This commission made a full report, when they returned, and described the state of things they found in the Crimea and on the shores of the Black Sea,—the camps, barracks, huts, tents, food, manner of life, and general sanitary condition of the troops, their terrible sufferings, and the means and ways of caring for the sick, the measures of reform which they had proposed and carried out, and their effects on the health of the men. This report was published by the Government.

Besides this commission, the Government sent Dr. Lyons, a surgeon and pathologist of great learning and acumen, to investigate the pathology or morbid condition of the army. According to his instructions, he spent four months in the Crimea and at the great hospitals on the Bosphorus. He examined and traced the course of disease and disturbance in the sick and wounded. He made very many thorough examinations after death, in order to determine the effects of vitiating influences upon the organization, and the condition of the textures and organs of the body in connection with the several kinds of disorders. Dr. Lyons's extremely instructive report was published by national authority as one of the Parliamentary folio volumes. After the war was over, Dr. W. Hanbury and Staff-Surgeon Matthew, under the direction of the Secretary of War, gathered, analyzed, and prepared the records of all the surgeons of the several corps of the Crimean army. To these they added a long and valuable treatise on the nature and character of the diseases, and their connection with the condition and habits of the men. These are published in two very thick folio volumes, and give a minute and almost daily history of the life, labors, exposures, privations, sufferings, sickness, and mortality of each regiment. These two works, of Dr. Lyons and Drs. Hanbury and Matthew, show the inseparable connection between the manner of living and the health, and demonstrate that the severe life of war, with its diminished creation of vital force, by imperfect and uncertain nutrition and excessive expenditure in exposures and labors, necessarily breaks down the constitution. It subjects the body to more abundant disorders, and especially to those of the depressive, adynamic type, which, from the want of the usual recuperative power, are more fatal than the diseases of civil life. These works may be considered generic as well as specific. They apply to and describe the sanitary condition and the pathological history of all armies engaged in hard and severe campaigns, as well as those of the Crimea. They should, therefore, be read by every Government that engages in or is forced into any war. They should be distributed to and thoroughly understood by every commander who directs the army, and every surgeon who superintends the sanitary condition of, and manages the sickness among, the men; and happy will it be for those soldiers whose military and sanitary directors avail themselves of the instructions contained in these volumes.

There are several other works on the Crimean War, by surgeons and other officers, written mainly to give a knowledge of the general facts of those campaigns, but all incidentally corroborating and explaining the statements in the Government Reports, in respect to the health and sufferings of the British and French armies. In this view, Dr. Bryce's book, "England and France before Sebastopol," and M. Baudens's and M. Scrive's medical works in French, are worthy of great attention and confidence.

The most important and valuable work, in this connection, is the Report of the British Commission appointed in May, 1854, "to inquire into the regulations affecting the sanitary condition of the British army, the organization of the military hospitals, and the treatment of the sick and wounded." This commission included some of the ablest and most learned physicians and surgeons in the civil

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and military service, some of the most accomplished statisticians, sanitarians, army-officers, and statesmen in the United Kingdom. They were authorized to inquire into the habits and duties, the moral and sanitary condition of the army, the amount and kinds of sickness, the causes and frequency of death, and the means of improvement. This commission sat for a long time in London. They called before them fifty-three witnesses, among whom were Sir Benjamin Brodie, the leading surgeon of England, Dr. Andrew Smith, Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army, Thomas Alexander, Inspector-General of Hospitals, Major-General Airey, Quartermaster-General, Dr. John Sutherland, late Crimean Commissioner, and one of the leading authorities of Great Britain in all sanitary matters, Dr. William Farr, the chief and master-spirit of the Registry-Office, and the highest authority in vital statistics, Colonel Sir Alexander Tulloch, author of the elaborate and valuable reports on the mortality in the British army, Francis G. P. Neison, author of "Contributions to Vital Statistics," Miss Nightingale, and others, surgeons, officers, purveyors, engineers, soldiers, and medical and sanitary scholars.

The commission put forth 10,070 interrogatories relating to everything connected with the army, the persons and the *matériel*, to officers, surgeons, physicians, health-officers, soldiers, nurses, cooks, clothing, food, cooking, barracks, tents, huts, hospitals, duties, labors, exposures, and privations, and their effects on health and life, in every climate, wherever British troops are stationed or serve, at home and abroad. The same inquiry was extended to the armies of other nations, French, Turkish, Russian, etc. To these questions the witnesses returned answers, and statements of facts and opinions, all carefully prepared, and some of great length, and elaborate calculations in respect to the whole military and sanitary science and practice of the age. A large part of the inquiry was directed to the Crimean army, whose condition had been, and was then, a matter of the most intense interest. Many of the witnesses had, in various ways, been connected with that war: they were familiar with its history, and their answers revealed much that had not before been known. The result of all this investigation is published in a folio volume of 607 pages, filled with facts and principles, the lamentable history of the past, painful descriptions of the present, and wise suggestions for the future management of the army; and the whole is worthy of the careful attention of all who, as projectors, leaders, or followers, have anything to do with the active operations of war.

The Crimean War has this remarkable interest, not that the suffering of the troops and their depreciation in effective power were greater than in many other wars, but that these happened in an age when the intelligence and philanthropy, and even the policy of the nation, demanded to know whether the vital depression and the loss of martial strength were as great as rumor reported, whether these were the necessary condition of war, and whether anything could be done to lessen them. By the investigations and reports of commissions, officers, and others, the internal history of this war is more completely revealed and better known than that of any other on record. It is placed on a hill, in the sight of all nations and governments, for their observation and warning, to be faithful to the laws of health in providing for, and in the use of, their armies, if they would obtain the most efficient service from them.

WANT OF SANITARY PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

THERE are, and have been, faults — grievous, destructive, and costly faults — in all connected with armies, from the Governments at the head, down through all grades of officers, to the men in the ranks: they are faults of theory and faults of practice, — of plan in those who direct, and of self-management in those whose whole duty is to obey. The root of this

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is the failure to fully understand and count the cost, and to prepare to meet it as men generally do in the management of their common affairs. In civil life, when prudent men intend to effect any purpose by the aid of motive power, whether of water, steam, horse, or other kind, they carefully consider the means of generating that power, and the best and safest ways of applying and expending it. They include this in their plans, and make provision accordingly. Precisely determining the extent of the purpose they design to effect, and the amount of force that is and will be needed, they make their arrangements to provide or generate and maintain so much as long as they intend to do the work. During the whole process, they carefully guard and treasure it up, and allow none to be wasted or applied to any other than the appointed purpose. But in the use and management of the vital machines, the human bodies, by which the purposes of war are to be accomplished, nations are less wise. There are few, perhaps no records of any Government, which, in creating, maintaining, and operating with an army, has, at and during the same time, created and established the never-failing means of keeping the machinery of war in the best working order, by sustaining the health and force of the men in unfailing fulness.

War is carried on by a partnership between the Government and soldiers, to which the Government contributes money and directing skill, and assumes the responsibility of management, and the soldiers contribute their vital force. In the operation of this joint concern, both the money of the nation and the lives of the men are put at risk. Although, by the terms of the contract, the Government is presumed to expend its money and the soldiers' vital force to the extent that may be necessary to effect the objects of the association, it has no right to do this for any other purpose or on any other condition. It may send the men to battle, where they may lose in wounds or in death a part or all that they have contributed; but it has no right, by any negligence or folly on its own part or in its agents, to expend any of the soldiers' health or strength in hunger, nakedness, foul air, miasma, or disease. There is a glory attached to wounds, and even to death, received in a struggle with the enemies of one's country, and this is offered as a part of the compensation to the warrior for the risk that he runs; but there is no glory in sickness or death from typhus, cholera, or dysentery, and no compensation of this kind comes to those who suffer or perish from these, in camp or military hospital.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CIVIL AND MILITARY LIFE.

MILITARY life, with the labors, exposures, and circumstances of war, differs widely from civil life. The social and domestic machinery of home spontaneously brings within the reach of families the things that are needful for their sustenance, comfortable for their enjoyment, and favorable to their health. But this self-acting machinery follows not the soldier through his campaigns. Everything he needs or enjoys is to be a matter of special thought, and obtained with a special effort and often with difficulty. Much that was very comfortable and salutary in civil life must be given up in the camp. The Government is the purveyor for and the manager of the army; it undertakes to provide and care for, to sustain and nourish the men. But, with all its wisdom, power, and means, it is not equal to the thousand or thousands of housekeepers that cared and provided for these men when at home; and certainly it does not, and probably cannot, perform these domestic offices as well and as profitably for the soldiers as their natural providers did. Nevertheless, the Government is the sole provider for the army, and assumes the main responsibility of the physical condition of its members.

Starting with the very common belief that the human body has an indefinite power of endurance, or, if it suffer from

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disease, or fall in death, it is from causes beyond man's control,—seeing, also, that it is impossible to carry the common means of sustaining life into the camp, Governments seem willing to try the experiment of requiring their men to do the hard work of war without a certain, full supply of sustenance. They expect from the army the largest expenditure of force, but sometimes give it the smallest means and poorest conditions of recuperating it.

The business of war is not constant and permanent, like the pursuits of peace. It therefore comes to most managers as a new and unfamiliar work, to which they can bring little or no acquaintance from experience. They enter upon untried ground with imperfect knowledge of its responsibilities and dangers, and inadequate conceptions of the materials and powers with which they are to operate. They therefore make many and some very grave mistakes, every one of which, in its due proportion, is doubly paid for in drafts on the nation's treasury and on the soldiers' vital capital, neither of which is ever dishonored.

Military life is equally new to the soldier, for which none of his previous education or experience has fitted him. He has had his mother, wife, sister, or other housekeeper, trained and appointed for the purpose, to look after his nutrition, his clothing, his personal comfort, and, consequently, his health. These do not come without thought and labor. The domestic administration of the household and the care of its members require as much talent, intelligence, and discipline as any of the ordinary occupations of men. Throughout the civilized world, this responsibility and the labor necessary for its fulfilment absorb a large portion of the mental and physical power of women.

When the new recruit enters the army, he leaves all this care and protection behind, but finds no substitute, no compensation for his loss in his new position. The Government supposes either that this is all unnecessary, or that the man in arms has an inspired capacity or an instinctive aptitude for self-care as well as for labor, and that he can generate and sustain physical force as well as expend it. But he is no more fitted for this, by his previous training and habits, than his mother and wife are for making shoes or building houses by theirs. Nevertheless he is thrown upon his own resources to do what he may for himself. The army-regulations of the United States say, "Soldiers are expected to preserve, distribute, and cook their own subsistence"; and most other Governments require the same of their men. Washing, mending, sweeping, all manner of cleansing, arrangement and care of whatever pertains to clothing and housekeeping, come under the same law of prescription or necessity. The soldier must do these things, or they will be left undone. He who has never arranged, cared for, or cooked his own or any other food, who has never washed, mended, or swept, is expected to understand and required to do these for himself, or suffer the consequences of neglect.

The want of knowledge and training for these purposes makes the soldier a bad cook, as well as an indiscreet, negligent, and often a slovenly self-manager, and consequently his nutrition and his personal and domestic habits are neither so healthy nor so invigorating as those of men in civil life; and the Government neither thinks of this deficiency nor provides for it by furnishing instruction in regard to this new responsibility and these new duties, nor does it exercise a rigid watchfulness over his habits to compel them to be as good and as healthy as they may be.

MUCH SICKNESS DUE TO ERRORS OF GOVERNMENT.

WHATEVER may be the excess of sickness and mortality among soldiers over those among civilians, it is manifest that a great portion is due to preventable causes; and it is equally manifest that a large part of these are owing to the negligence of the Government or its agents,

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the officers in command or the men themselves, in regard to encampments, tents, clothing, food, labors, exposures, etc.

The places of encampment are usually selected for strategic purposes, or military convenience, and the soldiers are exposed to the endemic influences, whatever they may be. In some localities these influences are perfectly salubrious; in others they are intensely destructive. Malaria and miasms offer to the unpractised eye of the military officer no perceptible signs of their presence. The camp is liable to be pitched and the men required to sleep in malarious spots, or on the damp earth, or over a wet subsoil, exposed to noisome and dangerous exhalations from which disease may arise. Pringle says, that, in 1798, the regiment which had 52 per cent. sick in two months, and 94 per cent. sick in one season, "were cantoned on marshes whence noxious exhalations emanated." * "Another regiment encamped where meadows had been flowed all winter and just drained, and half the men became sick." Lord Wellington wrote, August 11, 1811, "Very recently, the officer commanding a brigade encamped in one of the most unwholesome situations, and every man of them is sick." † One of our regiments encamped at Worcester, Massachusetts, on the Agricultural Society's grounds, where the upper soil was not dry and the subsoil was wet. The men slept in tents on the ground, consequently there were thirty to forty cases of disordered bowels a day. The surgeon caused the tents to be floored, and the disease was mitigated. The Eleventh Massachusetts Regiment were encamped on a wet soil at Budd's Ferry, in Maryland. In a week, thirty cases of fever appeared. Dr. Russell, the surgeon, ordered the camp to be removed to a dry field, and the tents to be floored with brush; no new cases of fever appeared afterward. Moltke says that "the Russian army which suffered so terribly and fatally in 1828 and 1829 was badly clothed and badly nourished, and in no way protected against the climate of the Danubian Provinces, and especially of Bulgaria, where the temperature varies from 58° in the day to 29° at night, and where the falling dew is like a fine and penetrating rain." *

Lord Wellington was a sagacious observer and a bold speaker. His despatches to his Government frequently mention the errors of those who should provide for the army, and the consequent sufferings of the soldiers. November 14, 1809, he says, "In the English army of 30,000 men, 6,000 are sick." "Want of proper food increases sickness." "With nothing but water for drink, with meat, but no salt, and bread very rarely for a month, and no other food; consequently, few, if any, were not affected with dysentery." Again he writes, "Men cannot perform the labors of soldiers without food. Three of General Park's brigade died of famine yesterday, on their march; and above a hundred and fifty have fallen out from weakness, many of whom must have died from the same cause." August 9, 1809, he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, "No troops can serve to any good purpose, unless they are regularly fed. It is an error to suppose that a Spaniard, or any man or animal of any country, can make an exertion without food." In February, 1811, he wrote, "The Portuguese army of 43,000 or 44,000 men has about 9,000 sick, which is rather more than a fifth. This is caused by want of proper and regular food, and of money to purchase hospital-stores. If this be continued, the whole army will be down, or must be disbanded."

The British army in Spain suffered from want of clothing as well as of food. The Duke, who did not intend to be misunderstood, nor believe that this was without somebody's fault, wrote, November 3, 1810, to General Fane, "I wish it were in my power to give you well-clothed troops or hang those who ought to have given them clothing."

The diaries of the medical officers in the Crimean army, quoted in the "Med-

* *Diseases of the Army*, p. 59.

† *Despatches.*

* Boudin, *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II. p. 289.

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ical and Surgical History" of that war, already referred to, are full of similar complaints, and these are supported by Dr. Lyons's "Pathological Report." One says, "Some of the camps were very injudiciously chosen." "The men were very much weakened," "unable to undergo any fatigue," even "to carry their knapsacks." "At Balaklava, they built their huts on a very unhealthy site." Sir John Hall, Inspector-General of Hospitals, referring to this, said, "I protested against it, in the strongest way I could, but without effect; and the consequence was that shortly after the men had spotted fever."* Dr. Hanbury says, "November, 1854. Health of the army rapidly deteriorated from defective diet, harassing duties, hardships, privations, and exposures to the inclement season." "Cholera increased; cold, wet, innutritious and irritating diet produced dysentery, congestion and disorganization of the mucous membrane of the bowels, and scurvy." January, 1855, he says, "Fever and bowel affections indicated morbid action; scurvy and gangrene indicated privation and exposures."

The surgeon of the Thirty-Fourth Regiment writes: "November, 1854. Cholera broke out. It rained constantly. Troops had no other protection from the damp ground than a single wet blanket." "Without warm clothing, on short allowance of provisions, in want of fuel." "The sanitary condition of the regiment deteriorated rapidly: 56 per cent. of the men admitted to the hospital."

Forty-First Regiment, November and December. "No respite from severe duties; weather cold and wet; clothing ill-adapted for such climate and service; disease rapidly increased; 70 per cent. of the men in the hospital in two months."

Thirty-Third Regiment, December, 1854. "Cold and wet weather, coupled with insufficient food, fuel, and clothing, and severe and arduous duties, all combined to keep up the sickness; 48.8 per cent. admitted to the hospital in this month."

Twentieth Regiment. "The impoverished condition of the blood, dependent on long use of improper diet, exposure to wet and cold, and want of sufficient clothing and rest, had become evident." "Scurvy, diarrhœa, frost-bite, and ulceration of the feet followed."

First Regiment. "December, 1854. Scarcely a soldier in perfect health, from sleeping on damp ground, in wet clothing, and no change of dress; cooking the worst; field-hospital over-crowded." "January, 1855. Type of disease becoming more unequivocally the result of bad feeding, exposure, and other hardships."

Thirtieth Regiment. "Duties and employments extremely severe; exposure protracted; no means of personal cleanliness; clothing infested with vermin; since Nov. 14, short allowance of meat, and, on some days, of biscuit, sometimes no sugar, once no rice; food sometimes spoiled in cooking; tents leaked; floors and bedding wet; sanitary efficiency deteriorated in a decided manner."

These quotations are but samples of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of similar statements, showing the immediate connection between privations, exposures, and hardships, and depression of life and abundant disease.

Dr. Sutherland went through all the camps, and makes similar statements. "The damp, unventilated, and undrained huts, in some parts of the camp, produced consequences similar to those in cellar-dwellings at home," — that is, typhus and typhoid diseases. "The half-buried huts of the Sardinian camp furnished a large proportion of fever cases among their occupants." "That beautiful village of Balaklava was allowed to become a hot-bed of pestilence, so that fever, dysentery, and cholera, in it and its vicinity and on the ships in the harbor, were abundant." "Filth, manure, offal, dead carcasses, had been allowed to accumulate to such an extent, that we found, on our arrival, in March, 1855, it would have

* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 178.

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required the labor of three hundred men to remove the local causes of disease before the warm weather set in." * General Airey said: "The French General Canrobert came to me, complaining of the condition in which his men were. He said 'they were dying in the mud.'" †

Dr. Bryce, one of the army-surgeons in that war, says, in his book: "The British army was exhausted by overwork and the deficiency of everything that would sustain health and strength."

When the soldier, overcome by these morbific influences, became sick, and was taken to the hospital, he was still compelled to suffer, and often sank under, the privation of those comforts and means of restoration which the sick at home usually enjoy.

Dr. Sutherland says: "The hospitals at Scutari were magnificent buildings, apparently admirably adapted to their purpose; but, when carefully examined, they were found to be little better than pest-houses." ‡

Under direction of the Sanitary Commission, the hospitals were cleansed and ventilated, and the patients allowed more room. In the first three weeks of these improvements, the mortality from diseases fell to one-half; in the second three weeks, to one-third; in the third, to one-fifth; and in the fourth and fifth periods, to one-tenth of that which prevailed before they were begun. §

The reform was carried through the whole army, camp and barracks, Government supplies, and soldiers' habits and exposures; and the mortality from diseases, which had been at the annual rate of 114 per cent. in January, and 83 per cent. in February, fell to 19 per cent. in April and May, 5 per cent. in the autumn, and 1.6 per cent. in the winter following. ‖

* *Report of the Sanitary Commission.—Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 335.

† *Report of the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 97.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 334. § *Ib.*, p. 365. ‖ *Ib.*, p. 524.

The exposures, privations, and sufferings of our own army in the last war with Great Britain, heart-rending even at this distance of time, were sufficient to account for much of the terrible sickness and mortality that prostrated and destroyed the men. They were at times in want of food, clothing, and tents; and yet, in the new and unsettled country, in the wilderness and forest, they performed great labors. "Long and unremitting exposures to wet, cold, and fatigue, with a diet which, under existing circumstances, could not prove nutritious, exhausted the vital principle, and diarrhœa and typhus fever supervened. The production of animal putrefaction and excrementitious materials were also sources of these diseases. Armies always accumulate these noxious principles about their encampments in a few days, when attention is not called to their daily removal." * Feeble, and destitute of clothing and provisions, they invaded Canada at the end of the autumn in 1813. "During the whole of October and part of November, most of them were subjected to excessive fatigues, and exposed in open boats on the lake, when it rained almost every day." "On the 14th of November the weather became intensely cold, and remained so all winter. In addition to their great fatigue, most of them lost their extra clothing and blankets on their march and in the battle of the 11th. Even the sick had no covering but tents until January. Provisions were scarce, and of a bad quality. Under these circumstances, sickness and mortality were very great." "Nearly one-half of the army," 47 per cent., "were unfit for duty." †

"Through the following winter, the want of necessaries for the support of the enfeebled and wretched soldier was most severely felt. The poor subsistence which bread of the worst quality afforded was almost the only support which could be had for seven weeks." "The sickness,

* Dr. Mann, *Medical Sketches*, p. 64.

† Dr. Lovell, quoted by Mann, *Medical Sketches*, p. 119.

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deaths, and distress at French Mills excited much alarm. This great mortality had obvious causes for its existence." "Predispositions to sickness, the effects of obvious causes, the comfortless condition of men exposed to cold, wanting the common necessaries of life to support them in their exhausted states." Dr. Lovell adds: "It was impossible for the sick to be restored with nothing to subsist upon except damaged bread." * Among the causes of the abundant sickness, in March, along the Niagara frontier, given by the surgeons, were "severe duty during the inclement weather, exposure on the lake in open transports, bad bread made of damaged flour, either not nutritious or absolutely deleterious, bad water impregnated with the product of vegetable putrefaction, and the effluvia from materials of animal production with which the air was replete." † "The army, in consequence of its stationary position, suffered from diseases aggravated by filth accumulated in its vicinity." "The clothing was not sufficient to protect the men on the northern frontier, and even this short allowance failed to reach them in due season." ‡ "The woollen garments have not been issued until the warm weather of summer commenced, when winter finds them either naked or clad in their summer dresses, perishing with cold." §

The camps were sometimes in malarious districts. "At Fort George and the vicinity, the troops were exposed to intense heat during the day and to cold and chilly atmosphere at night." "The diseases consequent to this exposure, typhus and intermittent fever, dysentery and diarrhœa," and "but little more than half of the men were fit for duty." ‖

Gen. Scott wrote from Mexico, February 14, 1848: "The army is also suffering from the want of necessary clothing. The new troops are as destitute as the others. They were first told that they should find abundant supplies at New Orleans, next at Vera Cruz, and finally here." *

There is ever a danger of the sensibilities and perceptive faculties becoming blunted by exposure to and familiarity with offensive effluvia. "The General repeatedly called the attention of the officers at Fort George to the filthy state and foul effluvia of their camp, but they perceived no offensive odor; their olfactories had lost their acuteness, and failed to warn them of the noisome gases that pervaded the atmosphere." † If the officers fail of their duty as housekeepers to see that everything in the camp and tents is clean and healthy, the men fall into negligent habits, and become dirty and sick. It was the "total want of good police" that reduced the regiment already referred to from 900 to 200 fit for duty. On the other hand, "The regiment of artillery, always subject to correct discipline, with quarters and encampments always in the best state, and the men mostly neat and clean, suffered less by disease than any on the northern frontier. Their better health may be much imputed to cleanliness." ‡

Itch and lice, the natural progeny of negligence and uncleanness, often find their home in the army. Pringle, more than a hundred years ago, said that "itch was the most general distemper among soldiers." Personal and household vermin seem to have an instinctive apprehension of the homes that are prepared for them, and flock to the families and dwellings where washing and sweeping are not the paramount law and unfailing habit. They are found in the houses and on the bodies of the filthy and negligent everywhere. They especially delight in living with those who rarely change their body-linen and bedding. They were carried into and established themselves in the new barracks of Camp Cameron in Cambridge, Massa-

* Mann, *Medical Sketches*, pp. 120, 121.
† *Ib.*, p. 78. ‡ *Ib.*, p. 92.
§ *Ib.*, p. 124. ‖ *Ib.*, p. 204.

* *Executive Documents, U. S.*, 1848, Vol. VII. p. 1224.
† Mann, *Medical Sketches*, p. 66.
‡ *Ib.*, p. 39.

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chusetts; but they are never found in the Boston House of Correction, which receives its recruits from the filthiest dens of iniquity, because the energetic master enforces thorough cleansing on every new-comer, and continues it so long as he remains.

The camps and police of the present Union army, though better than the average of others and far above some, are yet not in as healthy condition as they might be. The Report of the Sanitary Commission to the Secretary of War, December, 1861, says: "Of the camps inspected, 5 per cent. were in admirable order, 45 per cent. fairly clean and well policed. The condition of 26 per cent. was negligent and slovenly, and that of 24 per cent. decidedly bad, filthy, and dangerous." * The same Report adds: "On the whole, a very marked and gratifying improvement has occurred during the summer." And that improvement has been going on ever since. Yet the description of a camp at Grafton, Virginia, in March, shows that there a very bad and dangerous state of things existed at that time, and "one-seventh of the regiment was sick and unfit for duty"; but the bold and clear report of Dr. Hammond of the United States Army produced a decided and favorable change, and "the regiment has now less than the average amount of sickness." †

The hospitals of the army are mostly buildings erected for other purposes, and not fitted for their present use; and the sudden influx of a large military population, with its usual amount of sickness, has often crowded these receptacles of the suffering soldiers. For want of experience on the part of the officers, surgeons, nurses, and men, in the management of such establishments, they are sometimes in very bad and unhealthy condition. In Cumberland, Maryland, fifteen buildings were occupied by about five hundred patients. These buildings had been warehouses, hotels, etc., with few or none of the conveniences for the sick. They were densely crowded; in some the men were "lying on the floor as thickly as they could be packed." One room with 960 feet of air contained four patients. Dr. Hammond's description of the eighty-three rooms and the condition of the patients in them seems to justify the terms he frequently uses. "Halls very dirty." "Rooms dismal and badly ventilated." "Utmost confusion appears to exist about each hospital; consequently, duties are neglected, and a state of the most disgusting want of cleanliness exists." * Happily, the wise and generous suggestions of the surgeon were carried out, and with the best results. This hospital was an exception; but it shows the need of intelligent watchfulness on the part of the Government.

* p. 23.

† *Report of the Sanitary Commission*, No. 41.

CROWDED QUARTERS.

It is to be expected that the soldier's dwelling, his tent and barrack, will be reduced to the lowest endurable dimensions in the campaign, for there is a seeming necessity for this economy of room; but in garrisons, stations, and cantonments, and even in encampments in time of peace, this necessity ceases, and there is a power at least, if not a disposition, to give a more liberal supply of house- and lodging-room to the army, and a better opportunity for rest and recuperation. In common dwelling-houses, under favorable circumstances, each sleeper is usually allowed from 500 to 1,000 cubic feet of space: a chamber fifteen or sixteen feet square and eight feet high, with 1,800 to 2,048 feet of air, is considered a good lodging-room for two persons. This gives 900 to 1,024 feet of air for each. The prudent always have some means of admitting fresh air, or some way for the foul air to escape, by an open window, or an opening into the chimney, or both. If such a room be occupied by three lodgers, it is crowded, and the air becomes perceptibly foul in the night. Sometimes more are allowed to sleep

* *Report of the Sanitary Commission*, No. 41.

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within a room of this size; but it is a matter of necessity, or of lower sensibility, and is not healthy. They do not find sufficient oxygen to purify or decarbonize their blood through the night; they consequently are not refreshed, nor invigorated and fully prepared for the labors of the following day.

No nation has made this liberal and proper provision of lodging-room for its sleeping soldiers in peace or in war, in garrison or in the encampment.

The British army-regulations formerly allowed 400 to 500 cubic feet for each soldier in barracks in temperate climates, and 480 to 600 in tropical climates. The new regulations allow 600 feet in temperate climates.* But the 356 barracks at the various military stations in Great Britain and Ireland give the soldiers much less breathing-room than the more recent regulations require. Of these,

3	allow	100 to 200	feet for	each man.
27	"	200 to 300	"	"
123	"	300 to 400	"	"
125	"	400 to 500	"	"
59	"	500 to 600	"	"
19	"	600 to 800	"	" †

The French Government allows 444 feet for each infantry soldier, and 518 feet for each man in the cavalry.

The British soldiers, at these home-stations, have less breathing-space and are subject to more foulness of air than the people of England in civil life; and the natural consequence was discovered by the investigation of the Military Sanitary Commission, that consumption and other diseases of the lungs were much more prevalent and fatal among these soldiers, who were originally possessed of perfect constitutions and health, than among the people at large. The mortality from consumption and other diseases of the respiratory organs, among the Household Cavalry, the Queen's Body-Guard, and the most perfectly formed men in the kingdom, was 25 per cent., among the Dragoon Guards 59 per cent., among the Infantry of the Line 115 per cent., and among the Foot-Guards 172 per cent. greater than it was among the males of the same ages throughout England and Wales, and consumption was the prevailing cause of death.

The huts of the British army are of various sizes, holding from twenty-five to seventy-two men, and allowing from 146 to 165 cubic feet for each. The "Portsmouth hut" is the favorite. It is twenty-seven feet long, fifteen feet wide, walls six feet, and ridge twelve feet high. This holds twenty-five men, and allows 146 feet of air to each man. All these huts have windows, and most of them are ventilated through openings under the eaves or just below the ridge, and some through both.

Some of the temporary barracks erected at Newport News, Virginia, are one hundred feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and twelve and a half feet high at the ridge, and accommodate seventy-six men, giving each 360 feet of air. Some are larger, and allow more space; others allow less; in one each man has only 169 feet of breathing-space. All these buildings are well supplied with windows, which serve also for ventilators.

In forts, the garrisons are usually more liberally supplied with sleeping-room, yet, on emergencies, they are densely crowded. At Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, two regiments were temporarily stationed, in the summer of 1861. There was one large barrack divided into some large and many small rooms, and there was the usual supply of rooms in the casemates. There was one range of rooms in the barrack, each sixteen feet six inches long, seven feet four inches high, and varying in width from ten feet eight inches to thirteen feet two inches. In most of these rooms, including two of the narrowest, twelve men slept. They had from 105 to 119 feet of air for each one. There was a large window in each room, which was opened at night, and might have served for healthy ventilation, except that there was an accumulation of disgusting filth within a few feet of the

* *Report of Barrack Commission*, p. 160.

† *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 439.

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building, on that side, sending forth offensive and noisome effluvia, and rendering it doubtful which was the most disagreeable and dangerous, the foul air within or the foul atmosphere without. In two of the casemate-rooms, holding sixty and seventy-five men respectively, each man had 144 and 180 feet of air. At Fort Independence, in the same harbor, a battalion was stationed, and slept in thirteen casemate-rooms, where the men had from 150 to 297 feet of air. All the casemate-rooms, being in the thick walls, and covered with earth, in both forts, were cold and damp, and many of them were kept comfortable only by fires, even in June.

The ten new barracks at Camp Cameron, in Cambridge, when full, according to the plan, give each soldier 202 feet of air for respiration; but in August last, when densely filled, as some of them were, the proportion of air for each man was reduced to 120 feet. The doors and windows were left open at night, however, and obviated in some degree the evil effects of the crowding.

TENTS.

The portable house must necessarily be as small as possible, and must be made to give its occupants the smallest endurable space. The English bell-tent contains 512 cubic feet, and lodges twelve to fifteen men, when on march, and eight to twelve men in camp, affording 34 to 64 feet of breathing-space for each. Quartermaster-General Airey says this is the best tent in use.

The American tents are of many varieties in shape and size. The Sibley tent gives 1,052 feet to seventeen or eighteen, and sometimes to twenty men, being 53 to 62 feet for each. The Fremont tent is somewhat larger, and, as used in the cavalry camp at Readville, gave the men more air than the Sibley. Both of these have means of ventilation. The wedge-tent, being the simplest in structure, is most easily pitched, struck, and packed by the soldiers, and therefore used by 58 per cent. of the regiments of the Union army, six men sleeping in each. But, as occupied by two of the regiments in Massachusetts, in the summer of 1861, it was the most crowded and unhealthy. Those used by the Second Regiment at West Roxbury, and the Ninth at Long Island, (in Boston Harbor,) were twelve and a half feet long, eight feet wide, and six feet high to the ridge, and held twelve men. Each sleeper had 8⅓ square feet of floor to rest upon, and 25 cubic feet of air to breathe through the night, with no ventilation, except what air passed in through the door-way, when left open, and through the porous cloth that covered the tent. Some of the tents of one of the regiments encamped at Worcester had 56 feet of floor-surface, and 160 feet of air, which was divided among six men, giving each 27 feet of air.

In all the camps of Massachusetts, and of most armies everywhere, economy, not only of room within the tents, but of ground where they are placed, seems to be deemed very important, even on those fields where there is opportunity for indefinite expansion of the encampment. The British army-regulations prescribe three plans of arranging the tents. The most liberal and loose arrangement gives to each soldier eighty square feet of ground, the next gives forty-two, and the most compact allows twenty-seven feet, without and within his tent. These are densities of population equal to having 348,000, 664,000, and 1,008,829 people on a square mile. But enormous and incredible as this condensation of humanity may seem, we, in Massachusetts, have beaten it, in one instance at least. In the camp of the Ninth Regiment at Long Island, the tents were placed in compact rows, and touched each other on the two sides and at the back. Between the alternate rows there were narrow lanes, barely wide enough for carriages to pass. Thus arranged, the men, when in their tents, were packed at the rate of 1,152,000 on a square mile, or one man on every twenty-two square feet, including the lanes between, as well as the ground under, the tents.

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The city of London has 17,678 persons on a square mile, through its whole extent, including the open spaces, streets, squares, and parks. East London, the densest and most unhealthy district, has 175,816 on a mile. Boston, including East and South Boston, but not Washington Village, has 50,805 on a mile; and the Broad-Street section, densely filled with Irish families, had, when last examined for this purpose, in 1845, a density of population at the rate of 413,000 on the same space.

RESULTS OF SANITARY REFORMS.

The errors and losses which have been adverted to are not all constant nor universal: not every army is hungry, or has bad cookery; not every one encamps in malarious spots, or sleeps in crowded tents, or is cold, wet, or overworked: but, so far as the internal history of military life has been revealed, they have been and are sufficiently frequent to produce a greater depression of force, more sickness, and a higher rate of mortality among the soldiery than are found to exist among civilians. Every failure to meet the natural necessities or wants of the animal body, in respect to food, air, cleanliness, and protection, has, in its own way, and in its due proportion, diminished the power that might otherwise have been created; and every misapplication has again reduced that vital capital which was already at a discount. These first bind the strong man, and then, exposing him to morbific influences, rob him of his health. Perhaps in none of the common affairs of the world do men allow so large a part of the power they raise and the means they gather for any purpose to be lost, before they reach their object and strike their final and effective blow, as the rulers of nations allow to be lost in the gathering and application of human force to the purposes of war. And this is mainly because those rulers do not study and regard the nature and conditions of the living machines with which they operate, and the vital forces that move them, as faithfully as men in civil life study and regard the conditions of the dead machines they use, and the powers of water and steam that propel them, and form their plans accordingly.

But it is satisfactory to know that great improvements have been made in this respect. From a careful and extended inquiry into the diseases of the army and their causes, it is manifest that they do not necessarily belong to the profession of war. Although sickness has been more prevalent, and death in consequence more frequent, in camps and military stations than in the dwellings of peace, this excess is not unavoidable, but may be mostly, if not entirely, prevented. Men are not more sick because they are soldiers and live apart from their homes, but because they are exposed to conditions or indulge in habits that would produce the same results in civil as in military life. Wherever civilians have fallen into these conditions and habits, they have suffered in the same way; and wherever the army has been redeemed from these, sickness and mortality have diminished, and the health and efficiency of the men have improved.

Great Britain has made and is still making great and successful efforts to reform the sanitary condition of her army. The improvement in the health of the troops in the Crimea in 1856 and 1857 has already been described. The reduction of the annual rate of mortality caused by disease, from 1,142 to 13 in a thousand, in thirteen months, opened the eyes of the Government to the real state of matters in the army, and to their own connection with it. They saw that the excess of sickness and death among the troops had its origin in circumstances and conditions which they could control, and then they began to feel the responsibility resting upon them for the health and life of their soldiers. On further investigation, they discovered that soldiers in active service everywhere suffered more by sickness and death than civilians at home, and then they very naturally concluded that a similar application of sanitary measures and enforcement of

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the sanitary laws would be as advantageous to the health and life of the men at all other places as in the Crimea. A thorough reform was determined upon, and carried out with signal success in all the military stations at home and abroad. "The late Lord Herbert, first in a royal commission, then in a commission for carrying out its recommendations, and lastly as Secretary of State for War in Lord Palmerston's administration, neglecting the enjoyments which high rank and a splendid fortune placed at his command, devoted himself to the sanitary reform of the army." * He saw that the health of the soldiers was perilled more "by bad sanitary arrangements than by climate," and that these could be amended. "He had some courageous colleagues, among whom I must name as the foremost Florence Nightingale, who shares without diminishing his glory." † Both of these great sanitary reformers sacrificed themselves for the good of the suffering and perishing soldier. "Lord Herbert died at the age of fifty-one, broken down by work so entirely that his medical attendants hardly knew to what to attribute his death." ‡ Although he probed the evil to the very bottom, and boldly laid bare the time-honored abuses, neglects, and ignorance of the natural laws, whence so much sickness had sprung to waste the army, yet he "did not think it enough to point out evils in a report; he got commissions of practical men to put an end to them." § A new and improved code of medical regulations, and a new and rational system of sanitary administration, suited to the wants and liabilities of the human body, were devised and adopted for the British army, and their conditions are established and carried out with the most happy results.

These new systems connect with every corps of the army the means of protecting the health of the men, as well as of healing their diseases.

"The Medical Department of the British army includes, —

"1. Director-General, who is the sole responsible administrative head of the medical service.

"2. Three Heads of Departments, to aid the Director-General with their advice, and to work the routine-details.

"A Medical Head, to give advice and assistance on all subjects connected with the medical service and hospitals of the army.

"A Sanitary Head, to give advice and assistance on all subjects connected with the hygiene of the army.

"A Statistical Head, who will keep the medical statistics, case-books, meteorological registers," etc.*

Besides these medical officers, there are an Inspector-General of Hospitals, a Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, Staff and Regimental Surgeons, Staff and Regimental Assistant-Surgeons, and Apothecaries.

The British army is plentifully supplied with these medical officers. For the army of 118,000 men there were provided one thousand and seventy-five medical officers under full pay in 1859. Four hundred and seventy surgeons and assistant-surgeons were attached to the hundred regiments of infantry. †

It is made the duty of the medical officer to keep constant watch over all the means and habits of life among the troops, — "to see that all regulations for protecting the health of troops, in barracks, garrisons, stations, or camps, are duly observed." "He is to satisfy himself as to the sanitary condition of barracks," "as to their cleanliness, within and without, their ventilation, warming, and lighting," "as to the drainage, ash-pits, offal," etc. "He is to satisfy himself that the rations are good, that the kitchen-utensils are sufficient and in good order, and that the cooking is sufficiently varied." ‡

* Dr. Farr, in *Journal of the London Statistical Society*, Vol. XXIV. p. 472.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *MS. Letter of Dr. Sutherland.*

§ Dr. Farr, *ubi supra.*

* *Army Medical Regulations*, p. 27, etc.

† *Report of the Army Medical Department for* 1859.

‡ *Army Medical Regulations*, p. 29.

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Nothing in the condition, circumstances, or habits of the men, that can affect their health, must be allowed to escape the notice of these medical officers.

In every plan for the location or movement of any body of troops, it is made the duty of the principal medical officer first to ascertain the effect which such movement or location will have upon the men, and advise the commander accordingly. It is his duty, also, to inspect all camp-sites and "give his opinion in writing on the salubrity or otherwise of the proposed position, with any recommendations he may have to make respecting the drainage, preparation of the ground, distance of the tents or huts from each other, the number of men to be placed in each tent or hut, the state of cleanliness, ventilation, and water-supply." * "The sanitary officer shall keep up a daily inspection of the whole camp, and especially inform himself as to the health of the troops, and of the appearance of any zymotic disease among them; and he shall immediately, on being informed of the appearance of any such disease, examine into the cause of the same, whether such disease proceed from, or is aggravated by, sanitary defects in cleansing, drainage, nuisances, overcrowding, defective ventilation, bad or deficient water-supply, dampness, marshy ground, or from any other local cause, or from bad or deficient food, intemperance, unwholesome liquors, fruit, defective clothing or shelter, exposure, fatigue, or any other cause, and report immediately to the commander of the forces, on such causes, and the remedial measures he has to propose for their removal." "And he shall report at least daily on the progress or decline of the disease, and on the means adopted for the removal of its causes." †

Thus the British army is furnished with the best sanitary instruction the nation can afford, to guide the officers and show the men how to live, and sustain their strength for the most effective labor in the service of the country.

* *Army Medical Regulations*, p. 83.

† *Ib.*, p. 84.

To make this system of vigilant watchfulness over the health of the men the more effectual, the medical officer of each corps is required to make weekly returns to the principal medical officer of the command, and this principal officer makes monthly returns to the central office at London. These weekly and monthly returns include all the matters that relate to the health of the troops, "to the sanitary condition of the barracks, quarters, hospitals, the rations, clothing, duties, etc., of the troops, and the effects of these on their health." *

Under these new regulations, the exact condition of the army everywhere is always open to the eyes of medical and sanitary officers, and they are made responsible for the health of the soldiers. The consequence has been a great improvement in the condition and habits of the men. Camps have been better located and arranged. Food is better supplied. Cooking is more varied, and suited to the digestive powers. The old plan of boiling seven days in the week is abolished, and baking, stewing, and other more wholesome methods of preparation are adopted in the army-kitchens, with very great advantage to the health of the men and to the efficiency of the military service. Sickness has diminished and mortality very greatly lessened, and the most satisfactory evidence has been given from all the stations of the British army at home and abroad, that the great excess of disease and death among the troops over those of civilians at home is needless, and that health and life are measured out to the soldier, as well as to the citizen, according to the manner in which he fulfils or is allowed to fulfil the conditions established by Nature for his being here.

The last army medical report shows the amount and rate of sickness and mortality of every corps, both in the year 1859, under the new system of watchfulness and proper provision, and at a former period, under the old *régime* of neglect.

* *Army Medical Regulations*, p. 93.

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THE NUMBER OF DEATHS IN 100,000.*

	Annual Average for 10 years, 1837 to 1846.	1859.
Household Cavalry	1,039	427
Dragoon-Guards	1,208	794
Foot-Guards	1,872	859
Infantry Regiments	1,706	758
Men in healthy districts of England		723

The Foot-Guards, which lost annually 1,415 from diseases of the chest before the reform, lost only 538 in 100,000 from the same cause in 1859.*

Among the infantry of the line, the annual attacks of fever were reduced to a little more than one-third, and the deaths from this cause to two-fifths of their former ratio. The cases of zymotic disease were diminished 33 per cent., and the mortality from this class of maladies was reduced 68 per cent.†

The same happy accounts of improvement come from every province and every military station where the British Government has placed its armies.

* *Report of the Army Medical Department for* 1859, p. 10.
† *Ibid.*

Our present army is in better condition than those of other times and other nations; and more and more will be done for this end. The Government has already admitted the Sanitary Commission into a sort of copartnership in the management of the army, and hereafter the principles of this excellent and useful association will be incorporated with, and become an inseparable part of, the machinery of war, to be conducted by the same hands that direct the movements of the armies, ever present and efficient to meet all the natural wants of the soldier, and to reduce his danger of sickness and mortality, as nearly as possible, to that of men of the same age at home.

* *Report of the Army Medical Department for* 1859, p. 6.

AN ARAB WELCOME.

I.

Because thou com'st, a tired guest,
Unto my tent, I bid thee rest.
This cruse of oil, this skin of wine,
These tamarinds and dates, are thine:
And while thou eatest, Hassan, there,
Shall bathe the heated nostrils of thy mare.

II.

Allah il Allah! Even so
An Arab chieftain treats a foe:
Holds him as one without a fault,
Who breaks his bread and tastes his salt;
And, in fair battle, strikes him dead
With the same pleasure that he gives him bread!

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ELIZABETH SARA SHEPPARD

You ask from me some particulars of the valued life so recently closed. Miss Sheppard was my friend of many years; I was with her to the last hour of her existence; but this is not the time for other than a brief notice of her career, and I comply with your request by sending you a slight memorial, hardly full enough for publication.

Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, the authoress of "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," etc., was born at Blackheath, in England. Her father was a clergyman of unusual scholastic attainments, and took high honors at St. John's College, Oxford. Mr. Sheppard, on the mother's side, could number Hebrew ancestors, and this was the pride of his second daughter, the subject of this notice. Her love for the whole Hebrew race amounted to a passion, which found its expression in the romance of "Charles Auchester."

Very early she displayed a most decided poetic predisposition, — writing, when but ten years old, with surprising facility on every possible subject. No metre had any difficulties for her, and no theme seemed dull to her vivid intelligence, — her fancy being roused to action in a moment, by the barest hint given either by Nature or Art. Her first drama was written at this early age; it was called "Boadicea," and was composed immediately after she had been shown a field at Islington where this queen is said to have pitched her tent. Any one who asked was welcome to "some verses by 'Little Lizzie,'" written in her peculiar and fairy-like hand, (for when very young, her writing was remarkable for its extreme smallness and finish,) given with child-like simplicity, and artless ignorance of the worth of what she bestowed with a kiss and a smile.

Her poems were composed at once, with scarcely a correction. Her earlier ones, for the most part, were written at the corner of a large table, covered with the usual heaps of "after-lessons," in a school-room, where some twenty enfranchised girls were putting away copy-books, French grammars, etc., and getting out play-boxes and fancy-work, with the common amount of chatter and noise. Contrasted with such young persons, this child looked a strange, unearthly creature, — her large, dark gray eye full of inspiration, and every movement of her frame and tone of her voice instinct with delicate energy.

At the same age she would extemporize for hours on the organ, after wreathing the candlesticks with garden-flowers which she had brought in her hand, — their scent, she would say, suggesting the wild, sweet fancies which her fingers seemed able to call forth on the shortest notice. Persons straying into the church, as they often did, attracted by the sound of music, would declare the performer to be an experienced masculine musician.

When but a year older, she was an excellent Latin scholar, and, to use her father's words, she might then have "gone in for honors at Oxford." French she spoke and wrote fluently, besides reading Goethe and Schiller with avidity, and translating as fast as she read, — Schiller having always the preference. At fourteen she began the study of Hebrew, of which language she was a worshipper, and could not at that early age even let Greek alone. Her wonderful power of seizing on the genius of a language, and becoming for the time a foreigner in spirit, was noticed by all her teachers; her ear was so delicate that no subtile inflection ever escaped her, nor any idiom.

And now she surprised her most intimate friend by the present of a prose story, sent to her, when absent, in chapters by the post. This was succeeded by many other tales, and finally by "Charles Auchester," — which romance, as well as that of "Counterparts," was written in

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the few hours she could command after her teaching was over: for in her mother's school she taught music the greater part of every day, — both theoretically and practically, — and also Latin.

Her health, always delicate, suffered wofully from this constant strain, and caused her to experience the most painful exhaustion, which, however, she never permitted to be an excuse for shirking an occupation naturally distasteful to her, —and doubly so, that through all the din of practice her thousand fancies clamored like caged birds eager for liberty.

The moment her hour of leisure came, she would hide herself with her best loved work in the quietest corner she could find; sometimes it was a little room in-doors, sometimes the summer-house, sometimes under a large mulberry-tree; and thus "Charles Auchester" and "Counterparts" were written, the former without one correction,—sheet after sheet, flung from her hand in the ardor of composition, being picked up and read by the friend who was in all her literary secrets. At last this same friend, finding she had no thought of publication, in a moment of playful daring, persuaded her to send the manuscript to Benjamin Disraeli, and he introduced it to his publishers. I quote from his letter to the author, which may not be out of place here: —

"No greater book will ever be written upon music, and it will one day be recognized as the imaginative classic of that divine art."

"Counterparts" and other tales soon followed. And about the same date she presented, anonymously, a volume of stories to the young daughter of Mr. John Hullah, of "Part Music" celebrity. They were in manuscript printing, (if such a term may be used,) written by her own hand, and remarkable for their curious beauty. The heading of each story was picked out in black and gold. The stories are named "Adelaide's Dream," "Little Wonder, or, The Children's Fairy," "The Bird of Paradise," "Sprömkari," (from a Scandinavian legend,) "The First Concert," "The Concert in the Hollow Tree," "Uncle, or, Which is the Prettiest?" "Little Ernest," "The Nautilus Voyage." These stories are illustrated, and have a lovely dedication to the little lady for whom they were written.

The author had attended the "Upper Singing-Schools" for the sake of more musical experience. Yet she then sang at sight perfectly, with any number of voices. She has left three published songs, dedicated to the Marchioness of Hastings, and a large number of manuscript poems.

Her character was in perfect keeping with the high tone of her books. Noble, generous, and self-forgetting, tender and most faithful in friendship, burning with indignation at injustice shown to another, longing to find virtues instead of digging for faults, — her greatest suffering arose from pained surprise, when persons proved themselves less noble than she had deemed them.

Her rich imagination and slender purse were open to all beggars, but for herself she asked nothing, and was constantly a willing sufferer from her own inability to toady a patron or to make a good bargain with a publisher.

She felt most warmly for her friends in America, whose comprehension of her views, and honest, open appreciation of her books, inspired her with an ardent desire to write for them a romance in her very best manner. She had sketched two, and, doubtful which to proceed with first, contemplated sending both to an American friend for his decision; but constant suffering stayed her hand.

In the early spring she grew weaker day by day, and died on the 13th of March, at Brixton, in England, at the age of thirty-two.

Those who loved either her person or her works will find her place forever empty.

Among her manuscript papers I found this sketch, which has a peculiar significance now that the writer has passed away. It has never been printed.

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A NICHE IN THE HEART.

I HAD been wandering, almost all day, in the cathedral of a town at some distance from London. I had sketched its carved pulpit, one or two cherub faces looking down from its columns, some of its best reliefs, and its oldest monument. It was evening, and I could no longer see to draw, though pencillings of light still fell on the pavement through the larger windows, whose colors were softened like those of the lunar rainbow; and still the edges of the stalls were gilded with the last gleams of sunset, though the seats were filled already with those phantoms which twilight seems to create in such a place. The monuments looked calmer and less formal than when daylight bared all their defects of design or finish; they seemed now worthy of their position beneath the vaulted roof, and even adjuncts themselves to the harmony of the architecture. One among them, noticeable in the daytime for its refined workmanship, now gleamed out fresher and whiter than the rest, as was natural, for it had been placed there but a little while; but it had besides more *expression*, in its very simplicity, than such-like mementos of stone or marble usually contain. This was the memento of a husband's regret, and, as such, touching, however vain: a delicate form drooping on a bier, at whose head stood an angel, with an infant in his arms, which he raised to heaven with an air of triumph; while at the foot of the death-bed a figure knelt, in all the relaxed abandonment of woe. Marvellously, and out of small means, the chisel had conveyed this impression; for the kneeling figure was mantled from head to foot, and had its face hidden in the folds of the drapery which skirted the bier,—veiled, like the face of the tortured father in the old tragic tale.

While I gazed, I insensibly approached the still group; and while musing what manner of grief it might be, which could solace by perpetuating its mere image, I observed two other persons, whose entrance I had not been aware of, but whose attention was evidently directed to what had attracted mine. They were a lady and a gentleman, and the latter seemed actually supporting the former, who leaned heavily upon his arm, as it appeared from her manner of carriage, so weakly and wearily she stood. Her form was extremely slight, and the outline of her countenance sharp from attenuation, and in that uncertain light, or rather shade, she looked almost as pale as the carved faces before us. The gentleman, who was of a stately height, bent over her with an anxious air, while she gazed fixedly upon the monument. Her silence seemed to oppress him, for after a minute or two he asked her whether it was not very beautiful. "You know," she answered, in one of those low voices that are more impressive than the loudest, "You know I always suspect those memorials. I would rather have a niche in the heart."

They passed on, and left me standing there. I know not whether the fragile speaker has earned the monument she desired, whether those feeble footsteps have found their repose,—"a quiet conscience in a quiet breast,"—but her words struck me, and I have often thought of them since.

There is always something which seems less than the intention in a monument to heroism or to goodness, the patriot of the country, or the missionary of civilization. Every one feels that the graves of War, the many in the one, where link is welded to link in the chain of glory, are more sublime, more sacred, than the exceptional mausoleum. Every one has been struck with repugnant melancholy in the city church-yard, where tomb presses against tomb, and multitude in death destroys identity, saving where the little greatness of wealth or rank may provide itself a separate railing or an overtopping urn. Even in the more suggestive solitude of the country, one cannot but contrast the few hillocks here and there carefully weeded, and their trained and tended rose-bushes, with the many more neglected and sunken, whose distained stones

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the brier-tangle half conceals, and whose forget-me-nots have long since died for want of water. One may even muse unprofitably (despite the moralist) in our picturesque cemeteries, and as unprofitably in those abroad, with their crowds of crosses and monotony of immortal wreaths. In fact, whether on grounds philosophical or religious, it is not good to brood on mortality for itself alone; better rather to recall the living past, and in the living present prepare for the perfect future.

None die to be forgotten who deserve to be remembered. Even the fame for which some are ardent to sacrifice their lives, enjoyed early at that crisis of existence we call *success*, will in most cases change the desire for renown into a necessity, and stimulate the mind to the lowest motive but one, ambition, — possibly, to emulation, the lowest of all. Fame is valuable simply as the test of excellence; and there is a certain kind of popularity, sudden alike in its rise and subsidency, which deserves not the other and lasting name, for it fails to soothe that intellectual conscience which a great writer has declared to exist equally with the moral conscience. After all, it is a question whether fame is as precious to the celebrated during their lifetime as it is to those who love them, or who are attached to them by interest.

There are persons who die and are forgotten, when their exit from the stage of human affairs is a source of advantage to their survivors. Witness those possessed of large fortunes, which they have it in their power to bequeath, and over whose dwellings of mortality vigilant relations hover like the carrion-fowl above the dying battle-steed. I remember a good story to this effect, in which a lady and gentleman took a grateful vow to pic-nic annually, on the anniversary of his death, at the tomb of a relation who had greatly enriched them. They did so, actually, *once;* succeeding years saw them no more at the solemn tryst.

Even as to those who have excelled in art, or portrayed in language the imaginative side of life, it may be that their works abide and they not be recognized in them, that their words may be echoed in many tongues while the writer is put out of the question almost as entirely as he who carved the first hieroglyph on the archaic stone. It will ever be found, whether in works or words, that what touches the heart rather than what strikes the fancy, what draws the tear rather than excites the smile, will embalm the memory of the man of genius. But of all posthumous distinctions the noblest is that awarded to the philanthropist; even the meed of the man of science, which consists in the complete working of some great discovery skilfully applied, falls short of the reward of those who have contributed their utmost to the physical improvement and social elevation of man, — from the munificent endowment whose benefits increase and multiply in each succeeding generation, to the smallest seed of charity scattered by the frailest hand, as sure as the strong to gather together at the harvest its countless sheaves. To fill a niche in a heart, or a niche in each of a thousand hearts, — *either* a holier place than that of the poet, who lives in the imagination he renders restless, or that of the hero, who renders the mind more restless still for his suggestion of the glory which may surround a name, a glory rather to be dreaded than desired, — too often, in such cases, must evil be done or tolerated that good may be brought forth.

Then there is consolation for those not gifted either with worldly means or powers of mind or healthful daring. Some will ever remember and regret the man or woman who carries true feeling into the affairs of life, important or minute: gentle courtesies, heart-warm words, delicate regards, — as surely part of consummate charity as the drop is a portion of the deep whose fountains it helps to fill. Precious, too, is self-denial, not austerely invoked from conscience by the voice of duty, but welling from the heart as a natural and necessary return for all it owes to a Power it cannot reward. It has been

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said, that, to be respected in old age, one should be kind to *little children* all one's life. May we not, therefore, show just such helpful tenderness to the childlike or appealing weakness of every person with whom we have to do? — for few hearts, alas! have not a weak string. Then no burden shall be left to the last hour, except that of mortality, of which time itself relieves us kindly, — nor shall we have an account to settle with the future to which it consigns the faithful.

RESOURCES OF THE SOUTH.

In the spring of 1860, a passenger left Massachusetts for the sunny South. As he passed slowly down to the Battery to embark from New York, the sun shone brightly on acres of drays awaiting their turn to approach the Southern steamers. Some of them had waited patiently from early morn for an opportunity to discharge, and it was a current rumor that twenty dollars had been paid for a chance to reach the steamers. The previous season had been a good one, and Cotton wore its robes of royalty. Southern credit stood at the highest point, while the West was out of favor; and doubtless many of the keen traders of the South, having some inkling of coming events, were preparing for future emergencies.

In the spring of 1860, the South was literally overrun with goods. Some sixteen powerful steamers were running between Savannah and New York; an equal number were on the line to Charleston; steamers and flat-boats in countless numbers were bearing down the Mississippi their tribute of flour, lard, and corn. The Northern and Western merchants were counting down their money for rice, cotton, and sugar, and giving long credits on the produce of the North and West.

Before hostilities began, the South was allowed to supply itself freely with powder and arms, and for months after they had begun, large supplies of fire-arms were drawn through Kentucky. Down to a recent period the South has continued to receive supplies from Missouri, Virginia, and Tennessee. With these resources, and with a capital drawn from a debt of two hundred millions to the North and West, it has been able to support, for the first fifteen months at least, three hundred thousand men in the field, and successfully to resist, in some cases, the advance of the Federal Army. While these resources lasted, while the blockade was ineffective, while the Confederacy could produce men to replace all who fell, while a paper currency and scrip could be floated, and while the nation hesitated to put forth its strength, the South was able to maintain a strong front, although driven successively from Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Western Virginia, and Tennessee, and thus deprived of nearly half the population and resources on which it originally relied.

The enlarged canal of New York, and the great railways which furnish direct routes from the West to the Atlantic, have of late years diverted from the Father of Waters a very large proportion of the exports of the West, but the steamers and flat-boats which floated down the Mississippi literally fed the Cotton States. Laden with corn, flour, and lard, with ploughs, glass, and nails, with horses and mules, and live stock of every description, they distributed their cargoes from Memphis to New Orleans, and came back freighted with sugar and cotton.

At length this great commerce has been interrupted, and the South, cut off from this almost indispensable supply of the necessaries of life, is now struggling for existence, and diverts its negroes from

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the remunerative culture of sugar and cotton to the cultivation of grain and corn.

There are few at the North who appreciate the sacrifice which attends this diversion, or the extent of the pressure which led to this disastrous change.

In Illinois, Iowa, or Indiana, the farmer can grow rich while selling his corn for ten cents per bushel, and it is now common for a man and a boy to cultivate a hundred acres and to gather five thousand bushels in a single season. The South does not possess the rich and exhaustless soil of the prairies, which for half a century will yield without return successive and luxuriant crops of corn. Its soil is generally light and easily exhausted, and is tilled by the rude and unwilling labor of the slave. The census apprises us that its average crop of corn is but fifteen bushels to the acre, in place of fifty to sixty in Illinois, and even this depends in part on guano or artificial stimulants. The average yield of wheat south of Tennessee is but six bushels to the acre, in place of twenty to forty in Ohio. The Southern planters, who can sell cotton with profit at ten cents per pound, cannot produce corn for less than one dollar per bushel, or tenfold the cost in the West, and in past years a dollar has been the customary price from North Carolina to Texas.

Before the war, the cotton-crop of the South had risen to five millions of bales; but now four-fifths of the land in cultivation is devoted to corn and grain. In place of five millions of bales, worth at former prices two hundred millions of dollars, and at present rates at least eight hundred millions, the South, in its folly, to the injury of the world, and the ruin of most of its planters, is now producing, in place of its cotton, less corn than could be furnished in Illinois in ordinary seasons for twenty millions of dollars. But even this is inadequate to the wants of its people and its stock. Its small farmers are diverted from the cultivation of the soil. The conscript-law is drafting all the able-bodied white men into the army.

The States from Tennessee and North Carolina to Texas have neither pasture nor mowing; their feeble stock gains but a precarious livelihood from the cane-brakes or weeds of the forests and Northern hay. Corn and grain were transported by railway more than three hundred miles into the interior. The writer has stood beside a yoke of Georgia oxen in Atlanta so small that they might well pass for calves at the North. Two Illinois steers would weigh down a half-dozen such animals. But, diminutive as they are, they, as well as the people of the South, require Northern supplies. And at this moment their last dependence is placed upon the valley of Virginia and the valleys of East Tennessee. Let us hope that the Union armies which now possess Nashville, Memphis, and Cumberland Gap may soon occupy Knoxville.

In the language of the "Richmond Examiner," "the possession of the lead, copper, and salt mines, and the pork, corn, and hay-crop of these countries, Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia, is now vital to the existence of the Confederacy. This section of the country is the keystone of the Southern arch. It is now in great peril, as is the great artery through which the life-blood of the South now circulates. Whether the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad is to be surrendered, whether the only adequate supply of salt is to be lost, whether the only hay-crop of the South is to be surrendered, are questions of vast and pressing importance."

The wall of fire to which allusion has sometimes been made in debate is now closing in around the Southern Confederacy. The Mississippi is closed. But a single point of contact, at Vicksburg, remains between the States west of the Mississippi and the Atlantic States. Texas is insulated. The blockade is daily becoming more stringent upon the seaboard. One effort more, soon to be made, must sever the rich valleys, mines, and furnaces of Tennessee from the cotton districts, and the exhaustion of supplies of every description will soon become more and more apparent.

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It is undoubtedly true that an occasional cargo escapes the blockade, that a few boat-loads of supplies are ferried by treason at the midnight hour across the Chesapeake, and sold at extravagant prices; but what does this amount to? What a contrast this trade presents to the millions of tons which used to reach the South from the Free States and Europe before it was crushed by the rebellion! And what a contrast does it present today to the commerce of the North, — to the barks and propellers which float down the Lakes deeply laden with grain, — to the weekly exports of New York, (twelve millions for the last three weeks,) — to its vast income from duties,—to the ships of the North visiting every ocean, earning more freight than for years past, although deprived of the carrying-trade of the South, and contending successfully with the marine of Great Britain for the supremacy on the ocean! How signal has thus far been the failure of the Southern prophecies made before the outbreak!

New York, we were told, was dependent on Southern commerce, and was to be ruined by the war; there were to be riots in the streets, and its palaces were to fall in ruins: but the riots and the ruins are to be found only in Southern latitudes.

The manufacturers of Massachusetts were to be broken down: but the woollen trade and the shoe-trade have received a new impetus, — are highly prosperous; and the cotton-spinners, with more than a year's supply of cotton, have by the rise of prices enjoyed a profit unprecedented. Having used their cotton with moderation, they have at the close of each six months seen their stocks of raw material and goods, by the rise of prices, undiminished in value, and blessed like the widow's cruse of oil. Nearly all have paid large dividends, many have earned dividends for the year to come, and are now sending their male operatives to the war, and their females to their rural homes, where they expect to perform some of the duties of brothers who have volunteered for the war. The ruin predicted falls not upon the spinner, but upon the authors of Secession.

Let us glance for a moment at the present condition of the South. General Butler found at New Orleans proof of its exhaustion in the prices of food, — with corn, for instance, at three dollars per bushel, flour twenty to thirty dollars per barrel, and hay at one hundred dollars per ton.

If we pass on to Mobile, we hear of similar prices, and learn that not a carpet can be found on the floor of any resident: they have all been cut into blankets for the army. White curtains and drapery have been converted into shirts; for cotton cloth cannot be had for a dollar a yard.

As we come on toward the North, we find the shops of Savannah nearly empty, with shoes and boots quoted at thirty dollars per pair. At such rates, what must it cost to put an army in condition to move?

At Charleston, the stores which two years since were overflowing with merchandise, and the daily recipients of entire cargoes, are utterly empty; and when we reach Richmond, we see sugar quoted at three-fourths of a dollar, coffee at two dollars, and tea at sixteen dollars per pound, broadcloth at fifty dollars per yard, while whiskey, worth at Cincinnati twenty cents per gallon, commands at Richmond six dollars.

Such is the condition of affairs, while the South still has access to Virginia and East Tennessee, and after it has received a year's supply of Northern productions for which no payment has been made.

Having thus pictured the physical resources of the enemy, let us inquire what is the force which he can bring into the field, and his means of maintaining it.

There is conclusive evidence that at no period during the war has the Confederacy had more than three hundred and fifty thousand effective men in the field, and it has no power to carry that number beyond four hundred thousand. The population of the Union, by the census of 1860, was thirty-two millions. At

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the usual rate of increase it now amounts to thirty-four millions; of these, four millions are blacks, and of the residue, twenty-six millions are in the loyal districts, and but four millions in the Confederacy, if we exclude New Orleans and those portions of Virginia and Tennessee which have been subdued by the Federal arms.

In our Northern States the militia has rarely exceeded ten per cent. of the population. At least one-half of the population is composed of females; one-half of the residue is below the age of sixteen. If we deduct from the remainder three-twentieths for those below eighteen, those above forty-five, and those exempted by law or infirmity, one-tenth alone will remain.

It is said that the Confederacy has called out all the white males between sixteen and thirty-five, and proposes to summon all those between thirty-five and fifty. If it does so, we may well expect such forces to break down in heavy marches or suffer from exposure. But let us assume that it can bring into the field fourteen per cent. of its entire population — (and we must not forget that this is a high estimate, as all the able-bodied men of Massachusetts are but twelve per cent. of her population, or one hundred and fifty-five thousand): upon this assumption, the effective force of the Confederacy at the start was but five hundred and sixty thousand, and if to this we add forty thousand more for volunteers and conscripts from Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, and East Tennessee, we have a capacity for six hundred thousand only. Of these there has been a continual waste from the outset by sickness, desertions, capture, and the casualties of war. The Union army has lost at least one-third, and been reduced from six hundred thousand to four hundred thousand by such depletion; and in the same ratio, the South, with inferior supplies and stores, and with greater exposure, must have lost at least an equal number.

In estimating its present capacity at four hundred thousand men, we undoubtedly exceed the actual resources of the South. To meet this we have at least four hundred thousand effective men now in the field, to be increased to a million by the new levies, and soon to be aided by thirty mail-clad steamers added to our present fleet on the ocean and the Mississippi, — a naval force equivalent to at least two hundred thousand more.

To sustain such forces in the field and on the water will doubtless tax all the energies of the Union; but how is the inferior force of four hundred thousand to be clad, fed, and paid by the exhausted Confederacy, with a white population less than one-sixth of that opposed to them, without commerce and the mechanic arts, and with no productive agriculture?

The pecuniary resources of the South for carrying on this war have thus far consisted principally of a paper currency and bonds, with a forced circulation. It has drawn little from taxes or forfeiture, although it has been aided by the appropriation of both public and private property of the United States.

We have no record of the currency issued, but we know that both prices and pay have been higher in Southern than in Northern armies; and if with us it has cost a thousand dollars per annum to sustain a soldier in the field, it has cost at that rate four hundred and sixty-seven millions to maintain three hundred and fifty thousand men for the last sixteen months in the Southern army, and of this at least four hundred millions has been met by the issue of paper.

Such an issue would be equivalent to an issue of seven times that amount, or of twenty-eight hundred millions, to be borne by the whites who now recognize the Union. How long can the South continue to float such a currency? Does it not already equal or exceed the paper currency of our Revolution, which became utterly worthless, notwithstanding our nation achieved its independence?

Our fathers, long before the surrender at Yorktown, resorted to specie, to the bank of Morris, and to French and Dutch subsidies: but how is the South to command bank-notes or specie, or to buy

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arms, powder, or provisions, or to satisfy soldiers with a currency such as has been described, or to make new issues at the rate of twenty-five millions per month?

At Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, gold ranges from 125 to 150 per cent. premium. Must not this advance require a double or triple issue of currency, namely, fifty to seventy-five millions per month, to accomplish as much as has already been effected? and how long can such a currency be floated within a contracting circle, and in the face of our new levies and our unbounded national credit?* If the war should last another year, and this depreciating currency can be floated at all, it is safe to infer from the history of the past that the debt of the South must increase at least one thousand millions. Under the pressure of such growing weight its end may be safely predicted.

Thus far in the contest the South has possessed one great advantage. The planter's son, reared to no profession, in a region where the pursuits of trade and the mechanic arts have little honor, has been accustomed from childhood to the use of the horse and rifle. In most of the towns of the South you will find a military academy, and here the young cadet has been trained to arms and qualified for office: we have no such class in the Free States, except a few graduates from West Point. Under such officers, a motley army has been collected, composed of foreigners who have toiled in Southern cities as draymen and porters, of Northern clerks driven by coercion or sheer necessity to enlist, the poor whites, the outcasts of the South, a class the most degraded in public estimate, — a class which has the respect of neither the white man nor the negro. These people inhabit to a great extent the scrub-oak or black-jack forests, the second growth which has sprung up on exhausted plantations. Destitute of schools, churches, and newspapers, unable to read or write, without culture, generally steeped in whiskey, their sole property a cabin, and perhaps a few swine, which roam through the forests, these Pariahs of society gain a precarious subsistence by hunting, fishing, and occasional depredations upon the property of the planters. During a brief visit to Columbia, in 1860, one of these outcasts was arraigned before the Court of Sessions for stealing black-jack from a plantation and selling it in the streets of Columbia; and the judge in his flowing robes, while enlarging upon the offence, facetiously remarked, that the prisoner had doubtless swallowed the black-jack,—an allusion to the habits of the class which seemed well understood by the bar.

The position of this class has thus far been improved by the war. In the army the poor white has associated with the officer, far above him in social life. His aid has been courted, he has received high wages in Confederate notes, he has found better fare and clothing than he could procure at home, and has been lured to the contest by the eloquent appeals of the planter, by bitter attacks upon the North, and glowing pictures of the ruin which the abolitionists would bring upon the South. The Confederate notes have until recently proved sufficient for his purposes, while other classes have supplied the means to prosecute the war. But as the circle contracts and these notes prove worthless, food and clothing, tobacco and whiskey will cease to be attainable; and when the provost marshal has swept the plantation, and comes to the poor man's cabin to take his last bushel of meal and to shoot down his swine for the subsistence of the army, he will at length ask what he has to gain from the further prosecution of the war.

When this crisis arrives, and it must be approaching, how can the Southern army retain in its ranks either the poor white, the foreigner, or the Northern clerk, whose sympathies have never been with the Confederacy?

It may be said, that the Confederacy can continue the war by wealth accumulated in former years. But that wealth was invested in land, slaves, or railways, now unproductive, or in banks whose

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funds have been advanced to planters still under protest. This wealth will not suffice to prosecute the war. Thus far it has been sustained by funds on hand, the seizure of national forts, arms, and arsenals, by the appropriation of debts due to Northern merchants, by supplies from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and by the issue of paper already greatly depreciated. With these resources it has conducted a losing warfare while we were creating an army and a navy, and during this contest has lost three of the most important border States, nearly half of a fourth, several of its chief seaports, nearly all its shipping, and the navigation of the Mississippi.

But it may be urged, Has not McClellan retired from his intrenchments before Richmond? Have we not fought with varying results successive battles around Manassas? Are not our troops retiring to their old lines before Washington? Have not the enemy again broken into Kentucky? and do they not menace the banks of the Potomac and the Ohio? Let us concede all this. Let us admit that our new levies are for the moment inert, — that we are now marshalling, arming, and drilling our raw recruits; let us concede that the giant of the North has not yet put forth his energies, — that, although roused from his torpor, one of his arms is still benumbed, and that his lithe and active opponent is for the moment pommelling him on every side, and has a momentary advantage; let us admit that our go-ahead nation is indignant at the idea of one step backward in this great contest: still it is safe to predict that within sixty days our new army of superior men will be ready to take the field and advance upon the foe in overwhelming force, — that soon our iron fleet will be ready to batter down the fortresses of Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, Vicksburg, and Galveston, the last strongholds of the enemy. And when his army of conscripts shall have wasted away, after their last flurry and struggle, where is he to recruit or procure a new army for resistance or offence? The South is now taking the field with all its strength; but when that strength is broken, what power will remain to confront the forces of the Union?

The South has driven to the war its whole white population able to bear arms, and when that force is exhausted, at least two-thirds of the adult males of the North and the whole black population will still remain to sustain the Government, and births and emigration will soon fill the vacuum.

Let us place at the helm men of character and tried activity, — men of intelligence and forecast, — men who can appreciate the leaders of the South, reckless alike of property, character, and life, and the result cannot be doubtful.

The South is now commencing a new campaign, and is to confront a navy hourly improving, and an invulnerable fleet, armed with cannon more effective than any yet used in naval warfare. It is to encounter, with conscripts, a million of hardy volunteers, and to do this with its supplies reduced and its credit broken. It has but one reliance: a slave population of four millions, competent to maintain themselves, but incompetent to furnish to their masters a full supply of the coarsest food. While it furnishes a scanty supply, while it toils in the trenches, and feeds the horses of the cavalry, or drives the army-wagons, it is still an element of strength to the masters, and the question occurs, Shall the nation, now so severely taxed by the slaveholder, and compelled to pour forth its best blood like water to preserve its existence, remove this element of present and future strength by liberating the slave?

Can the slaveholder claim the preservation of slavery, when he relies upon it and uses it to aid him in destroying the Government? And if one-half of the population of the South is ready to sustain the Government, and to withdraw its aid from the foe, shall not the loyalist, whether white or black, be accepted and allowed the privileges of a citizen when he takes refuge under the national flag?

Can we expect future peace, unless we reduce to order lawless men, unless we

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draw them from the war-path by making labor and the arts of peace respected?

This is a momentous question which addresses itself to our nation at the present juncture. There are some who imagine that the negro, if liberated, would renew the scenes of San Domingo, and massacre the people of the South. But such has not been the case in the French and British Isles of the West Indies, although in those islands the proportion of the white population is far below that at the South. In the Cotton States the whites and the negroes are nearly equal in numbers; and if, in Jamaica, Barbadoes, Santa Cruz, and Martinique, the slaves, when liberated, have respected the rights of the masters, and recognized their title to the land, and have submitted to toil for moderate wages, where a handful of whites monopolized the soil, and demanded for it prices far beyond the value of the slave and land together, may we not well anticipate that the slave population, barely equal in number to the white population, trained to submission in a region where land is of little value, will, if liberated, continue to be a quiet and peaceful population?

There are some who predict that the negroes, if emancipated, will overrun the North and West. But why should they fly from the South to the cold winters and less genial climate of the North or West? It is servitude which degrades the negro; and if the stigma which he now bears is removed, why should he not cling to the region in which he was born and bred, and to which he is adapted by nature?

Should the institution of slavery survive the war into which we have been plunged by its adherents and propagators, we might well fear that our Northern and Western States would be overrun by the fugitives, who, having escaped during the war, would be disposed to place distance between themselves and their late masters, and to fly from the borders of States which would not hesitate to reduce them again to servitude; but if the institution itself should be terminated by the war, why should the free man be a fugitive from his home?

Our Western States are desirous to perpetuate in its purity the Anglo-Saxon blood, and would colonize the West with men raised under free institutions. They shrink from all contact with a race of bondmen. Our President, himself a Western man, proposes to colonize the free negro in Central America, and thriving colonies already exist on the coast of Africa. But why should we send from this country her millions of laborers? Is our land exhausted? Is there no room for the negro in the region where he lives? Has not the demand for sugar and cotton, for naval stores and timber, overtaken the supply? and has not the frank and truthful Mr. Spratt, of South Carolina, announced in the councils of that State, that the South must import more savages from Africa, to reclaim and improve its soil? Why, then, banish the well-trained laborer now on the spot?

Does not history apprise us how Spain suffered in her agriculture, and the arts of life declined, when the Moriscos were driven from her soil? how Belgium, the garden of Europe, decayed when Spanish intolerance banished to England the Protestant weavers and spinners, who laid the foundation of English opulence? how France retrograded when superstition exiled from her shores the industrious Huguenots? And are we to draw no light from history? Would we, at this moment, when our cotton-mills are closing their gates,—when the cotton-spinner of England appeals to the British minister for intervention,—when the weaver of Rouen demands the raw material of Louis Napoleon,—shall we, at a time when a single crop of cotton is worth, at current prices, nearly a thousand millions, or twice the debt contracted for the war,—impair our national strength by destroying the sources of supply? At least one crop has been lost, and this will for a term of years insure high prices. Are we to deprive our nation of these prices, and of the freights which would attend the shipments to Europe? Shall not cotton contribute

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to make good our losses, and to the progress of the nation?

Why is colonization necessary?

There is a belt of territory, now sparsely populated, and inhabited chiefly by negroes, extending from the Dismal Swamp to the Capes of Florida, and from these Capes to the Brazos, — generally level, and free from rocks and stones, — of the average width of nearly one hundred miles, — its area at least two hundred millions of acres, — competent to sustain forty millions of negroes, or ten times the number which now exist within the United States. Here are vast forests, unctuous with turpentine, annually producing pitch, tar, rosin, and ship-timber, with material for houses, boats, fuel, and lightwood, while the mossy drapery of the trees is suitable for pillows and cushions. Here is a soil which, with proper cultivation, can produce rice, corn, cotton, tobacco, and indigo, and is admirably adapted to the culture of the ground-nut and sweet potato. Here are rivers and inlets abounding in fish and shell-fish. Here is a climate, often fatal to the white, but suited to the negro. Here are no harsh winters or chilling snows. Along the coast we may rear black seamen for our Southern steamers, — cooks, stewards, and mariners for our West India voyages.

Has not Nature designed a black fringe for this coast? Has not the importation of the negro been designed by Providence to reclaim this coast, and to give his progeny permanent and appropriate homes? And, to use a favorite phrase of the South, does not Manifest Destiny point to this consummation? and why should the negro be exiled from these shores? Does he not cling like the white man to his native land? and are not his tastes, wishes, and attachments to be consulted, — a question so important to his race?

But it may be urged, that this is not public domain, — that it has been already appropriated, and is now the property of the Southern planter. But here is a public exigency, and the remedy should be proportioned to the exigency. The right of eminent domain should be exercised by the nation either directly after conquest, or through the States or Territories it may establish. By that right, in England and in most of our States, private property is taken for highways or railways. In New York it is thus appropriated for markets, hospitals, and other public purposes.

The land in question, if we deduct the sites of towns and villages and cities, as should be done, will not average in value three dollars per acre. Let it be valued at twice that price, and be charged with the interest of that price as a ground-rent to be paid by the settler. And if, in Barbadoes, the free negro has raised the value of land to three hundred dollars per acre, surely on this coast he can prosper upon land costing one-fiftieth part of the average price of that of Barbadoes.

If six dollars would not suffice, the land might be rated at an average value of ten dollars, and the settler charged with a quit-rent of half a dollar per acre, and allowed to convert his tenure into a fee-simple by the payment of the principal. The planter whose land should be appropriated would thus realize more than its value, and in great part the value of his slaves, — while the negro would secure at once a settled home, with an interest in the soil and the means of subsistence.

Is not this the true solution of the great problem?

If we can give to the negro a fixed tenure in the soil under the tutelage of the nation, he will soon have every incentive to exertion. With peace must come a continuous demand for all the produce of the South, — for cotton, tobacco, timber, and naval stores, — in exchange for which the negro would require at least threefold the amount of boots, shoes, clothing, and utensils which he at present consumes. Labor would then become honored and respected. Upon the uplands of the South the white man can toil effectively in the open air. In the warehouse and the workshop he can actually toil more hours during the year than in New York or New England, for

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his fingers will not there be benumbed by the intense cold of the North. When labor ceases to be degrading, the military school will give place to the academy, commerce will be honored, and a check be given to military aspirations; and should an insurrection again occur, the loyal population bordering the coast may be armed to resist alike insurrection at home and intervention from abroad, and unite with our navy in preserving the peace of the country.

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,
  The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
  No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
  Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
  The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
  Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
  Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
  This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
  And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
  And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
  And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
  With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
  The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
  Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
  She shares the eternal calm

She knows the seed lies safe below
  The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
  She waits the rich return.

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She sees with clearer eye than ours
  The good of suffering born, —
The hearts that blossom like her flowers
  And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
  The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
  Our golden prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!
  Above this stormy din,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
  Ring peace and freedom in!

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Tabernacle: A Collection of Hymn-Tunes, Chants, Sentences, Motets, and Anthems, adapted to Public and Private Worship, and to the Use of Choirs, Singing-Schools, Musical Societies, and Conventions. Together with a Complete Treatise on the Principles of Musical Notation. By B. F. Baker and W. O. Perkins. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This thoroughly prepared book will prove of much service in those departments of musical study and practice for which it is intended. The style of church-music throughout the country has undergone material changes within the last five-and-twenty years. In the cities and larger towns, such societies as can afford the expense have established quartette choirs of trained vocalists, who deliver the hymns and anthems of the service to selections from the music of the great masters, which they are expected to render in a manner that shall be satisfactory to a taste educated and refined by the instruction of good teachers and the public performances of skilful musicians. In the country churches, the congregations still unite in the singing; or, where it has been the custom for those who could sing to "sit in the seats" and form a chorus choir, such custom still obtains. Some notion of city taste, however, has gone abroad in the country, and the choirs, although old-fashioned in their organization, are not quite content with the psalm-books of old time, and are constantly asking for something newer and better. A great many volumes have been published in order to supply this want, some of which have done good, while, if we say of others that they have done no harm, it is as much as they deserve.

A music-book for general use in churches which do not have quartette choirs and "classical" music must be prepared with care and good judgment. It must contain, of course, certain old standard tunes which seem justly destined to live in perpetual favor, and it must surround these with clusters of new tunes, which shall be as solid and correct in their harmony as the older, while their lightness and fluency of melody belong to the present day. There must be anthems and chants, and there must be a clear and thorough exposition of the elements of vocal music to help on the tyros who aspire to join the choir.

The work of which we are writing answers these requirements well. Its editors are practical men; they have not only taught music to city pupils, but they have conducted choirs and singing-schools, and have discovered the wants of ordinary

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singers by much experience in normal schools and musical conventions.

"The Tabernacle" contains the fruits of their observation and experience, and will be found to meet the requirements of many singers who have hitherto been unsatisfied. It commences with the rudiments of music and a glossary of technical terms, to which is appended a good collection of part-songs, especially prepared for social and festival occasions. Then follow the hymn-tunes, which are adapted not only to the ordinary metres, but also to all the irregular metres which are to be found in any collection of hymns which is known to be used in the country. Next come the chants and anthems: among these are arrangements from Mozart, Beethoven, Chapple, Rossini, (the "Inflammatus" from the "Stabat Mater"), Curschmann, (the celebrated trio, "Ti prego,") Lambillote, and other standard authors. Indices, remarkably full, and prepared upon an ingenious system, by which the metre and rhythm of every tune are indicated, conclude the volume.

We are confident that choristers will find "The Tabernacle" to be just such a book as they like to use in instructing and leading their choirs, and that choirs will consider it to be one of the books from which they are best pleased to sing.

The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events, with Documents, Narratives, Illustrative Incidents, Poetry, etc. Edited by FRANK MOORE, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam. Charles T. Evans, General Agent.

THREE large volumes of this valuable record of the momentous events now transpiring on this continent have been published. The maps, diagrams, and portraits are excellent in their way. No fuller documentary history of the Great Rebellion could be desired; and as every detail is given from day-to-day's journals, the "Record" of Mr. Moore must always stand a comprehensive and accurate cyclopedia of the War. For the public and household library it is a work of sterling interest, for it gathers up every important fact connected with the struggle now pending, and presents it in a form easy to be examined. It begins as far back as December 17, 1860, and the third volume ends with the events of 1861.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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The Pennimans; or, The Triumph of Genius. Boston. G. A. Fuller. 12mo. pp. 296. $1.00.

Sister Rose; or, The Ominous Marriage. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 65. 25 cts.

Rifle-Shots at Past and Passing Events. A Poem in Three Cantos. Being Hits at Time on the Wing. By an Inhabitant of the Comet of 1861. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 112. 25 cts.

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THE

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WILD APPLES.

THE HISTORY OF THE APPLE-TREE.

It is remarkable how closely the history of the Apple-tree is connected with that of man. The geologist tells us that the order of the *Rosaceæ*, which includes the Apple, also the true Grasses, and the *Labiatæ*, or Mints, were introduced only a short time previous to the appearance of man on the globe.

It appears that apples made a part of the food of that unknown primitive people whose traces have lately been found at the bottom of the Swiss lakes, supposed to be older than the foundation of Rome, so old that they had no metallic implements. An entire black and shrivelled Crab-Apple has been recovered from their stores.

Tacitus says of the ancient Germans, that they satisfied their hunger with wild apples (*agrestia poma*) among other things.

Niebuhr observes that "the words for a house, a field, a plough, ploughing, wine, oil, milk, sheep, apples, and others relating to agriculture and the gentler way of life, agree in Latin and Greek, while the Latin words for all objects pertaining to war or the chase are utterly alien from the Greek." Thus the apple-tree may be considered a symbol of peace no less than the olive.

The apple was early so important, and generally distributed, that its name traced to its root in many languages signifies fruit in general. Μῆλον, in Greek, means an apple, also the fruit of other trees, also a sheep and any cattle, and finally riches in general.

The apple-tree has been celebrated by the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and Scandinavians. Some have thought that the first human pair were tempted by its fruit. Goddesses are fabled to have contended for it, dragons were set to watch it, and heroes were employed to pluck it.

The tree is mentioned in at least three places in the Old Testament, and its fruit in two or three more. Solomon sings,—"As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." And again,—"Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples." The noblest part of man's noblest feature is

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named from this fruit, "the apple of the eye."

The apple-tree is also mentioned by Homer and Herodotus. Ulysses saw in the glorious garden of Alcinoüs "pears and pomegranates, and apple-trees bearing beautiful fruit" (καὶ μηλέαι ἀγλαόκαρποι). And according to Homer, apples were among the fruits which Tantalus could not pluck, the wind ever blowing their boughs away from him. Theophrastus knew and described the apple-tree as a botanist.

According to the Prose Edda, "Iduna keeps in a box the apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste of to become young again. It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarök" (or the destruction of the gods).

I learn from Loudon that "the ancient Welsh bards were rewarded for excelling in song by the token of the apple-spray"; and "in the Highlands of Scotland the apple-tree is the badge of the clan Lamont."

The apple-tree (*Pyrus malus*) belongs chiefly to the northern temperate zone. Loudon says, that "it grows spontaneously in every part of Europe except the frigid zone, and throughout Western Asia, China, and Japan." We have also two or three varieties of the apple indigenous in North America. The cultivated apple-tree was first introduced into this country by the earliest settlers, and it is thought to do as well or better here than anywhere else. Probably some of the varieties which are now cultivated were first introduced into Britain by the Romans.

Pliny, adopting the distinction of Theophrastus, says, — "Of trees there are some which are altogether wild (*sylvestres*), some more civilized (*urbaniores*)." Theophrastus includes the apple among the last; and, indeed, it is in this sense the most civilized of all trees. It is as harmless as a dove, as beautiful as a rose, and as valuable as flocks and herds. It has been longer cultivated than any other, and so is more humanized; and who knows but, like the dog, it will at length be no longer traceable to its wild original? It migrates with man, like the dog and horse and cow: first, perchance, from Greece to Italy, thence to England, thence to America; and our Western emigrant is still marching steadily toward the setting sun with the seeds of the apple in his pocket, or perhaps a few young trees strapped to his load. At least a million apple-trees are thus set farther westward this year than any cultivated ones grew last year. Consider how the Blossom-Week, like the Sabbath, is thus annually spreading over the prairies; for when man migrates, he carries with him not only his birds, quadrupeds, insects, vegetables, and his very sward, but his orchard also.

The leaves and tender twigs are an agreeable food to many domestic animals, as the cow, horse, sheep, and goat; and the fruit is sought after by the first, as well as by the hog. Thus there appears to have existed a natural alliance between these animals and this tree from the first. "The fruit of the Crab in the forests of France" is said to be "a great resource for the wild-boar."

Not only the Indian, but many indigenous insects, birds, and quadrupeds, welcomed the apple-tree to these shores. The tent-caterpillar saddled her eggs on the very first twig that was formed, and it has since shared her affections with the wild cherry; and the canker-worm also in a measure abandoned the elm to feed on it. As it grew apace, the blue-bird, robin, cherry-bird, king-bird, and many more, came with haste and built their nests and warbled in its boughs, and so became orchard-birds, and multiplied more than ever. It was an era in the history of their race. The downy woodpecker found such a savory morsel under its bark, that he perforated it in a ring quite round the tree, before he left it, — a thing which he had never done before, to my knowledge. It did not take the partridge long to find out how sweet its buds were, and every winter eve she

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flew, and still flies, from the wood, to pluck them, much to the farmer's sorrow. The rabbit, too, was not slow to learn the taste of its twigs and bark; and when the fruit was ripe, the squirrel half-rolled, half-carried it to his hole; and even the musquash crept up the bank from the brook at evening, and greedily devoured it, until he had worn a path in the grass there; and when it was frozen and thawed, the crow and the jay were glad to taste it occasionally. The owl crept into the first apple-tree that became hollow, and fairly hooted with delight, finding it just the place for him; so, settling down into it, he has remained there ever since.

My theme being the Wild Apple, I will merely glance at some of the seasons in the annual growth of the cultivated apple, and pass on to my special province.

The flowers of the apple are perhaps the most beautiful of any tree's, so copious and so delicious to both sight and scent. The walker is frequently tempted to turn and linger near some more than usually handsome one, whose blossoms are two-thirds expanded. How superior it is in these respects to the pear, whose blossoms are neither colored nor fragrant!

By the middle of July, green apples are so large as to remind us of coddling, and of the autumn. The sward is commonly strewed with little ones which fall still-born, as it were, — Nature thus thinning them for us. The Roman writer Palladius said, — "If apples are inclined to fall before their time, a stone placed in a split root will retain them." Some such notion, still surviving, may account for some of the stones which we see placed to be overgrown in the forks of trees. They have a saying in Suffolk, England, —

> "At Michaelmas time, or a little before,
> Half an apple goes to the core."

Early apples begin to be ripe about the first of August; but I think that none of them are so good to eat as some to smell. One is worth more to scent your handkerchief with than any perfume which they sell in the shops. The fragrance of some fruits is not to be forgotten, along with that of flowers. Some gnarly apple which I pick up in the road reminds me by its fragrance of all the wealth of Pomona, — carrying me forward to those days when they will be collected in golden and ruddy heaps in the orchards and about the cider-mills.

A week or two later, as you are going by orchards or gardens, especially in the evenings, you pass through a little region possessed by the fragrance of ripe apples, and thus enjoy them without price, and without robbing anybody.

There is thus about all natural products a certain volatile and ethereal quality which represents their highest value, and which cannot be vulgarized, or bought and sold. No mortal has ever enjoyed the perfect flavor of any fruit, and only the godlike among men begin to taste its ambrosial qualities. For nectar and ambrosia are only those fine flavors of every earthly fruit which our coarse palates fail to perceive, — just as we occupy the heaven of the gods without knowing it. When I see a particularly mean man carrying a load of fair and fragrant early apples to market, I seem to see a contest going on between him and his horse, on the one side, and the apples on the other, and, to my mind, the apples always gain it. Pliny says that apples are the heaviest of all things, and that the oxen begin to sweat at the mere sight of a load of them. Our driver begins to lose his load the moment he tries to transport them to where they do not belong, that is, to any but the most beautiful. Though he gets out from time to time, and feels of them, and thinks they are all there, I see the stream of their evanescent and celestial qualities going to heaven from his cart, while the pulp and skin and core only are going to market. They are not apples, but pomace. Are not these still Iduna's apples, the taste of which keeps the gods forever young? and think you that they will let Loki or Thjassi carry them off to Jötun-

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heim, while they grow wrinkled and gray? No, for Ragnarök, or the destruction of the gods, is not yet.

There is another thinning of the fruit, commonly near the end of August or in September, when the ground is strewn with windfalls; and this happens especially when high winds occur after rain. In some orchards you may see fully three-quarters of the whole crop on the ground, lying in a circular form beneath the trees, yet hard and green,—or, if it is a hill-side, rolled far down the hill. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. All the country over, people are busy picking up the windfalls, and this will make them cheap for early apple-pies.

In October, the leaves falling, the apples are more distinct on the trees. I saw one year in a neighboring town some trees fuller of fruit than I remembered to have ever seen before, small yellow apples hanging over the road. The branches were gracefully drooping with their weight, like a barberry-bush, so that the whole tree acquired a new character. Even the topmost branches, instead of standing erect, spread and drooped in all directions; and there were so many poles supporting the lower ones, that they looked like pictures of banian-trees. As an old English manuscript says, "The mo appelen the tree bereth, the more sche boweth to the folk."

Surely the apple is the noblest of fruits. Let the mos beautiful or the swiftest have it. That should be the "going" price of apples.

Between the fifth and twentieth of October I see the barrels lie under the trees. And perhaps I talk with one who is selecting some choice barrels to fulfil an order. He turns a specked one over many times before he leaves it out. If I were to tell what is passing in my mind, I should say that every one was specked which he had handled; for he rubs off all the bloom, and those fugacious ethereal qualities leave it. Cool evenings prompt the farmers to make haste, and at length I see only the ladders here and there left leaning against the trees.

It would be well, if we accepted these gifts with more joy and gratitude, and did not think it enough simply to put a fresh load of compost about the tree. Some old English customs are suggestive at least. I find them described chiefly in Brand's "Popular Antiquities." It appears that "on Christmas eve the farmers and their men in Devonshire take a large bowl of cider, with a toast in it, and carrying it in state to the orchard, they salute the apple-trees with much ceremony, in order to make them bear well the next season." This salutation consists in "throwing some of the cider about the roots of the tree, placing bits of the toast on the branches," and then, "encircling one of the best bearing trees in the orchard, they drink the following toast three several times: —

'Here 's to thee, old apple-tree,
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow,
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!
Hats-full! caps-full!
Bushel, bushel, sacks-full!
And my pockets full, too! Hurra!'"

Also what was called "apple-howling" used to be practised in various counties of England on New-Year's eve. A troop of boys visited the different orchards, and, encircling the apple-trees, repeated the following words: —

"Stand fast, root! bear well, top!
Pray God send us a good howling crop:
Every twig, apples big;
Every bough, apples enow!"

"They then shout in chorus, one of the boys accompanying them on a cow's horn. During this ceremony they rap the trees with their sticks." This is called "wassailing" the trees, and is thought by some to be "a relic of the heathen sacrifice to Pomona."

Herrick sings, —

"Wassaile the trees that they may beare
You many a plum and many a peare;
For more or less fruits they will bring
As you so give them wassailing."

Our poets have as yet a better right to sing of cider than of wine; but it behooves them to sing better than English Phillips

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did, else they will do no credit to their Muse.

THE WILD APPLE.

So much for the more civilized apple-trees (*urbaniores*, as Pliny calls them). I love better to go through the old orchards of ungrafted apple-trees, at whatever season of the year, — so irregularly planted: sometimes two trees standing close together; and the rows so devious that you would think that they not only had grown while the owner was sleeping, but had been set out by him in a somnambulic state. The rows of grafted fruit will never tempt me to wander amid them like these. But I now, alas, speak rather from memory than from any recent experience, such ravages have been made!

Some soils, like a rocky tract called the Easterbrooks Country in my neighborhood, are so suited to the apple, that it will grow faster in them without any care, or if only the ground is broken up once a year, than it will in many places with any amount of care. The owners of this tract allow that the soil is excellent for fruit, but they say that it is so rocky that they have not patience to plough it, and that, together with the distance, is the reason why it is not cultivated. There are, or were recently, extensive orchards there standing without order. Nay, they spring up wild and bear well there in the midst of pines, birches, maples, and oaks. I am often surprised to see rising amid these trees the rounded tops of apple-trees glowing with red or yellow fruit, in harmony with the autumnal tints of the forest.

Going up the side of a cliff about the first of November, I saw a vigorous young apple-tree, which, planted by birds or cows, had shot up amid the rocks and open woods there, and had now much fruit on it, uninjured by the frosts, when all cultivated apples were gathered. It was a rank wild growth, with many green leaves on it still, and made an impression of thorniness. The fruit was hard and green, but looked as if it would be palatable in the winter. Some was dangling on the twigs, but more half-buried in the wet leaves under the tree, or rolled far down the hill amid the rocks. The owner knows nothing of it. The day was not observed when it first blossomed, nor when it first bore fruit, unless by the chickadee. There was no dancing on the green beneath it in its honor, and now there is no hand to pluck its fruit, — which is only gnawed by squirrels, as I perceive. It has done double duty, — not only borne this crop, but each twig has grown a foot into the air. And this is *such* fruit! bigger than many berries, we must admit, and carried home will be sound and palatable next spring. What care I for Iduna's apples so long as I can get these?

When I go by this shrub thus late and hardy, and see its dangling fruit, I respect the tree, and I am grateful for Nature's bounty, even though I cannot eat it. Here on this rugged and woody hill-side has grown an apple-tree, not planted by man, no relic of a former orchard, but a natural growth, like the pines and oaks. Most fruits which we prize and use depend entirely on our care. Corn and grain, potatoes, peaches, melons, etc., depend altogether on our planting; but the apple emulates man's independence and enterprise. It is not simply carried, as I have said, but, like him, to some extent, it has migrated to this New World, and is even, here and there, making its way amid the aboriginal trees; just as the ox and dog and horse sometimes run wild and maintain themselves.

Even the sourest and crabbedest apple, growing in the most unfavorable position, suggests such thoughts as these, it is so noble a fruit.

THE CRAB.

NEVERTHELESS, *our* wild apple is wild only like myself, perchance, who belong not to the aboriginal race here, but have strayed into the woods from the cultivated stock. Wilder still, as I have said, there grows elsewhere in this coun-

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try a native and aboriginal Crab-Apple, *Malus coronaria*, "whose nature has not yet been modified by cultivation." It is found from Western New-York to Minnesota, and southward. Michaux says that its ordinary height "is fifteen or eighteen feet, but it is sometimes found twenty-five or thirty feet high," and that the large ones "exactly resemble the common apple-tree." "The flowers are white mingled with rose-color, and are collected in corymbs." They are remarkable for their delicious odor. The fruit, according to him, is about an inch and a half in diameter, and is intensely acid. Yet they make fine sweetmeats, and also cider of them. He concludes, that, "if, on being cultivated, it does not yield new and palatable varieties, it will at least be celebrated for the beauty of its flowers, and for the sweetness of its perfume."

I never saw the Crab-Apple till May, 1861. I had heard of it through Michaux, but more modern botanists, so far as I know, have not treated it as of any peculiar importance. Thus it was a half-fabulous tree to me. I contemplated a pilgrimage to the "Glades," a portion of Pennsylvania where it was said to grow to perfection. I thought of sending to a nursery for it, but doubted if they had it, or would distinguish it from European varieties. At last I had occasion to go to Minnesota, and on entering Michigan I began to notice from the cars a tree with handsome rose-colored flowers. At first I thought it some variety of thorn; but it was not long before the truth flashed on me, that this was my long-sought Crab-Apple. It was the prevailing flowering shrub or tree to be seen from the cars at that season of the year, — about the middle of May. But the cars never stopped before one, and so I was launched on the bosom of the Mississippi without having touched one, experiencing the fate of Tantalus. On arriving at St. Anthony's Falls, I was sorry to be told that I was too far north for the Crab-Apple. Nevertheless I succeeded in finding it about eight miles west of the Falls; touched it and smelled it, and secured a lingering corymb of flowers for my herbarium. This must have been near its northern limit.

HOW THE WILD APPLE GROWS.

But though these are indigenous, like the Indians, I doubt whether they are any hardier than those backwoodsmen among the apple-trees, which, though descended from cultivated stocks, plant themselves in distant fields and forests, where the soil is favorable to them. I know of no trees which have more difficulties to contend with, and which more sturdily resist their foes. These are the ones whose story we have to tell. It oftentimes reads thus: —

Near the beginning of May, we notice little thickets of apple-trees just springing up in the pastures where cattle have been, — as the rocky ones of our Easterbrooks Country, or the top of Nobscot Hill, in Sudbury. One or two of these perhaps survive the drought and other accidents, — their very birthplace defending them against the encroaching grass and some other dangers, at first.

In two years' time 't had thus
  Reached the level of the rocks,
Admired the stretching world,
  Nor feared the wandering flocks.

But at this tender age
  Its sufferings began:
There came a browsing ox
  And cut it down a span.

This time, perhaps, the ox does not notice it amid the grass; but the next year, when it has grown more stout, he recognizes it for a fellow-emigrant from the old country, the flavor of whose leaves and twigs he well knows; and though at first he pauses to welcome it, and express his surprise, and gets for answer, "The same cause that brought you here brought me," he nevertheless browses it again, reflecting, it may be, that he has some title to it.

Thus cut down annually, it does not despair; but, putting forth two short twigs for every one cut off, it spreads out low

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along the ground in the hollows or between the rocks, growing more stout and scrubby, until it forms, not a tree as yet, but a little pyramidal, stiff, twiggy mass, almost as solid and impenetrable as a rock. Some of the densest and most impenetrable clumps of bushes that I have ever seen, as well on account of the closeness and stubbornness of their branches as of their thorns, have been these wild-apple scrubs. They are more like the scrubby fir and black spruce on which you stand, and sometimes walk, on the tops of mountains, where cold is the demon they contend with, than anything else. No wonder they are prompted to grow thorns at last, to defend themselves against such foes. In their thorniness, however, there is no malice, only some malic acid.

The rocky pastures of the tract I have referred to — for they maintain their ground best in a rocky field — are thickly sprinkled with these little tufts, reminding you often of some rigid gray mosses or lichens, and you see thousands of little trees just springing up between them, with the seed still attached to them.

Being regularly clipped all around each year by the cows, as a hedge with shears, they are often of a perfect conical or pyramidal form, from one to four feet high, and more or less sharp, as if trimmed by the gardener's art. In the pastures on Nobscot Hill and its spurs, they make fine dark shadows when the sun is low. They are also an excellent covert from hawks for many small birds that roost and build in them. Whole flocks perch in them at night, and I have seen three robins' nests in one which was six feet in diameter.

No doubt many of these are already old trees, if you reckon from the day they were planted, but infants still when you consider their development and the long life before them. I counted the annual rings of some which were just one foot high, and as wide as high, and found that they were about twelve years old, but quite sound and thrifty! They were so low that they were unnoticed by the walker, while many of their contemporaries from the nurseries were already bearing considerable crops. But what you gain in time is perhaps in this case, too, lost in power, — that is, in the vigor of the tree. This is their pyramidal state.

The cows continue to browse them thus for twenty years or more, keeping them down and compelling them to spread, until at last they are so broad that they become their own fence, when some interior shoot, which their foes cannot reach, darts upward with joy: for it has not forgotten its high calling, and bears its own peculiar fruit in triumph.

Such are the tactics by which it finally defeats its bovine foes. Now, if you have watched the progress of a particular shrub, you will see that it is no longer a simple pyramid or cone, but that out of its apex there rises a sprig or two, growing more lustily perchance than an orchard-tree, since the plant now devotes the whole of its repressed energy to these upright parts. In a short time these become a small tree, an inverted pyramid resting on the apex of the other, so that the whole has now the form of a vast hour-glass. The spreading bottom, having served its purpose, finally disappears, and the generous tree permits the now harmless cows to come in and stand in its shade, and rub against and redden its trunk, which has grown in spite of them, and even to taste a part of its fruit, and so disperse the seed.

Thus the cows create their own shade and food; and the tree, its hour-glass being inverted, lives a second life, as it were.

It is an important question with some nowadays, whether you should trim young apple-trees as high as your nose or as high as your eyes. The ox trims them up as high as he can reach, and that is about the right height, I think.

In spite of wandering kine, and other adverse circumstances, that despised shrub, valued only by small birds as a covert and shelter from hawks, has its blossom-week at last, and in course of time its harvest, sincere, though small.

By the end of some October, when its leaves have fallen, I frequently see such

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a central sprig, whose progress I have watched, when I thought it had forgotten its destiny, as I had, bearing its first crop of small green or yellow or rosy fruit, which the cows cannot get at over the bushy and thorny hedge which surrounds it, and I make haste to taste the new and undescribed variety. We have all heard of the numerous varieties of fruit invented by Van Mons and Knight. This is the system of Van Cow, and she has invented far more and more memorable varieties than both of them.

Through what hardships it may attain to bear a sweet fruit! Though somewhat small, it may prove equal, if not superior, in flavor to that which has grown in a garden, — will perchance be all the sweeter and more palatable for the very difficulties it has had to contend with. Who knows but this chance wild fruit, planted by a cow or a bird on some remote and rocky hill-side, where it is as yet unobserved by man, may be the choicest of all its kind, and foreign potentates shall hear of it, and royal societies seek to propagate it, though the virtues of the perhaps truly crabbed owner of the soil may never be heard of, — at least, beyond the limits of his village? It was thus the Porter and the Baldwin grew.

Every wild-apple shrub excites our expectation thus, somewhat as every wild child. It is, perhaps, a prince in disguise. What a lesson to man! So are human beings, referred to the highest standard, the celestial fruit which they suggest and aspire to bear, browsed on by fate; and only the most persistent and strongest genius defends itself and prevails, sends a tender scion upward at last, and drops its perfect fruit on the ungrateful earth. Poets and philosophers and statesmen thus spring up in the country pastures, and outlast the hosts of unoriginal men.

Such is always the pursuit of knowledge. The celestial fruits, the golden apples of the Hesperides, are ever guarded by a hundred-headed dragon which never sleeps, so that it is an Herculean labor to pluck them.

This is one, and the most remarkable way, in which the wild apple is propagated; but commonly it springs up at wide intervals in woods and swamps, and by the sides of roads, as the soil may suit it, and grows with comparative rapidity. Those which grow in dense woods are very tall and slender. I frequently pluck from these trees a perfectly mild and tamed fruit. As Palladius says, "*Et injussu consternitur ubere mali*": And the ground is strewn with the fruit of an unbidden apple-tree.

It is an old notion, that, if these wild trees do not bear a valuable fruit of their own, they are the best stocks by which to transmit to posterity the most highly prized qualities of others. However, I am not in search of stocks, but the wild fruit itself, whose fierce gust has suffered no "inteneration." It is not my

> "highest plot
> To plant the Bergamot."

THE FRUIT, AND ITS FLAVOR.

THE time for wild apples is the last of October and the first of November. They then get to be palatable, for they ripen late, and they are still perhaps as beautiful as ever. I make a great account of these fruits, which the farmers do not think it worth the while to gather, — wild flavors of the Muse, vivacious and inspiriting. The farmer thinks that he has better in his barrels, but he is mistaken, unless he has a walker's appetite and imagination, neither of which can he have.

Such as grow quite wild, and are left out till the first of November, I presume that the owner does not mean to gather. They belong to children as wild as themselves, — to certain active boys that I know, — to the wild-eyed woman of the fields, to whom nothing comes amiss, who gleans after all the world, — and, moreover, to us walkers. We have met with them, and they are ours. These rights, long enough insisted upon, have come to be an institution in some old countries, where they have learned how to live. I hear that

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"the custom of grippling, which may be called apple-gleaning, is, or was formerly, practised in Herefordshire. It consists in leaving a few apples, which are called the gripples, on every tree, after the general gathering, for the boys, who go with climbing-poles and bags to collect them."

As for those I speak of, I pluck them as a wild fruit, native to this quarter of the earth, — fruit of old trees that have been dying ever since I was a boy and are not yet dead, frequented only by the woodpecker and the squirrel, deserted now by the owner, who has not faith enough to look under their boughs. From the appearance of the tree-top, at a little distance, you would expect nothing but lichens to drop from it, but your faith is rewarded by finding the ground strewn with spirited fruit, — some of it, perhaps, collected at squirrel-holes, with the marks of their teeth by which they carried them, — some containing a cricket or two silently feeding within, and some, especially in damp days, a shelless snail. The very sticks and stones lodged in the tree-top might have convinced you of the savoriness of the fruit which has been so eagerly sought after in past years.

I have seen no account of these among the "Fruits and Fruit-Trees of America," though they are more memorable to my taste than the grafted kinds; more racy and wild American flavors do they possess, when October and November, when December and January, and perhaps February and March even, have assuaged them somewhat. An old farmer in my neighborhood, who always selects the right word, says that "they have a kind of bow-arrow tang."

Apples for grafting appear to have been selected commonly, not so much for their spirited flavor, as for their mildness, their size, and bearing qualities, — not so much for their beauty, as for their fairness and soundness. Indeed, I have no faith in the selected lists of pomological gentlemen. Their "Favorites" and "None-suches" and "Seek-no-farthers," when I have fruited them, commonly turn out very tame and forgetable. They are eaten with comparatively little zest, and have no real *tang* nor *smack* to them.

What if some of these wildings are acrid and puckery, genuine *verjuice*, do they not still belong to the *Pomaceæ*, which are uniformly innocent and kind to our race? I still begrudge them to the cider-mill. Perhaps they are not fairly ripe yet.

No wonder that these small and high-colored apples are thought to make the best cider. Loudon quotes from the "Herefordshire Report," that "apples of a small size are always, if equal in quality, to be preferred to those of a larger size, in order that the rind and kernel may bear the greatest proportion to the pulp, which affords the weakest and most watery juice." And he says, that, "to prove this, Dr. Symonds, of Hereford, about the year 1800, made one hogshead of cider entirely from the rinds and cores of apples, and another from the pulp only, when the first was found of extraordinary strength and flavor, while the latter was sweet and insipid."

Evelyn says that the "Red-strake" was the favorite cider-apple in his day; and he quotes one Dr. Newburg as saying, "In Jersey 't is a general observation, as I hear, that the more of red any apple has in its rind, the more proper it is for this use. Pale-faced apples they exclude as much as may be from their cider-vat." This opinion still prevails.

All apples are good in November. Those which the farmer leaves out as unsalable, and unpalatable to those who frequent the markets, are choicest fruit to the walker. But it is remarkable that the wild apple, which I praise as so spirited and racy when eaten in the fields or woods, being brought into the house, has frequently a harsh and crabbed taste. The Saunterer's Apple not even the saunterer can eat in the house. The palate rejects it there, as it does haws and acorns, and demands a tamed one; for there you miss the November air, which is the sauce it is to be eaten with. Accordingly, when

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Tityrus, seeing the lengthening shadows, invites Melibœus to go home and pass the night with him, he promises him *mild* apples and soft chestnuts,—*mitia poma, castaneæ molles.* I frequently pluck wild apples of so rich and spicy a flavor that I wonder all orchardists do not get a scion from that tree, and I fail not to bring home my pockets full. But perchance, when I take one out of my desk and taste it in my chamber, I find it unexpectedly crude,—sour enough to set a squirrel's teeth on edge and make a jay scream.

These apples have hung in the wind and frost and rain till they have absorbed the qualities of the weather or season, and thus are highly *seasoned*, and they *pierce* and *sting* and *permeate* us with their spirit. They must be eaten in *season*, accordingly,—that is, out-of-doors.

To appreciate the wild and sharp flavors of these October fruits, it is necessary that you be breathing the sharp October or November air. The out-door air and exercise which the walker gets give a different tone to his palate, and he craves a fruit which the sedentary would call harsh and crabbed. They must be eaten in the fields, when your system is all aglow with exercise, when the frosty weather nips your fingers, the wind rattles the bare boughs or rustles the few remaining leaves, and the jay is heard screaming around. What is sour in the house a bracing walk makes sweet. Some of these apples might be labelled, "To be eaten in the wind."

Of course no flavors are thrown away; they are intended for the taste that is up to them. Some apples have two distinct flavors, and perhaps one-half of them must be eaten in the house, the other out-doors. One Peter Whitney wrote from Northborough in 1782, for the Proceedings of the Boston Academy, describing an apple-tree in that town "producing fruit of opposite qualities, part of the same apple being frequently sour and the other sweet"; also some all sour, and others all sweet, and this diversity on all parts of the tree.

There is a wild apple on Nawshawtuct Hill in my town which has to me a peculiarly pleasant bitter tang, not perceived till it is three-quarters tasted. It remains on the tongue. As you eat it, it smells exactly like a squash-bug. It is a sort of triumph to eat and relish it.

I hear that the fruit of a kind of plum-tree in Provence is "called *Prunes sibarelles*, because it is impossible to whistle after having eaten them, from their sourness." But perhaps they were only eaten in the house and in summer, and if tried out-of-doors in a stinging atmosphere, who knows but you could whistle an octave higher and clearer?

In the fields only are the sours and bitters of Nature appreciated; just as the wood-chopper eats his meal in a sunny glade, in the middle of a winter day, with content, basks in a sunny ray there and dreams of summer in a degree of cold which, experienced in a chamber, would make a student miserable. They who are at work abroad are not cold, but rather it is they who sit shivering in houses. As with temperatures, so with flavors; as with cold and heat, so with sour and sweet. This natural raciness, the sours and bitters which the diseased palate refuses, are the true condiments.

Let your condiments be in the condition of your senses. To appreciate the flavor of these wild apples requires vigorous and healthy senses, *papillæ* firm and erect on the tongue and palate, not easily flattened and tamed.

From my experience with wild apples, I can understand that there may be reason for a savage's preferring many kinds of food which the civilized man rejects. The former has the palate of an out-door man. It takes a savage or wild taste to appreciate a wild fruit.

What a healthy out-of-door appetite it takes to relish the apple of life, the apple of the world, then!

"Nor is it every apple I desire,
Nor that which pleases every palate best;
'T is not the lasting Deuxan I require,
Nor yet the red-cheeked Greening I request,

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Nor that which first beshrewed the name of wife,
Nor that whose beauty caused the golden strife:
No, no! bring me an apple from the tree of life!"

So there is one *thought* for the field, another for the house. I would have my thoughts, like wild apples, to be food for walkers, and will not warrant them to be palatable, if tasted in the house.

THEIR BEAUTY.

ALMOST all wild apples are handsome. They cannot be too gnarly and crabbed and rusty to look at. The gnarliest will have some redeeming traits even to the eye. You will discover some evening redness dashed or sprinkled on some protuberance or in some cavity. It is rare that the summer lets an apple go without streaking or spotting it on some part of its sphere. It will have some red stains, commemorating the mornings and evenings it has witnessed; some dark and rusty blotches, in memory of the clouds and foggy, mildewy days that have passed over it; and a spacious field of green reflecting the general face of Nature, — green even as the fields; or a yellow ground, which implies a milder flavor, — yellow as the harvest, or russet as the hills.

Apples, these I mean, unspeakably fair, — apples not of Discord, but of Concord! Yet not so rare but that the homeliest may have a share. Painted by the frosts, some a uniform clear bright yellow, or red, or crimson, as if their spheres had regularly revolved, and enjoyed the influence of the sun on all sides alike, — some with the faintest pink blush imaginable, — some brindled with deep red streaks like a cow, or with hundreds of fine blood-red rays running regularly from the stem-dimple to the blossom-end, like meridional lines, on a straw-colored ground, — some touched with a greenish rust, like a fine lichen, here and there, with crimson blotches or eyes more or less confluent and fiery when wet, — and others gnarly, and freckled or peppered all over on the stem side with fine crimson spots on a white ground, as if accidentally sprinkled from the brush of Him who paints the autumn leaves. Others, again, are sometimes red inside, perfused with a beautiful blush, fairy food, too beautiful to eat, — apple of the Hesperides, apple of the evening sky! But like shells and pebbles on the sea-shore, they must be seen as they sparkle amid the withering leaves in some dell in the woods, in the autumnal air, or as they lie in the wet grass, and not when they have wilted and faded in the house.

THE NAMING OF THEM.

IT would be a pleasant pastime to find suitable names for the hundred varieties which go to a single heap at the cider-mill. Would it not tax a man's invention, — no one to be named after a man, and all in the *lingua vernacula?* Who shall stand godfather at the christening of the wild apples? It would exhaust the Latin and Greek languages, if they were used, and make the *lingua vernacula* flag. We should have to call in the sunrise and the sunset, the rainbow and the autumn woods and the wild flowers, and the woodpecker and the purple finch and the squirrel and the jay and the butterfly, the November traveller and the truant boy, to our aid.

In 1836 there were in the garden of the London Horticultural Society more than fourteen hundred distinct sorts. But here are species which they have not in their catalogue, not to mention the varieties which our Crab might yield to cultivation.

Let us enumerate a few of these. I find myself compelled, after all, to give the Latin names of some for the benefit of those who live where English is not spoken, — for they are likely to have a world-wide reputation.

There is, first of all, the Wood-Apple (*Malus sylvatica*); the Blue-Jay Apple; the Apple which grows in Dells in the Woods, (*sylvestrivallis*,) also in Hollows in Pastures (*campestrivallis*); the Apple

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that grows in an old Cellar-Hole (*Malus cellaris*); the Meadow-Apple; the Partridge-Apple; the Truant's Apple, (*Cessatoris*,) which no boy will ever go by without knocking off some, however *late* it may be; the Saunterer's Apple, — you must lose yourself before you can find the way to that; the Beauty of the Air (*Decus Aëris*); December-Eating; the Frozen-Thawed, (*gelato-soluta*,) good only in that state; the Concord Apple, possibly the same with the *Musketaquidensis;* the Assabet Apple; the Brindled Apple; Wine of New England; the Chickaree Apple; the Green Apple (*Malus viridis*); — this has many synonymes; in an imperfect state, it is the *Cholera morbifera aut dysenterifera, puerulis dilectissima;* — the Apple which Atalanta stopped to pick up; the Hedge-Apple (*Malus Sepium*); the Slug-Apple (*limacea*); the Railroad-Apple, which perhaps came from a core thrown out of the cars; the Apple whose Fruit we tasted in our Youth; our Particular Apple, not to be found in any catalogue, — *Pedestrium Solatium;* also the Apple where hangs the Forgotten Scythe; Iduna's Apples, and the Apples which Loki found in the Wood; and a great many more I have on my list, too numerous to mention, — all of them good. As Bodæus exclaims, referring to the cultivated kinds, and adapting Virgil to his case, so I, adapting Bodæus, —

"Not if I had a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths,
An iron voice, could I describe all the forms
And reckon up all the names of these *wild apples.*"

THE LAST GLEANING.

By the middle of November the wild apples have lost some of their brilliancy, and have chiefly fallen. A great part are decayed on the ground, and the sound ones are more palatable than before. The note of the chickadee sounds now more distinct, as you wander amid the old trees, and the autumnal dandelion is half-closed and tearful. But still, if you are a skilful gleaner, you may get many a pocket-full even of grafted fruit, long after apples are supposed to be gone out-of-doors. I know a Blue-Pearmain tree, growing within the edge of a swamp, almost as good as wild. You would not suppose that there was any fruit left there, on the first survey, but you must look according to system. Those which lie exposed are quite brown and rotten now, or perchance a few still show one blooming cheek here and there amid the wet leaves. Nevertheless, with experienced eyes, I explore amid the bare alders and the huckleberry-bushes and the withered sedge, and in the crevices of the rocks, which are full of leaves, and pry under the fallen and decaying ferns, which, with apple and alder leaves, thickly strew the ground. For I know that they lie concealed, fallen into hollows long since and covered up by the leaves of the tree itself, — a proper kind of packing. From these lurking-places, anywhere within the circumference of the tree, I draw forth the fruit, all wet and glossy, maybe nibbled by rabbits and hollowed out by crickets and perhaps with a leaf or two cemented to it, (as Curzon an old manuscript from a monastery's mouldy cellar,) but still with a rich bloom on it, and at least as ripe and well kept, if not better than those in barrels, more crisp and lively than they. If these resources fail to yield anything, I have learned to look between the bases of the suckers which spring thickly from some horizontal limb, for now and then one lodges there, or in the very midst of an alder-clump, where they are covered by leaves, safe from cows which may have smelled them out. If I am sharp-set, for I do not refuse the Blue-Pearmain, I fill my pockets on each side; and as I retrace my steps in the frosty eve, being perhaps four or five miles from home, I eat one first from this side, and then from that, to keep my balance.

I learn from Topsell's Gesner, whose authority appears to be Albertus, that the following is the way in which the hedgehog collects and carries home his apples. He says, — "His meat is apples, worms, or

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grapes: when he findeth apples or grapes on the earth, he rolleth himself upon them, until he have filled all his prickles, and then carrieth them home to his den, never bearing above one in his mouth; and if it fortune that one of them fall off by the way, he likewise shaketh off all the residue, and walloweth upon them afresh, until they be all settled upon his back again. So, forth he goeth, making a noise like a cart-wheel; and if he have any young ones in his nest, they pull off his load wherewithal he is loaded, eating thereof what they please, and laying up the residue for the time to come."

THE "FROZEN-THAWED" APPLE.

TOWARD the end of November, though some of the sound ones are yet more mellow and perhaps more edible, they have generally, like the leaves, lost their beauty, and are beginning to freeze. It is finger-cold, and prudent farmers get in their barrelled apples, and bring you the apples and cider which they have engaged; for it is time to put them into the cellar. Perhaps a few on the ground show their red cheeks above the early snow, and occasionally some even preserve their color and soundness under the snow throughout the winter. But generally at the beginning of the winter they freeze hard, and soon, though undecayed, acquire the color of a baked apple.

Before the end of December, generally, they experience their first thawing. Those which a month ago were sour, crabbed, and quite unpalatable to the civilized taste, such at least as were frozen while sound, let a warmer sun come to thaw them, for they are extremely sensitive to its rays, are found to be filled with a rich sweet cider, better than any bottled cider that I know of, and with which I am better acquainted than with wine. All apples are good in this state, and your jaws are the cider-press. Others, which have more substance, are a sweet and luscious food, — in my opinion of more worth than the pine-apples which are imported from the West Indies. Those which lately even I tasted only to repent of it, — for I am semi-civilized, — which the farmer willingly left on the tree, I am now glad to find have the property of hanging on like the leaves of the young oaks. It is a way to keep cider sweet without boiling. Let the frost come to freeze them first, solid as stones, and then the rain or a warm winter day to thaw them, and they will seem to have borrowed a flavor from heaven through the medium of the air in which they hang. Or perchance you find, when you get home, that those which rattled in your pocket have thawed, and the ice is turned to cider. But after the third or fourth freezing and thawing they will not be found so good.

What are the imported half-ripe fruits of the torrid South, to this fruit matured by the cold of the frigid North? These are those crabbed apples with which I cheated my companion, and kept a smooth face that I might tempt him to eat. Now we both greedily fill our pockets with them, — bending to drink the cup and save our lappets from the overflowing juice, — and grow more social with their wine. Was there one that hung so high and sheltered by the tangled branches that our sticks could not dislodge it?

It is a fruit never carried to market, that I am aware of, — quite distinct from the apple of the markets, as from dried apple and cider, — and it is not every winter that produces it in perfection.

The era of the Wild Apple will soon be past. It is a fruit which will probably become extinct in New England. You may still wander through old orchards of native fruit of great extent, which for the most part went to the cider-mill, now all gone to decay. I have heard of an orchard in a distant town, on the side of a hill, where the apples rolled down and lay four feet deep against a wall on the lower side, and this the owner cut down for fear they should be made into cider. Since the temperance reform and the general introduction of grafted fruit, no native apple-trees, such as I see every-

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where in deserted pastures, and where the woods have grown up around them, are set out. I fear that he who walks over these fields a century hence will not know the pleasure of knocking off wild apples. Ah, poor man, there are many pleasures which he will not know! Notwithstanding the prevalence of the Baldwin and the Porter, I doubt if so extensive orchards are set out to-day in my town as there were a century ago, when those vast straggling cider-orchards were planted, when men both ate and drank apples, when the pomace-heap was the only nursery, and trees cost nothing but the trouble of setting them out. Men could afford then to stick a tree by every wall-side and let it take its chance. I see nobody planting trees to-day in such out-of-the-way places, along the lonely roads and lanes, and at the bottom of dells in the wood. Now that they have grafted trees, and pay a price for them, they collect them into a plat by their houses, and fence them in,—and the end of it all will be that we shall be compelled to look for our apples in a barrel.

This is "The word of the Lord that came to Joel the son of Pethuel.

"Hear this, ye old men, and give ear, all ye inhabitants of the land! Hath this been in your days, or even in the days of your fathers? . . . .

"That which the palmer-worm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten.

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep! and howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine! for it is cut off from your mouth.

"For a nation is come up upon my land, strong, and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of a lion, and he hath the cheek-teeth of a great lion.

"He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig-tree; he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away; the branches thereof are made white. . . . .

"Be ye ashamed, O ye husbandmen! howl, O ye vine-dressers! . . . .

"The vine is dried up, and the fig-tree languisheth; the pomegranate-tree, the palm-tree also, and the apple-tree, even all the trees of the field, are withered: because joy is withered away from the sons of men."

LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL DREEME" AND "JOHN BRENT."

KATAHDIN AND THE PENOBSCOT.

CHAPTER VII.

MOOSEHEAD.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE is a little bigger than the Lago di Guarda, and therefore, according to our American standard, rather more important. It is not very grand, not very picturesque, but considerably better than no lake,—a meritorious mean; not pretty and shadowy, like a thousand lakelets all over the land, nor tame, broad, and sham-oceanic, like the tanks of Niagara. On the west, near its southern end, is a well-intended blackness and roughness called Squaw Mountain. The rest on that side is undistinguished pine woods.

Mount Kinneo is midway up the lake, on the east. It is the show-piece of the region,—the best they can do for a precipice, and really admirably done. Kinneo is a solid mass of purple flint rising

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seven hundred feet upright from the water. By the side of this block could some Archimedes appear, armed with a suitable "*pou stô*" and a mallet heavy enough, he might strike fire to the world. Since percussion-guns and friction cigar-lighters came in, flint has somewhat lost its value; and Kinneo is of no practical use at present. We cannot allow inutilities in this world. Where is the Archimedes? He could make a handsome thing of it by flashing us off with a spark into a new system of things.

Below this dangerous cliff on the lake-bank is the Kinneo House, where fishermen and sportsmen may dwell, and kill or catch, as skill or fortune favors. The historical success of all catchers and killers is well balanced, since men who cannot master facts are always men of imagination, and it is as easy for them to invent as for the other class to do. Boston men haunt Kinneo. For a hero who has not skill enough or imagination enough to kill a moose stands rather in Nowhere with Boston fashion. The tameness of that pleasant little capital makes its belles ardent for tales of wild adventure. New-York women are less exacting; a few of them, indeed, like a dash of the adventurous in their lover; but most of them are business-women, fighting their way out of vulgarity into style, and romance is an interruption.

Kinneo was an old station of Iglesias's, in those days when he was probing New England for the picturesque. When the steamer landed, he acted as cicerone, and pointed out to me the main object of interest thereabouts, — the dinner-table. We dined with lumbermen and moose-hunters, scufflingly.

The moose is the lion of these regions. Near Greenville, a gigantic pair of moose-horns marks a fork in the road. Thenceforth moose-facts and moose-legends become the staple of conversation. Moose-meat, combining the flavor of beefsteak and the white of turtle, appears on the table. Moose-horns with full explanations, so that the buyer can play the part of hunter, are for sale. Tame moose-lings are exhibited. Sportsmen at Kinneo can choose a *matinée* with the trout or a *soirée* with the moose.

The chief fact of a moose's person is that pair of strange excrescences, his horns. Like fronds of tree-fern, like great corals or sea-fans, these great palmated plates of bone lift themselves from his head, grand, useless, clumsy. A pair of moose-horns overlooks me as I write; they weigh twenty pounds, are nearly five feet in spread, on the right horn are nine developed and two undeveloped antlers, the plates are sixteen inches broad, — a doughty head-piece.

Every year the great, slow-witted animal must renew his head-gear. He must lose the deformity, his pride, and cultivate another. In spring, when the first anemone trembles to the vernal breeze, the moose nods welcome to the wind, and as he nods feels something rattle on his skull. He nods again, as Homer sometimes did. Lo! something drops. A horn has dropped, and he stands a bewildered unicorn. For a few days he steers wild; in this ill-balanced course his lone horn strikes every tree on this side as he dodges from that side. The unhappy creature is staggered, body and mind. In what Jericho of the forest can he hide his diminished head? He flies frantic. He runs amuck through the woods. Days pass by in gloom, and then comes despair; another horn falls, and he becomes defenceless; and not till autumn does his brow bear again its full honors.

I make no apology for giving a few lines to the great event of a moose's life. He is the hero of those evergreen-woods, — a hero too little recognized, except by stealthy assassins, meeting him by midnight for massacre. No one seems to have viewed him in his dramatic character, as a forest-monarch enacting every year the tragi-comedy of decoronation and recoronation.

The Kinneo House is head-quarters for moose-hunters. This summer the waters of Maine were diluvial, the feeding-grounds were swamped. Of this we

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took little note: we were in chase of something certain not to be drowned; and the higher the deluge, the easier we could float to Katahdin. After dinner we took the steamboat again for the upper end of the lake.

It was a day of days for sunny summer sailing. Purple haziness curtained the dark front of Kinneo, — a delicate haze purpled by this black promontory, but melting blue like a cloud-fall of cloudless sky upon loftier distant summits. The lake rippled pleasantly, flashing at every ripple.

Suddenly, "Katahdin!" said Iglesias.

Yes, there was a dim point, the object of our pilgrimage.

Katahdin, — the more I saw of it, the more grateful I was to the three powers who enabled me to see it: to Nature for building it, to Iglesias for guiding me to it, to myself for going.

We sat upon the deck and let Katahdin grow, — and sitting, talked of mountains, somewhat to this effect: —

Mountains are the best things to be seen. Within the keen outline of a great peak is packed more of distance, of detail, of light and shade, of color, of all the qualities of space, than vision can get in any other way. No one who has not seen mountains knows how far the eye can reach. Level horizons are within cannon-shot. Mountain horizons not only may be a hundred miles away, but they lift up a hundred miles at length, to be seen at a look. Mountains make a background against which blue sky can be seen; between them and the eye are so many miles of visible atmosphere, domesticated, brought down to the regions of earth, not resting overhead, a vagueness and a void. Air, blue in full daylight, rose and violet at sunset, gray like powdered starlight by night, is collected and isolated by a mountain, so that the eye can comprehend it in nearer acquaintance. There is nothing so refined as the outline of a distant mountain: even a rose-leaf is stiff-edged and harsh in comparison. Nothing else has that definite indefiniteness, that melting permanence, that evanescing changelessness. Clouds in vain strive to imitate it; they are made of slighter stuff; they can be blunt or ragged, but they cannot have that solid positiveness.

Mountains, too, are very stationary, — always at their post. They are characters of dignity, not without noble changes of mood; but these changes are not bewildering, capricious shifts. A mountain can be studied like a picture; its majesty, its grace can be got by heart. Purple precipice, blue pyramid, cone or dome of snow, it is a simple image and a positive thought. It is a delicate fact, first, of beauty, — then, as you approach, a strong fact of majesty and power. But even in its cloudy, distant fairness there is a concise, emphatic reality altogether uncloudlike.

Manly men need the wilderness and the mountain. Katahdin is the best mountain in the wildest wild to be had on this side the continent. He looked at us encouragingly over the hills. I saw that he was all that Iglesias, connoisseur of mountains, had promised, and was content to wait for the day of meeting.

The steamboat dumped us and our canoe on a wharf at the lake-head about four o'clock. A wharf promised a settlement, which, however, did not exist. There was population, — one man and one great ox. Following the inland-pointing nose of the ox, we saw, penetrating the forest, a wooden railroad. Ox-locomotive, and no other, befitted such rails. The train was one great go-cart. We packed our traps upon it, roofed them with our birch, and, without much ceremony of whistling, moved on. As we started, so did the steamboat. The link between us and the inhabited world grew more and more attenuated. Finally it snapped, and we were in the actual wilderness.

I am sorry to chronicle that Iglesias hereupon turned to the ox and said impatiently, —

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"Now, then, bullgine!"

Why a railroad, even a wooden one, here? For this: the Penobscot at this point approaches within two and a half miles of Moosehead Lake, and over this portage supplies are taken conveniently for the lumbermen of an extensive lumbering country above, along the river.

Corduroy railroad, ox-locomotive, and go-cart train up in the pine woods were a novelty and a privilege. Our cloven-hoofed engine did not whirr turbulently along, like a thing of wheels. Slow and sure must the knock-kneed chewer of cuds step from log to log. Creakingly the wain followed him, pausing and starting and pausing again with groans of inertia. A very fat ox was this, protesting every moment against his employment, where speed, his duty, and sloth, his nature, kept him bewildered by their rival injunctions. Whenever the engine-driver stopped to pick a huckleberry, the train, self-braking, stopped also, and the engine took in fuel from the tall grass that grew between the sleepers. It was the sensation of sloth at its uttermost.

Iglesias and I, meanwhile, marched along and shot the game of the country, namely, one *Tetrao Canadensis*, one spruce-partridge, making in all one bird, quite too pretty to shoot with its red and black plumage. The spruce-partridge is rather rare in inhabited Maine, and is malignantly accused of being bitter in flesh, and of feeding on spruce-buds to make itself distasteful. Our bird we found sweetly berry-fed. The bitterness, if any, was that we had not a brace.

So, at last, in an hour, after shooting one bird and swallowing six million berries, for the railroad was a shaft into a mine of them, we came to the terminus. The chewer of cuds was disconnected, and plodded off to his stable. The go-cart slid down an inclined plane to the river, the Penobscot.

We paid quite freely for our brief monopoly of the railroad to the superintendent, engineer, stoker, poker, switch-tender, brakeman, baggage-master, and every other official in one. But who would grudge his tribute to the enterprise that opened this narrow vista through toward the Hyperboreans, and planted these once not crumbling sleepers and once not rickety rails, to save the passenger a portage? Here, at Bullgineville, the pluralist railroad-manager had his cabin and clearing, ox-engine house and warehouse.

To balance these symbols of advance, we found a station of the rear-guard of another army. An Indian party of two was encamped on the bank. The fusty sagamore of this pair was lying wounded; his fusty squaw tended him tenderly, minding, meanwhile, a very witch-like caldron of savory fume. No skirmish, with actual war-whoop and sheen of real scalping-knife, had put this prostrate chieftain here *hors du combat*. He had shot himself cruelly by accident. So he informed us feebly, in a muddy, guttural *patois* of Canadian French. This aboriginal meeting was of great value; it helped to eliminate the railroad.

CHAPTER VIII.

PENOBSCOT.

It was now five o'clock of an August evening. Our work-day was properly done. But we were to camp somewhere, "anywhere out of the world" of railroads. The Penobscot glimmered winningly. Our birch looked wistful for its own element. Why not marry shallop to stream? Why not yield to the enticement of this current, fleet and clear, and gain a few beautiful miles before nightfall? All the world was before us where to choose our bivouac. We dismounted our birch from the truck, and laid its lightness upon the stream. Then we became stevedores, stowing cargo. Sheets of birch-bark served for dunnage. Cancut, in flamboyant shirt, ballasted the after-part of the craft. For the present, I, in flamboyant shirt, paddled in the bow, while Iglesias, similarly glowing, sat *à la Turque* midships among the traps. Then, with a longing sniff at the caldron of Soggysampcook, we launched upon the Penobscot.

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Upon no sweeter stream was voyager ever launched than this of our summer-evening sail. There was no worse haste in its more speed; it went fleetly lingering along its leafy dell. Its current, unripplingly smooth, but dimpled ever, and wrinkled with the whirls that mark an underflow deep and shady, bore on our bark. The banks were low and gently wooded. No Northern forest, rude and gloomy with pines, stood stiffly and unsympathizingly watching the graceful water, but cheerful groves and delicate coppices opened in vistas where level sunlight streamed, and barred the river with light, between belts of lightsome shadow. We felt no breeze, but knew of one, keeping pace with us, by a tremor in the birches as it shook them. On we drifted, mile after mile, languidly over sweet calms. One would seize his paddle, and make our canoe quiver for a few spasmodic moments. But it seemed needless and impertinent to toil, when noiselessly and without any show of energy the water was bearing us on, over rich reflections of illumined cloud and blue sky, and shadows of feathery birches, bearing us on so quietly that our passage did not shatter any fair image, but only drew it out upon the tremors of the water.

So, placid and beautiful as an interview of first love, went on our first meeting with this Northern river. But water, the feminine element, is so mobile and impressible that it must protect itself by much that seems caprice and fickleness. We might be sure that the Penobscot would not always flow so gently, nor all the way from forests to the sea conduct our bark without one shiver of panic, where rapids broke noisy and foaming over rocks that showed their grinding teeth at us.

Sunset now streamed after us down the river. The arbor-vitæ along the banks marked tracery more delicate than any ever wrought by deftest craftsman in western window of an antique fane. Brighter and richer than any tints that ever poured through painted oriel flowed the glories of sunset. Dear, pensive glooms of nightfall drooped from the zenith slowly down, narrowing twilight to a belt of dying flame. We were aware of the ever fresh surprise of starlight: the young stars were born again.

Sweet is the charm of starlit sailing where no danger is. And in days when the Munki Mannakens were foes of the pale-face, one might dash down rapids by night in the hurry of escape. Now the danger was before, not pursuing. We must camp before we were hurried into the first "rips" of the stream, and before night made bush-ranging and camp-duties difficult.

But these beautiful thickets of birch and alder along the bank, how to get through them? We must spy out an entrance. Spots lovely and damp, circles of ferny grass beneath elms offered themselves. At last, as to patience always, appeared the place of wisest choice. A little stream, the Ragmuff, entered the Penobscot. "Why Ragmuff?" thought we, insulted. Just below its mouth two spruces were *propylœa* to a little glade, our very spot. We landed. Some hunters had once been there. A skeleton lodge and frame of poles for drying moose-hides remained.

Like skilful campaigners, we at once distributed ourselves over our work. Cancut wielded the axe; I the match-box; Iglesias the *batterie de cuisine*. Ragmuff drifted one troutling and sundry chubby chub down to nip our hooks. We re-roofed our camp with its old covering of hemlock-bark, spreading over a light tent-cover we had provided. The last glow of twilight dulled away; monitory mists hid the stars.

Iglesias, as *chef*, with his two *marmitons*, had, meanwhile, been preparing supper. It was dark when he, the colorist, saw that fire with delicate touches of its fine brushes had painted all our viands to perfection. Then, with the same fire stirred to illumination, and dashing masterly glows upon landscape and figures, the trio partook of the supper and named it sublime.

Here follows the *carte* of the Restau-

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rant Ragmuff, — woodland fare, a banquet simple, but elegant: —

POISSON.

Truite. Meunier.

ENTRÉES.

Porc frit au naturel.
Côtelettes d'Élan.

RÔTI.

Tetrao Canadensis.

DESSERT.

Hard-Tack. Fromage.

VINS.

Ragmuff blanc. Penobscot mousseux.
Thé. Chocolat de Bogotá.
Petit verre de Cognac.

At that time I had a temporary quarrel with the frantic nineteenth century's best friend, tobacco, — and Iglesias, being totally at peace with himself and the world, never needs anodynes. Cancut, therefore, was the only cloud-blower.

We two solaced ourselves with scorning civilization from our vantage-ground. We were beyond fences, away from the clash of town-clocks, the clink of town-dollars, the hiss of town-scandals. As soon as one is fairly in camp and has begun to eat with his fingers, he is free. He and truth are at the bottom of a well, — a hollow, fire-lighted cylinder of forest. While the manly man of the woods is breathing Nature like an Amreeta draught, is it anything less than the *summum bonum*?

"Yet some call American life dull."

"Ay, to dullards!" ejaculated Iglesias.

Moose were said to haunt these regions. Toward midnight our would-be moose-hunter paddled about up and down, seeking them and finding not. The waters were too high. Lily-pads were drowned. There were no moose looming duskily in the shallows, to be done to death at their banquet. They were up in the pathless woods, browsing on leaves and deappetizing with bitter bark. Starlight paddling over reflected stars was enchanting, but somniferous. We gave up our vain quest and glided softly home,—already we called it home,—toward the faint embers of our fire. Then all slept, as only woodmen sleep, save when for moments Cancut's trumpet-tones sounded alarums, and we others awoke to punch and batter the snorer into silence.

In due time, bird and cricket whistled and chirped the reveille. We sprang from our lair. We dipped in the river and let its gentle friction polish us more luxuriously than ever did any hair-gloved polisher of an Oriental bath. Our joints crackled for themselves as we beat the current. From bath like this comes no unmanly kief, no sensuous, slumberous, dreamy indifference, but a nervous, intent, keen, joyous activity. A day of deeds is before us, and we would be doing.

When we issue from the Penobscot, from our baptism into a new life, we need no valet for elaborate toilet. Attire is simple, when the woods are the tiring-room.

When we had taken off the water and put on our clothes, we simultaneously thought of breakfast. Like a circle of wolves around the bones of a banquet, the embers of our fire were watching each other over the ashes; we had but to knock their heads together and fiery fighting began. The skirmish of the brands boiled our coffee and fried our pork, and we embarked and shoved off. A thin blue smoke, floating upward, for an hour or two, marked our bivouac; soon this had gone out, and the banks and braes of Ragmuff were lonely as if never a biped had trodden them. Nature drops back to solitude as easily as man to peace; — how little this fair globe would miss mankind!

The Penobscot was all asteam with morning mist. It was blinding the sun with a matinal oblation of incense. A crew of the profane should not interfere with such act of worship. Sacrilege is perilous, whoever be the God. We were instantly punished for irreverence. The first "rips" came up-stream under cover of the mist, and took us by surprise. As

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we were paddling along gently, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a boiling rapid. Gnashing rocks, with cruel foam upon their lips, sprang out of the obscure, eager to tear us. Great jaws of ugly blackness snapped about us as if we were introduced into a coterie of crocodiles. Symplegades clanged together behind; mighty gulfs, below seducing bends of smooth water, awaited us before. We were in for it. We spun, whizzed, dashed, leaped, "cavorted"; we did whatever a birch running the gantlet of whirlpools and breakers may do, except the fatal finality of a somerset. That we escaped, and only escaped. We had been only reckless, not audacious; and therefore peril, not punishment, befell us. The rocks smote our frail shallop; they did not crush it. Foam and spray dashed in our faces; solid fluid below the crest did not overwhelm us. There we were, presently, in water tumultuous, but not frantic. There we were, three men floating in a birch, not floundering in a maelstrom, — on the water, not under it, — sprinkled, not drowned, — and in a wild wonder how we got into it and how we got out of it.

Cancut's paddle guided us through. Unwieldy he may have been in person, but he could wield his weapon well. And so, by luck and skill, we were not drowned in the magnificent uproar of the rapid. Success, that strange stirabout of Providence, accident, and courage, were ours. But when we came to the next cascading bit, though the mist had now lifted, we lightened the canoe by two men's avoirdupois, that it might dance, and not blunder heavily, might seek the safe shallows, away from the dangerous bursts of mid-current, and choose passages where Cancut, with the setting-pole, could let it gently down. So Iglesias and I plunged through the labyrinthine woods, the stream along.

Not long after our little episode of buffeting, we shot out again upon smooth water, and soon, for it is never smooth but it is smoothest, upon a lake, Chesuncook.

CHAPTER IX.

CHESUNCOOK.

CHESUNCOOK is a "bulge" of the Penobscot: so much for its topography. It is deep in the woods, except that some miles from its opening there is a lumbering-station, with house and barns. In the wilderness, man makes for man by a necessity of human instinct. We made for the log-houses. We found there an ex-barkeeper of a certain well-known New-York cockney coffee-house, promoted into a frontiersman, but mindful still of flesh-pots. Poor fellow, he was still prouder that he had once tossed the foaming cocktail than that he could now fell the forest-monarch. Mixed drinks were dearer to him than pure air. When we entered the long, low log-cabin, he was boiling doughnuts, as was to be expected. In certain regions of America every cook who is not baking pork and beans is boiling doughnuts, just as in certain other gastronomic quarters *frijoles* alternate with *tortillas*.

Doughnuts, like peaches, must be eaten with the dew upon them. Caught as they come bobbing up in the bubbling pot, I will not say that they are despicable. Woodsmen and canoemen, competent to pork and beans, can master also the alternative. The ex-barkeeper was generous with these brown and glistening langrage-shot, and aimed volley after volley at our mouths. Nor was he content with giving us our personal fill; into every crevice of our firkin he packed a pellet of future indigestion. Besides this result of foraging, we took the hint from a visible cow that milk might be had. Of this also the ex-barkeeper served us out galore, sighing that it was not the punch of his metropolitan days. We put our milk in our tea-pot, and thus, with all the ravages of the past made good, we launched again upon Chesuncook.

Chesuncook, according to its quality of lake, had no aid to give us with current. Paddling all a hot August mid-day over slothful water would be tame, day-labor-

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er's work. But there was a breeze. Good! Come, kind Zephyr, fill our red blanket-sail! Cancut's blanket in the bow became a substitute for Cancut's paddle in the stern. We swept along before the wind, unsteadily, over Lake Chesuncook, at sea in a bowl, — "rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard," in our keelless craft. Zephyr only followed us, mild as he was strong, and strong as he was mild. Had he been puffy, it would have been all over with us. But the breeze only sang about our way, and shook the water out of sunny calm. Katahdin to the North, a fair blue pyramid, lifted higher and stooped forward more imminent, yet still so many leagues away that his features were undefined, and the gray of his scalp undistinguishable from the green of his beard of forest. Every mile, however, as we slid drowsily over the hot lake, proved more and more that we were not befooled, — Iglesias by memory, and I by anticipation. Katahdin lost nothing by approach, as some of the grandees do: as it grew bigger, it grew better.

Twenty miles, or so, of Chesuncook, of sun-cooked Chesuncook, we traversed by the aid of our blanket-sail, pleasantly wafted by the unboisterous breeze. Undrowned, unducked, as safe from the perils of the broad lake as we had come out of the defiles of the rapids, we landed at the carry below the dam at the lake's outlet.

The skin of many a slaughtered varmint was nailed on its shingle, and the landing-place was carpeted with the fur. Doughnuts, ex-barkeepers, and civilization at one end of the lake, and here were muskrat-skins, trappers, and the primeval. Two hunters of moose, in default of their fern-horned, blubber-lipped game, had condescended to muskrat, and were making the lower end of Chesuncook fragrant with muskiness.

It is surprising how hospitable and comrade a creature is man. The trappers of muskrats were charmingly brotherly. They guided us across the carry; they would not hear of our being porters. "Pluck the superabundant huckleberry," said they, "while we, suspending your firkin and your traps upon the setting-pole, tote them, as the spies of Joshua toted the grape-clusters of the Promised Land."

Cancut, for his share, carried the canoe. He wore it upon his head and shoulders. Tough work he found it, toiling through the underwood, and poking his way like an elongated and mobile mushroom through the thick shrubbery. Ever and anon, as Iglesias and I paused, we would be aware of the canoe thrusting itself above our heads in the covert, and a voice would come from an unseen head under its shell, — "It 's soul-breaking, carrying is!"

The portage was short. We emerged from the birchen grove upon the river, below a brilliant cascading rapid. The water came flashing gloriously forward, a far other element than the tame, flat stuff we had drifted slowly over all the dullish hours. Water on the go is nobler than water on the stand; recklessness may be as fatal as stagnation, but it is more heroic.

Presently, over the edge, where the foam and spray were springing up into sunshine, our canoe suddenly appeared, and had hardly appeared, when, as if by one leap, it had passed the rapid, and was gliding in the stiller current at our feet. One of the muskrateers had relieved Cancut of his head-piece, and shot the lower rush of water. We again embarked, and, guided by the trappers in their own canoe, paddled out upon Lake Pepogenus.

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LOUIS LEBEAU'S CONVERSION.

YESTERDAY, while I moved with the languid crowd on the Riva,
Musing with idle eyes on the wide lagoons and the islands,
And on the dim-seen seaward glimmering sails in the distance,
Where the azure haze, like a vision of Indian-Summer,
Haunted the dreamy sky of the soft Venetian December, —
While I moved unwilled in the mellow warmth of the weather,
Breathing air that was full of Old-World sadness and beauty,
Into my thought came this story of free, wild life in Ohio,
When the land was new, and yet by the Beautiful River
Dwelt the pioneers and Indian hunters and boatmen.

Pealed from the campanile, responding from island to island,
Bells of that ancient faith whose incense and solemn devotions
Rise from a hundred shrines in the broken heart of the city;
But in my reverie heard I only the passionate voices
Of the people that sang in the virgin heart of the forest.
Autumn was in the land, and the trees were golden and crimson,
And from the luminous boughs of the over-elms and the maples
Tender and beautiful fell the light in the worshippers' faces,
Softer than lights that stream through the saints on the windows of churches,
While the balsamy breath of the hemlocks and pines by the river
Stole on the winds through the woodland aisles like the breath of a censer.
Loud the people sang old camp-meeting anthems that quaver
Quaintly yet from lips forgetful of lips that have kissed them:
Loud they sang the songs of the Sacrifice and Atonement,
And of the end of the world, and the infinite terrors of Judgment;
Songs of ineffable sorrow, and wailing compassionate warning
For the generations that hardened their hearts to their Saviour;
Songs of exultant rapture for them that confessed Him and followed,
Bearing His burden and yoke, enduring and entering with Him
Into the rest of His saints, and the endless reward of the blessed.
Loud the people sang: but through the sound of their singing
Brake inarticulate cries and moans and sobs from the mourners,
As the glory of God, that smote the apostle of Tarsus,
Smote them and strewed them to earth like leaves in the breath of the whirlwind.

Hushed at last was the sound of the lamentation and singing;
But from the distant hill the throbbing drum of the pheasant
Shook with its heavy pulses the depths of the listening silence,
When from his place arose a white-haired exhorter and faltered:
"Brethren and sisters in Jesus! the Lord hath heard our petitions,
And the hearts of His servants are awed and melted within them, —
Even the hearts of the wicked are touched by His infinite mercy.
All my days in this vale of tears the Lord hath been with me,
He hath been good to me, He hath granted me trials and patience;
But this hour hath crowned my knowledge of Him and His goodness.
Truly, but that it is well this day for me to be with you,

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Now might I say to the Lord, — 'I know Thee, my God, in all fulness;
Now let Thy servant depart in peace to the rest Thou hast promised!'"

Faltered and ceased. And now the wild and jubilant music
Of the singing burst from the solemn profound of the silence,
Surged in triumph and fell, and ebbed again into silence.

Then from the group of the preachers arose the greatest among them, —
He whose days were given in youth to the praise of the Saviour, —
He whose lips seemed touched like the prophet's of old from the altar,
So that his words were flame, and burned to the hearts of his hearers,
Quickening the dead among them, reviving the cold and the doubting.
There he charged them pray, and rest not from prayer while a sinner
In the sound of their voices denied the Friend of the sinner:
"Pray till the night shall fall, — till the stars are faint in the morning, —
Yea, till the sun himself be faint in that glory and brightness,
In that light which shall dawn in mercy for penitent sinners."
Kneeling, he led them in prayer, and the quick and sobbing responses
Spake how their souls were moved with the might and the grace of the Spirit.
Then while the converts recounted how God had chastened and saved them, —
Children whose golden locks yet shone with the lingering effulgence
Of the touches of Him who blessed little children forever, —
Old men whose yearning eyes were dimmed with the far-streaming brightness
Seen through the opening gates in the heart of the heavenly city, —
Stealthily through the harking woods the lengthening shadows
Chased the wild things to their nests, and the twilight died into darkness.

Now the four great pyres that were placed there to light the encampment,
High on platforms raised above the people, were kindled.
Flaming aloof, as if from the pillar by night in the Desert,
Fell their crimson light on the lifted orbs of the preachers,
On the withered brows of the old men, and Israel's mothers,
On the bloom of youth, and the earnest devotion of manhood,
On the anguish and hope in the tearful eyes of the mourners.
Flaming aloof, it stirred the sleep of the luminous maples
With warm summer-dreams, and faint, luxurious languor.
Near the four great pyres the people closed in a circle,
In their midst the mourners, and, praying with them, the exhorters,
And on the skirts of the circle the unrepentant and scorners, —
Ever fewer and sadder, and drawn to the place of the mourners,
One after one, by the prayers and tears of the brethren and sisters,
And by the Spirit of God, that was mightily striving within them,
Till at the last alone stood Louis Lebeau, unconverted.

Louis Lebeau, the boatman, the trapper, the hunter, the fighter,
From the unlucky French of Gallipolis he descended,
Heir to Old-World want and New-World love of adventure.
Vague was the life he led, and vague and grotesque were the rumors
Wherethrough he loomed on the people, the hero of mythical hearsay, —
Quick of hand and of heart, *insouciant*, generous, Western, —
Taking the thought of the young in secret love and in envy.
Not less the elders shook their heads and held him for outcast,

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Reprobate, roving, ungodly, infidel, worse than a Papist,
With his whispered fame of lawless exploits at St. Louis,
Wild affrays and loves with the half-breeds out on the Osage,
Brawls at New-Orleans, and all the towns on the rivers,
All the godless towns of the many-ruffianed rivers.
Only she that loved him the best of all, in her loving,
Knew him the best of all, and other than that of the rumors.
Daily she prayed for him, with conscious and tender effusion,
That the Lord would convert him. But when her father forbade him
Unto her thought, she denied him, and likewise held him for outcast,
Turned her eyes when they met, and would not speak, though her heart broke.

Bitter and brief his logic that reasoned from wrong unto error:
"This is their praying and singing," he said, "that makes you reject me,—
You that were kind to me once. But I think my fathers' religion,
With a light heart in the breast, and a friendly priest to absolve one,
Better than all these conversions that only bewilder and vex me,
And that have made man so hard and woman fickle and cruel.
Well, then, pray for my soul, since you would not have spoken to save me,—
Yes,—for I go from these saints to my brethren and sisters, the sinners."
Spake and went, while her faint lips fashioned unuttered entreaties,—
Went, and came again in a year at the time of the meeting,
Haggard and wan of face, and wasted with passion and sorrow.
Dead in his eyes was the careless smile of old, and its phantom
Haunted his lips in a sneer of restless incredulous mocking.
Day by day he came to the outer skirts of the circle,
Dwelling on her, where she knelt by the white-haired exhorter, her father,
With his hollow looks, and never moved from his silence.

Now, where he stood alone, the last of impenitent sinners,
Weeping, old friends and comrades came to him out of the circle,
And with their tears besought him to hear what the Lord had done for them.
Ever he shook them off, not roughly, nor smiled at their transports.
Then the preachers spake and painted the terrors of Judgment,
And of the bottomless pit, and the flames of hell everlasting.
Still and dark he stood, and neither listened nor heeded:
But when the fervent voice of the white-haired exhorter was lifted,
Fell his brows in a scowl of fierce and scornful rejection.
"Lord, let this soul be saved!" cried the fervent voice of the old man;
"For that the shepherd rejoiceth more truly for one that hath wandered,
And hath been found again, than for all the others that strayed not."

Out of the midst of the people, a woman old and decrepit,
Tremulous through the light, and tremulous into the shadow,
Wavered toward him with slow, uncertain paces of palsy,
Laid her quivering hand on his arm and brokenly prayed him:
"Louis Lebeau, I closed in death the eyes of your mother.
On my breast she died, in prayer for her fatherless children,
That they might know the Lord, and follow Him always, and serve Him.
Oh, I conjure you, my son, by the name of your mother in glory,
Scorn not the grace of the Lord!" As when a summer-noon's tempest
Breaks in one swift gush of rain, then ceases and gathers

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Darker and gloomier yet on the lowering front of the heavens,
So brake his mood in tears, as he soothed her, and stilled her entreaties,
And so he turned again with his clouded looks to the people.

Vibrated then from the hush the accents of mournfullest pity, —
His who was gifted in speech, and the glow of the fires illumined
All his pallid aspect with sudden and marvellous splendor:
"Louis Lebeau," he spake, "I have known you and loved you from childhood;
Still, when the others blamed you, I took your part, for I knew you.
Louis Lebeau, my brother, I thought to meet you in heaven,
Hand in hand with her who is gone to heaven before us,
Brothers through her dear love! I trusted to greet you and lead you
Up from the brink of the River unto the gates of the City.
Lo! my years shall be few on the earth. Oh, my brother,
If I should die before you had known the mercy of Jesus,
Yea, I think it would sadden the hope of glory within me!"

Neither yet had the will of the sinner yielded an answer;
But from his lips there broke a cry of unspeakable anguish,
Wild and fierce and shrill, as if some demon within him
Rent his soul with the ultimate pangs of fiendish possession,
And with the outstretched arms of bewildered imploring toward them,
Death-white unto the people he turned his face from the darkness.

Out of the sedge by the creek a flight of clamorous killdees
Rose from their timorous sleep with piercing and iterant challenge,
Wheeled in the starlight and fled away into distance and silence.
White on the other hand lay the tents, and beyond them glided the river,
Where the broadhorn * drifted slow at the will of the current,
And where the boatman listened, and knew not how, as he listened,
Something touched through the years the old lost hopes of his childhood, —
Only his sense was filled with low monotonous murmurs,
As of a faint-heard prayer, that was chorused with deeper responses.

Not with the rest was lifted her voice in the fervent responses,
But in her soul she prayed to Him that heareth in secret,
Asking for light and for strength to learn His will and to do it:
"Oh, make me clear to know, if the hope that rises within me
Be not part of a love unmeet for me here, and forbidden!
So, if it be not that, make me strong for the evil entreaty
Of the days that shall bring me question of self and reproaches,
When the unrighteous shall mock, and my brethren and sisters shall doubt me!
Make me worthy to know Thy will, my Saviour, and do it!"
In her pain she prayed, and at last, through her mute adoration,
Rapt from all mortal presence, and in her rapture uplifted,
Glorified she rose, and stood in the midst of the people,
Looking on all with the still, unseeing eyes of devotion,
Vague, and tender, and sweet, as the eyes of the dead, when we dream them
Living and looking on us, but they cannot speak, and we cannot:
Knowing only the peril that threatened his soul's unrepentance,
Knowing only the fear and error and wrong that withheld him,

* The old-fashioned flat-boats were so called.

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Thinking, "In doubt of me, his soul had perished forever!"
Touched with no feeble shame, but trusting her power to save him,
Through the circle she passed, and straight to the side of her lover,—
Took his hand in her own, and mutely implored him an instant,
Answering, giving, forgiving, confessing, beseeching him all things,—
Drew him then with her, and passed once more through the circle
Unto her place, and knelt with him there by the side of her father,
Trembling as women tremble who greatly venture and triumph,—
But in her innocent breast was the saint's sublime exultation.

So was Louis converted; and though the lips of the scorner
Spared not in after-years the subtle taunt and derision,
(What time, meeker grown, his heart held his hand from its answer,)
Not the less lofty and pure her love and her faith that had saved him,
Not the less now discerned was her inspiration from heaven
By the people, that rose, and embracing, and weeping together,
Poured forth their jubilant songs of victory and of thanksgiving,
Till from the embers leaped the dying flame to behold them,
And the hills of the river were filled with reverberant echoes,—
Echoes that out of the years and the distance stole to me hither,
While I moved unwilled in the mellow warmth of the weather,—
Echoes that mingled and fainted and fell with the fluttering murmurs
In the hearts of the hushing bells, as from island to island
Swooned the sound on the wide lagoons into palpitant silence.

THE DEVELOPMENT AND OVERTHROW OF THE RUSSIAN SERF-SYSTEM.

CLOSE upon the end of the fifteenth century, the Muscovite ideas of Right were subjected to the strong mind of Ivan the Great, and compressed into a code.

Therein were embodied the best processes known to his land and time: for discovering crime, torture and trial by battle; for punishing crime, the knout and death.

But hidden in this tough mass was one law of greater import than all others. Thereby were all peasants forbidden to leave the lands they were then tilling, except during the eight days before and after Saint George's day. This provision sprang from Ivan's highest views of justice and broadest views of political economy; the nobles received it with plaudits, which have found echoes even in these days;* the peasants received it with no murmurs which History has found any trouble in drowning.

Just one hundred years later, there sat upon the Muscovite throne, as *nominal* Tzar, the weakling Feodor I.; but behind the throne stood, as *real* Tzar, hard, strong Boris Godounoff.

Looking forward to Feodor's death, Boris makes ready to mount the throne; and he sees — what all other "Mayors of the Palace," climbing into the places of *fainéant* kings, have seen — that he must link to his fortunes the fortunes of some strong body in the nation; he breaks, however, from the general rule among

* See Gerebtzoff, *Histoire de la Civilisation en Russie.*

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usurpers, — bribing the Church, — and determines to bribe the nobility.

The greatest grief of the Muscovite nobles seemed to be that the peasants could escape from their oppression by the emigration allowed at Saint George's day.

Boris saw his opportunity: he cut off the privilege of Saint George's day; the peasant was fixed to the soil forever. No Russian law ever *directly* enslaved the peasantry,* but, through this decree of Boris, the lord who owned the soil came to own the peasants upon it, just as he owned its immovable boulders and ledges.

To this the peasants submitted, but over this wrong History has not been able to drown their sighs; their proverbs and ballads make Saint George's day representative of all ill-luck and disappointment.

A few years later, Boris made another bid for oligarchic favor. He issued a rigorous fugitive-serf law, and even wrenched liberty from certain free peasants who had entered service for wages before his edicts. This completed the work, and Russia, which never had the benefits of feudalism, had now fastened upon her feudalism's worst curse, — a serf-caste bound to the glebe.

The great waves of wrong which bore serfage into Russia seem to have moved with a kind of tidal regularity, and the distance between their crests in those earlier times appears to have been just a hundred years, — for, again, at the end of the next century, surge over the nation the ideas of Peter the Great.

The great good things done by Peter the world knows by heart. The world knows well how he tore his way out of the fetichism of his time, — how, despite ignorance and unreason, he dragged his nation after him, — how he dowered the nation with things and thoughts which transformed it from a petty Asiatic horde to a great European power.

And the praise due to this work can never be diminished. Time shall but increase it; for the world has yet to learn most of the wonderful details of his activity. We were present a few years since, when one of those lesser triumphs of his genius was first unfolded.

It was in that room at the Hermitage — adjoining the Winter Palace — set apart for the relics of Peter. Our companions were two men noted as leaders in American industry,—one famed as an inventor, the other famed as a champion of inventors' rights.

Suddenly from the inventor,* pulling over some old dust-covered machines in a corner, came loud cries of surprise. The cries were natural indeed. In that heap of rubbish he had found a lathe for turning irregular forms, and a screw-cutting engine once used by Peter himself: specimens of his unfinished work were still in them. They had lain there unheeded a hundred and fifty years; their principle had died with Peter and his workmen; and not many years since, they were reinvented in America, and gave their inventors fame and fortune. At the late Paris Universal Exposition crowds flocked about an American lathe for copying statuary; and that lathe was, in principle, identical with this old, forgotten machine of Peter's.

Yet, though Peter fought so well, and thought so well, he made some mistakes which hang to this day over his country as bitter curses. For in all his plan and work to advance the mass of men was one supreme lack, — lack of any account of the worth and right of the individual man.

Lesser examples of this are seen in his grim jest at Westminster Hall, — "What use of so many lawyers? I have but two lawyers in Russia, and one of those I mean to hang as soon as I return"; — or when, at Berlin, having been shown a new gibbet, he ordered one of his servants to be hanged in order to test it; — or, in his reviews and parade-fights, when he ordered his men to use ball, and to take the buttons off their bayonets.

Greater examples are seen in his Battle of Narva, when he threw away an ar-

* Haxthausen.

* The late Samuel Colt.

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my to learn his opponent's game, — in his building of St. Petersburg, where, in draining marshes, he sacrificed a hundred thousand men the first year.

But the greatest proof of this great lack was shown in his dealings with the serf-system.

Serfage was already recognized in Peter's time as an evil. Peter himself once stormed forth in protestations and invectives against what he stigmatized as "selling men like beasts, — separating parents from children, husbands from wives, — which takes place nowhere else in the world, and which causes many tears to flow." He declared that a law should be made against it. Yet it was by his misguided hand that serfage was compacted into its final black mass of foulness.

For Peter saw other nations spinning and weaving, and he determined that Russia should at once spin and weave; he saw other nations forging iron, and he determined that Russia should at once forge iron. He never stopped to consider that what might cost little in other lands, as a natural growth, might cost far too much in Russia, as a forced growth.

In lack, then, of quick brain and sturdy spine and strong arm of paid workmen, he forced into his manufactories the flaccid muscle of serfs. These, thus lifted from the earth, lost even the little force in the State they before had; great bodies of serfs thus became slaves; worse than that, the idea of a serf developed toward the idea of a slave.*

And Peter, misguided, dealt one blow more. Cold-blooded officials were set at taking the census. These adopted easy classifications; free peasants, serfs, and slaves were often huddled into the lists under a single denomination. So serfage became still more difficult to be distinguished from slavery.†

As this base of hideous wrong was thus widened and deepened, the nobles built higher and stronger their superstructure of arrogance and pretension. Not many years after Peter's death, they so overawed the Empress Anne that she thrust into the codes of the Empire statutes which allowed the nobles to sell serfs apart from the soil. So did serfage bloom *fully* into slavery.

But in the latter half of the eighteenth century Russia gained a ruler from whom the world came to expect much.

To mount the throne, Catharine II. had murdered her husband; to keep the throne, she had murdered two claimants whose title was better than her own. She then became, with her agents in these horrors, a second Messalina.

To set herself right in the eyes of Europe, she paid eager court to that hierarchy of skepticism which in that age made or marred European reputations. She flattered the fierce Deists by owning fealty to "*Le Roi Voltaire*"; she flattered the mild Deists by calling in La Harpe as the tutor of her grandson; she flattered the Atheists by calling in Diderot as a tutor for herself.

Her murders and orgies were soon forgotten in the new hopes for Russian regeneration. Her dealings with Russia strengthened these hopes. The official style required that all persons presenting petitions should subscribe themselves "Your Majesty's humble serf." This formula she abolished, and boasted that she had cast out the word serf from the Russian language. Poets and philosophers echoed this boast over Europe, — and the serfs waited.

The great Empress spurred hope by another movement. She proposed to an academy the question of serf-emancipation as a subject for their prize-essay. The essay was written and crowned. It was filled with beautiful things about liberty, practical things about moderation, flattering things about "the Great Catharine," — and the serfs waited.

Again she aroused hope. It was given out that her most intense delight came from the sight of happy serfs and pros-

* Haxthausen, *Études sur la Situation Intérieure*, etc., *de la Russie.*

† Gurowski, — also Wolowski in *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

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perous villages. Accordingly, in her journey to the Crimea, Potemkin squandered millions on millions in rearing pasteboard villages,—in dragging forth thousands of wretched peasants to fill them,—in costuming them to look thrifty,—in training them to look happy. Catharine was rejoiced,—Europe sang pæans,—the serfs waited.*

She seemed to go farther: she issued a decree prohibiting the enslavement of serfs. But, unfortunately, the palace-intrigues, and the correspondence with the philosophers, and the destruction of Polish nationality left her no time to see the edict carried out. But Europe applauded,—and the serfs waited.

Two years after this came a deed which put an end to all this uncertainty. An edict was prepared, ordering the peasants of Little Russia to remain forever on the estates where the day of publication should find them. This was vile; but what followed was diabolic. Court-pets were let into the secret. These, by good promises, enticed hosts of peasants to their estates. The edict was now sprung;—in an hour the courtiers were made rich, the peasants were made serfs, and Catharine II. was made infamous forever.

So, about a century after Peter, there rolled over Russia a wave of wrong which not only drowned honor in the nobility, but drowned hope in the people.

As Russia entered the nineteenth century, the hearts of earnest men must have sunk within them. For Paul I., Catharine's son and successor, was infinitely more despotic than Catharine, and infinitely less restrained by public opinion. He had been born with savage instincts, and educated into ferocity. Tyranny was written on his features, in his childhood. If he remained in Russia, his mother sneered and showed hatred to him; if he journeyed in Western Europe, crowds gathered about his coach to jeer at his ugliness. Most of those who have seen Gillray's caricature of him, issued in the height of English spite at Paul's homage to Bonaparte, have thought it hideously overdrawn; but those who have seen the portrait of Paul in the Cadet-Corps at St. Petersburg know well that Gillray did not exaggerate Paul's ugliness, for he could not.

And Paul's face was but a mirror of his character. Tyranny was wrought into his every fibre. He insisted on an Oriental homage. As his carriage whirled by, it was held the duty of all others in carriages to stop, descend into the mud, and bow themselves. Himself threw his despotism into this formula,—"Know, Sir Ambassador, that in Russia there is no one noble or powerful except the man to whom I speak, and while I speak."

And yet, within that hideous mass glowed some sparks of reverence for right. When the nobles tried to get Paul's assent to more open arrangements for selling serfs apart from the soil, he utterly refused; and when they overtasked their human chattels, Paul made a law that no serf should be required to give more than three days in the week to the tillage of his master's domain.

But, within five years after his accession, Paul had developed into such a ravenous wild-beast that it became necessary to murder him. This duty done, there came a change in the spirit of Russian sovereignty as from March to May; but, sadly for humanity, there came, at the same time, a change in the spirit of European politics as from May to March.

For, although the new Tzar, Alexander I., was mild and liberal, the storm of French ideas and armies had generally destroyed in monarchs' minds any poor germs of philanthropy which had ever found lodgment there. Still Alexander breasted this storm,—found time to plan for his serfs, and in 1803 put his hand to the work of helping them toward freedom. His first edict was for the creation of the class of "free laborers." By this, masters and serfs were encouraged to enter into an arrangement which was to put the serf into immediate possession of himself, of a homestead, and of a few acres,

* For further growth of the sentimental fashion thus set, see *Memoirs of the Princess Daschkaw*, Vol. I. p. 383.

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— giving him time to indemnify his master by a series of payments. Alexander threw his heart into this scheme; in his kindliness he supposed that the pretended willingness of the nobles meant something; but the serf-owning caste, without openly opposing, twisted up bad consequences with good, braided impossibilities into possibilities: the whole plan became a tangle, and was thrown aside.

The Tzar now sought to foster other good efforts, especially those made by some earnest nobles to free their serfs by will. But this plan, also, the serf-owning caste entangled and thwarted.

At last, the storm of war set in with such fury that all internal reforms must be lost sight of. Russia had to make ready for those campaigns in which Napoleon gained every battle. Then came that peaceful meeting on the raft at Tilsit, — worse for Russia than any warlike meeting; for thereby Napoleon seduced Alexander, for years, from plans of bettering his Empire into dreams of extending it.

Coming out of these dreams, Alexander had to deal with such realities as the burning of Moscow, the Battle of Leipsic, and the occupation of France; yet, in the midst of those fearful times,—when the grapple of the Emperors was at the fiercest,—in the very year of the burning of Moscow, — Alexander rose in calm statesmanship, and admitted Bessarabia into the Empire under a proviso which excluded serfage forever.

Hardly was the great European tragedy ended, when Alexander again turned sorrowfully toward the wronged millions of his Empire. He found that progress in civilization had but made the condition of the serfs worse. The newly ennobled *parvenus* were worse than the old *boyars;* they hugged the serf-system more lovingly and the serfs more hatefully.*

The sight of these wrongs roused him. He seized a cross, and swore upon it that the serf-system should be abolished.

Straightway a great and good plan was prepared. Its main features were, a period of transition from serfage to personal liberty, extending through twelve or fourteen years, — the arrival of the serf at personal freedom, with ownership of his cabin and the bit of land attached to it,— the gradual reimbursement of masters by serfs, — and after this advance to *personal* liberty, an advance by easy steps to a sort of *political* liberty.

Favorable as was this plan to the serf-owners, they attacked it in various ways; but they could not kill it utterly. Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland became free.

Having failed to arrest the growth of freedom, the serf-holding caste made every effort to blast the good fruits of freedom. In Courland they were thwarted; in Esthonia and Livonia they succeeded during many years; but the eternal laws were too strong for them, and the fruitage of liberty has grown richer and better.

After these good efforts, Alexander stopped, discouraged. A few patriotic nobles stood apart from their caste, and strengthened his hands, as Lafayette and Liancourt strengthened Louis XVI.; they even drew up a plan of voluntary emancipation, formed an association for the purpose, gained many signatures; but the great weight of that besotted serf-owning caste was thrown against them, and all came to nought. Alexander was at last walled in from the great object of his ambition. Pretended theologians built, between him and emancipation, walls of Scriptural interpretation,* — pretended philosophers built walls of false political economy, — pretended statesmen built walls of sham common-sense.

If the Tzar could but have mustered courage to *cut* the knot! Alas for Russia and for him, he wasted himself in efforts to *untie* it. His heart sickened at it; he welcomed death, which alone could remove him from it.

Alexander's successor, Nicholas I., had been known before his accession as a

* For proofs of this see Haxthausen.

* Gurowski says that they used brilliantly "Cursed be Canaan," etc.

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mere martinet, a good colonel for parade-days, wonderful in detecting soiled uniforms, terrible in administering petty punishments. It seems like the story of stupid Brutus over again. Altered circumstances made a new man of him; and few things are more strange than the change wrought in his whole bearing and look by that week of agony and energy in climbing his brother's throne. The portraits of Nicholas the Grand Duke and Nicholas the Autocrat seem portraits of two different persons. The first face is averted, suspicious, harsh, with little meaning and less grandeur; the second is direct, commanding, not unkind, every feature telling of will to crush opposition, every line marking sense of Russian supremacy.

The great article of Nicholas's creed was a complete, downright faith in Despotism, and in himself as Despotism's apostle.

Hence he hated, above all things, a limited monarchy. He told De Custine that a pure monarchy or pure republic he could understand; but that anything between these he could *not* understand. Of his former rule of Poland, as constitutional monarch, he spoke with loathing.

Of this hate which Nicholas felt for liberal forms of government there yet remain monuments in the great museum of the Kremlin.

That museum holds an immense number of interesting things, and masses of jewels and plate which make all other European collections mean. The visitor wanders among clumps of diamonds, and sacks of pearls, and a nauseating wealth of rubies and sapphires and emeralds. There rise row after row of jewelled scymitars, and vases and salvers of gold, and old saddles studded with diamonds, and with stirrups of gold, — presents of frightened Asiatic satraps or fawning European allies.

There, too, are the crowns of Muscovy, of Russia, of Kazan, of Astrachan, of Siberia, of the Crimea, and, pity to say it, of Poland. And next this is an index of despotic hate, — for the Polish sceptre is broken and flung aside.

Near this stands the full-length portrait of the first Alexander; and at his feet are grouped captured flags of Hungary and Poland, — some with blood-marks still upon them.

But below all, — far beneath the feet of the Emperor, — in dust and ignominy and on the floor, is flung the very Constitution of Poland — parchment for parchment, ink for ink, good promise for good promise — which Alexander gave with so many smiles, and which Nicholas took away with so much bloodshed.

And not far from this monument of the deathless hate Nicholas bore that liberty he had stung to death stands a monument of his admiration for straightforward tyranny, even in the most dreaded enemy his house ever knew. Standing there is a statue in the purest of marble, — the only statue in those vast halls. It has the place of honor. It looks proudly over all that glory, and keeps ward over all that treasure; and that statue, in full majesty of imperial robes and bees and diadem and face, is of the first Napoleon. Admiration of his tyrannic will has at last made him peaceful sovereign of the Kremlin.

This spirit of absolutism took its most offensive form in Nicholas's attitude toward Europe. He was the very incarnation of reaction against revolution, and he became the demigod of that horde of petty despots who infest Central Europe.

Whenever, then, any tyrant's lie was to be baptized, he stood its godfather; whenever any God's truth was to be crucified, he led on those who passed by reviling and wagging their heads. Whenever these oppressors revived some old feudal wrong, Nicholas backed them in the name of Religion; whenever their nations struggled to preserve some great right, Nicholas crushed them in the name of Law and Order. With these pauper princes his children intermarried, and he fed them with his crumbs, and clothed them with scraps of his purple. The visitor can see to-day, in every one of their dwarf palaces, some of his malachite vases, or porcelain bowls, or porphyry columns.

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But the *people* of Western Europe distrusted him as much as their rulers worshipped; and some of these same presents to their rulers have become trifle-monuments of no mean value in showing that popular idea of Russian policy. Foremost among these stand those two bronze masses of statuary in front of the Royal Palace at Berlin, — representing fiery horses restrained by strong men. Pompous inscriptions proclaim these presents from Nicholas; but the people, knowing the man and his measures, have fastened forever upon one of these curbed steeds the name of "Progress Checked," and on the other, "Retrogression Encouraged."

And the people were right. Whether sending presents to gladden his Prussian pupil, or sending armies to crush Hungary, or sending sneering messages to plague Louis Philippe, he remained proud in his apostolate of Absolutism.

This pride Nicholas never relaxed. A few days before his self-will brought him to his death-bed, we saw him ride through the St. Petersburg streets with no pomp and no attendants, yet in as great pride as ever Despotism gave a man. At his approach, nobles uncovered and looked docile, soldiers faced about and became statues, long-bearded peasants bowed to the ground with the air of men on whose vision a miracle flashes. For there was one who could make or mar all fortunes, — the absolute owner of street and houses and passers-by, — one who owned the patent and dispensed the right to tread that soil, to breathe that air, to be glorified in that sunlight and amid those snow-crystals. And he looked it all. Though at that moment his army was entrapped by military stratagem, and he himself was entrapped by diplomatic stratagem, that face and form were proud as ever and confident as ever.

There was, in this attitude toward Europe,—in this standing forth as the representative man of Absolutism, and breasting the nineteenth century, — something of greatness; but in his attitude toward Russia this greatness was wretchedly diminished.

For, as Alexander I. was a good man enticed out of goodness by the baits of Napoleon, Nicholas was a great man scared out of greatness by the ever-recurring phantom of the French Revolution.

In those first days of his reign, when he enforced loyalty with grape-shot and halter, Nicholas dared much and stood firm; but his character soon showed another side.

Fearless as he was before bright bayonets, he was an utter coward before bright ideas. He laughed at the flash of cannon, but he trembled at the flash of a new living thought. Whenever, then, he attempted a great thing for his nation, he was sure to be scared back from its completion by fear of revolution. And so, to-day, he who looks through Russia for Nicholas's works finds a number of great things he has done, but each is single, insulated, — not preceded logically, not followed effectively.

Take, as an example of this, his railway-building.

His own pride and Russian interest demanded railways. He scanned the world with that keen eye of his, — saw that American energy was the best supplement to Russian capital; his will darted quickly, struck afar, and Americans came to build his road from St. Petersburg to Moscow.

Nothing can be more complete. It is an "air-line" road, and so perfect that the traveller finds few places where the rails do not meet on either side of him in the horizon. The track is double, — the rails very heavy and admirably ballasted, — station-houses and engine-houses are splendid in build, perfect in arrangement, and surrounded by neat gardens. The whole work is worthy of the Pyramid-builders. The traveller is whirled by culverts, abutments, and walls of dressed granite, — through cuttings where the earth on either side is carefully paved or turfed to the summit. Ranges of Greek columns are reared as crossings in the

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midst of broad marshes, — lions' heads in bronzed iron stare out upon vast wastes where never rose even the smoke from a serf's kennel.

All this seems good; and a ride of four hundred miles through such glories rarely fails to set the traveller at chanting the praises of the Emperor who conceived them. But when the traveller notes that complete isolation of the work from all conditions necessary to its success, his praises grow fainter. He sees that Nicholas held back from continuing the road to Odessa, though half the money spent in making the road an Imperial plaything would have built a good, solid extension to that most important seaport; he sees that Nicholas dared not untie police-regulations, and that commerce is wretchedly meagre. Contrary to what would obtain under a free system, this great public work found the country wretched and left it wretched. The traveller flies by no ranges of trim palings and tidy cottages; he sees the same dingy groups of huts here as elsewhere, — the same cultivation looking for no morrow, — the same tokens that the laborer is *not* thought worthy of his hire.

This same tendency to great single works, this same fear of great connected systems, this same timid isolation of great creations from principles essential to their growth is seen, too, in Nicholas's church-building.

Foremost of all the edifices on which Nicholas lavished the wealth of the Empire stands the Isak Church in St. Petersburg. It is one of the largest, and certainly the richest cathedral in Christendom. All is polished pink granite and marble and bronze. On all sides are double rows of Titanic columns, — each a single block of polished granite with bronze capital. Colossal masses of bronze statuary are grouped over each front; high above the roof and surrounding the great drums of the domes are lines of giant columns in granite bearing giant statues in bronze; and crowning all rises the vast central dome, flanked by its four smaller domes, all heavily plated with gold.

The church within is one gorgeous mass of precious marbles and mosaics and silver and gold and jewels. On the tabernacle of the altar, in gold and malachite, on the screen of the altar, with its pilasters of *lapis-lazuli* and its range of malachite columns fifty feet high, were lavished millions on millions. Bulging from the ceilings are massy bosses of Siberian porphyry and jasper. To decorate the walls with unfading pictures, Nicholas founded an establishment for mosaic work, where sixty pictures were commanded, each demanding, after all artistic labor, the mechanical labor of two men for four years.

Yet this vast work is not so striking a monument of Nicholas's luxury as of his timidity.

For this cathedral and some others almost as grand were, in part, at least, results of the deep wish of Nicholas to wean his people from their semi-idolatrous love for dark, confined, filthy sanctuaries, like those of Moscow; but here, again, is a timid purpose and half-result; Nicholas dared set no adequate enginery working at the popular religious training or moral training. There had been such an organization, — the Russian Bible Society, — favored by the first Alexander; but Nicholas swept it away at one pen-stroke. Evidently, he feared lest Scriptural denunciations of certain sins in ancient politics might be popularly interpreted against certain sins in modern politics.

It was this same vague fear at revolutionary remembrance which thwarted Nicholas in all his battling against official corruption.

The corruption-system in Russia is old, organized, and respectable. Stories told of Russian bribes and thefts exceed belief only until one has been on the ground.

Nicholas began well. He made an Imperial progress to Odessa, — was welcomed in the morning by the Governor in full pomp and robes and flow of smooth words; and at noon the same Governor was working in the streets, with ball and chain, as a convict.

But against such a chronic moral evil

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no government is so weak as your so-called "*strong*" government. Nicholas set out one day for the Cronstadt arsenals, to look into the accounts there; but before he reached them, stores, storehouses, and account-books were in ashes.

So, at last, Nicholas folded his arms and wrestled no more. For, apart from the trouble, there came ever in his dealings with thieves that old timid thought of his, that, if he examined too closely their thief-tenure, they might examine too closely his despot-tenure.

We have shown this vague fear in Nicholas's mind, thus at length and in different workings, because thereby alone can be grasped the master-key to his dealings with the serf-system.

Toward his toiling millions Nicholas always showed sympathy. Let news of a single wrong to a serf get through the hedges about the Russian majesty, and woe to the guilty master! Many of these wrongs came to Nicholas's notice; and he came to hate the system, and tried to undermine it.

Opposition met him, of course, — not so much the ponderous laziness of Peter's time as an opposition polite and elastic, which never ranted and never stood up, —for then Nicholas would have throttled it and stamped upon it. But it did its best to entangle his reason and thwart his action.

He was told that the serfs were well fed, well housed, well clothed, well provided with religion,—were contented, and had no wish to leave their owners.

Now Nicholas was not strong at spinning sham reason nor subtle at weaving false conscience; but, to his mind, the very fact that the system had so degraded a man that he could laugh and dance and sing, while other men took his wages and wife and homestead, was the crowning argument *against* the system.

Then the political economists beset him, proving that without forced labor Russia must sink into sloth and poverty.*

* For choice specimens of these reasonings, see Von Erman, *Archiv für Wissenschaftliche Kunde von Russland.*

Yet all this could not shut out from Nicholas's sight the great black *fact* in the case. He saw, and winced as he saw, that, while other European nations, even under despots, were comparatively active and energetic, his own people were sluggish and stagnant, — that, although great thoughts and great acts were towering in the West, there were in Russia, after all his galvanizing, no great authors, or scholars, or builders, or inventors, but only those two main products of Russian civilization,—dissolute lords and abject serfs.

But what to do? Nicholas tried to help his Empire by setting right any individual wrongs whose reports broke their way to him.

Nearly twenty years went by in this timid dropping of grains of salt into a putrid sea.

But at last, in 1842, Nicholas issued his ukase creating the class of "contracting peasants." Masters and serfs were empowered to enter into contracts, — the serf receiving freedom, the master receiving payment in instalments.

It was a moderate innovation, *very* moderate, — nothing more than the first failure of the first Alexander. Yet, even here, that old timidity of Nicholas nearly spoiled what little good was hidden in the ukase. Notice after notice was given to the serf-owners that they were not to be molested, that no emancipation was contemplated, and that the ukase "contained nothing new."

The result was as feeble as the policy. A few serfs were emancipated, and Nicholas halted. The revolutions of 1848 increased his fear of innovation; and, finally, the war in the Crimea took from him the power of innovation.

The great man died. We saw his cold, dead face, in the midst of crowns and crosses,—very pale then, very powerless then. One might stare at him then, as at a serf's corpse; for he who had scared Europe during thirty years lay before us that day as a poor lump of chilled brain and withered muscle.

And we stood by, when, amid chanting, and flare of torches, and roll of cannon,

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his sons wrapped him in his shroud of gold-thread, and lowered him into the tomb of his fathers.

But there was shown in those days far greater tribute than the prayers of bishops or the reverence of ambassadors. Massed about the Winter Palace, and the Fortress of Peter and Paul, stood thousands on thousands who, in far-distant serf-huts, had put on their best, had toiled wearily to the capital, to give their last mute thanks to one who for years had stood between their welfare and their owners' greed. Sad that he had not done more. Yet they knew that he had *wished* their freedom, — that he had loathed their wrongs: for *that* came up the tribute of millions.

The new Emperor, Alexander II., had never been hoped for as one who could light the nation from his brain: the only hope was that he might warm the nation, somewhat, from his heart. He was said to be of a weak, silken fibre. The strength of the family was said to be concentrated in his younger brother Constantine.

But soon came a day when the young Tzar revealed to Europe not merely kindliness, but strength.

While his father's corpse was yet lying within his palace, he received the diplomatic body. As the Emperor entered the audience-room, he seemed feeble indeed for such a crisis. That fearful legacy of war seemed to weigh upon his heart; marks of plenteous tears were upon his face; Nesselrode, though old and bent and shrunk in stature, seemed stronger than his young master.

But, as he began his speech, it was seen that a strong man had mounted the throne.

With earnestness he declared that he sorrowed over the existing war,—but that, if the Holy Alliance had been broken, it was not through the fault of Russia. With bitterness he turned toward the Austrian Minister, Esterhazy, and hinted at Russian services in 1848 and Austrian ingratitude. Calmly, then, not as one who spoke a part, but as one who announced a determination, he declared, — "I am anxious for peace; but if the terms at the approaching congress are incompatible with the honor of my nation, I will put myself at the head of my faithful Russia and die sooner than yield." *

Strong as Alexander showed himself by these words, he showed himself stronger by acts. A policy properly mingling firmness and conciliation brought peace to Europe, and showed him equal to his father; a policy mingling love of liberty with love of order brought the dawn of prosperity to Russia, and showed him the superior of his father.

The reforms now begun were not stinted, as of old, but free and hearty. In rapid succession were swept away restrictions on telegraphic communication,—on printing, — on the use of the Imperial Library, — on strangers entering the country, — on Russians leaving the country. A policy in public works was adopted which made Nicholas's greatest efforts seem petty: a vast net-work of railways was commenced. A policy in commercial dealings with Western Europe was adopted, in which Alexander, though not apparently so imposing as Nicholas, was really far greater: he dared advance toward freedom of trade.

But soon rose again that great problem of old, — that problem ever rising to meet a new Autocrat, and, at each appearance, more dire than before, — the serf-question.

The serfs in private hands now numbered more than twenty millions; above them stood more than a hundred thousand owners.

The princely strength of the largest owners was best represented by a few men possessing over a hundred thousand serfs each, and, above all, by Count Scheremetieff, who boasted three hundred thousand. The luxury of the large owners was best represented by about four thousand men possessing more than a thousand serfs each. The pinching propensities of the small owners were best

* This sketch is given from notes taken at the audience.

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represented by nearly fifty thousand men possessing less than twenty serfs each.*

The serfs might be divided into two great classes. The first comprised those working under the old, or *corvée*, system, — giving, generally, three days in the week to the tillage of the owner's domain; the second comprised those working under the new, or *obrok*, system, — receiving a payment fixed by the owner and assessed by the community to which the serfs belonged.

The character of the serfs has been moulded by the serf-system.

They have a simple shrewdness, which, under a better system, had made them enterprising; but this quality has degenerated into cunning and cheatery, — the weapons which the hopelessly oppressed always use.

They have a reverence for things sacred, which, under a better system, might have given the nation a strengthening religion; but they now stand among the most religious peoples on earth, and among the least moral. To the besmutted picture of Our Lady of Kazan they are ever ready to burn wax and oil; to Truth and Justice they constantly omit the tribute of mere common honesty. They keep the Church fasts like saints; they keep the Church feasts like satyrs.

They have a curiosity, which, under a better system, had made them inventive; but their plough in common use is behind the plough described by Virgil.

They have a love of gain, which, under a better system, had made them hard-working; but it takes ten serfs to do languidly and poorly what two free men in America do quickly and well.

They are naturally a kind people; but let one example show how serfage can transmute kindness.

It is a rule well known in Russia, that, when an accident occurs, interference is to be left to the police. Hence you shall see a man lying in a fit, and the bystanders giving no aid, but waiting for the authorities.

Some years since, as all the world remembers, a theatre took fire in St. Petersburg, and crowds of people were burned or stifled. The whole story is not so well known. That theatre was but a great temporary wooden shed, — such as is run up every year at the holidays, in the public squares. When the fire burst forth, crowds of peasants hurried to the spot; but though they heard the shrieks of the dying, — separated from them only by a thin planking, — only one man, in all that multitude, dared cut through and rescue some of the sufferers.

The serfs, when standing for great ideas, will die rather than yield. The first Napoleon learned this at Eylau, — the third Napoleon learned it at Sevastopol; yet in daily life they are slavish beyond belief. On a certain day in the year 1855, the most embarrassed man in all the Russias was, doubtless, our excellent American Minister. The serf-coachman employed at wages was called up to receive his discharge for drunkenness. Coming into the presence of a sound-hearted American democrat, who had never dreamed of one mortal kneeling to another, Ivan throws himself on his knees, presses his forehead to the Minister's feet, fawns like a tamed beast, and refuses to move until the Minister relieves himself from this nightmare of servility by a full pardon.

The whole working of the system has been fearful.

Time after time, we have entered the serf field and serf hut, — have seen the simple round of serf toils and sports, — have heard the simple chronicles of serf joys and sorrows. But whether his livery were filthy sheepskin or gold-laced caftan, — whether he lay on carpets at the door of his master, or in filth on the floor of his cabin, — whether he gave us cold, stupid stories of his wrongs, or flippant details of his joys, — whether he blessed his master or cursed him, — we have wondered at the power which a serf-sys-

* Gerebtzoff, *Histoire de la Civilisation en Russie*, — Wolowski, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, — and Tegoborski, *Commentaries on the Productive Forces of Russia*, Vol. I. p. 221.

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tem has to degrade and imbrute the image of God.

But astonishment was increased a thousand fold at study of the reflex influence for evil upon the serf-owners themselves, — upon the whole free community, — upon the very soil of the whole country.

On all those broad plains of Russia, on the daily life of that serf-owning aristocracy, on the whole class which is neither of serfs nor serf-owners, the curse of God is written in letters so big and so black that all mankind may read them.

Farms are untilled, enterprise deadened, invention crippled, education neglected; life is of little value; labor is the badge of servility, — laziness the very badge and passport of gentility.

Despite the most specious half-measures, — despite all efforts to galvanize it, to coax life into it, to sting life into it, the nation has remained stagnant. Not one traveller who does not know that the evils brought on that land by the despotism of the Autocrat are as nothing compared to that dark net-work of curses spread over it by a serf-owning aristocracy.

Into the conflict with this evil Alexander II. entered manfully.

Having been two years upon the throne, having made a plan, having stirred some thought through certain authorized journals, he inspires the nobility in three of the northwestern provinces to memorialize him in regard to emancipation.

Straightway an answer is sent, conveying the outlines of the Emperor's plan. The period of transition from serfage to freedom is set at twelve years; at the end of that time the serf is to be fully free, and possessor of his cabin, with an adjoining piece of land. The provincial nobles are convoked to fill out these outlines with details as to the working out by the serfs of a fair indemnity to their masters.

The whole world is stirred; but that province in which the Tzar hoped most eagerly for a movement to meet him — the province where beats the old Muscovite heart, Moscow — is stirred least of all. Every earnest throb seems stifled there by that strong aristocracy.

Yet Moscow moves at last. Some nobles who have not yet arrived at the callous period, some Professors in the University who have not yet arrived at the heavy period, breathe life into the mass, drag on the timid, fight off the malignant.

The movement has soon a force which the retrograde party at Moscow dare not openly resist. So they send answers to St. Petersburg apparently favorable; but wrapped in their phrases are hints of difficulties, reservations, impossibilities.

All this studied suggestion of difficulties profits the reactionists nothing. They are immediately informed that the Imperial mind is made up, — that the business of the Muscovite nobility is now to arrange that the serf be freed in twelve years, and put in possession of homestead and inclosure.

The next movement of the retrograde party is to *misunderstand* everything. The plainest things are found to need a world of debate, — the simplest things become entangled, — the noble assemblies play solemnly a ludicrous game at cross-purposes.

Straightway comes a notice from the Emperor, which, stripped of official verbiage, says that they *must* understand. This sets all in motion again. Imperial notices are sent to province after province, explanatory documents are issued, good men and strong are set to talk and work.

The nobility of Moscow now make another move. To scare back the advancing forces of emancipation, they elect as provincial leaders three nobles bearing the greatest names of old Russia, and haters of the new ideas.

To defeat these comes a miracle.

There stands forth a successor of Saint Gregory and Saint Bavon, — one who accepts that deep mediæval thought, that, when God advances great ideas, the

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Church must marshal them, or go under, — Philarete, Metropolitan of Moscow. The Church, as represented in him, is no longer scholastic, — it is become apostolic. He upholds emancipation, — condemns its foes; his earnest eloquence carries all.

The work having progressed unevenly, — nobles in different governments differing in plan and aim, — an assembly of delegates is brought together at St. Petersburg to combine and perfect a resultant plan under the eye of the Emperor.

The Grand Council of the Empire, too, is set at the work. It is a most unpromising body, — yet the Emperor's will stirs it.

The opposition now make the most brilliant stroke of their campaign. Just as James II. of England prated toleration and planned the enslavement of all thought, so now the bigoted plotters against emancipation begin to prate of Constitutional Liberty.

Had they been fighting Nicholas, this would doubtless have accomplished its purpose. He would have become furious, and in his fury would have wrecked reform. But Alexander bears right on. It is even hinted that visions of a constitutional monarchy please him.

But then come tests of Alexander's strength far more trying. Masses of peasants, hearing vague news of emancipation, — learning, doubtless, from their masters' own spiteful lips that the Emperor is endeavoring to tear away property in serfs, — take the masters at their word, and determine to help the Emperor. They rise in insurrection.

To the bigoted serf-owners this is a godsend. They parade it in all lights; therewith they throw life into all the old commonplaces on the French Revolution; timid men of good intentions begin to waver. The Tzar will surely now be scared back.

Not so. Alexander now hurls his greatest weapon, and stuns reaction in a moment. He frees all the serfs on the Imperial estates without reserve. Now it is seen that he is in earnest; the opponents are disheartened; once more the plan moves and drags them on.

But there came other things to dishearten the Emperor; and not least of these was the attitude of those who moulded popular thought in England.

Be it said here to the credit of France, that from her came constant encouragement in the great work. Wolowski, Mazade, and other true-hearted men sent forth from leading reviews and journals words of sympathy, words of help, words of cheer.

Not so England. Just as, in the French Revolution of 1789, while yet that Revolution was noble and good, while yet Lafayette and Bailly held it, leaders in English thought who had quickened the opinions which had caused the Revolution sent malignant prophecies and prompted foul blows, — just as, in this our own struggle, leaders in English thought who have helped create the opinion which has brought on this struggle now deal treacherously with us, — so, in this battle of Alexander against a foul wrong, they seized this time of all times to show all the wrongs and absurdities of which Russia ever had been or ever might be guilty, — criticized, carped, sent plentifully haughty advice, depressing sympathy, malignant prophecy.

Review-articles, based on no real knowledge of Russia, announced desire for serf-emancipation, — and then, in the modern English way, with plentiful pyrotechnics of antithesis and paradox, threw a gloomy light into the skilfully pictured depths of Imperial despotism, official corruption, and national bankruptcy.

They revived Old-World objections, which, to one acquainted with the most every-day workings of serfage, were ridiculous.

It was said, that, if the serfs lost the protection of their owners, they might fall a prey to rapacious officials. As well might it have been argued that a mother should never loose her son from her apron-strings.

It was said that "serfism excludes pauperism," — that, if the serf owes work to

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his owner in the prime of life, the owner owes support to his serf in the decline of life. No lie could be more absurd to one who had seen Russian life. We were first greeted, on entering Russia, by a beggar who knelt in the mud; at Kovno eighteen beggars besieged the coach, — and Kovno was hardly worse than scores of other towns; within a day's ride of St. Petersburg a woman begged piteously for means to keep soul and body together, and finished the refutation of that sonorous English theory, — for she had been discharged from her master's service in the metropolis as too feeble, and had been sent back to his domain, afar in the country, on foot and without money.

It was said that freed peasants would not work. But, despite volleys of predictions that they *would* not work if freed, despite volleys of assertions that they *could* not work if freed, the peasants, when set free, and not crushed by regulations, have sprung to their work with an earnestness, and continued it with a vigor, at which the philosophers of the old system stand aghast. The freed peasants of Wologda compare favorably with any in Europe.

And when the old tirades had grown stale, English writers drew copiously from a new source, — from "La Vérité sur la Russie," — pleasingly indifferent to the fact that the author's praise in a previous work had notoriously been a thing of bargain and sale, and that there was in full process of development a train of facts which led the Parisian courts to find him guilty of demanding in one case a "blackmail" of fifty thousand roubles.*

All this argument outside the Empire helped the foes of emancipation inside the Empire.

But the Emperor met the whole body of his opponents with an argument overwhelming. On the 5th of March, 1861, he issued his manifesto making the serfs FREE. He had struggled long to make some satisfactory previous arrangement; his motto now became, Emancipation first, Arrangement afterward. Thus was the *result* of the great struggle decided; but, to this day, the after-arrangement remains undecided. The Tzar offers gradual indemnity; the nobles seem to prefer fire and blood. Alexander stands firm; the last declaration brought across the water was that he would persist in reforms.

But, whatever the after-process, THE SERFS ARE FREE.

The career before Russia is hopeful indeed; emancipation of her serfs has set her fully in that career. The vast mass of her inhabitants are of a noble breed, combining the sound mind of the Indo-Germanic races with the tough muscle of the northern plateaus of Asia. In no other country on earth is there such unity in language, in degree of cultivation, and in basis of ideas. Absolutely the same dialect is spoken by lord and peasant, in capital and in province.

And, to an American thinker, more hopeful still for Russia is the patriarchal democratic system,—spreading a primary political education through the whole mass. Leaders of their hamlets and communities are voted for; bodies of peasants settle the partition of land and assessments in public meetings; discussions are held; votes are taken; and though Tzar's right and nobles' right are considered far above people's right, yet this rude democratic schooling is sure to keep bright in the people some sparks of manliness and some glow of free thought.

In view, too, of many words and acts of the present Emperor, it is not too much to hope, that, ere many years, Russia will become a constitutional monarchy.

So shall Russia be made a power before which all other European powers shall be pigmies.

Before the close of the year in which we now stand, there is to be celebrated at Nijnii-Novogorod the thousandth anniversary of the founding of Russia. Then is to rise above the domes and spires of that famed old capital a monument to the heroes of Russian civilization.

* *Procès en Diffamation du Prince Simon Worontzoff contre le Prince Pierre Dolgorokow.* Leipzig, 1862.

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Let the sculptor group about its base Rurik and his followers, who in rude might hewed out strongholds for the coming nation. Let goodly place be given to Minime and Pojarski, who drove forth barbarian invaders, — goodly place also to Platov and Kutusov, who drove forth civilized invaders. Let there be high-placed niches for Ivan the Great, who developed order, — for Peter the Great, who developed physical strength, — for Derjavine and Karamsin, who developed moral and mental strength. Let Philarete of Moscow stand forth as he stood confronting with Christ's gospel the traffickers in flesh and blood. In loving care let there be wrought the face and form of Alexander the First, — the Kindly.

But, crowning all, let there lord it a noble statue to the greatest of Russian benefactors in all these thousand years, — to the Warrior who restored peace, — to the Monarch who had faith in God's will to make order, and in man's will to keep order, — to the Christian Patriot who made forty millions of serfs forty millions of *men*, — to Alexander the Second, — ALEXANDER THE EARNEST.

MR. AXTELL.

PART IV.

I SAID that the afternoon sunlight poured its rain into the church-yard. It was four of the clock when Aaron left me.

The dream that I had received impression of still dwelt in active remembrance, and a little fringe from the greater glory mine eyes had seen went trailing in flows of light along the edge of earth, as if saying unto it, "Arise and behold what I am!"

One child habiting earth dared to lift eyes into the awful arch of air, wherein are laid the foundation-stones of the crystalline wall, and, beholding drops of Infinite Love, garnered one, and, walking forth with it in her heart, went into the church-yard,—a regret arising that the graves that held the columns fallen from the family-corridor had found so little of place within affection's realm. The regret, growing into resolution, hastened her steps, that went unto the place devoted to the dead Percivals. It was in a corner, — the corner wherein grew the pine-tree of the hills.

"A peaceful spot of earth," I thought, as I went into the hedged inclosure, and shut myself in with the gleaming marble, and the low-hanging evergreens that waved their green arms to ward ill away from those they had grown up among. "It is long since the ground has been broken here," I thought, — "so long!" And I looked upon a monumental stone to find there recorded the latest date of death. It was eighteen hundred and forty-four,—my mother's,— and I looked about and sought her grave. The grass seemed crispy and dry. I sat down by this grave. I leaned over it, and looked into the tangled net-work of dead fibres held fast by some link of the past to living roots underneath. I plucked some of them, and in idlest of fancies looked closely to see if deeds or thoughts of a summer gone had been left upon them. "No! I 've had enough of fancies for one day; I 'll have no more to-night," I thought; and I wished for something to do. I longed for action whereon to imprint my new impress of resolution. It came in a guise I had not calculated upon.

"It 's very wrong of you to sit upon that damp ground, Miss Percival."

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The words evidently were addressed to me, sitting hidden in among the evergreens. I looked up and answered, —

"It is not damp, Mr. Axtell."

He was leaning upon the iron railing outside of the hedge.

"Will you come away from that cold, damp place?" he went on.

"I 'm not ready to leave yet," I said, and never moved. I asked, —

"How is your sister since morning?"

I thought him offended. He made no reply,—only walked away and went into the church close by.

"One can never know the next mood that one of these Axtells will take," I said to myself, in the stillness that followed his going. "He might have answered me, at least." Then I reproached Anna Percival for cherishing uncharity towards tried humanity. There 's a way appointed for escape, I know, and I sought it, burying my face in my hands, and leaning over the stillness of my mother's heart. I heard steps drawing near. Looking up, I saw Mr. Axtell entering the inclosure. He had brought one of the church pew-cushions.

"Will you rise?" he asked.

He did not bring the cushion to where I was; he carried it around and spread it in a vacant spot between two graves, the place left beside my mother for my precious father's white hairs to be laid in. Having deposited it there, he looked at me, evidently expecting that I would avail myself of his kindness. I wanted to refuse. I felt perfectly comfortable where I was. I should have done so, had not my intention been intercepted by a shaft of expression that crossed my vein of humor unexpectedly. It was only a look from out of his eyes. They were absolutely colorless, — not white, not black, but a strange mingling of all hues made them everything to my view, — and yet so full of coloring that no one ray came shining out and said, "I 'm blue, or black, or gray"; but something said, if not the mandate of color, "Obey!"

I did.

"Sacrilege!" I said. "It is a place for worship."

"Whose grave is this?" Mr. Axtell asked, as he bent down and laid his hand upon the sod. It was upon the one next beyond my mother's; between the two it was that he had placed the cushion.

"The head-stone is just there. You can read, can you not?" I asked, with a spice of malice, because for the second time this barbaric gentleman had commanded me to obey.

He lifted himself up, leaned against the towering family-monument, and slowly said, —

"Miss Percival, it is very hard for an Axtell to forgive."

I thought of the face in the Upper Country, and asked, —

"Why?"

"Because the Creator has almost deprived them of forgiving power. Don't tempt one of them to sin by giving occasion for the exercise of that wherein they mourn at being deficient."

I pulled dead grassy fibres again, and said nothing.

The second time he bent to the mound of earth, and said, —

"Please tell me now, Miss Anna, whose grave this is"; and there were tears in his eyes that made them for the moment grandly brown.

"Truly, Mr. Axtell, I do not know. I 've been so busy with the living that I 've not thought much of this place. It is so long since all these died, you know"; and I looked about upon the little village closed in by the iron railing. "I do not know that I can tell you one, save my mother's, here. I remember her; the others I cannot."

I arose to walk around to the head-stone and see.

"No," he said. "Will you listen to me a little while?"

"If you 'll sing for me."

"Sing for you?" — and there was a world of reproach in his meaning. "Is this a place for songs? or am I a man to sing?"

"Why not, Mr. Axtell? Aaron told

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me that you could sing, if you would; he has heard you."

"I will sing for you," he said, "if, after I am done, you choose to hear the song I sing."

I thought again of Miss Lettie, and put the question, once unheeded, concerning her.

"She is better. Your sister is a charming nurse."

A long quiet ensued; in it came the memory of Dr. Eaton's interest in the young girl's face.

"Is Mr. Axtell an artist?" I asked, after the silence.

"Mr. Axtell is a church-sexton," was the response.

"Cannot he be both sexton and artist?"

"How can he?"

"You have a strange way of telling me that I ought not to question you," I said, vexed at his non-committal words and manner.

He changed the subject widely, when next he spoke.

"Have you the letter that you picked up last night?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Axtell."

"Give it to me, please."

"Did Miss Lettie commission you to ask?"

"She did not."

"Then I cannot give it to you."

"Cannot give me my sister's letter?"

"It was to *me* that it was intrusted."

"And you are afraid to trust me with it?"

"I am afraid to break the trust reposed in myself."

Again the black roll of silent thunder gloomed on his brow; as once his sister's eyes had been, his now were coruscant.

"Do you refuse to give it to me?" he demanded.

"I do," I said, "now, and until Miss Lettie says, 'Give.'"

"You 've learned the contents, I presume," he said, with untold sarcasm. "Woman's curiosity digs deeply, when once aroused."

"You 've been taught of woman in a sad school, I fear. I 'll forgive the faults of your education, Mr. Axtell. Have you any more remarks to me? I 'm waiting."

"Do you know the contents of the letter that made Lettie so anxious?"

"You accused me before questioning formerly, or I should have given you truth. I have no knowledge of what is in the letter."

He had resumed his former position, leaning against the monument, where I had mine. He changed it now, drawing nearer for an instant, then went to the side of the grave that he had asked me concerning, kneeled there, laid two hands above it, and said, —

"Letty was right, Miss Anna. God has made you well, — made you after the similitude of her who sleeps underneath this sod. Will you forgive my rudeness?"

And he looked down as I had done, ere he came, into the tangled, matted fibres, then out into the great all-where of air, as if some mysterious presence encompassed him.

Very lowly I said, —

"Forgiveness is of God"; and I remembered the vision that came in my dream. The little voice that steals into hearts crowded with emotions, and tells tiny nerves of wish which way to fly, went whispering through the niches of my mind, "Tell the dream."

Mr. Axtell went back to his monumental resting-place. I said, —

"I have had a wonderful dream today"; and I began to tell the opening thereof.

The first sentence was not told when I stopped, suddenly. I could not go on. He asked me, "Why?" I only re-uttered what I felt, that I could not tell it.

"Oh! I have had a dream," he said, — "one that for eighteen years has been hung above my days and woven into my nights, — a great, hopeless woof of doom. I have tried to broider it with gold, I have tried to hang silver-bells upon the drooping corners thereof. I have tried to fold it about me and wear it, as other men

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wear sorrows, for the sun of heaven and the warmth of society to draw the wrinkled creases out. I have striven to fold it up, and lay it by in the arbor-vitæ chest of memory, with myrrh and camphor, but it will not be exorcised. No, no! it hangs firm as granite, stiff as the axis of the sun, unapproachable as the aurora of the North. Miss Percival, could you wear such a vestment in the march of life?"

"Your dream is too mystical; will you tell me what it has done for you? As yet, I only know what you have not done with it."

"What it has done for me?"—and he went slowly on, thinking half aloud, as if the idea were occurring for the first time.

"It touched me one soft summer day, before the earth became mildewed and famine-stricken. I was a proud, wilful Axtell boy; all the family traits were written with a white-hot pen on me. My will, my great high will, went ringing chimes of what I would do through the house where I was born, where my mother has just died, and I swung this right arm forth into the air of existence, and said, 'I will do what I will; men shall say I am a master in the land.'

"My father sent me away from home for education. I walked with intrepid mind through the course where others halted, weary, overladen, unfit for burden.

"To gain the valedictory oration was one goal that I had said I would attain to. I did. That was nineteen years ago. I came home in the soft, hot, August-time. It was the close of the month. The moon was at its highest flood of light. I was at the highest tide of will-might. That night, if any one had told me I could not do that which I had a wish to accomplish, I would have made my desire triumphant, or death would have been my only conqueror. Oh! it is dreadful to have such a nature handed down from the dark past, and thrust into one's life, to be battled with, to be hewn down at last, unless the lightning of God's wrath cleaves into the spirit and wakes up the volcano, which forever after emits only fire and sulphur. There 's yet one way more, after the lightning-stroke comes, — something unutterable, something that canopies the soul with doom, and forever the spirit tries to raise its wings and fly away, but every uplifting strikes fire, until, singed, scorched, burnt, wings grow useless, and droop down, never more to be uplifted."

Mr. Axtell drooped his arms, as if typical of the wings he had described. Borne away by the excitement of his words, he stood straight up against the far-away sky, with the verdure of Norway-evergreens soothingly waving their green around him. There was a magnificence of mien in the man, that made my spirit say, —

"The Deity made that man for great deeds."

He glanced down at the grave once more, and resumed: —

"I came home that August night. The prairie of Time rolled out limitless before my imagination. I built pyramids of fame; I laid the foundation of Babel once more, in my heart,—for I said, 'My name shall touch the stars, — my name! Abraham Axtell!' It is only written in earth, ground to powder, to-day."

"An atom of earth's powder may be a star to eyes vast enough to see the fulness that dwells therein, until to angelic vision our planet stands out a universe of starry suns, each particle of dust luminous with eternities of limitless space between," I said, as he, pausing, stooped, and stirred the crisp grass, to outline his name there.

"All things are possible," he murmured, "but the rending of my mantle of doom."

He looked from the tracing of his name to the west.

"The sun is going down once more," he said, and bowed his head, as one does, waiting for pastoral benediction. His eyes were fixed now, as I had seen his sister's held, but his lips poured out words.

"The moonlight sheened the earth, hot and heavy and still, that night. My father, mother, and Lettie were in the

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home where you have seen sorrow come. Up from the sea came the low, hollow boom of surges rising over the crust of land.

"'To the sea, to the sea, let us go!' I cried; 'it is the very night to tread the hall of moonbeams that leads to palace of pearls!'

"My mother was weary; she would have stayed at home, but I was her pearl of price; she forgot herself. You know the stream that comes down from the mountain and empties into the ocean. It was in that stream that my boat floated, and a long walk away. Lettie left us. Just after we started, I missed her, and asked where she had gone.

"'You 'll see soon,' replied my mother; and even as I looked back, I saw Lettie following, with a shadow other than her own falling on the midsummer grass. She did not hasten; she did not seek to come up with us. My mother was walking beside me.

"Thus we came to the river, at the place where it wanders out into the ocean. I saw my boat, my River-Ribbon, floating its cable-length, but never more, and undulating to the throbs of tide that pulsated along the blue vein of water, heralding the motion of the heart outside. We stopped there. The moon was set in the firmament high and fast, as when it was made to rule the night. The hall of light, lit up along the twinkling way of waters, looked shining and beckoning in its wavy ways of grace, a very home for the restless spirit. I wanted to thread its labyrinth of sparkles; I wanted to cool my wings of desire in its phosphorescent dew. I said,—

"'I am going out upon the sea.'

"My mother seemed troubled.

"'Abraham, the boat is unsafe; the water comes through. See! it is half full now'; and she pointed to where it lay in the stream, lined with a mimic portraiture of the endless corridor of moonlight that went playing across the bit of water it held.

"'This is childish, this is folly,' I thought, 'to be stayed on such a *spirit* mission by a few cups of water in a boat! What shall I ever accomplish in life, if I yield thus?'—and without waiting to more than half hear, certainly not to obey, my father's stern 'Stay on shore, Abraham,' I went down the bank, stepped into a bit of a bark, and pushed it into the stream, where my boat was now rocking on the strengthened flow of ocean's rise.

"I came to the boat, bailed out the water with a tin cup that lay floating inside, and calling back to land, 'Go home without me; do not wait,' I took the oars, and in my River-Ribbon, set free from its anchorage, I commenced rowing against the tide. I looked back to the bank I was fast leaving. I saw figures standing there.

"'They 'll go home soon,' I said, and I turned my eyes steadfastly toward the sheeny track, all crimpled and curled with fibrous net-work, and rowed on.

"It was a glorious night, — a night when one toss of a mermaid's hair, made visible above the waters, as she flew along the track I was pursuing, would have been worth a life of rowing against this incoming tide.

"You have never tried to row, Miss Anna. You don't know how hard it is to push a boat out of a river when the sea sends up full veins to course the strong arms she reaches up into the land."

For one moment, as he addressed me, his eyes lost their rapt look; they went back to it, and he to his story.

"I saw the fin of a shark dancing in the waves. Sharks were nothing for me. I did not look down into my boat. No, men never do; they look *beyond where they are.* They 're a sorry race, Miss Anna.

"The shark went down after some bit of prey more delicious than I. My will would have been hard for him to manage. I forgot the shark. I forgot the figures standing, waiting on the shore that I had left, ere Lettie and the shadow that walked with her, whatever it was, had come to it. I forgot everything but the phosphorescent dew that would cool my spirit, athirst for what I knew not, ravenous for

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refreshment, searching for manna where it never grew. The plaudits of yesterday were ringing in my ears, the wavelets danced to their music, my oars kept time to the vanity measure of my beating mind. Still I was not content. I wanted something more. A faded flower, an althea-bud, was still pendent from my coat. I had taken it out from the mass of flowers with which I had been honored. I noticed it now. The moon dewed it over with its yellowness. 'An offering to the sea-nymphs!' I said, and I cast it forth into the wide field. It did not go down, as I had fancied it would. No, it went on, whither the movement of the ceaseless dance of motion carried it. I leaned upon my oars and watched it until it went out of the illuminated track. I was now in the bay, outside the river. I looked once more shoreward. I had threaded the curve of the stream, and could not see around the point. No living human thing was in sight. I was alone with Nature in the night, when she looks down glories, and spreads out fields where we long to walk, and our footsteps are fast in clay. I was not far from shore; it lay dark behind me; it was only before that I could see. As I paused in my rowing to watch the althea-bud set afloat, I heard a tiny splash in the waters.

"'A school of fish flashing up a moment,' I thought, and did not further heed it."

The man looked as if he were now out at sea. He turned his head the least bit: the effect against the sky was fine. He had an attitude of watching and listening.

"I saw an object before me moving on the waters. I looked down. The water was rising in my own boat. I could not heed it just now.

"'In a moment,' I thought, 'I would stop to bail it out.'

"It was a boat that I saw. It moved on so swiftly, — the chime of the oars, tiny oars they were, was so sweetly, softly musical, the very drippling drops fell so like globules of silver, that I forgot my mission. I held my oars and waited. At last — how long it seemed! — I saw the boat come into the bridge of light. I saw fair, golden hair let loose to the sea-breezes that began to blow. I saw two hands striving with the oars. I saw the owner of the hair and of the hands, a young girl, sitting in that boat, coming right across the way where I ought to be going.

"'Does she mean to stay me?' I said, and even then my will rose up.

"I bent to the oars; but whilst I had watched her, my boat had been rapidly filling. I was forced to stay. My feet were already in the waves. Right across my pathway she came, close up to my filling boat.

"Her eyes were in the shadow, the moon being behind, but her voice rang out these words: —

"'Mr. Axtell, you 're committing a great sin. You 're putting your own life in peril. You 're killing your mother. I have come to stay you. Will you come on shore?'

"I only looked at her. When I found voice, it was to ask, —

"'Who are you?'

"'Who I am does n't matter now. Drowning men must n't ask questions'; and, putting one oar within my boat, now more than half filled, she drew her own to its side, and said, —

"'Come in.'

"'Conquered by a woman,' I thought. 'Never!' — and I began to search for the cup, that I might give back to the sea its intruding contents.

"I had left it in the other boat.

"'Conquered by thine own sin,' said the young girl, still holding fast to my boat.

"'Not so easily, fairy, or whoe'er thou art,' I said; for I saw that her boat was well furnished with both bailing-bowl and sponge, and I reached out for them, saying, 'I 'm going on the track, farther out.'

"She divined my intent, and quick as was my thought were her two hands; she cast both bowl and sponge into the sea.

"'Mr. Axtell,' she said; 'there 's a

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power in the world greater than your own. The sooner you yield, the less you 'll feel the thorns. Your mother, on the shore, is suffering agonies for you. Will you come into this boat, now?'

"The boats had floated around a little, and had changed places. I looked into her eyes; there was nothing there that said, 'I 'm trying to conquer you.' There was something in them that I had never seen made visible on earth before,—something radiant, with a might of right, that made me yield. She saw that I was coming. I lifted my feet out of the inches of water that had nearly filled it, put my oars across her tiny boat, and, leaving my own River-Ribbon to its fate, I entered that wherein my preserver had come out. I took the oars from her passive hands; she went to the front of the boat and left me master of the small ship. I turned its prow homeward. My preserver sat motionless, her eyes in the moon, for aught of notice she took of me. I was going toward the river; she bade me keep to the bay-shore, at the right. I obeyed. No more words were spoken until we were almost to land. I saw a little bulb afloat. The boat went near. I put out my oar and drew it in. It was the altheabud that I had offered to the sea-nymphs.

"'The mermaids refuse my offering,' I said; 'will you accept it?'—and I handed it, dripping with salt-water, to the fairy who sat so silently before me.

"She took it, pointed to a little sheltered cove between two outstanding ledges of rock, and said,—

"'This is boatie's home,—see if you can guide her safely in.'

"The keel grated on the gravelly beach, the boat struck home. The young girl did not wait for me, she landed first, and, handing me a tiny key, said,—

"'Draw my boat up out of reach of the tide, make it fast, please,'—and she sped away into the dreamy darkness of the land, whose shadows the moon did not yet reach, leaving me alone on the shore.

"I obeyed her orders implicitly, and then followed. It was not far from this sheltered cove that I met those with whom I had come. My mother was sitting upon one of the sea-shore rocks, passive, but stony. The young girl had just been speaking to her, she must have been saying that 'I was come back,' but my mother had not heeded. It was only in sight that her reason came, but, oh! such a deluge of gladness came to her when she saw me!

"'I was dying,' she said; 'you 've come back to save me, Abraham.'

"My father did not speak then, he lifted my mother from off the stone, and together we three walked home. Lettie lingered, the shadow with her. Was that the young girl? I could not quite discern."

Mr. Axtell stopped in his narration, walked out of the village of Dead Percivals, and to his mother's new-made grave. He came back soon.

"Miss Percival," he said, "two days ago you said, 'it was the strangest thing that ever you saw man do, to dig his mother's grave.' It was a work begun long ago; the first stroke was that August night; it is nearly nineteen years ago. What do you think of it now?"

"As I thought then, Mr. Axtell."

He stood near me now. He went on.

"That young girl saved my life that night, Miss Percival. Ere we reached home, a violent, sudden thunder-storm came down, with wind and rain, and terrible strokes of lightning. We took shelter in another house than home. Lettie and my preserver followed."

Another long pause came, a gathering together of the forces of his nature, typical of the still hotness of the August night of which he spoke, and after the ominous rest he emitted ponderous words. They came like crackles of rattling electricity. I could taste it.

"Miss Percival, look at me one moment."

I obeyed.

"Do I look like a murderer?"

"I don't know."

"Don't turn your eyes away; do you know what certain words in this world mean?"

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"Signal one, and I will answer."

He looked so leonic that I felt the least bit in the world like running away, but decided to stay, as he was just within my pathway of escape.

"Do you know what it is, what it means, when a human soul calls out from its highest heights to another mortal, 'Thou art mine'?"

I do not think he expected an answer, but I answered a round, full, truthful, "No."

"Then let it be the theme of thanksgiving," he said. "That fair young girl is here now. I feel her sacred presence. She does not save me from my imperious will.

"Do you know, Miss Percival," he suddenly resumed, "do you know that you are here with Abraham Axtell, a man who has destroyed two lives: one slowly, surely, through years of suffering; the other, oh! the other — by a flash from God's wrath, and for eighteen years my soul has cried out to her, 'Thou art mine,' and yet there is no response on earth, there can be none? Would you know the name of my preserver that night, come," — and, bending down, he offered his hand to assist me in rising.

I had no faith in this man's murderousness, whatever he might have done. He led me around to the head-stone of the grave which he had asked my knowledge of. Before I could see, he passed his hand across my eyes: how cold it was!

"When you see the name recorded here," he said, "you will know who saved me that August night, whom my terrible will destroyed, drinking her young life up in one fell cup."

His hand was withdrawn for one moment; my sight was blinded with the cold pressure on my eyes; then I read, —

MARY,
DAUGHTER OF
JULIUS AND MARY PERCIVAL,
DIED
AUGUST 30TH, 1843,
AGED
17 YEARS.

"My sister," I said

"Your sister, whom I killed."

"Ere I was old enough to know her."

"Have you one drop of mercy for him who destroyed your sister?" he asked, — and his haughty will was suffused in pleading.

I thought of the third figure in the celestial picture, as it gazed upon the outstretched hand, and I said, —

"God hath not made me your judge; why should I refuse mercy?"

A flash of intuition came. The young girl, whose portrait was in the house of the Axtells, whose face had been next my mother's, who asked me to do something for her on the earth, — could they all be manifestations of Mary?

"Who painted the portrait in your house?" I asked.

"My will," he said; "I am no artist."

"Is it like Mary?"

"Yes."

"Then I have this day seen her."

He looked up, great tears falling from his eyes, and asked, —

"Where?"

I took him to the gallery of the clouds, and showed him my vision, and repeated the words spoken to me up there, the words for him only, — the others were full of mystery still. He held seemingly no part therein.

"Will a murderer's prayer add one ray of joy to the angel who has come out on the sea to save me, — me, twice saved, oh! why?" — and Mr. Axtell laid his hand upon my head in blessing.

"Twice saved," I said, "that the third salvation may be Christ's."

Solemnly came the "Amen" from his lips, tremulous as the bridge of light he had once passed over.

"Good-bye, Mr. Axtell; I shall fulfil Mary's wish for you, if you will let me"; and I offered him my hand for this second parting: the first had been when he went out alone to his mother's burial.

He looked at it, as he then had done, uncomprehending, and said only, —

"Will I let you?"

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He gathered up the cushion, and carried it to the church. I closed the gate that shut in this silent city, and went to the parsonage.

The sun had gone down, — the night was coming on. I found Aaron pacing the verandah with impatient steps. He asked where I had been. I told him.

"It is very well that you are going so soon," he said, — "you are getting decidedly ghostly. Will you take a walk with me?"

I was thankful for the occasion. As might have been expected, Aaron chose the way that led to the solemn old house. I was amused.

"Where are you going?" I questioned.

"To inquire after our early-morning patient," he said.

"And not to see Mrs. Aaron Wilton?"

Aaron looked the least mite retributive, as he said, —

"Anna, there are mysteries in life."

"As, why Aaron was chosen before Moses," I could not help suggesting. Sophie had had an opportunity of being Mrs. Moses, instead of Mrs. Aaron.

"Sophie 's wise; you are not, Anna, I fear."

"Your fear may be the beginning of my wisdom, Aaron: I hope so."

With the exception of a return to the subject on which Aaron had questioned me at breakfast, and on which he elicited no further information from me, nothing of interest occurred until we were within the place that held Sophie's pearly self.

She had been a shower of sunshine, letting fall gold and silver drops through all the house. I saw them, heard their sweet glade-like music rippling everywhere, the moment that I went in.

Mr. Axtell was pacing the hall in the evening twilight, and the little of lamp-lustre that was shed into it.

He looked passively calm, heroically enduring, as we went past him. From his eyes came scintillations of a joy whose root is not in our planet.

He simply said, —

"Mrs. Wilton is with my sister; she will be glad to see you."

We went on. Sophie had made a very nest of repose in the sick-room. Miss Axtell looked so comfortable, so untired of life, so changed from the first glimpse I had had of her, when I thought her face might be such as would be found under Dead-Sea waves. There was no more of the anxious unrest. She spoke to Mr. Wilton, thanking him for the "good gift," she named Sophie, that he had lent to her.

Miss Lettie called me to her. She wished to say something to me only. I bent my head to listen.

"I am ill," she said, — "better just now, but I feel that it will be weeks before I shall leave this place; it is good for me to be here, but this troubles me, — I don't like to think that I must take care of it; will you guard it sacredly for me? — and the letter of last night, add it to the others."

She gave me a small package, carefully closed, and I saw that it was sealed.

From her manner, I fancied it was to be known to me alone, and, concealing it, I said, —

"I will keep it securely for you."

Sophie came playfully up, and said, —

"Now, Anna, I 'm empress here; no secret negotiations to overthrow my power."

"I 'm just going to say good-bye to Miss Axtell," I said, "for I am going home to-morrow"; and I told her of the letter from father, that I had received.

Sophie got up a charming storm of regret and wrath, neither at my father for sending for me, nor at myself for going, but for the mysterious third personality that created the need for my departure.

Miss Lettie seemed to regret my coming absence still more than Sophie.

"I wanted you so much," she said; "if I had only had you long ago, life would have been changed," she whispered again, as Sophie turned to listen to some pretty nonsense that the grave minister poured into her ears through those windings of softly purplish hair.

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"Will you make me one promise, only one?" said Miss Axtell.

I hesitated, — for promises are my religious fear. I do not like to make promises. They are like mile-stones to a thunder-storm. They note distances when the spirit is anxious only to cycle time and space.

She looked so earnest, so persuasive, that I yielded, and said that "consistency should be my only requirement."

"It is not so immensely inconsistent, my Anemone; it is only that I want you to come back again. Two weeks will satisfy your father. Will you come to me on the twenty-fifth of March?"

"What for?" with my awkward persistency in questioning, I asked.

"Why, because I want to see you, — I wish you to write a letter for me, — and more than all, I want an advocate."

I, smiling at the triplet of occasions, promised to come, if consistent.

Sophie was going home. She came up to drop a few last cheery words, to fall into the coming hours of night.

"You see how you 've spoiled me by kindness, Mrs. Wilton," Miss Lettie said. "I presume still further: I would like to see old Chloe; it is a long, long time since I've seen her. Would you let her come?"

Sophie said that "it would renew Chloe's youth; she certainly would send her."

Good-byes were spoken, and we went down. Mr. Axtell was still treading the hall below. He thanked Sophie for her kindness to Miss Lettie, shook hands genially with Aaron, looked at me, and we were gone.

I carried Miss Lettie's message to Chloe. She lifted up those great African orbs of hers as she might have done to the Mountains of the Moon in her native land.

"Now the heavens be praised!" said the honest soul, — "what for can that icy lady want to see old Chloe?"

I had carried the message under cover of one from my own heart. I knew that Chloe had lived with my mother until she died. I knew that she must know something regarding Mary, my sister, to whom, in all my life, I had scarcely given one thought, who died ere I was wise enough to know her. And so I began by asking, —

"Am I like my sister who died, Chloe?"

She brought back her eyes from gazing upon the lunar mountains.

"I don't know 's you are 'xactly; but somehow you *did* look like her, up-stairs to-day, when you had them white things tied on your head."

"Were you here when she died?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!"—old Chloe closed her eyes, — "it is one of the blessed things Chloe's Lord will let her 'member, up there"; and Chloe wiped her eyes, *in memoriam*.

"I don't remember her," I said.

"No, how should you? you were wee little then."

"What made her die, Chloe?"

"I reckon 't was because the angels wanted her more 'n me, Miss Anna."

"Was she sick, Chloe?"

"How queer you questions, Miss Anna! Of course she was sick; she drooped in the August heat; they did n't think she was very sick; the master gave her some medicine one night, and left her sleeping, quiet as a lamb, and before morning came she went to heaven."

"Who was the master, Chloe?"

"Why, you *is* getting stupid-like, child! Honey darling, don't you know that Master Percival, your father, was my master ever so many years?" — and she began notating them upon her fingers.

I interrupted the mathematical calculation by telling Chloe that three people were waiting for their tea.

"Two of 'em is my dear childers," said Chloe, — who never would accept Aaron, even with all his goodness, into her heart; and she moved about with accelerated velocity in her daily orbit.

What could Mr. Axtell have meant by saying that he had killed Mary, who, Chloe had assured me, died peaceably in her father's house? After disturbing the equilibrium of thought-realm, and nearly giving my mind a new axis of revolution, I decided to think no more of

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it. I could not, would not, believe that Abraham Axtell had gone up any Moriah of sacrifice, and been permitted to let fall the knife upon his victim. His life must have been a dream, an illusion; he only wanted awakening to existence. And the memory of my Sabbath-morning's vision dwelt with me, and the voice that speaketh, filling the soul "as a sea-shell is with murmuring," said, "Your finger will awaken him." And I looked down at my two passive hands, and asked, "Which one of them?" And the murmuring voice startled me with the answer, "Two are required, — one of reconciliation, the other of forgiveness." Whereupon I lifted up the ten that Nature gave, and said, "Take them all, if need be."——

"Tea is ready," said Aaron, peeping in, his face alive with satisfied muscles, playing too merry a tune of joy, I thought, for a grave minister.

"Sophie 's a magician," I thought for the thousandth time, as, for the millionth, Aaron looked at her sitting so demurely regal at his spread table.

"What would these two good people say," I asked myself, in thinking, "if they knew all that I have learned in my visit, not yet a week long?"—and I ran up and down in the scale of semibreves and minims that I had heard, with the one long, sweet trill transfusing life on earth into heavenly existence, and I felt very wingy, very much as if I could take up the tower, standing high and square out there, and carry it, "like Loretto's chapel, through the air to the green land," where my spirit would go singing evermore. I could not tell what my joy was like: not unto anything that I had seen upon the earth; under the earth I had not yet been; only once above it, and they were calmly celestial there. I was turbulently joyous, and so I winged a little while around Sophie and Aaron, hummed a good-night in Chloe's ears, and found that the canny soul was luxuriating in the idea that the icy lady was to be thawed into the acceptance of sundry confections which she was basketing to carry with her when I went out.

"Call me early," I said; "you know I leave at seven o'clock."

"I shall be up ever so early, Miss Anna; never fear for Chloe's sleeping late to-morrow in the morning; you get ever so much, — 'nuff for Chloe and you too; good-night, honey!" — and Chloe went on her mission, whilst Aloes and Honey went up-stairs, past Aaron's study, and into a room where the mysterious art of packing must be practised for a little.

I thought of the "breadths of silver and skirts of gold" that I had seen the Day pack away; and, inspired with the thought, fell to folding less amberous raiment, until, my duty done, I pressed the cover down, and locked my treasures in, for the journey of the morrow. Then I took out my sacred gift to guard, and, laying it before me, looked at it. It was of dimensions scarcely larger than the moon, — that is, extremely variant and uncertain: to one, a planet, larger than Jupiter, moons and all; to another, scarcely more than a bridal ring. So my packet was of uncertain size: *undoubtedly* the tower was packed away in it, Herbert too, — and I could n't help agreeing with my thought, and confessing that this was a better form for conveyance than that I so lately had planned; so I put it safely away, with myself, until the day should come. The day-star had arisen in my heart. Would it ever go down? Not whilst He who holdeth the earth in the hollow of His hand hath me there too. Reaching out, once more, for the strong protective fibres that had so blessed me, I wandered forth with it into the land whose mural heights are onychites and mocha-stones of mossy mystery.

How long I might have lingered there I know not, — so delicious was the fragrance and so fair the flowers, — had not Chloe's voice broken the mocha-stones, scattering the mosses like autumn-leaves.

"Honey, I thought I 'd waken ye,—the day is just cracking," said Chloe, at the door, and she asked me to open it one moment.

When I had done so, there she stood,

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just as I had seen her when I bade her good-night, — save that her basket was void of contents.

"Master Abraham did n't know you was going home," Chloe said, "or he 'd have told you good-bye; and I guesses he sent what he did n't tell, for he asked me to give you this."

When Chloe was gone, I opened the small package. It was a pretty casket, made of the margarite of the sea. Within it lay a faded, fallen, fragmentary thing. At first, I knew not what it could be. It was the althea-bud that grew in the summer-time of eighteen years ago, that had been Mary's, — and my heart beat fast as I looked upon the silent voicefulness that spake up to me, and said, "To you, who have restored him to himself, he offers the same tribute"; and I lifted up the iridescent, flashing cradle of margarite, and reverently touched the ashes of althea it held with my lips. Afterwards they were salt, — whether with the saltness of the sea the bud had been baptized in, or of the tears that I let fall, I knew not.

I folded up my good-bye from Mr. Axtell in the same precious package that was his sister's, and, side by side, the two journeyed on with me.

It was seven of the clock on Monday morning when she who said the naughty words, and the grave minister, came out to say farewell to me. The day's great round was nearly done ere I met my father's flowery welcome.

"My Myrtle-Vine, I knew you 'd come," said Dr. Percival; and his long gray hair floated out to reach me in, and his eyes, wherein all love burned iridescent, drew me toward his heart.

My father put his arms around me, and said the sweetest words of welcome that ever are spoken.

"How I 've missed you, Anna!" as he drew me toward his large arm-chair, and folded me, his latest child, to his heart.

As thus we were sitting in the silence of the heart that needs no language, little Jeffy, my ebony-beauty boy, darted his black head in, and reposing it for one instant against the scarcely lighter-hued mahogany of the door, jingled out, in shells of sound, —

"He 's mighty fur'ous. It 's real fun. I guess you 'd better come right up, Dr. Percival"; and the ebon head darted off, without one word for me.

Why was it that this little omission of Jeffy's, the African boy, should create a vacancy? Oh! it is because Nature made me so exacting. I wanted everybody to welcome me.

I lifted my head from my father's shoulder, and asked, in some dismay, —

"What is it, father?"

"I 've gotten myself in trouble, Anna. I 've let chaos into my house. I wanted you to help me."

"What is it? what has happened?" I hastened to inquire.

"Only a hospital patient that I was foolish enough to bring away. I heartily wish that he was back again," said my father; and he put me from him to go, in obedience to the summons.

I was about to follow him, but he waved me back as I went into the hall, and he went on. I heard the ring of a low, frenzied laugh, as I began unwrapping from my journey. My casket of treasures I had committed to hands for keeping. Now I laid it down, and, folding up my protective robes, I had just gone to try my father's easy-chair, alone, when Jeffy's ebon head struck in again.

"I did n't see ye afore, Miss Anna. I 'se mighty glad you 've come"; and Jeffy atoned for his former omission by his present joy.

"How is he?" I questioned Jeffy, as if I knew all the antecedents of the case perfectly.

"Oh, he 's jolly to-night. I think Master Percival might have let me stay to see the fun"; and Jeffy's eyes rolled to and fro in their orbits, as if anxious to strike against some wandering comet.

"Is tea over?" I asked.

"No, miss. Master said he 'd wait for you. I 'll go and tell that you 're here"; and Jeffy took himself off, eager for action.

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He was not long gone.

"It 's all ready, waiting a bit for master. He can't come down just this minute," said Jeffy. "Look a here, Miss Anna, — is n't it vastly funny master's bringing a crazy man here? They say down in the kitchen, that as how it would n't 'a' been, if you 'd been home. It 's real good, though. It 's the splendidest thing that 's happened. Wait till you see him perform. Ask him to sing. It 's frolicky to hear him."

The boy went on, and I did not stop him. I was as anxious for information as he to impart it. When he paused for breath, in the width of detail that he furnished, I asked, —

"When was this stranger brought here?"

"Three days ago, Miss Anna. I hope he 'll stay forever and ever"; and Jeffy darted off at a mellifluous sound that dropped down from above.

"There! he has thrown the poker at the mirror again, I do believe," said another voice in the hall, and I recognized the housekeeper.

Staid Mrs. Ordilinier came in to greet me, with the uniform greeting of her lifetime. I verily believe that she has but one way of receiving. Electricity and bread-and-butter would meet the same recognitory reception.

"Did you hear that noise, Miss Anna?" she said, as another sound came, that was vastly like the shivering of glass.

"What was it, Mrs. Ordilinier?"

I gave her the question to gain information. I sought it, — but she, not disposed to gratify me at the moment, slowly ascended to ascertain the state of mirrors above. She met my father's silver hairs coming down. He did not say one word to her. He met me in the hall, took me back to the room, and, reseating me in my olden place, put his hand upon my head, and said, —

"This must help me, Anna."

"It will, papa; what is it?"

"I 've a crazy man up-stairs. He can't do very much harm, for he is badly injured."

"How?" I asked.

"Railroad accident. Four days ago, locomotive and two passenger-cars off the track, down forty feet upon the rocks and stones, and all there was of a river," my father replied, with evident regret that the company had been so unfortunate, as well as his individual self.

"Who is it?" was my next question.

"Don't know, darling; have n't the least idea. He has the softest brown, curling hair of his own, with a wig over it. Can't find out his name, or anything about him. I like him, though, Anna. He 's like somebody I used to know. I brought him here from the hospital, several days ago, but he has n't given me much peace since, and the people down below think I 'm as crazy as he; but I cannot help it; I will not turn him out now."

"Of course you would n't, father. We 'll manage him superbly. I 'll chain him for you."

My father rose up, comforted by my words, and said "it was time for tea." We went down. I was the Sophie of Aaron's home, at my father's table.

"Papa," I said, as if introducing the most ordinary topic of conversation, "what was the occasion of sister Mary's death? She was only seventeen. How young to die!"

My father sighed, and said, —

"Yes, it was young. She had fever, Anna. One of those long, low fevers that mislead one. I did not think she would die."

"Was Mary engaged to be married, father?"

Dr. Percival looked up at his daughter Anna with the look that says, "You 're growing old," although she was twenty-three, and never had gone so far in life as his eldest daughter at seventeen.

"She was, Anna."

"To whom, father?"

"Perhaps you 've seen him, Anna. I hear that he is come home. His name is Axtell, — Abraham Axtell."

I told my father of the first words, — where we had found him, tolling the bell,

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— and of his mother's death, and his sister's illness.

"Incomprehensible people!" was my father's sole ejaculation, as he went to look after the deranged patient.

I occupied myself for an hour in picking up the reins of government that I had thrown down when I went to Redleaf. Looking into "our room," and not finding father there, I went on, up to my own room. A warm, welcoming fire burned within the grate. I thought, "How good father is to think for me!" and with the thought there entered in another. It came in the sudden consciousness that the room was prepared for some one else than me. I glanced about it, and saw the strange, wild man, with eyes all aglow, looking at me from out the depths of my wonted place of rest. No one else was in the room. I turned around to leave, but, dropping my precious box of margarite, I stooped to pick it up.

"It is a good harbor to sail into. I 'm content," said the voice from the corner, before I could escape.

I met father coming in.

"Why, how is this?" he said to me.

"You did n't tell me you had given up my room," I said.

"Did n't I? Well, I forgot. We could n't take him higher."

"Is he so much hurt?" I asked.

"Three broken bones," my father replied. "It will be weeks, it may be months, before he will be well"; and he sighed hopelessly at the good deed, which, being done, pressed so heavily. "Don't look so sadly about it, Myrtle-Vine," he added; "take my room, if you like."

"That was not my thought," I said. "I do not mind the change of room."

The visit to Redleaf, which I had made to dawn in my horizon, was eclipsed by three broken bones, that suddenly undermined the arch of consistency.

Soothingly came the words that were spoken unto me. My father was all-willing to relinquish his cherished room, — his for sixteen years, and opening into that mysterious other room, — to give it up to me, his Myrtle-Vine; and a momentary pang that any interest in existence should be, except as circling around him, flew across the future, "the science whereof is to man but what the shadow of the wind might be," — and I looked up into his eyes, and, twining his long white hair around my fingers, for a moment felt that forever and forever he should be the supreme object of earthly devotion. In my wish to evince the sentiment in action, I requested permission to assist in the care of the hospital patient.

"Oh, no, Anna! he is too wild now. When the excitement of the fever is gone, then will be your time."

Another of those many-toned, circling peals of laughter came from my room. My father went in. I went past the place that mortal eyes were not permitted to fathom, and, for the first time in my life, was curious to know its contents, and why I had never seen the interior thereof. I had grown up with the mystery, until I had accepted it, unquestioning, as a thing not for my view, and therefore out of recognition. It was as far away from me as the open sea of the North, and might contain the mortal remains of all the navigators of Hope that ever had wandered into the sea of Time for him who so holily guarded it.

"One far-away Indian-summery day, four years agone," "while yet the day was young," Dr. Percival, my father, had led an azure-eyed maiden in through the mysterious entrance, and shown unto her the veiled temple, its altar and its shrine, and she had come thence with the dew of feeling in her eyes and a purple haze around her brow, which she has worn there until it has tangled its pansy-web into an abiding-place, unto such time as the light is shut out forever, or the waves from the silver sea curl their mist up thither. I had much marvel then concerning the hidden mysteries; but Sophie so soon thereafter spake the naughty "I will," that the silent room forgot to speak to me. I have never heard sound thence since that morning-time.

"Why does not my father take me in? Am I not his child, even as Sophie?"

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I asked these questions of Anna Percival, the while she stood at an upper window, and looked out over New York's surging lines of life. The roar of rolling wheels came muffled by distance and the shore of dwelling-places over which I looked. I counted the church-spires that threaded the vault of night a little of the upward way. How angels, that have lived forever in heaven, and souls just free from material things, must reach down to touch these towering masts, that tell which way the sails of spirit bend! These city churches, dedicated with solemn service unto the worship of the great I AM, the Lord God of Adam, the Jehovah Jireh of Israelites, the Holy Redeemer of Christians, — may the Lord of heaven and earth bless them *every one!* I looked forth upon them with tears. There never comes a time, in the busiest hurry of human ways, that I do not sprinkle a drop of love upon the steps as I pass, — that I do not wind a tendril of holy feeling up to height of tower or summit of spire for the great winds to waft onward and upward. God pity the heart that does not involuntary reverence to God's templed places, made sacred a thousand fold by every penitential tear, by every throb of devotion, by every aspiration after the divine existence, from which let down a little while, we wander, for what we know not! God doth not tell, save that it is to "love first Him, Sole and Individual," and then the fragments, the crumbs of Divinity that dwell in Man.

I had not lighted the gas. The street-lamps sent up their rays, making the room semi-lucent. I took out my tower-key. What matter, if I held the cold iron thereof to my lips awhile? there was no frost in the March air then. I sent my restless fingers in and out of the wards, prisoning them often therein. As thus I stood, with cheek pressed against the window-pane, looking out upon the city, set into a rim of darkness, from out of which it flashed its million rays, papa came up.

"I did n't say good-night," he said, coming in, and to the window where I was. "But how is this, Anna? what has happened to my child?" — and he pointed to shining drops that glistened on the window-glass.

They must have come from my eyes; I could not deny their authorship, and so I confessed to tears of gladness at seeing him once more.

He looked fondly down at me through the dim light. I asked him after the tenant of my premises. He shook his head as one does in great doubt, said "life was uncertain," and repeated several other axioms, that were quite apart from his original style, and excessively annoying to me.

"Papa," I said, "why not tell me truly? will this man recover?"

"'Man proposes, God disposes,' my child," he said.

"I don't dispute the general truth," I replied,—"but, particularly, is this man's life in danger?"

He began to quote somebody's psalm or hymn about "fitful fevers and fleeting shadows."

My father has a fine, rich, variant power of sound with which to charm such as have ears to hear, and Anna Percival has been so endowed. Therefore she listened and waited to the end. When it came, she looked up into her father's face and said, —

"Papa, I am not a child, to be coaxed into forgetfulness; why will you not trust me? I am older than Sophie was when you took her in where I have not been; why will you not make me your friend?" — and some sudden collision of watery powers among the window-drops, whether from accretion or otherwise, sent a glistening rivulet down to the barrier of the sash.

Papa folded his arms, and looked at me. I could not bear to be thus shut out. I said so.

"Could you bear to be shut in?" he thought, and asked it.

"I think I could. I could bear anything that you gave me; I could keep anything that you intrusted to my keeping."

Papa looked at me as one does at a cherished vine the outermost edges of

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which are just frost-touched; then he folded me to his heart. I felt the throbbings thereof, and mine began to regret that I had intruded into the vestibule of his sacred temple; but a certain something went whispering within me, "You can feed the sacred fire," and I whispered to the whispering voice, and to my father's ear, —

"You 'll take me in, won't you?"

"Come," was the only spoken word.

The room was not cheery; he felt it, and said, —

"You see what the effect is when my Myrtle-Vine is off my walls"; and he tossed aside books and papers that had evidently been astray for days, and lay now in his way.

Papa took a key (he wears it too, it seems: that is even more than I do with my tower's) from a tiny chain of gold about his neck, and unlocked the door connecting this silent room with his own. He went in, leaving me outside. He lighted a candle and left it burning there. He came, took my hand, and, with the leading whereby we guide a child, conducted me in thither. Then he went out and left me standing, bewildered, there.

I had anticipated something wonderful. What was here? It was a silent room. The carpet had a river-pattern meandering over its dark-blue ground: it must have been years since a broom went over it. Strange medley of furniture was here. I looked upon the walls. Pictures that must have come from another race and generation hung there. There were many of them. One side of the room held one only. It was a portrait. I remembered the original in life. "My mother," I exclaimed. In the room's centre, surrounded by various articles, was the very boat that I knew Mary Percival had guided out to sea to save Abraham Axtell. Two tiny oars lay across it. The paint was faded; the seams were open; it would hold water no longer. A sense of worship filled me. I looked up at the portrait. My mother smiled: or was it my fancy? Fancy undoubtedly; but fancies give comfort sometimes. I looked again at the boat. On its stern, in small, golden letters, was the name, "Blessing of the Bay," the very name given to the first boat built after the Mayflower's keel touched America's shore. "The name was a good omen," I thought. An arm-chair stood before the portrait. A shawl was spread over it. I lifted up the fringe to see what the shawl covered. Papa had come in.

"Don't do that, Anna," he said.

"Is it any harm, papa?"

"Your mother died sitting in that chair; her hands spread the shawl over it; it was the last work they did, Anna; it has never since been taken off."

I dropped the fringe; my touch seemed sacrilegious.

Near the chair was a small cabinet; it looked like an altar, or would have done so, had my father been a devotee to any religion requiring visible sacrifice. He opened it.

"Come hither, Anna," — and I went.

Long, luxuriant bands of softly purplish hair lay within, upon the place of sacrifice.

"Sophie's is like this," I said.

"And Sophie wears one like unto this," said my father; and he took up a circlet of shining gold that lay among the tresses. "Sophie's marriage-ring was hallowed unto her. I gave it the morning she went out from me." He uttered these words with slow reverence of voice.

Why did self come up?

"You gave Sophie *our* mother's marriage-ring," I said, "and I" ——

"Shall wear this," said my father. "I laid it here, with hers"; and he gently lifted the sacred hair, and, freeing the ring, put it upon my finger.

"This is not my marriage-day," I said. "Papa, I don't want it. Besides, gentlemen don't wear marriage-rings: how came you to?"

"Perhaps I have not worn this one; but will you wear it to please me?"

"Why will it please you? It is not symbolical, is it?"

"It makes you doubly mine," he said; and he led me back to outside life, with

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this strange sort of marriage-ring circling with its planet weight around my finger.

Did my father mean to keep me forever? And with the question came an answer that left sweet contentment in its pathway; it accorded with the intent of my heart.

"Father, have you made me your friend?" I asked, in the room that was terribly tossed, as I restored to place chairs that seemed to have been in a deplorably long dance, and to have forgotten their home at its close.

"You wear my ring, you have come into my orbit," he answered.

"That being true, I am as much interested in the flying comet in there as you are, — for if it strikes you, it hurts me"; and I waited his answer.

After a moment of pause, it came.

"My poor patient is very ill; his life will burn out, if the fever is not stayed"; and as the frenzied laugh reached us, Dr. Percival forgot my presence; he passed his hand slowly across his brow, as if to retouch memory, and then taking down a volume, he began to read. I waited long. At last he closed the book suddenly, said to himself, "I 'll try it," and in half a moment my father's white hairs were separated from me by the impassable barrier of the sick-room.

I waited; he did not come. The chairs were not the only articles that had lost the commodity of order in my absence. I went to the table upon which were kept the papers, etc., that lingered there a little while, and then were thought no longer of. Idly I turned them over. What a chaos on a small scale! all the elements of literature were represented. I listened for coming footsteps; none came. "I may as well arrange this table," I thought, "as wait for the morrow"; and I made a beginning by sweeping the chaos at once upon the carpet. Then slowly I began picking them up, one by one, and appointing them stations. My task was nearly done, when, in turning over some magazines, I came upon a pile of papers that had been laid between the leaves of one, and ere I was aware of their presence, they slid down and scattered. I remember having felt a little surprise that my father should have left them there, but I hastened to gather them together. The last one of the number, I noticed, was torn; it had a foreign look. "Father has some new correspondent," I thought, as I looked at the number of mail-marks upon it. "He does n't think much of it, though, or it would have received better treatment"; and I took a second look at it. A something in the feel of the paper seemed familiar. "It is good for nothing," I said aloud, and I tossed it toward the grate, put the pile of papers where I had found them, surveyed my work with satisfaction, and stood thinking whether or not I should wait to see my father again — it was more than an hour since he went up — to say good-night to me. "I will wait a half-hour; if he does n't come then, I 'll go," I said to the housekeeper, who came to see that all was right for the night, and to remind me that Redleaf had not proved very advantageous to my complexion, and to recommend early hours as a restorative.

In accordance with my promise, I drew a chair forward, placed my feet upon the fender, and began to study the dying embers that were slowly falling through the grate-bars. One, larger than usual, burned its way down. It lighted up, for an instant, the bit of paper, that had not fallen into the coals. Strange fancy it was that led me to imagine that I saw a capital A, followed immediately by that unknown quantity represented by x. I made an effort to gain it, scorched my face, and burned my fingers; for I touched the grate, in rescuing that which I had cast into the place of burning.

"This bit of paper, found in New York, had once been integral with that I had found within the church-yard tower in Redleaf," some inner voice assured me. "Yes, it is a part of it," I said, for I distinctly remembered the fragment whose possession I had so rejoiced over. Some one had written a letter to Miss Axtell; the envelope was torn, — one part there, another here. The letter itself I had

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found in the gloom of the passage-way; for it Miss Axtell had gone out to search, ill, and in the night; what must its contents have been, to have been worthy of such effort? — and for the time I quite forgot to connect this man, ill in my father's house, with the Herbert whose far-out-at-sea voice I had heard winding up at me through the very death-darkness of the tower. Suddenly the consciousness scintillated in my soul, and wonderful it was; but the picture of my dream came in with it, and I said again, "I am ready for the work which is given me to do," and I waited for its coming till I grew very weary, holding this fragment of envelope fast, as a ship clings to its anchor in mild seas. I ventured to knock at the entrance of my own room. All was silent within. I tried the second time. There came no answer. I dared not venture on the conquering third.

AT SYRACUSE.

All day my mule with patient tread
  Had moved along the plain,
Now o'er the lava's ashen bed,
  Now through the sprouting grain,
Across the torrent's rocky lair,
  Beneath the aloe-hedge,
Where yellow broom makes sweet the air,
  And waves the purple sedge.

Lone were the hills, save where supine
  The dozing goatherd lay,
Or, at a rude and broken shrine,
  The peasant knelt to pray;
Or where athwart the distant blue
  Thin saffron clouds ascend,
As Carbonari, hid from view,
  Their smouldering embers tend.

Luxuriant vale or sterile reach,
  A mountain temple-crowned
Or inland curve of glistening beach,
  The changeful scene surround;
While scarlet poppies burning near,
  And citrons' emerald gleam,
Make barren intervals appear
  Dim lapses of a dream.

How meekly o'er the meadows gay
  The azure flax-blooms spread!
What fragrance on the breeze of May
  The almond-blossoms shed!
Wide-branching fig-trees deck the fields
  Or round the quarries cling,
And cactus-stalks, with thorny shields,
  In wild contortions spring.

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Here groves of cork dusk shadows throw,
  There vine-leaves lightsome sway,
While chestnut-plumes serenely glow
  Above the olives gray;
Tall pines upon the sloping meads
  Their sylvan domes uprear,
And rankly the papyrus-reeds
  Low cluster in the mere.

And Syracuse with pensive mien,
  In solitary pride,
Like an untamed, but throneless queen,
  Crouched by the lucent tide;
With honeyed thyme still Hybla teemed,
  Its scent each zephyr bore,
And Arethusa's fountain gleamed
  Pellucid as of yore.

Methought, upstarting from his bath,
  Old Archimedes cried,
"Eureka!" in my silent path,
  Whose echoes long replied;
That Pythias, in the sunset-glow,
  Rushed by to Damon's arms,
While from the Tyrant's Cave below
  Moaned impotent alarms.

And where upon a sculptured stone
  The ruined arch beside,
A hoary, bronzed, and wrinkled crone
  The twirling distaff plied, —
Love with exalted Reason fraught
  In Plato's accents came,
And Truth by Paul sublimely taught
  Relumed her virgin flame.

The ancient sepulchres that rose
  Along the voiceless street
Time's myriad vistas seemed to close
  And bid life's waves retreat, —
As if intrusive footsteps stole
  Beyond their mortal sphere,
And felt the awed and eager soul
  Immortal comrades near.

The moss-grown ramparts loom in sight
  Like warders of the deep,
Where, flushed with evening's amber light,
  The havened waters sleep;
Unfurrowed by a Roman keel
  Or Carthaginian oar,
The speared and burnished galleys now
  Their slumber break no more.

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But when the distant convent-bell,
  Ere Day's last smiles depart,
With mellow cadence pleading fell
  Upon my brooding heart, —
And Memory's phantoms thick and fast
  Their fond illusions bred,
From peerless spirits of the past,
  And wrecks of ages fled, —

Joy broke the spell; an emblem blest
  That lonely harbor cheered:
As if to greet her pilgrim guest,
  My country's flag appeared!
Its radiant folds auroral streamed
  Amid that haunted air,
And every star prophetic beamed
  With Freedom's triumph there!

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

All important changes in the social and political condition of man, whether brought about by violent convulsions or effected gradually, are at once recognized as eras in the history of humanity. But on the broad high-road of civilization along which men are ever marching, they pass by unnoticed the landmarks of intellectual progress, unless they chance to have some direct bearing on what is called the practical side of life. Such an era marked the early part of our own century; and though at the time a thousand events seemed more full-freighted for the world than the discovery of some old bones at the quarry of Montmartre, and though many a man seemed greater in the estimation of the hour than the professor at the Jardin des Plantes who strove to reconstruct these fragments, yet the story that they told lighted up all the past, and showed its true connection with the present. Cuvier, as one sees him in a retrospective glance at the wonderful period in which he lived, and which brought to the surface all its greatest elements, — one among a throng of exceptional men, generals, soldiers, statesmen, as well as men of commanding intellect in literary and scientific pursuits, — seems always standing at the meeting-point between the past and present. His gaze is ever fixed upon the path along which Creation has moved, and, as he travels back, recovering step by step the road that has been lost to man in apparently impenetrable darkness and mystery, the light brightens and broadens before him, and seems to tempt him on into the dim regions where the great mystery of Creation lies hidden.

Before the year 1800, men had never suspected that their home had been tenanted in past times by a set of beings totally different from those that inhabit it now; still farther was it from their thought to imagine that creation after creation had followed each other in successive ages, every one stamped with a character peculiarly its own. It was Cuvier who, aroused to new labors by the hint he received from the bones unearthed at Montmartre, to which all his vast knowledge of living animals gave him no clue,

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established by means of most laborious investigations the astounding conclusion, that, prior to the existence of the animals and plants now living, this globe had been the theatre of another set of beings, every trace of whom had vanished from the face of the earth. To his alert and active intellect and powerful imagination a word spoken out of the past was pregnant with meaning; and when he had once convinced himself that he had found a single animal that had no counterpart among living beings, it gave him the key to many mysteries.

It may be doubted whether men's eyes are ever opened to truths which, though new to them, are old to God, till the time has come when they can apprehend their meaning and turn them to good account. It certainly seems, that, when such a revelation has once been made, light pours in upon it from every side; and this is especially true of the case in point. The existence of a past creation once suggested, confirmation was found in a thousand facts overlooked before. The solid crust of the earth gave up its dead, and from the snows of Siberia, from the soil of Italy, from caves of Central Europe, from mines, from the rent sides of mountains and from their highest peaks, from the coral beds of ancient oceans, the varied animals that had possessed the earth ages before man was created spoke to us of the past.

No sooner were these facts established, than the relation between the extinct world and the world of to-day became the subject of extensive researches and comparisons; innumerable theories were started to account for the differences, and to determine the periods and manner of the change. It is not my intention to enter now at any length upon the subject of geological succession, though I hope to return to it hereafter in a series of papers upon that and kindred topics; but I allude to it here, before presenting some views upon the maintenance of organic types as they exist in our own period, for the following reason. Since it has been shown that from the beginning of Creation till the present time the physical history of the world has been divided into a succession of distinct periods, each one accompanied by its characteristic animals and plants, so that our own epoch is only the closing one in the long procession of the ages, naturalists have been constantly striving to find the connecting link between them all, and to prove that each such creation has been a normal and natural growth out of the preceding one. With this aim they have tried to adapt the phenomena of reproduction among animals to the problem of creation, and to make the beginning of life in the individual solve that great mystery of the beginning of life in the world. In other words, they have endeavored to show that the fact of successive generations is analogous to that of successive creations, and that the processes by which animals, once created, are maintained unchanged during the period to which they belong will account also for their primitive existence.

I wish, at the outset, to forestall any such misapplication of the facts I am about to state, and to impress upon my readers the difference between these two subjects of inquiry,—since it by no means follows, that, because individuals are endowed with the power of reproducing and perpetuating their kind, they are in any sense self-originating. Still less probable does this appear, when we consider, that, since man has existed upon the earth, no appreciable change has taken place in the animal or vegetable world; and so far as our knowledge goes, this would seem to be equally true of all the periods preceding ours, each one maintaining unbroken to its close the organic character impressed upon it at the beginning.

The question I propose to consider here is simply the mode by which organic types are preserved as they exist at present. Every one has a summary answer to this question in the statement, that all these short-lived individuals reproduce themselves, and thus maintain their kinds. But the modes of reproduction are so varied, the changes some animals under-

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go during their growth so extraordinary, the phenomena accompanying these changes so startling, that, in the pursuit of the subject, a new and independent science — that of Embryology — has grown up, of the utmost importance in the present state of our knowledge.

The prevalent ideas respecting the reproduction of animals are made up from the daily observation of those immediately about us in the barn-yard and the farm. But the phenomena here are comparatively simple, and easily traced. The moment we extend our observations beyond our cattle and fowls, and enter upon a wider field of investigation, we are met by the most startling facts. Not the least baffling of these are the disproportionate numbers of males and females in certain kinds of animals, their unequal development, as well as the extraordinary difference between the sexes among certain species, so that they seem as distinct from each other as if they belonged to separate groups of the Animal Kingdom. We have close at hand one of the most striking instances of disproportionate numbers in the household of the Bee, with its one fertile female charged with the perpetuation of the whole community, while her innumerable sterile sisterhood, amid a few hundred drones, work for its support in other ways. Another most interesting chapter connected with the maintenance of animals is found in the various ways and different degrees of care with which they provide for their progeny: some having fulfilled their whole duty toward their offspring when they have given them birth; others seeking hiding-places for the eggs they have laid, and watching with a certain care over their development; others feeding their young till they can provide for themselves, and building nests, or burrowing holes in the ground, or constructing earth mounds for their shelter.

But, whatever be the difference in the outward appearance or the habits of animals, one thing is common to them all without exception: at some period of their lives they produce eggs, which, being fertilized, give rise to beings of the same kind as the parent. This mode of generation is universal, and is based upon that harmonious antagonism between the sexes, that contrast between the male and the female element, that at once divides and unites the whole Animal Kingdom. And although this exchange of influence is not kept up by an equality of numeric relations, — since not only are the sexes very unequally divided in some kinds of animals, but the male and female elements are even combined in certain types, so that the individuals are uniformly hermaphrodites, — yet I firmly believe that this numerical distribution, however unequal it may seem to us, is not without its ordained accuracy and balance. He who has assigned its place to every leaf in the thickest forest, according to an arithmetical law which prescribes to each its allotted share of room on the branch where it grows, will not have distributed animal life with less care.

But although reproduction by eggs is common to all animals, it is only one among several modes of multiplication. We have seen that certain animals, besides the ordinary process of generation, also increase their number naturally and constantly by self-division, so that out of one individual many individuals may arise by a natural breaking up of the whole body into distinct surviving parts. This process of normal self-division may take place at all periods of life: it may form an early phase of metamorphosis, as in the Hydroid of our common Aurelia, described in the last article; or it may even take place before the young is formed in the egg. In such a case, the egg itself divides into a number of portions: two, four, eight, or even twelve and sixteen individuals being normally developed from every egg, in consequence of this singular process of segmentation of the yolk, which takes place, indeed, in all eggs, but in those which produce but one individual is only a stage in the natural growth of the yolk during its transformation into a young embryo. As the facts here alluded to are not very famil-

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iar even to professional naturalists, I may be permitted to describe them more in detail.

No one who has often walked across a sand-beach in summer can have failed to remark what the children call "sand saucers." The name is not a bad one, with the exception that the saucer lacks a bottom; but the form of these circular bands of sand is certainly very like a saucer with the bottom knocked out. Hold one of them against the light and you will see that it is composed of countless transparent spheres, each of the size of a small pin's head. These are the eggs of our common Natica or Sea-Snail. Any one who remembers the outline of this shell will easily understand the process by which its eggs are left lying on the beach in the form I have described. They are laid in the shape of a broad, short ribbon, pressed between the mantle and the shell, and, passing out, cover the outside of the shell, over which they are rolled up, with a kind of glutinous envelope, — for the eggs are held together by a soft glutinous substance. Thus surrounded, the shell, by its natural movements along the beach, soon collects the sand upon it, the particles of which in contact with the glutinous substance of the eggs quickly forms a cement that binds the whole together in a kind of paste. When consolidated, it drops off from the shell, having taken the mould of its form, as it were, and retaining the curve which distinguishes the outline of the Natica. Although these saucers look perfectly round, it will be found that the edges are not soldered together, but are simply lapped one over the other. Every one of the thousand little spheres crowded into such a circle of sand contains an egg. If we follow the development of these eggs, we shall presently find that each one divides into two halves, these again dividing to make four portions, then the four breaking up into eight, and so on, till we may have the yolks divided into no less than sixteen distinct parts. Thus far this process of segmentation is similar to that of the egg in other animals; but, as we shall see hereafter, it seems usually to result only in a change in the quality of its substance, for the portions coalesce again to form one mass, from which a new individual is finally sketched out, at first as a simple embryo, and gradually undergoing all the changes peculiar to its kind, till a new-born animal escapes from the egg. But in the case of the Natica this regular segmentation changes its character, and at a certain period, in a more or less advanced stage of the segmentation, according to the species, each portion of the yolk assumes an individuality of its own, and, instead of uniting again with the rest, begins to subdivide for itself. In our *Natica heros*, for instance, the common large gray Sea-Snail of our coast, this change takes place when the yolk has subdivided into eight parts. At that time each portion begins a life of its own, not reuniting with its seven twin portions; so that in the end, instead of a single embryo growing out of this yolk, we have eight embryos arising from a single yolk, each one of which undergoes a series of developments similar in all respects to that by which a single embryo is formed from each egg in other animals. We have other Naticas in which the normal number is twelve, others again in which no less than sixteen individuals arise from one yolk. But this process of segmentation, though in these animals it leads to such a multiplication of individuals, is exactly the same as that discovered by K. E. von Baer in the egg of the Frog, and described and figured by Professor Bischof in the egg of the Rabbit, the Dog, the Guinea-Pig, and the Deer, while other embryologists have traced the same process in Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes, as well as in a variety of Articulates, Mollusks, and Radiates.

Multiplication by division occurs also normally in adult animals that have completed their growth. This is especially frequent among Worms; and strange to say, there are species in this Class which never lay eggs before they have already multiplied themselves by self-division.

Another mode of increase is that by

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budding, as in the Corals and many other Radiates. The most common instance of budding we do not, however, generally associate with this mode of multiplication in the Animal Kingdom, because we are so little accustomed to compare and generalize upon phenomena that we do not see to be directly connected with one another. I allude here to the budding of trees, which year after year enlarge by the addition of new individuals arising from buds. I trust that the usual acceptation of the word *individual*, used in science simply to designate singleness of existence, will not obscure a correct appreciation of the true relation of buds to their parents and to the beings arising from them. These buds have the same organic significance, whether they drop from the parent stock to become distinct individuals in the common acceptation of the term, or remain connected with the parent stock, as in Corals and in trees, thus forming growing communities of combined individuals. Nor will it matter much in connection with the subject under discussion, whether these buds start from the surface of an animal or sprout in its interior, to be cast off in due time. Neither is the inequality of buds, varying more or less among themselves, any sound reason for overlooking their essential identity of structure. We have seen instances of this among Acalephs, and it is still more apparent among trees which produce simultaneously leaf and flower-buds, and even separate male and female flower-buds, as is the case with our Hazels, Oaks, etc.

It is not, however, my purpose here to describe the various modes of reproduction and multiplication among animals and plants, nor to discuss the merits of the different opinions respecting their numeric increase, according to which some persons hold that all types originated from a few primitive individuals, while others believe that the very numbers now in existence are part of the primitive plan, and essential to the harmonious relations existing between the animal and vegetable world. I would only attempt to show that in the plan of Creation the maintenance of types has been secured through a variety of means, but under such limitations, that, within a narrow range of individual differences, all representatives of one kind of animals agree with one another, whether derived from eggs, or produced by natural division, or by budding; and that the constancy of these normal processes of reproduction, as well as the uniformity of their results, precludes the idea that the specific differences among animals have been produced by the very means that secure their permanence of type. The statement itself implies a contradiction, for it tells us that the same influences prevent and produce change in the condition of the Animal Kingdom. Facts are all against it; there is not a fact known to science by which any single being, in the natural process of reproduction and multiplication, has diverged from the course natural to its kind, or in which a single kind has been transformed into any other. But this once established, and setting aside the idea that Embryology is to explain to us the origin as well as the maintenance of life, it yet has most important lessons for us, and the field it covers is constantly enlarging as the study is pursued.

The first and most important result of the science of Embryology was one for which the scientific world was wholly unprepared. Down to our own century, nothing could have been farther from the conception of anatomists and physiologists than the fact now generally admitted, that all animals, without exception, arise from eggs. Though Linnæus had already expressed this great truth in the sentence so often quoted,—"Omne vivum ex ovo,"—yet he was not himself aware of the significance of his own statement, for the existence of the Mammalian egg was not then dreamed of. Since then the discoveries of von Baer and others have shown not only that the egg is common to all living beings without exception, from the lowest Radiate to the highest Vertebrate, but that its structure is at first identical in all, composed of the same

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primitive elements and undergoing exactly the same process of growth up to the time when it assumes the special character peculiar to its kind. This is unquestionably one of the most comprehensive generalizations of modern times.

In common parlance, we understand by an egg something of the nature of a hen's egg, a mass of yolk surrounded with white and inclosed in a shell. But to the naturalist, the envelopes of the egg, which vary greatly in different animals, are mere accessories, while the true egg, or, as it is called, the ovarian egg, with which the life of every living being begins, is a minute sphere, uniform in appearance throughout the Animal Kingdom, though its intimate structure is hardly to be reached even with the highest powers of the microscope. Some account of the earlier stages of growth in the egg may not be uninteresting to my readers. I will take the egg of the Turtle as an illustration, since that has been the subject of my own especial study; but, as I do not intend to carry my remarks beyond the period during which the history of all vertebrate eggs is the same, they may be considered of more general application.

It is well known that all organic structures, whether animal or vegetable, are composed of cells. These cells consist of an outside bag inclosing an inner sac, and within that sac there is a dot. The outer bag is filled with semi-transparent fluid, the inner one with a perfectly transparent fluid, while the dot is dark and distinct. In the language of our science, the outer envelope is called the Ectoblast, the inner sac the Mesoblast, and the dot the Entoblast. Although they are peculiarly modified to suit the different organs, these cells never lose this peculiar structure; it may be traced even in the long drawn-out cells of the flesh, which are like mere threads, but yet have their outer and inner sac and their dot, — at least while forming.

In the Turtle the ovary is made up of such cells, spherical at first, but becoming hexagonal under pressure, when they are more closely packed together. Between these ovarian cells the egg originates, and is at first a mere granule, so minute, that, when placed under a very high magnifying power, it is but just visible. This is the incipient egg, and at this stage it differs from the surrounding cells only in being somewhat darker, like a drop of oil, and opaque, instead of transparent and clear like the surrounding cells. Under the microscope it is found to be composed of two substances only: namely, oil and albumen. It increases gradually, and when it has reached a size at which it requires to be magnified one thousand times in order to be distinctly visible, the outside assumes the aspect of a membrane thicker than the interior and forming a coating around it. This is owing not to an addition from outside, but to a change in the consistency of the substance at the surface, which becomes more closely united, more compact, than the loose mass in the centre. Presently we perceive a bright, luminous, transparent spot on the upper side of the egg, near the wall or outer membrane. This is produced by a concentration of the albumen, which now separates from the oil and collects at the upper side of the egg, forming this light spot, called by naturalists the Purkinjean vesicle, after its discoverer, Purkinje. When this albuminous spot becomes somewhat larger, there arises a little dot in the centre,—the germinal dot, as it is called. And now we have a perfect cell-structure, differing from an ordinary cell only in having the inner sac, inclosing the dot, on the side, instead of in the centre. The outer membrane corresponds to the Ecloblast, or outer cell sac, the Purkinjean vesicle to the Mesoblast, or inner cell sac, while the dot in the centre answers to the Entoblast. When the Purkinjean vesicle has completed its growth, it bursts and disappears; but the mass contained in it remains in the same region, and retains the same character, though no longer inclosed as before.

At a later stage of the investigation, we see why the Purkinjean vesicle, or inner sac of the egg, is placed on the side, instead of being at the centre, as in the cell. It

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arises on that side along which the axis of the little Turtle is to lie,—the opposite side being that corresponding to the lower part of the body. Thus the lighter, more delicate part of the substance of the egg is collected where the upper cavity of the animal, inclosing the nervous system and brain, is to be, while the heavy oily part remains beneath, where the lower cavity, inclosing all the organs of mere material animal existence, is afterwards developed. In other words, when the egg is a mere mass of oil and albumen, not indicating as yet in any way the character of the future animal, and discernible only by the microscope, the distinction is indicated between the brains and the senses, between the organs of instinct and sensation and those of mere animal functions. At that stage of its existence, however, when the egg consists of an outer sac, an inner sac, and a dot, its resemblance to a cell is unmistakable; and, in fact, an egg, when forming, is nothing but a single cell. This comparison is important, because there are both animals and plants which, during their whole existence, consist of a single organic cell, while others are made up of countless millions of such cells. Between these two extremes we have all degrees, from the innumerable cells that build up the body of the highest Vertebrate to the single-celled Worm, and from the myriad cells of the Oak to the single-celled Alga.

But while we recognize the identity of cell-structure and egg-structure at this point in the history of the egg, we must not forget the great distinction between them, — namely, that, while the cells remain component parts of the whole body, the egg separates itself and assumes a distinct individual existence. Even now, while still microscopically small, its individuality begins; other substances collect around it, are absorbed into it, nourish it, serve it. Every being is a centre about which many other things cluster and converge, and which has the power to assimilate to itself the necessary elements of its life. Every egg is already such a centre, differing from the cells that surround it by no material elements, but by the principle of life in which its individuality consists, which is to make it a new being, instead of a fellow-cell with those that build up the body of the parent animal and remain component parts of it. This intangible something is the subtile element that eludes our closest analysis; it is the germ of the immaterial principle according to which the new being is to develop. The physical germ we see; the spiritual germ we cannot see, though we may trace its action on the material elements through which it is expressed.

The first change in the yolk, after the formation of the Purkinjean vesicle, is the appearance of minute dots near the wall at the side opposite the vesicle. These increase in number and size, but remain always on that half of the yolk, leaving the other half of the globe clear. One can hardly conceive the beauty of the egg as seen through the microscope at this period of its growth, when the whole yolk is divided, with the dark granules on one side, while the other side, where the transparent halo of the vesicle is seen, is brilliant with light. With the growth of the egg these granules enlarge, become more distinct, and under the microscope some of them appear to be hollow. They are not round in form, but rather irregular, and under the effect of light they are exceedingly brilliant. Presently, instead of being scattered equally over the space they occupy, they form clusters, — constellations, as it were, — and between these clusters are clear spaces, produced by the separation of the albumen from the oil.

At this period of its growth there is a wonderful resemblance between the appearance of the egg, as seen under the microscope, and the firmament with the celestial bodies. The little clusters or constellations are unequally divided: here and there they are two and two like double stars, or sometimes in threes or fives, or in sevens, recalling the Pleiades, and the clear albuminous tracks between are like the empty spaces separating the stars.

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This is no fanciful simile: it is simply true that such is the actual appearance of the yolk at this time; and the idea cannot but suggest itself to the mind, that the thoughts which have been at work in the universe are collected and repeated here within this little egg, which offers us a miniature diagram of the firmament. This is one of the first changes of the yolk, ending by forming regular clusters with a sort of network of albumen between, and then this phase of the growth is complete.

Now the clusters of the yolk separate, and next the albumen in its turn concentrates into clusters, and the dark bodies, which have been till now the striking points, give way to the lighter spheres of albumen between which the clusters are scattered. Presently the whole becomes redissolved: these stages of the growth being completed, this little system of worlds is melted, as it were: but while it undergoes this process, the albuminous spheres, after being dissolved, arrange themselves in concentric rings, alternating with rings of granules, around the Purkinjean vesicle. At this time we are again reminded of Saturn and its rings, which seems to have its counterpart here. These rings disappear, and now once more out of the yolk mass loom up little dots as minute as before; but they are round instead of angular, and those nearest the Purkinjean vesicle are smaller and clearer, containing less of oil than the larger and darker ones on the opposite side. From this time the yolk begins to take its color, the oily cells assuming a yellow tint, while the albuminous cells near the vesicle become whiter.

Up to this period the processes in the different cells seem to have been controlled by the different character of the substance of each; but now it would seem that the changes become more independent of physical or material influences, for each kind of cell undergoes the same process. They all assume the ordinary cell character, with outer and inner sac, — the inner sac forming on the side, like the Purkinjean vesicle itself; but it does not retain this position, for, as soon as its wall is formed and it becomes a distinct body, it floats away from the side and takes its place in the centre. Next there arise within it a number of little bodies crystalline in form, and which actually are wax or oil crystals. They increase with great rapidity, the inner sac or mesoblast becoming sometimes so crowded with them that its shape is affected by the protrusion of their angles. This process goes on till all the cells are so filled by the mesoblast, with its myriad brood of cells, that the outer sac or ectoblast becomes a mere halo around it. Then every mesoblast contracts; the contraction deepens, till it is divided across in both directions, separating thus into four parts, then into eight, then into sixteen, and so on, till every cell is crowded with hundreds of minute mesoblasts, each containing the indication of a central dot or entoblast. At this period every yolk cell is itself like a whole yolk; for each cell is as full of lesser cells as the yolk-bag itself.

When the mesoblast has become thus infinitely subdivided into hundreds of minute spheres, the ectoblast bursts, and the new generations of cells thus set free collect in that part of the egg where the embryonic disk is to arise. This process of segmentation continues to go on downward till the whole yolk is taken in. These myriad cells are in fact the component parts of the little Turtle that is to be. They will undergo certain modifications, to become flesh-cells, blood-cells, brain-cells, and so on, adapting themselves to the different organs they are to build up; but they have as much their definite and appointed share in the formation of the body now as at any later stage of its existence.

We are so accustomed to see life maintained through a variety of complicated organs that we are apt to think this the only way in which it can be manifested; and considering how closely life and the organs through which it is expressed are united, it is natural that we should believe them inseparably connected. But

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embryological investigations have shown us that in the commencement none of these organs are formed, and yet that the principle of life is active, and that even after they exist, they cannot act, inclosed as they are. In the little Chicken, for instance, before it is hatched, the lungs cannot breathe, for they are surrounded by fluid, the senses are inactive, for they receive no impressions from without, and all those functions establishing its relations with the external world lie dormant, for as yet they are not needed. But they are there, though, as we have seen in the Turtle's egg, they were not there at the beginning. How, then, are they formed? We may answer, that the first function of every organ is to make itself. The building material is, as it were, provided by the process which divides the yolk into innumerable cells, and by the gradual assimilation and modification of this material the organs arise. Before the lungs breathe, they make themselves; before the stomach digests, it makes itself; before the organs of the senses act, they make themselves; before the brain thinks, it makes itself; in a word, before the whole system works, it makes itself; its first office is self-structure.

At the period described above, however, when the new generations of cells are just set free and have taken their place in the region where the new being is to develop, nothing is to be seen of the animal whose life is beginning there, except the filmy disk lying on the surface of the yolk. Next come the layers of white or albumen around the egg, and last the shell which is formed from the lime in the albumen. There is always more or less of lime in albumen, and the hardening of the last layer of white into shell is owing only to the greater proportion of lime in its substance. In the layer next to the shell there is enough of lime to consolidate it slightly, and it forms a membrane; but the white, the membrane, and the shell have all the same quality, except that the proportion of lime is more or less in the different layers.

But, as I have said, the various envelopes of eggs, the presence or absence of a shell, and the absolute size of the egg, are accessory features, belonging not to the egg as egg, but to the special kind of being from which the egg has arisen and into which it is to develop. What is common to all eggs and essential to them all is that which corresponds to the yolk in the bird's egg. But their later mode of development, the degree of perfection acquired by the egg and germ before being laid, the term required for the germ to come to maturity, as well as the frequency and regularity of the broods, are all features varying with the different kinds of animals. There are those that lay eggs once a year at a particular season and then die; so that their existence may be compared to that of annual plants, undergoing their natural growth in a season, to exist during the remainder of the year only in the form of an egg or seed. The majority of Insects belong to this category, as do also our large Jelly-Fishes; many others have a slow growth, extending over several years, during which they reach their maturity, and for a longer or shorter time produce broods at fixed intervals; while others, again, reach their mature state very rapidly, and produce a number of successive generations in a comparatively short time, it may be in a single season.

I do not intend to enter upon the chapter of special differences of development among animals, for in this article I have aimed only to show that the egg lives, that it is itself the young animal, and that the vital principle is active in it from the earliest period of its existence. But I would say to all young students of Embryology that their next aim should be to study those intermediate phases in the life of a young animal, when, having already acquired independent existence, it has not yet reached the condition of the adult. Here lies an inexhaustible mine of valuable information unappropriated, from which, as my limited experience has already taught me, may be gathered the evidence for the solution of the most per-

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plexing problems of our science. Here we shall find the true tests by which to determine the various kinds and different degrees of affinity which animals now living bear not only to one another, but also to those that have preceded them in past times. Here we shall find, not a material connection by which blind laws of matter have evolved the whole creation out of a single germ, but the clue to that intellectual conception which spans the whole series of the geological ages and is perfectly consistent in all its parts. In this sense the present will indeed explain the past, and the young naturalist is happy who enters upon his life of investigation now, when the problems that were dark to all his predecessors have received new light from the sciences of Palæontology and Embryology.

BLIND TOM.

Only a germ in a withered flower,
That the rain will bring out — sometime.

SOMETIME in the year 1850, a tobacco-planter in Southern Georgia (Perry H. Oliver by name) bought a likely negro woman with some other field-hands. She was stout, tough-muscled, willing, promised to be a remunerative servant; her baby, however, a boy a few months old, was only thrown in as a makeweight to the bargain, or rather because Mr. Oliver would not consent to separate mother and child. Charity only could have induced him to take the picaninny, in fact, for he was but a lump of black flesh, born blind, and with the vacant grin of idiocy, they thought, already stamped on his face. The two slaves were purchased, I believe, from a trader: it has been impossible, therefore, for me to ascertain where Tom was born, or when. Georgia field-hands are not accurate as Jews in preserving their genealogy; *they* do not anticipate a Messiah. A white man, you know, has that vague hope unconsciously latent in him, that he is, or shall give birth to, the great man of his race, a helper, a provider for the world's hunger: so he grows jealous with his blood; the dead grandfather may have presaged the possible son; besides, it is a debt he owes to this coming Saul to tell him whence he came. There are some classes, free and slave, out of whom society has crushed this hope: they have no clan, no family-names among them, therefore. This idiot-boy, chosen by God to be anointed with the holy chrism, is only "Tom," — "Blind Tom," they call him in all the Southern States, with a kind cadence always, being proud and fond of him; and yet — nothing but Tom? That is pitiful. Just a mushroom-growth, — unkinned, unexpected, not hoped for, for generations, owning no name to purify and honor and give away when he is dead. His mother, at work to-day in the Oliver plantations, can never comprehend why her boy is famous; this gift of God to him means nothing to her. Nothing to him, either, which is saddest of all; he is unconscious, wears his crown as an idiot might. Whose fault is that? Deeper than slavery the evil lies.

Mr. Oliver did his duty well to the boy, being an observant and thoroughly kind master. The plantation was large, heartsome, faced the sun, swarmed with little black urchins, with plenty to eat, and nothing to do.

All that Tom required, as he fattened out of baby- into boyhood, was room in which to be warm, on the grass-patch, or by the kitchen-fires, to be stupid, flabby, sleepy, — kicked and petted alternately by the other hands. He had a habit of crawl-

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ing up on the porches and verandas of the mansion and squatting there in the sun, waiting for a kind word or touch from those who went in and out. He seldom failed to receive it. Southerners know nothing of the physical shiver of aversion with which even the Abolitionists of the North touch the negro: so Tom, through his very helplessness, came to be a sort of pet in the family, a playmate, occasionally, of Mr. Oliver's own infant children. The boy, creeping about day after day in the hot light, was as repugnant an object as the lizards in the neighboring swamp, and promised to be of as little use to his master. He was of the lowest negro type, from which only field-hands can be made, — coal-black, with protruding heels, the ape-jaw, blubber-lips constantly open, the sightless eyes closed, and the head thrown far back on the shoulders, lying on the back, in fact, a habit which he still retains, and which adds to the imbecile character of the face. Until he was seven years of age, Tom was regarded on the plantation as an idiot, not unjustly; for at the present time his judgment and reason rank but as those of a child four years old. He showed a dog-like affection for some members of the household, — a son of Mr. Oliver's especially, — and a keen, nervous sensitiveness to the slightest blame or praise from them, — possessed, too, a low animal irritability of temper, giving way to inarticulate yelps of passion when provoked. That is all, so far; we find no other outgrowth of intellect or soul from the boy: just the same record as that of thousands of imbecile negro-children. Generations of heathendom and slavery have dredged the inherited brains and temperaments of such children tolerably clean of all traces of power or purity, — palsied the brain, brutalized the nature. Tom apparently fared no better than his fellows.

It was not until 1857 that those phenomenal powers latent in the boy were suddenly developed, which stamped him the anomaly he is to-day.

One night, sometime in the summer of that year, Mr. Oliver's family were wakened by the sound of music in the drawing-room: not only the simple airs, but the most difficult exercises usually played by his daughters, were repeated again and again, the touch of the musician being timid, but singularly true and delicate. Going down, they found Tom, who had been left asleep in the hall, seated at the piano in an ecstasy of delight, breaking out at the end of each successful fugue into shouts of laughter, kicking his heels and clapping his hands. This was the first time he had touched the piano.

Naturally, Tom became a nine-days' wonder on the plantation. He was brought in as an after-dinner's amusement; visitors asked for him as the show of the place. There was hardly a conception, however, in the minds of those who heard him, of how deep the cause for wonder lay. The planters' wives and daughters of the neighborhood were not people who would be apt to comprehend music as a science, or to use it as a language; they only saw in the little negro, therefore, a remarkable facility for repeating the airs they drummed on their pianos, — in a different manner from theirs, it is true, — which bewildered them. They noticed, too, that, however the child's fingers fell on the keys, cadences followed, broken, wandering, yet of startling beauty and pathos. The house-servants, looking in through the open doors at the little black figure perched up before the instrument, while unknown, wild harmony drifted through the evening air, had a better conception of him. He was possessed; some ghost spoke through him: which is a fair enough definition of genius for a Georgian slave to offer.

Mr. Oliver, as we said, was indulgent. Tom was allowed to have constant access to the piano; in truth, he could not live without it; when deprived of music now, actual physical debility followed: the gnawing Something had found its food at last. No attempt was made, however, to give him any scientific musical teaching; nor — I wish it distinctly borne in mind

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— has he ever at any time received such instruction.

The planter began to wonder what kind of a creature this was which he had bought, flesh and soul. In what part of the unsightly baby-carcass had been stowed away these old airs, forgotten by every one else, and some of them never heard by the child but once, but which he now reproduced, every note intact, and with whatever quirk or quiddity of style belonged to the person who originally had sung or played them? Stranger still the harmonies which he had never heard, had learned from no man. The sluggish breath of the old house, being enchanted, grew into quaint and delicate whims of music, never the same, changing every day. Never glad: uncertain, sad minors always, vexing the content of the hearer, — one inarticulate, unanswered question of pain in all, making them one. Even the vulgarest listener was troubled, hardly knowing why, — how sorry Tom's music was!

At last the time came when the door was to be opened, when some listener, not vulgar, recognizing the child as God made him, induced his master to remove him from the plantation. Something ought to be done for him; the world ought not to be cheated of this pleasure; besides — the money that could be made! So Mr. Oliver, with a kindly feeling for Tom, proud, too, of this agreeable monster which his plantation had grown, and sensible that it was a more fruitful source of revenue than tobacco-fields, set out with the boy, literally to seek their fortune.

The first exhibition of him was given, I think, in Savannah, Georgia; thence he was taken to Charleston, Richmond, to all the principal cities and towns in the Southern States.

This was in 1858. From that time until the present Tom has lived constantly an open life, petted, feted, his real talent befogged by exaggeration, and so pampered and coddled that one might suppose the only purpose was to corrupt and wear it out. For these reasons this statement is purposely guarded, restricted to plain, known facts.

No sooner had Tom been brought before the public than the pretensions put forward by his master commanded the scrutiny of both scientific and musical skeptics. His capacities were subjected to rigorous tests. Fortunately for the boy: for, so tried, — harshly, it is true, yet skilfully, — they not only bore the trial, but acknowledged the touch as skilful; every day new powers were developed, until he reached his limit, beyond which it is not probable he will ever pass. That limit, however, establishes him as an anomaly in musical science.

Physically, and in animal temperament, this negro ranks next to the lowest Guinea type: with strong appetites and gross bodily health, except in one particular, which will be mentioned hereafter. In the every-day apparent intellect, in reason or judgment, he is but one degree above an idiot, — incapable of comprehending the simplest conversation on ordinary topics, amused or enraged with trifles such as would affect a child of three years old. On the other side, his affections are alive, even vehement, delicate in their instinct as a dog's or an infant's; he will detect the step of any one dear to him in a crowd, and burst into tears, if not kindly spoken to.

His memory is so accurate that he can repeat, without the loss of a syllable, a discourse of fifteen minutes in length, of which he does not understand a word. Songs, too, in French or German, after a single hearing, he renders not only literally in words, but in notes, style, and expression. His voice, however, is discordant, and of small compass.

In music, this boy of twelve years, born blind, utterly ignorant of a note, ignorant of every phase of so-called musical science, interprets severely classical composers with a clearness of conception in which he excels, and a skill in mechanism equal to that of our second-rate artists. His concerts usually include any themes selected by the audience from the higher

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grades of Italian or German opera. His comprehension of the meaning of music, as a prophetic or historical voice which few souls utter and fewer understand, is clear and vivid: he renders it thus, with whatever mastery of the mere material part he may possess, fingering, dramatic effects, etc.: these are but means to him, not an end, as with most artists. One could fancy that Tom was never traitor to the intent or soul of the theme. What God or the Devil meant to say by this or that harmony, what the soul of one man cried aloud to another in it, this boy knows, and is to that a faithful witness. His deaf, uninstructed soul has never been tampered with by art-critics who know the body well enough of music, but nothing of the living creature within. The world is full of these vulgar souls that palter with eternal Nature and the eternal Arts, blind to the Word who dwells among us therein. Tom, or the dæmon in Tom, was not one of them.

With regard to his command of the instrument, two points have been especially noted by musicians: the unusual frequency of occurrence of *tours de force* in his playing, and the scientific precision of his manner of touch. For example, in a progression of augmented chords, his mode of fingering is invariably that of the schools, not that which would seem most natural to a blind child never taught to place a finger. Even when seated with his back to the piano, and made to play in that position, (a favorite feat in his concerts,) the touch is always scientifically accurate.

The peculiar power which Tom possesses, however, is one which requires no scientific knowledge of music in his audiences to appreciate. Placed at the instrument with any musician, he plays a perfect bass accompaniment to the treble of music *heard for the first time as he plays*. Then taking the seat vacated by the other performer, he instantly gives the entire piece, intact in brilliancy and symmetry, not a note lost or misplaced. The selections of music by which this power of Tom's was tested, two years ago, were sometimes fourteen and sixteen pages in length; on one occasion, at an exhibition at the White House, after a long concert, he was tried with two pieces,— one thirteen, the other twenty pages long, and was successful.

We know of no parallel case to this in musical history. Grimm tells us, as one of the most remarkable manifestations of Mozart's infant genius, that at the age of nine he was required to give an accompaniment to an aria which he had never heard before, and without notes. There were false accords in the first attempt, he acknowledges; but the second was pure. When the music to which Tom plays *secondo* is strictly classical, he sometimes balks for an instant in passages; to do otherwise would argue a creative power equal to that of the master composers; but when any chordant harmony runs through it, (on which the glowing negro soul can seize, you know,) there are no "false accords," as with the infant Mozart. I wish to draw especial attention to this power of the boy, not only because it is, so far as I know, unmatched in the development of any musical talent, but because, considered in the context of his entire intellectual structure, it involves a curious problem. The mere repetition of music heard but once, even when, as in Tom's case, it is given with such incredible fidelity, and after the lapse of years, demands only a command of mechanical skill, and an abnormal condition of the power of memory; but to play *secondo* to music never heard or seen implies the comprehension of the full drift of the symphony in its current,— a capacity to create, in short. Yet such attempts as Tom has made to dictate music for publication do not sustain any such inference. They are only a few light marches, gallops, etc., simple and plaintive enough, but with easily detected traces of remembered harmonies: very different from the strange, weird improvisations of every day. One would fancy that the mere attempt to bring this mysterious genius within him in bodily presence before the outer world woke,

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too, the idiotic nature to utter its reproachful, unable cry. Nor is this the only bar by which poor Tom's soul is put in mind of its foul bestial prison. After any too prolonged effort, such as those I have alluded to, his whole bodily frame gives way, and a complete exhaustion of the brain follows, accompanied with epileptic spasms. The trial at the White House, mentioned before, was successful, but was followed by days of illness.

Being a slave, Tom never was taken into a Free State; for the same reason his master refused advantageous offers from European managers. The highest points North at which his concerts were given were Baltimore and the upper Virginia towns. I heard him sometime in 1860. He remained a week or two in the town, playing every night.

The concerts were unique enough. They were given in a great barn of a room, gaudy with hot, soot-stained frescoes, chandeliers, walls splotched with gilt. The audience was large, always; such as a provincial town affords: not the purest bench of musical criticism before which to bring poor Tom. Beaux and belles, siftings of old country families, whose grandfathers trapped and traded and married with the Indians,—the savage thickening of whose blood told itself in high cheekbones, flashing jewelry, champagne-bibbing, a comprehension of the tom-tom music of schottisches and polkas; money-made men and their wives, cooped up by respectability, taking concerts when they were given in town, taking the White Sulphur or Cape May in summer, taking beef for dinner, taking the pork-trade in winter, — *toute la vie en programme;* the *débris* of a town, the roughs, the boys, school-children, — Tom was nearly as well worth a quarter as the negro-minstrels; here and there a pair of reserved, homesick eyes, a peculiar, reticent face, some whey-skinned ward-teacher's, perhaps, or some German cobbler's, but hints of a hungry soul, to whom Beethoven and Mendelssohn knew how to preach an unerring gospel. The stage was broad, planked, with a drop-curtain behind, — the Doge marrying the sea, I believe; in front, a piano and chair.

Presently, Mr. Oliver, a well-natured looking man, (one thought of that,) came forward, leading and coaxing along a little black boy, dressed in white linen, somewhat fat and stubborn in build. Tom was not in a good humor that night; the evening before had refused to play altogether; so his master perspired anxiously before he could get him placed in rule before the audience, and repeat his own little speech, which sounded like a Georgia after-dinner gossip. The boy's head, as I said, rested on his back, his mouth wide open constantly; his great blubber lips and shining teeth, therefore, were all you saw when he faced you. He required to be petted and bought like any other weak-minded child. The concert was a mixture of music, whining, coaxing, and promised candy and cake.

He seated himself at last before the piano, a full half-yard distant, stretching out his arms full-length, like an ape clawing for food, — his feet, when not on the pedals, squirming and twisting incessantly, — answering some joke of his master's with a loud "Yha! yha!" Nothing indexes the brain like the laugh; this was idiotic.

"Now, Tom, boy, something we like from Verdi."

The head fell farther back, the claws began to work, and those of his harmonies which you would have chosen as the purest exponents of passion began to float through the room. Selections from Weber, Beethoven, and others whom I have forgotten, followed. At the close of each piece, Tom, without waiting for the audience, would himself applaud violently, kicking, pounding his hands together, turning always to his master for the approving pat on the head. Songs, recitations such as I have described, filled up the first part of the evening; then a musician from the audience went upon the stage to put the boy's powers to the final test. Songs and intricate symphonies were given, which it was most improbable the boy could ever have

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heard; he remained standing, utterly motionless, until they were finished, and for a moment or two after, — then, seating himself, gave them without the break of a note. Others followed, more difficult, in which he played the bass accompaniment in the manner I have described, repeating instantly the treble. The child looked dull, wearied, during this part of the trial, and his master, perceiving it, announced the exhibition closed, when the musician (who was a citizen of the town, by-the-way) drew out a thick roll of score, which he explained to be a Fantasia of his own composition, never published.

"*This* it was impossible the boy could have heard; there could be no trick of memory in this; and on this trial," triumphantly, "Tom would fail."

The manuscript was some fourteen pages long, — variations on an inanimate theme. Mr. Oliver refused to submit the boy's brain to so cruel a test; some of the audience, even, interfered; but the musician insisted, and took his place. Tom sat beside him, — his head rolling nervously from side to side, — struck the opening cadence, and then, from the first note to the last, gave the *secondo* triumphantly. Jumping up, he fairly shoved the man from his seat, and proceeded to play the treble with more brilliancy and power than its composer. When he struck the last octave, he sprang up, yelling with delight: —

"Um 's got him, Massa! um 's got him!" cheering and rolling about the stage.

The cheers of the audience — for the boys especially did not wait to clap — excited him the more. It was an hour before his master could quiet his hysteric agitation.

That feature of the concerts which was the most painful I have not touched upon: the moments when his master was talking, and Tom was left to himself, — when a weary despair seemed to settle down on the distorted face, and the stubby little black fingers, wandering over the keys, spoke for Tom's own caged soul within. Never, by any chance, a merry, childish laugh of music in the broken cadences; tender or wild, a defiant outcry, a tired sigh breaking down into silence. Whatever wearied voice it took, the same bitter, hopeless soul spoke through all: "Bless me, even me, also, O my Father!" A something that took all the pain and pathos of the world into its weak, pitiful cry.

Some beautiful caged spirit, one could not but know, struggled for breath under that brutal form and idiotic brain. I wonder when it will be free. Not in this life: the bars are too heavy.

You cannot help Tom, either; all the war is between you. He was in Richmond in May. But (do you hate the moral to a story?) in your own kitchen, in your own back-alley, there are spirits as beautiful, caged in forms as bestial, that you *could* set free, if you pleased. Don't call it bad taste in me to speak for them. You know they are more to be pitied than Tom, — for they are dumb.

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KINDERGARTEN — WHAT IS IT?

WHAT is a Kindergarten? I will reply by negatives. It is not the old-fashioned infant-school. That was a narrow institution, comparatively; the object being (I do not speak of Pestalozzi's own, but that which we have had in this country and in England) to take the children of poor laborers, and keep them out of the fire and the streets, while their mothers went to their necessary labor. Very good things, indeed, in their way. Their principle of discipline was to circumvent the wills of children, in every way that would enable their teachers to keep them within bounds, and quiet. It was certainly better that they should learn to sing *by rote* the Creed and the "definitions" of scientific terms, and such like, than to learn the profanity and obscenity of the streets, which was the alternative. But no mother who wished for anything which might be called the *development* of her child would think of putting it into an infant-school, especially if she lived in the country, amid

> "the mighty sum
> Of things forever speaking,"

where any "old grey stone" would altogether surpass, as a stand-point, the bench of the highest class of an infant-school. In short, they did not state the problem of infant culture with any breadth, and accomplished nothing of general interest on the subject.

Neither is the primary public school a Kindergarten, though it is but justice to the capabilities of that praiseworthy institution, so important in default of a better, to say that in one of them, at the North End of Boston, an enterprising and genial teacher has introduced one feature of Froebel's plan. She has actually given to each of her little children a box of playthings, wherewith to amuse itself according to its own sweet will, at all times when not under direct instruction, — necessarily, in her case, on condition of its being perfectly quiet; and this one thing makes this primary school the best one in Boston, both as respects the attainments of the scholars and their good behavior.

Kindergarten means a garden of children, and Froebel, the inventor of it, or rather, as he would prefer to express it, *the discoverer of the method of Nature*, meant to symbolize by the name the spirit and plan of treatment. How does the gardener treat his plants? He studies their individual natures, and puts them into such circumstances of soil and atmosphere as enable them to grow, flower, and bring forth fruit, — also to renew their manifestation year after year. He does not expect to succeed unless he learns all their wants, and the circumstances in which these wants will be supplied, and all their possibilities of beauty and use, and the means of giving them opportunity to be perfected. On the other hand, while he knows that they must not be forced against their individual natures, he does not leave them to grow wild, but prunes redundancies, removes destructive worms and bugs from their leaves and stems, and weeds from their vicinity, — carefully watching to learn what peculiar insects affect what particular plants, and how the former can be destroyed without injuring the vitality of the latter. After all the most careful gardener can do, he knows that the form of the plant is predetermined in the germ or seed, and that the inward tendency must concur with a multitude of influences, the most powerful and subtile of which is removed in place ninety-five millions of miles away.

In the Kindergarten *children* are treated on an analogous plan. It presupposes gardeners of the mind, who are quite aware that they have as little power to override the characteristic individuality of a child, or to predetermine this characteristic, as the gardener of plants to say that a lily shall be a rose. But notwithstanding this limitation on one side,

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and the necessity for concurrence of the Spirit on the other, — which is more independent of our modification than the remote sun, — yet they must feel responsible, after all, for the perfection of the development, in so far as removing every impediment, preserving every condition, and pruning every redundance.

This analogy of education to the gardener's art is so striking, both as regards what we can and what we cannot do, that Froebel has put every educator into a most suggestive Normal School, by the very word which he has given to his seminary, — Kindergarten.

If every school-teacher in the land had a garden of flowers and fruits to cultivate, it could hardly fail that he would learn to be wise in his vocation. For suitable preparation, the first, second, and third thing is, to

> "Come forth into the light of things,
> Let Nature be your teacher."

The "new education," as the French call it, begins with children in the mother's arms. Froebel had the nurses bring to his establishment, in Hamburg, children who could not talk, who were not more than three months old, and trained the nurses to work on his principles and by his methods. This will hardly be done in this country, at least at present; but to supply the place of such a class, a lady of Boston has prepared and published, under copyright, Froebel's First Gift, consisting of six soft balls of the three primary and the three secondary colors, which are sold in a box, with a little manual for mothers, in which the true principle and plan of tending babies, so as not to rasp their nerves, but to amuse without wearying them, is very happily suggested. There is no mother or nurse who would not be assisted by this little manual essentially. As it says in the beginning, — "Tending babies is an art, and every art is founded on a science of observations; for love is not wisdom, but love must act *according to wisdom* in order to succeed. Mothers and nurses, however tender and kind-hearted, may, and oftenest do, weary and vex the nerves of children, in well-meant efforts to amuse them, and weary themselves the while. Froebel's exercises, founded on the observations of an intelligent sensibility, are intended to amuse without wearying, to educate without vexing."

Froebel's Second Gift for children, adapted to the age from one to two or three years, with another little book of directions, has also been published by the same lady, and is perhaps a still greater boon to every nursery; for this is the age when many a child's temper is ruined, and the inclination of the twig wrongly bent, through sheer *want of resource and idea*, on the part of nurses and mothers.

But it is to the next age — from three years old and upwards — that the Kindergarten becomes the desideratum, if not a necessity. The isolated home, made into a flower-vase by the application of the principles set forth in the Gifts * above mentioned, may do for babies. But every mother and nurse knows how hard it is to meet the demands of a child too young to be taught to read, but whose opening intelligence and irrepressible bodily activity are so hard to be met by an adult, however genial and active. Children generally take the temper of their whole lives from this period of their existence. Then "the twig is bent," either towards that habit of self-defence which is an ever-renewing cause of selfishness, or to the sun of love-in-exercise, which is the exhaustless source of goodness and beauty.

The indispensable thing now is a sufficient society of children. It is only in the society of equals that the social instinct can be gratified, and come into equilibrium with the instinct of self-preservation. Self-love, and love of others, are equally natural; and before reason is developed, and the proper spiritual life begins, sweet and beautiful childhood may

* These Gifts, the private enterprise of an invalid lady, the same who first brought the subject of Kindergartens so favorably before the public in the *Christian Examiner* for November, 1858, can be procured at the Kindergarten, 15 Pinckney Street, Boston.

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bloom out and imparadise our mortal life. Let us only give the social instinct of children its fair chance. For this purpose, a few will not do. The children of one family are not enough, and do not come along fast enough. A large company should be gathered out of many families. It will be found that the little things are at once taken out of themselves, and become interested in each other. In the variety, affinities develop themselves very prettily, and the rough points of rampant individualities wear off. We have seen a highly gifted child, who, at home, was — to use a vulgar, but expressive word — pesky and odious, with the exacting demands of a powerful, but untrained mind and heart, become "sweet as roses" spontaneously, amidst the rebound of a large, well-ordered, and carefully watched child-society. Anxious mothers have brought us children, with a thousand deprecations and explanations of their characters, as if they thought we were going to find them little monsters, which their motherly hearts were persuaded they were not, though they behaved like little sanchos at home,—and, behold, they were as harmonious, from the very beginning, as if they had undergone the subduing influence of a lifetime. We are quite sure that children begin with loving others quite as intensely as they love themselves, — forgetting themselves in their love of others, — if they only have as fair a chance of being benevolent and self-sacrificing as of being selfish. Sympathy is as much a natural instinct as self-love, and no more or less innocent, in a moral point of view. Either principle alone makes an ugly and depraved form of natural character. Balanced, they give the element of happiness, and the conditions of spiritual goodness and truth, — making children fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in.

A Kindergarten, then, is children in society, — a commonwealth or republic of children,—whose laws are all part and parcel of the Higher Law alone. It may be contrasted, in every particular, with the old-fashioned school, which is an absolute monarchy, where the children are subjected to a lower expediency, having for its prime end quietness, or such order as has "reigned in Warsaw" since 1831.

But let us not be misunderstood. We are not of those who think that children, in any condition whatever, will inevitably develop into beauty and goodness. Human nature tends to revolve in a vicious circle, around the individuality; and children must have over them, in the person of a wise and careful teacher, a power which shall deal with them as God deals with the mature, presenting the claims of sympathy and truth whenever they presumptuously or unconsciously fall into selfishness. We have the best conditions of moral culture in a company large enough for the exacting disposition of the solitary child to be balanced by the claims made by others on the common stock of enjoyment, — there being a reasonable oversight of older persons, wide-awake to anticipate, prevent, and adjust the rival pretensions which must always arise where there are finite beings with infinite desires, while Reason, whose proper object is God, is yet undeveloped.

Let the teacher always take for granted that the law of love is quick within, whatever are appearances, and the better self will generally respond. In proportion as the child is young and unsophisticated, will be the certainty of the response to a teacher of simple faith:

"There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them, — who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth.

"And blest are they who in the main
This faith even now do entertain,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet find another strength, according to their need."

Such are the natural Kindergartners, who prevent disorder by employing and entertaining children, so that they are kept in an accommodating and loving mood by never being thrown on self-defence,—and when selfishness is aroused, who check it

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by an appeal to sympathy, or Conscience, which is the presentiment of reason, a fore-feeling of moral order, for whose culture material order is indispensable.

But order must be kept by the child, not only unconsciously, but intentionally. Order is the child of reason, and in turn cultivates the intellectual principle. To bring out order on the physical plane, the Kindergarten makes it a serious purpose to organize *romping*, and set it to music, which cultivates the physical nature also. Romping is the ecstasy of the body, and we shall find that in proportion as children tend to be violent they are vigorous in body. There is always morbid weakness of some kind where there is no instinct for hard play; and it begins to be the common sense that energetic physical activity must not be repressed, but favored. Some plan of play prevents the little creatures from hurting each other, and fancy naturally furnishes the plan, — the mind unfolding itself in fancies, which are easily quickened and led in harmless directions by an adult of any resource. Those who have not imagination themselves must seek the aid of the Kindergarten guides, where will be found arranged to music the labors of the peasant, and cooper, and sawyer, the wind-mill, the water-mill, the weather-vane, the clock, the pigeon-house, the hares, the bees, and the cuckoo. Children delight to personate animals, and a fine genius could not better employ itself than in inventing a great many more plays, setting them to rhythmical words, describing what is to be done. Every variety of bodily exercise might be made and kept within the bounds of order and beauty by plays involving the motions of different animals and machines of industry. Kindergarten plays are easy intellectual exercises; for to do anything whatever with a thought beforehand develops the mind or quickens the intelligence; and thought of this kind does not try intellect, or check physical development, which last must never be sacrificed in the process of education.

There are enough instances of marvellous acquisition in infancy to show that imbibing with the mind is as natural as with the body, if suitable beverage is put to the lips; but in most cases the mind's power is balanced by instincts of body, which should have priority, if they cannot certainly be in full harmony. The mind can afford to wait for the maturing of the body, for it survives the body; while the body cannot afford to wait for the mind, but is irretrievably stunted, if the nervous energy is not free to stimulate its special organs at least equally with those of the mind.

It is not, however, necessary to sacrifice the culture of either mind or body, but to harmonize them. They can and ought to grow together. They mutually help each other.

Doctor Dio Lewis's "Free Exercises" are also suitable to the Kindergarten, and may be taken in short lessons of a quarter of an hour, or even of ten minutes. Children are fond of precision also, and it will be found that they like the teaching best, when they are made to do the exercises exactly right, and in perfect time to the music.

But the regular gymnastics and the romping plays must be alternated with quiet employments, of course, but still active. They will sing at their plays by rote; and also should be taught other songs by rote. But there can be introduced a regular drill on the scale, which should never last more than ten minutes at a time. This, if well managed, will cultivate their ears and voices, so that in the course of a year they will become very expert in telling any note struck, if not in striking it. The ear is cultivated sooner than the voice, and they may be taught to name the octave as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and their imaginations impressed by drawing a ladder of eight rounds on the blackboard, to signify that the voice rises by regular gradation. This will fix their attention, and their interest will not flag, if the teacher has any tact.

Slates and pencils are indispensable in a Kindergarten from the first. One side of a slate can be ruled with a sharp

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point in small squares, and if their fancy is interested by telling them to make a fish-net, they will carefully make their pencils follow these lines, — which makes a first exercise in drawing. Their little fingers are so unmanageable that at first they will not be able to make straight lines even with this help. For variety, little patterns can be given them, drawn on the blackboard, (or on paper similarly ruled,) of picture-frames and patterns for carpets. When they can make squares well, they can be shown how to cross them with diagonals, and make circles inside of the squares, and outside of them, and encouraged to draw on the other side of the slate, from their own fancy, or from objects. Entire sympathy and no destructive criticism should meet every effort. Self-confidence is the first requisite for success. If they think they have had success, it is indispensable that it should be echoed from without. Of course there will be poor perspective; and even Schmidt's method of perspective cannot be introduced to very young children. A natural talent for perspective sometimes shows itself, which by-and-by can be perfected by Schmidt's method.*

But little children will not draw long at a time. Nice manipulation, which is important, can be taught, and the eye for form cultivated, by drawing for them birds and letting them prick the lines. It will enchant them to have something pretty to carry home now and then. Perforated board can also be used to teach them the use of a needle and thread. They will like to make the outlines of ships and steamboats, birds, etc., which can be drawn for them with a lead pencil on the board by the teachers. Weaving strips of colored card-board into papers cut for them is another enchanting amusement, and can be made subservient to teaching them the harmonies of colors. In the latter part of the season, when they have an accumulation of pricked birds, or have learned to draw them, they can be allowed colors to paint them in a rough manner. It is, perhaps, worth while to say, that, in teaching children to draw on their slates, it is better for the teacher to draw at the moment on the blackboard than to give them patterns of birds, utensils, etc., because then the children will see how to begin and proceed, and are not discouraged by the mechanical perfection of their model.

Drawing ought always rather to precede reading and writing, as the minute appreciation of forms is the proper preparation for these. But reading and writing may come into Kindergarten exercises at once, if reading is taught by the phonic method, (which saves all perplexity to the child's brain,) and accompanied by printing on the slate. It then alternates with other things, as one of the amusements. We will describe how we have seen it taught. The class sat before a blackboard, with slates and pencils. The teacher said, "Now let us make all the sounds that we can with the lips: First, put the lips gently together and sound m," (not *em*,) — which they all did. Then she said, — "Now let us draw it on the blackboard, — three short straight marks by the side of each other, and join them on the top, — that is m. What is it?" They sounded m, and made three marks and joined them on the top, with more or less success. The teacher said, — "Now put your lips close together and say p." (This is mute and to be whispered). They all imitated the motion made. She said, — "Now let us write it; one straight mark, then the upper lip puffed out at the top." M and p, to be written and distinguished, are perhaps enough for one lesson, which should not reach half an hour in length. At the next lesson these were repeated again. Then the teacher said, — "Now put your lips together and make the same motion as you did to say p; but make a little more sound, and it will be b" (which is sonorous). "You must write it differently from p; — you must make a short mark and put the *under* lip on." "Now put your teeth on your under lip and say f." (She gave the power.) "You must write it by making a short straight mark

* See *Common School Journal* for 1842–3.

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make a bow, and then cross it with a little mark across the middle." "Now fix your lips in the same manner and sound a little, and you will make v. Write it by making two little marks meet at the bottom."

This last letter was made a separate lesson of, and the other lessons were reviewed. The teacher then said, — "Now you have learned some letters, — all the lip-letters," — making them over, and asking what each was. She afterwards added w, — giving its power and form, and put it with the lip-letters. At the next lesson they were told to make the letters with their lips, and she wrote them down on the board, and then said, — "Now we will make some tooth-letters. Put your teeth together and say t." (She gave the power, and showed them how to write it.) "Now put your teeth together and make a sound and it will be d." "That is written just like b, only we put the lip behind." "Now put your teeth together and hiss, and then make this little crooked snake (s). Then fix your teeth in the same manner and buzz like a bee. You write z pointed this way." "Now put your teeth together and say j, written with a dot." At the next lessons the throat-letters were given; first the hard guttural was sounded, and they were told three ways to write it, c, k, q, distinguished as *round*, *high*, and *with a tail*. C was not sounded *see*, but *ke* (ke, ka, ku). Another lesson gave them the soft guttural g, but did not sound it *jee;* and the aspirate, but did not call it *aitch*.

Another lesson gave the vowels, (or voice-letters, as she called them,) and it was made lively by her writing afterwards all of them in one word, *mieaou*, and calling it the cat's song. It took from a week to ten days to teach these letters, one lesson a day of about twenty minutes. Then came words: mamma, papa, puss, pussy, etc. The vowels were always sounded as in Italian, and i and y distinguished as *with the dot* and *with a tail*.

At first only one word was the lesson, and the letters were reviewed in their divisions of lip-letters, throat-letters, tooth-letters, voice-letters. The latter were sounded the Italian way, as in the words *a*rm, *e*gg, *i*nk, *o*ak, and Per*u*. This teacher had Miss Peabody's "First Nursery Reading-Book," and when she had taught the class to make all the words on the first page of it, she gave each of the children the book and told them to find first one word and then another. It was a great pleasure to them to be told that now they could read. They were encouraged to copy the words out of the book upon their slates.

The "First Nursery Reading-Book" has in it *no* words that have exceptions in their spelling to the sounds given to the children as the powers of the letters. Nor has it any diphthong or combinations of letters, such as oi, ou, ch, sh, th. After they could read it at sight, they were told that all words were not so regular, and their attention was called to the initial sounds of thin, shin, and chin, and to the proper diphthongs, ou, oi, and au, and they wrote words considering these as additional characters. Then "Mother Goose" was put into their hands, and they were made to read by rote the songs they already knew by heart, and to copy them. It was a great entertainment to find the *queer* words, and these were made the nucleus of groups of similar words which were written on the blackboard and copied on their slates.

We have thought it worth while to give in detail this method of teaching to read, because it is the most entertaining to children to be taught so, and because many successful instances of the pursual of this plan have come under our observation; and one advantage of it has been, that the children so taught, though never going through the common spelling-lessons, have uniformly exhibited a rare exactness in orthography.

In going through this process, the children learn to print very nicely, and generally can do so sooner than they can read. It is a small matter afterwards to teach them to turn the print into script. They should be taught to write with the lead pencil before the pen, whose use need not come into the Kindergarten.

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But we must not omit one of the most important exercises for children in the Kindergarten, — that of block-building. Froebel has four Gifts of blocks. Ronge's "Kindergarten Guide" has pages of royal octavo filled with engraved forms that can be made by variously laying eight little cubes and sixteen little planes two inches long, one inch broad, and one-half an inch thick. Chairs, tables, stables, sofas, garden-seats, and innumerable forms of symmetry, make an immense resource for children, who also should be led to invent other forms and imitate other objects. So quick are the fancies of children, that the blocks will serve also as symbols of everything in Nature and imagination. We have seen an ingenious teacher assemble a class of children around her large table, to each of whom she had given the blocks. The first thing was to count them, a great process of arithmetic to most of them. Then she made something and explained it. It was perhaps a light-house, — and some blocks would represent rocks near it to be avoided, and ships sailing in the ocean; or perhaps it was a hen-coop, with chickens inside, and a fox prowling about outside, and a boy who was going to catch the fox and save the fowls. Then she told each child to make something, and when it was done hold up a hand. The first one she asked to explain, and then went round the class. If one began to speak before another had ended, she would hold up her finger and say, — "It is not your turn." In the course of the winter, she taught, over these blocks, a great deal about the habits of animals. She studied natural history in order to be perfectly accurate in her symbolic representation of the habitation of each animal, and their enemies were also represented by blocks. The children imitated these; and when they drew upon their imaginations for facts, and made fantastic creations, she would say, — "Those, I think, were fairy hens" (or whatever); for it was her principle to accept everything, and thus tempt out their invention. The great value of this exercise is to get them into the habit of representing something they have thought by an outward symbol. The explanations they are always eager to give teach them to express themselves in words. Full scope is given to invention, whether in the direction of possibilities or of the impossibilities in which children's imaginations revel, — in either case the child being trained to the habit of embodiment of its thought.

Froebel thought it very desirable to have a garden where the children could cultivate flowers. He had one which he divided into lots for the several children, reserving a portion for his own share in which they could assist him. He thought it the happiest mode of calling their attention to the invisible God, whose power must be waited upon, after the conditions for growth are carefully arranged according to *laws* which they were to observe. Where a garden is impossible, a flower-pot with a plant in it for each child to take care of would do very well.

But the best way to cultivate a sense of the presence of God is to draw the attention to the conscience, which is very active in children, and which seems to them (as we all can testify from our own remembrance) another than themselves, and yet themselves. We have heard a person say, that in her childhood she was puzzled to know which was herself, the voice of her inclination or of her conscience, for they were palpably two, and what a joyous thing it was when she was first convinced that one was the Spirit of God, whom unlucky teaching had previously embodied in a form of terror on a distant judgment-seat. Children are consecrated as soon as they get the spiritual idea, and it may be so presented that it shall make them happy as well as true. But the adult who enters into such conversation with a child must be careful not to shock and profane, instead of nurturing the soul. It is possible to avoid both discouraging and flattering views, and to give the most tender and elevating associations.

But children require not only an alternation of physical and mental amuse-

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ments, but some instruction to be passively received. They delight in stories, and a wise teacher can make this subservient to the highest uses by reading beautiful creations of the imagination. Not only such household-stories as "Sanford and Merton," Mrs. Farrar's "Robinson Crusoe," and Salzmann's "Elements of Morality," but symbolization like the heroes of Asgard, the legends of the Middle Ages, classic and chivalric tales, the legend of Saint George, and "Pilgrim's Progress," can in the mouth of a skilful reader be made subservient to moral culture. The reading sessions should not exceed ten or fifteen minutes.

Anything of the nature of scientific teaching should be done by presenting *objects* for examination and investigation.* Flowers and insects, shells, etc., are easily handled. The observations should be drawn out of the children, not made to them, except as corrections of their mistakes. Experiments with the prism, and in crystallization and transformation, are useful and desirable to awaken taste for the sciences of Nature. In short, the Kindergarten should give the beginnings of everything. "What is well begun is half done."

We must say a word about the locality and circumstances of a Kindergarten. There is published in Lausanne, France, a newspaper devoted to the interests of this mode of education, in whose early numbers is described a Kindergarten; which seems to be of the nature of a boarding-school, or, at least, the children are there all day. Each child has a garden, and there is one besides where they work in common. There are accommodations for keeping animals, and miniature tools to do mechanical labor of various kinds. In short, it is a child's world. But in this country, especially in New England, parents would not consent to be so much separated from their children, and a few hours of Kindergarten in the early part of the day will serve an excellent purpose,—using up the effervescent activity of children, who may healthily be left to themselves the rest of the time, to play or rest, comparatively unwatched.

Two rooms are indispensable, if there is any variety of age. It is desirable that one should be sequestrated to the quiet employments. A pianoforte is desirable, to lead the singing, and accompany the plays, gymnastics, frequent marchings, and dancing, when that is taught,—which it should be. But a hand-organ which plays fourteen tunes will help to supply the want of a piano, and a guitar in the hands of a ready teacher will do better than nothing.

Sometimes a genial mother and daughters might have a Kindergarten, and devote themselves and the house to it, especially if they live in one of our beautiful country-towns or cities. The habit, in the city of New York, of sending children to school in an omnibus, hired to go round the city and pick them up, suggests the possibility of a Kindergarten in one of those beautiful residences up in town, where there is a garden before or behind the house. It is impossible to keep Kindergarten *by the way*. It must be the main business of those who undertake it; for it is necessary that every individual child should be borne, as it were, on the heart of the *garteners*, in order that it be *inspired* with order, truth, and goodness. To develop a child from within outwards, we must plunge ourselves into its peculiarity of imagination and feeling. No one person could possibly endure such absorption of life in labor unrelieved, and consequently two or three should unite in the undertaking in order to be able to relieve each other from the enormous strain on life. The compensations are, however, great. The charm of the various individuality, and of the refreshing presence of conscience yet unprofaned, is greater than can be found elsewhere in this work-day world. Those were not idle words which came from the lips of Wisdom Incarnate:—"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father": "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

* Calkin's *Object Lessons* will give hints.

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A PICTURE.

[AFTER WITHER.]

SWEET child, I prithee stand,
While I try my novel hand
At a portrait of thy face,
With its simple childish grace.

Cheeks as soft and finely hued
As the fleecy cloud imbued
With the roseate tint of morn
Ere the golden sun is born: —
Lips that like a rose-hedge curl,
Guarding well the gates of pearl,
— What care I for pearly gate?
By the rose-hedge will I wait: —
Chin that rounds with outline fine,
Melting off in hazy line;
As in misty summer noon,
Or beneath the harvest moon,
Curves the smooth and sandy shore,
Flowing off in dimness hoar: —
Eyes that roam like timid deer
Sheltered by a thicket near,
Peeping out between the boughs,
Or that, trusting, safely browse: —
Arched o'er all the forehead pure,
Giving us the prescience sure
Of an ever-growing light;
As in deepening summer night,
Over fields to ripen soon
Hangs the silver crescent moon.

TWO AND ONE.

I.

THE winter sun streamed pleasantly into the room. On the tables lay the mother's work of the morning, — the neatly folded clothes she had just been ironing. A window was opened a little way to let some air into the room too closely heated by the brisk fire. The air fanned the leaves of the ivy-plant that stood in the window, and of the primrose which seemed ready to open in the warm sun. Above, there hung a cage, and a canary-bird shouted out now and then its pleasure at the sunny day, with a half-dream perhaps of a tropical climate in the tropical air with which the coal-fire filled the room. Mrs. Schroder

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leaned back in her old-fashioned rocking-chair, and folded her hands, one over the other, ready to rest after her morning's labor. She was willing to take the repose won by her work; indeed, this was the only way she had managed to preserve her strength for all the work it was necessary for her to do. She had been conscious that her powers had answered for just so much and no more, and she had never been able to make further demands upon them.

When years before she was left a widow, with two sons to support and educate, all her friends and neighbors prophesied that her health would prove unequal to either work, and agreed that it was very fortunate that she had a rich relation or two to help her. But, unfortunately, the rich relations preferred helping only in their own way. One uncle agreed to send the older boy to his father's relations in Germany, while the other wished to take the younger with him to his home in the South; and an aunt-in-law promised Mrs. Schroder work enough as seamstress to support herself.

It is singular how hard it is, for those who have large means and resources, to understand how to supply the little wants and needs of those less fortunate. The smallest stream in the mountains will find its way through some little channel, over rocks, or slowly through quiet meadows, into the great rivers, and finally feeds the deep sea, which is very thankless, and thinks little of restoring what is so prodigally poured into it. It only knows how to sway up with its grand tide upon the broad beaches, or to wrestle with turreted rocks, or, for some miles, perhaps, up the great rivers, it is willing to leave some flavor of its salt strength. So it is that we little ones, to the last, pour out our little stores into the great seas of wealth, — and the Neptunes, the gods of riches, scarcely know how to return us our due, if they would.

When Mrs. Schroder, then, refused these kindly offers, because she knew that her husband had wished his boys should be brought up together and in America, and because she could not separate them from each other or from herself, the relations thought best to leave her to her own will, and drew back, feeling that they had done their part for humanity and kinship. Now and then Mrs. Schroder received a present of a worn shawl or a bonnet out of date, and one New Year there came inclosed a dollar-bill apiece for the boys. Ernest threw his into the fire before his mother could stop him, while Harry said he would spend his for the very meanest thing he could think of; and that very night he bought some sausages with it, to satisfy, as he said, only their lowest wants.

Mrs. Schroder succeeded in carrying out her will, in spite of prophecy. Her very delicacy of body led her to husband her strength, while the boys very early learned that they must help their mother to get through her day's work. Her feebleness of health helped her, too, in another way, — by stopping their boy-quarrels.

"Boys, don't wrangle so! If you knew how it makes my head ache!"

When these words came from the mother resting in her chair, the quarrel ceased suddenly. It ended without settlement, to be sure, which is the best way of finishing up quarrels. There are always seeds of new wars sown in treaties of peace. Austria is not content with her share of Poland, and Russia privately determines upon another bite of Turkey. John thinks it very unjust that he must give up his ball to Tom, and resolves to have the matter out when they get down into the street; while Tom, equally dissatisfied, feels that he has been treated like a baby, and despises the umpire for the partial decision.

These two boys, indeed, had their perpetual quarrel. Harry, the older, always got on in the world. He had a strong arm, a jolly face, and a solid opinion of himself that made its way without his asking for it. Ernest, on the other hand, was obliged to be constantly dependent on his brother for defence, for his position with other boys at school, —

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as he grew up, for his position in life, even. Harry was the favorite always. The schoolmaster — or teacher, as we call him nowadays — liked Harry best, although he was always in scrapes, and often behindhand in his studies, while Ernest was punctual, quiet, and always knew his lessons, though his eyes looked dreamily through his books rather than into them.

Harry had great respect for Ernest's talent, made way for it, would willingly work for him. Ernest accepted these benefits: he could not help it, they were so generously offered. But the consciousness that he could not live without them weighed him down and made him moody. He alternately reproached himself for his ingratitude, and his brother for his favors. Sometimes he called himself a slave for being willing to accept them; at other times he would blame himself as a tyrant for making such demands upon an elder brother.

As Mrs. Schroder leaned back in her chair after her morning's labor, the door opened, and a young girl came into the room. She had a fresh, bright face, a brown complexion, a full, round figure. She came in quickly, nodded cheerily to Mrs. Schroder, and knelt down in front of the fire to warm her hands.

"I did want to come in this morning," she said, — "the very last day! I should have liked to help you about Ernest's things. But Aunt Martha must needs have a supernumerary wash, and I have just come in from hanging the last of the clothes upon the line."

"It is very good of you, Violet," answered Mrs. Schroder, "but I was glad to-day to have plenty to do. It is the thinking that troubles me. My boys are grown up into men, and Ernest is going! It is our first parting. To-day I would rather work than think."

Violet was the young girl's name. A stranger might think that the name did not suit her. In her manner was nothing of the shrinking nature that is a characteristic of the violet. Timidity and reserve she probably did have somewhere in her heart, — as all women do, — but it had never been her part to play them out. She had all her life been called upon to show only energy, activity, and self-reliance. She was an only child, and had been obliged to be son and daughter, brother and sister in one. Her father was the owner of the house in which were the rooms occupied by Mrs. Schroder and her sons. The little shop on the lower floor was his place of business. He was a watchmaker, had a few clocks on the shelves of his small establishment, and a limited display of jewelry in the window, together with a supply of watch-keys, and minute-hands and hour-hands for decayed watches. For though his sign proclaimed him a watchmaker, his occupation perforce was rather that of repairing and cleaning watches and clocks than in the higher branch of creation.

Violet's childhood was happy enough. She was left in unrestrained liberty outside of the little back-parlor, where her Aunt Martha held sway. Out of school-hours, her joy and delight were to join the school-boys in their wildest plays. She climbed fences, raced up and down alley-ways, stormed inoffensive door-yards, chased wandering cats with the best of them. She was a favorite champion among the boys, — placed at difficult points of espionage, whether it were over beast, man, woman, or boy. She was proud of mounting some imaginary rampart, or defending some dangerous position. Sometimes a taunt was hurled from the enemy upon her allies for associating with a "girl"; but it always received a contemptuous answer, — "You 'd better look out, she could lick any one of you!" And at the reply, Violet would look down from her post on the picketed fence, shake her long curls triumphantly, and climb to some place inaccessible to the enemy, to show how useful her agility could be to her own party.

The time of sorrow came at twilight, when the boys separated for their homes, — when Harry and Ernest clattered up to their mother's rooms. They could be

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boys still. They might throw open the house-doors with a shout and halloo, and fling away caps and boots with no more than an uncared-for reprimand. But Violet must go noiselessly through the dark entry, and, as she turned to close the door that let her into the parlor, she was greeted by Aunt Martha's "Now do shut the door quietly!" As she lowered the latch without any sound, she would say to herself, "Why is it that boys must have all the fun, and girls all the work?" She felt as if she shut out liberty and put on chains. Her work began then, — to lay the tea-table, to fetch and carry as Aunt Martha ordered. All this was pleasanter than the quiet evening that followed, because she liked the occupation and motion. But to be quiet the whole evening, that was a trial! After the tea-things were cleared away, she would sit awhile by the stove, imagining all sorts of excitements in the combustion within; but she could not keep still long without letting a clatter of shovel and tongs, or some vigorous blows of the poker, show what a glorious drum she thought the stove would make. Or if Aunt Martha suggested her unloved and neglected dolls, she would retire to the corner with them inevitably to come back in disgrace. Either the large wooden-headed doll came noisily down from the high-backed chair, where she had been placed as the Maid of Saragossa, or a suspicious smell of burning arose, when Joan of Arc really did take fire from the candle on her imaginary funeral-pile. Knitting was no more of a sedative, though for many years it had stilled Aunt Martha's nerves. It was singular how the cat contrived always to get hold of Violet's ball of yarn and keep it, in spite of Violet's activity and the jolly chase she had for it all round the room, over chairs and under tables. Even her father, during these long evenings, often looked up over his round spectacles, through which he was perusing a volume of the "Encyclopedia," to wonder if Violet could never be quiet.

As she grew up, there was activity enough in her life, through which her temperament could let off its steam: a large house to be cared for and kept in order, some of the lodgers to be waited upon, and Aunt Martha, with her failing strength, more exacting than ever. Her evenings now were her happy times, for she frequently spent them in Mrs. Schroder's room. One of the economies in the Schroders' life was that their pleasures were so cheap. What with Harry's genial gayety and Ernest's spiritual humor, and the gayety and humor of the friends that loved them, they did not have to pay for their hilarity on the stage. There were quiet evenings and noisy ones, and Violet liked them both. She liked to study languages with Ernest; she liked the books from the City Library that they read aloud, — romances that were taken for Mrs. Schroder's pleasure, Ruskins which Ernest enjoyed, and Harry's favorites, which, to tell the truth, were few. He begged to be made the reader, — otherwise, he confessed, he was in danger of falling asleep.

Violet had grown up into a woman, and the boys had become men; and now she was kneeling in front of Mrs. Schroder's fire.

"Ernest's last day at home," she said, dreamily. "Oh, now I begin to pity Harry!"

"To pity Harry?" said Mrs. Schroder. "Yes, indeed! But it is Ernest that I think of most. He is going away among strangers. He depends upon Harry far more than Harry depends upon him."

"It is just that," said Violet. "Harry has always been the one to give. But it will be changed now, when Ernest comes home. You see, he will be great then. He has been dependent upon us, all along, because genius must move so slowly at first; but when he comes back, he will be above us, and, oh! how shall we know where to find him?"

"You do not mean that my boy will look down upon his mother?" said Mrs. Schroder, raising herself in her chair.

"Look down upon us?" cried Violet. "Oh, no! it is only the little that do that,

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that they may appear to be high. The truly great never look down. They are kneeling already, and they look up. If they only would look down upon us! But it is the old story: the body can do for a while without the spirit, can make its way in the world for a little, and meantime the spirit is dependent upon the body. Of course it could not live without the body,—what we call life. But by-and-by spirit must assert itself, and find its wings. And where, oh, where, will it rise to? Above us, — above us all!"

"How strangely you talk!" said Mrs. Schroder, looking into Violet's face. "What has this to do with poor Ernest?"

"I was thinking of poor Harry," said Violet. "All this time he has been working for Ernest. Harry has earned the money with which Ernest goes abroad, —which he has lived upon all these years, —not only his daily bread, but what his talent, his genius, whatever it is, has fed itself with. Ernest is too unpractical to have been able even to feed himself!"

"And he knows it, my poor Ernest!" said Mrs. Schroder. "This is why he should be pitied. It is hard for a generous nature to owe all to another. It has weighed Ernest down; it has embittered the love of the two brothers."

"But it is more bitter for Harry," persisted Violet. "All this time Ernest could think of the grand return he could bring when his time should come. But Harry! He brings the clay out of which Ernest moulds the statue; but the spirit that Ernest breathes into the form,—will Harry understand it or appreciate it? The body is very reverent of the soul. But I think the spirit is not grateful enough to the body. There comes a time when it says to it, 'I can do without thee!' and spurns the kind comrade which has helped it on so far. Yet it could not have done without the joy of color and form, of sight and hearing, that the body has helped it to."

"You do not mean that Ernest will ever spurn Harry?—they are brothers!" said poor Mrs. Schroder.

Violet looked round and saw the troubled expression in Mrs. Schroder's face, and laughed as she laid her head caressingly in her friend's lap.

"I have frightened you with my talk," she said. "I believe the hot air in the room bewildered my senses and set me dreaming. Yes, Harry and Ernest are brothers, and I believe they will always work together and for each other. I have no business with forebodings, this laughing, sunny day. The March sun is melting the icicles, and they came clattering down upon me, as I was in the yard, with a happy, twinkling, childish laugh. There are spring sounds all about, water melting and dripping everywhere, full of joy. I am the last person, dear mother Schroder, to make you feel sad."

Violet got up quickly, and busied herself about the room: filled the canary's cup with water, drew out the table, and made all the usual preparations necessary for dinner, talking all the time gayly, till she had dispersed all the clouds on Mrs. Schroder's brow, and then turned to go away.

"You will stay and see Harry and Ernest?" asked Mrs. Schroder. "They have gone to make the last arrangements."

"Not now," said Violet. "They will like to be alone with you. I will see Ernest to bid him good-bye."

II.

Two years passed away. At the end of this time Mrs. Schroder died. They had passed on, as years go, slowly and quickly. Sometimes, as a carriage takes us through narrow city-streets, and we look in at the windows we are passing, we wonder at the close life that is going on behind them, and we say to ourselves, "How slow the life must be within those confined walls!" At other times, when our own life is cramped or jarred by circumstances, we look with envy on the happy family-circles we see smiling within, and have a fancy that the roses have fallen to others, and we only have the thorns. There are full years, and there are years of famine, just as there come moments to all that seem like a life-time,

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and lives that hurry themselves away in a passing of the pendulum. It is of no use to shake the hour-glass; yet, when we are counting upon time, the sands hurry down like snow-flakes.

It was true, as Violet had foreboded, that Harry missed Ernest. He went heavily about his work, and the house seemed silent without him. Harry confessed this sadly to Violet, when his brother had been gone about a year. They had heard from Ernest in Florence, that he was getting on well. He had found occupation in the workshop of a famous sculptor, and had time besides to carry out some of his own designs.

"He writes me," said Harry, "that he will be able now to support himself, and that he does not need my help. Do you know, Violet, that takes the life out of me? I feel as if I had nothing to work for. I always felt a pride in working for Ernest, because I thought he was fitted for something better. Violet, it saddens me to think he can do without me. I go to my daily work; I lift my hammer and let it fall; but it is all mechanically; there is no vital force in the blow. It is hard to live without him."

"This is what I was afraid of," said Violet. "I was afraid he would think he could do without us. But he cannot do without you."

"Say that he cannot do without *us*," said Harry; "for he needs you, as I need you, and the question is, with which the need is greater."

Violet turned red and pale, and said,—

"We cannot answer that question yet."

After Mrs. Schroder died, it was sad enough in the old rooms. In the daytime, when Harry was away at his work, Violet would go up-stairs and put all things in order, and make them look as nearly as possible as they did when the mother was there. Harry came to pass his evenings with Violet.

A few days after his mother's death, he said to Violet,—

"Is it not time for you to tell me that it is I who need you more than Ernest? He writes very happily now. He is succeeding; he has an order for his statue. He writes and thinks of nothing else but what he will create, — of the ideas that have been waiting for an expression. I am a carpenter still, I shall never be more, and my work will always be less and lower than my love. Could you be satisfied with him? He has attained now, Ernest has, what he was looking for; and have I not a right to my reward?"

The tears tumbled from Violet's eyes.

"Dear, noble Harry! I am not ready for you yet. I do believe he is above us both, and satisfied to be above us both; but I am not ready yet."

A day or two afterwards, Harry brought Violet a letter from Italy. It was from an artist friend of Ernest's, whose wife and mother had kindly received him into their home. Carlo wrote now that Ernest had been taken very ill. They thought him recovering, but he was still very low, and his mind depressed, and he continued scarcely conscious of those around him. He talked wildly, and begged that his home friends would come to him; and though his new Italian friends promised him all that kindness could give, Carlo wrote to ask if it were not possible for his brother or his mother to come out. He had been working very hard, was just finishing an order that had occupied him the last year, and he had overtasked his mind as well as his body.

"You will go to him!" exclaimed Violet, when she had read the letter.

"If nothing better can be done," answered Harry. "Only yesterday I made a contract for work with a hard master. It would be difficult to break it; but I will do it gladly, if there is nothing better to be done."

"You mean that you would like to have me go to Ernest," said Violet.

"Will you go?" asked Harry. "That will be the very best thing."

Aunt Martha broke in here. She had been sitting quietly at the other side of the table, as usual, apparently engrossed with her knitting.

"You do not mean to send Violet to

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Italy, and to take care of Ernest?" she exclaimed. "What are you thinking of? I would never consent to Violet's going alone; it would not be proper."

Violet grew crimson at the reproof. She was standing beneath the light, and turned away her head.

"Not if I were Harry's betrothed?" she asked.

Aunt Martha looked up quickly. She saw the glad, relieved expression of Harry's face.

"If you are engaged to Harry, that is different, indeed!" she said.

It did make a difference in Aunt Martha's thoughts. In the first place, it gave her pleasure. Harry was well-to-do in the world. He would make a good husband for Violet, and a kindly one. She liked him better than she did Ernest. She had supposed Violet would marry one or other of the boys, and, "just because things went at cross-grain in the world," she had always supposed Violet would prefer Ernest. She had never liked him herself. He was always spinning cobwebs in his brain; she never could understand a word of his talk. She did not believe he would live, and then Violet would be left a poor widow, as his mother had been left when her Hermann died. She remembered all about that. Ernest's absence had encouraged her with regard to Harry; but two years had passed, and it seemed to her the two were no nearer an engagement.

But now it was settled; and if this foolish plan of Violet's going to Italy had brought it about, the plan itself wore a different color.

Aunt Martha said no more of the impropriety. She reserved her complainings for the subject of the trouble of getting Violet ready, all of a sudden, for such a voyage.

Little trouble fell to Aunt Martha's share. Violet went about it gladly. She advised directly with a friend who could tell her from experience exactly how little she would want, while Harry completed all the business arrangements. The activity, the adventure of it, suited Violet's old tastes. She had no dread of a solitary voyage, of passing through countries whose languages she could not speak. Though burdened with anxiety for Ernest and for Harry, she went away with a glad heart. Unconsciously to herself, she reversed her old exclamation, saying to herself, —

"The men, indeed, should not have all the work, and the women all the play!"

The journey was in fact easily accomplished. At another time Violet's thoughts would have been occupied with the scenes she passed through. Now she travelled as a devotee travels heavenward, making a monastery of the world, and convent-walls out of rays from Paradise. She thought only of the end of her journey; and everything touched her through the throbbings of her heart. On shipboard, she was busy with the poor old sick father whom his children were carrying home to his native land. In passing through Paris, she used all her time in helping a sister to find a brother; because her energy was always helpful. In travelling across France, she looked at her companions, asking herself to what home they were going, what friends they were bound to meet. From Marseilles to Leghorn, she was the only one of the women-passengers who was not sick; and she was called upon for help in different languages, which she could understand only through the teachings of her heart.

It was this same teacher that led her to understand Ernest's friends in Florence, when she had found them, and that led them to understand her. Ernest was in much the same state as when they wrote. He was growing stronger, but his mind seemed to wander.

"And do you know, dear lady," said Monica, Carlo's mother, "that we fear he has been starving, — starving, too, when we, his friends, had plenty, and would have been glad to give him? He was to have been paid for his work when he had finished it; and he had given up

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his other work for his master, that he might complete his own statue. Oh, you should see that! He is putting it into the marble,—or taking it out, rather, for it has life almost, and springs from the stone."

"But Ernest?" asked Violet.

"Well, then, just for want of money, he was starving,—so the doctor says, now. I suppose he was too proud to write home for money, and his wages had stopped. And he was too proud to eat our bread. That was hard of him. Just the poor food that we have, to think he should have been too proud to let us give it him! —that was not kind."

Ernest did not recognize Violet at first, but she took her place in the daily care of him. Monica begged that she would prepare food for him such as he had been used to have at home. She was very sure that would cure him. It would be almost as good for him as his native air. She was very glad a woman had come to take care of him. "His brother's betrothed, —a sister,—she would bring him back to life as no one else could."

Violet did bring him back to life. Ernest had become so accustomed to her presence in his half-conscious state, that he never showed surprise at finding her there. He hardly showed pleasure; only in her absence his feverish restlessness returned; in her presence he was quiet.

He grew strong enough to come out into the air to walk a little.

"I must go to work soon," he said one day. "Monsieur will be coming for his Psyche."

"Your Psyche! I have not seen it!" exclaimed Violet. "I have not dared to raise the covering."

They went in to look at it. Violet stood silent before it. Yes, as Monica had said, it was ready to spring from the marble. It seemed almost too spiritual for form, it scarcely needed the wings for flight, it was ethereal already,—marble only so long as it remained unfinished.

At last Violet spoke.

"Do not let it go! Do not finish it; it will leave the marble then, I know! Oh, Ernest, you have seen the spirit, and the spirit only! Could not you hold it to earth more closely than that? It was too bold a thought of you to try to mould the spirit alone. Is not the body precious, too? Why will you be so careless of that?"

"If the body would care for me," said Ernest, "I would care for the body. Indeed, this work shows that I have cared for the body," he went on. "One of these days, I shall receive money for my work; I have already sold my Psyche. One lives on money, you know. But it is but a poor battle,—the battle of life. I shall finish my Psyche, give it to the man who buys it, and then"——

"And then you will come home, come home to us!" said Violet; "and we will take care of you. You shall not miss your Psyche!"

"And then," continued Ernest, shaking his head, "then I shall go into Sicily. I shall help Garibaldi. I shall join the Italian cause."

"Garibaldi! The cause!" exclaimed Violet. "Are you not ashamed to plead it? You know you would go then not for others, but to throw away your own life! You are tired of living, and you seek that way to rid yourself of life! Confess it at once!"

"Very well, then," answered Ernest, "it is so."

"Then do not sully a good cause with a traitor's help," said Violet, "nor take its noble name. The life you offer would be worth no more than a spent ball. You have been a coward in your own fight, and Garibaldi does not—nor does Italy—want a coward in his ranks. Oh, Ernest, forgive me my hard words! but it is our life that you are spending so freely, it is our blood that you want to pour out! If you cannot live for yourself, for me, will you not live for Harry's sake?"

"For you, for you, Heart's-Ease!" exclaimed Ernest, calling Violet by one of her old childish names. "But Harry lives for you, and you for him; and God knows there is no life left for me. But you are right: I am a coward and a bun-

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gler, because I can create no life. I give myself to you and him."

Violet stood long before the statue of Psyche, cold as the marble, with hot fires raging within.

"He loves me, loves me as Harry does! His love is deeper, perhaps,—higher, perhaps. He was not above me,—he lifted me above himself, looked up to me! He dies for me!"

Presently she found Ernest.

"Ernest, you say you will do as we wish. I must go home directly, and without you. I shall take a vessel from Leghorn. Harry and I planned my going home that way. It is less expensive, more direct; and I confess I do not feel so strong about going home alone as I did in coming. My head is full of thoughts, and I could not take care of myself; but I would rather go alone. You will stay here, and we will write to you, or Harry will come for you. But you must take care of yourself; you must not starve yourself."

Her Italian friends accompanied her to the vessel and bade her good-bye. Ernest was with them. She wrote to Harry the day she sailed. The vessel looked comfortable enough; it was well-laden, and in its hold was the marble statue of a great man,—great in worth as well as in weight.

A few weeks after Violet left, Harry appeared in Florence. He had just missed her letter.

"I came to bring you both home," he said. "I finished my contract successfully, and gave myself this little vacation."

Harry was dismayed to find that Violet was gone.

"But we will return directly, and arrive in time, perhaps, to greet her as she gets home."

Monica urged,—

"But you must not keep him long. See how much he has done in Italy! You will see he must come back again."

"Monsieur" had been for his statue, and was to send for it the next day, more than satisfied with it.

Harry was astonished.

"Five hundred dollars! It would take me long enough to work that out! Ah, Ernest, your hammering is worth more than mine!"

Harry's surprise was not merely for the money earned. When he saw the white marble figure, which brought into the poor room where it stood grandeur and riches and life and grace, he wondered still more.

"I see now," he said. "You spent your life on this. No wonder you were starving when your spirit was putting itself into this mould!"

Harry was in a hurry to return. Ernest's little affairs were quickly settled. Harry was surprised to find Italian life was so like home life in this one thing: he had been treated so kindly, just as he would have been in his own home,—just as Mrs. Schroder, and even Aunt Martha, would have treated a poor Italian stranger who had sought a lodging in their house; they had welcomed Harry with the same warmth and feeling with which they had all along cared for Ernest. This was something that Harry knew how to translate.

"When we were boys," he said to Ernest, as they set out to return, "and you used to talk about Europe, we little thought I should travel into it so carelessly as I did when I came here. I crossed it much as a pair of compasses would on the map: my only points of rest were the home I left and the one I was reaching for."

Much in the same way they passed through it again. Harry spoke of and observed outward things, but everything showed that it was but a superficial observation. His thoughts were with Violet.

"'The Nereïd!' are you very sure the Nereïd is a sound vessel?" he often asked.

"What should I know of the Nereïd?" at last answered Ernest, impatiently.

"I believe you don't care a rush for Violet!" cried Harry. "You can have dreams instead! Your Psyche, your winged angels and all your visions, they

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suffice you. While for me, — I tell you, Ernest, she is my flesh and blood, my meat and drink. To think of her alone on that ocean drives me wild; that inexorable sea haunts me night and day."

He turned to look at Ernest, and saw him pale and livid.

"God forgive me!" he said. "I know you love her, too! But it is our old quarrel; we cannot understand each other, yet cannot live either of us without the other. Yet I am glad to quarrel even in the old way. That is pleasant, after all, is it not?"

They had a long, stormy voyage home; and a delay in crossing France had made them miss the steamer they hoped to take. At each delay, Ernest grew more silent, sadder, his face darker, his features thinner and more sharpened. Harry was wild in his impatience, and angry, but more and more thoughtful and careful for Ernest.

At last they reached the harbor. A friend met them who had been warned of their arrival by telegraph from Halifax. He met them to tell them of ill news; they would rather hear it from him.

The Nereïd was lost, — lost just outside the Bay, — the vessel, the crew, all the passengers, — in a fearful storm of a week ago, the very storm that had delayed their own passage.

"Let us go home," said Harry.

"Where is it?" asked Ernest.

"Why were we not lost in the same storm?" cried Harry. "How could we pass quietly along the very place?"

The brothers went home into the old room. Kindly hands had been caring for it, — had tried to place all things in their accustomed order. Even the canary had come back from Aunt Martha's parlor.

There was a letter on the table. Harry saw that only. It was Violet's letter, which she wrote on leaving Leghorn. He tore it from its cover, — then gave it, opened, to Ernest.

"You must read it for me, — I cannot!" and he hurried into an inner room.

Ernest held the letter helplessly and looked round. For him there was a double desolation in the room. The books stood untouched upon the shelves; his mother's work-basket was laid aside. Suddenly there came back to him the memory of that last day at home, — the joyous spring-day in March, — which was so full of gay sounds. The clatter of the dropping ice, the happy laugh of the water breaking into freedom, the song of the canary, now hushed by the presence of strangers, — the thoughts of these made gay even that moment of parting. And with them came the image of the dear mother and of the warm-hearted Violet. Oh, the parting was happier than the return! Now there was silence in the room, and absence, — such unuse about all things, — such a terrible stillness! He longed for a voice, for a sound, for words.

In his hands were words, her own, her last words. Half unconsciously he read through the letter, as if unwillingly too, because it might not belong to him. Yet they were her words, and for him.

"Dear Harry, —

"Do you know that I love him? — that I love Ernest? I ought to have known it, just because I did not know how to confess it to myself or you. I thought he was above us both; and when I pitied myself that he could not love me, I pitied you, and my pity, perhaps, I mistook for love of you. Perhaps I mistook it, for I know not but I was conscious all the time of loving him. I learned the truth when I stood by the side of his Psyche, and saw, that, though she hovered from the marble, though he had won fame and success, he was unsatisfied still. It is true, he must always remain unsatisfied, because it is his genius that thirsts, and it is my ideal that he loves, not me. But he is dying; he asks for me. You never could refuse him what he asked. You will give me to him? If you were not so generous and noble-hearted, I could not ask you both for your pardon and your pity. But you are both, and will do with me as you will.

"Your

"Violet."

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As Ernest finished reading, as he was fully comprehending the meaning of the words which at first had struck him idly, Harry opened the door and came in. Ernest could not look up at first. He thought, perhaps, he was about to darken the sorrow already heavy enough upon his brother.

But when Harry spoke and Ernest looked into his face, he saw there the usual clear, strong expression.

"I am going to tell you, Ernest, what I should have said before, — what I went to Florence to tell you.

"After Violet left, the whole truth began to come upon me. She loved you; I had no right to her. She pitied me; that was why she clung to me. You know I cannot think quickly. It was long before it all came out clearly; but when it did come, I was anxious to act directly. I had finished my work; I went to tell you that Violet was yours; she should stay with you in that warm Italian air that you liked so much; she should bring you back to life. But I was too late. I know not if it is my failure that has brought about this sorrow, or if God has taken it into His own hands. I only know that she was yours living, she is yours now. I must tell you that in the first moment of that terrible shock of the loss, there came a wicked, selfish gleam of gladness that I had not given her up to you. But I have wiped that out with my tears, and I can tell you without shame that she is yours, that I have given her to you."

"We can both love her now," said Ernest.

"If she were living, she might have separated us," said Harry; "but since God has taken her, she makes us one."

And the brothers read together Violet's letter.

THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.

When the indefatigable Cyrus told our people, five years ago, that he was going to lay a telegraph-cable in the bed of the ocean between America and Europe, and place New York and London in instantaneous communication, our wide-awake and enterprising fellow-citizens said very coolly that they should like to see him do it!—a phrase intended to convey the idea that in their opinion he had promised a great deal more than he could perform. But Cyrus was as good as his word. The cable was laid, and worked for the space of three weeks, conveying between the Old and New World four hundred messages of all sorts, and some of them of the greatest importance. Four years have elapsed since the fulfilment of that promise, and now Mr. Field comes again before the public and announces that a new Atlantic cable is going to be laid down, which is not only going to work, but is to be a permanent success; and this promise will likewise be fulfilled. You may shrug your shoulders, my friend, and look incredulous, but I assure you the grand idea will be realized, and speedily. I have been heretofore as incredulous as any one; but having examined the evidence in its favor, I am fully convinced not only of the feasibility of laying a cable, and of the certainty of its practical operation when laid, but of its complete indestructibility. If you will accompany me through the following pages, my doubting friend, I will convince you of the correctness of my conclusions.

When the fact of the successful laying of the old Atlantic cable was known, there was no class of people in this country more surprised at the result than the electricians, engineers, and practical telegraphers. Meeting a friend of mine, an

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electrician, and who, by the way, is also a great mathematician, and, like all of his class, inclined to be very exact in his statements, I exclaimed, in all the warmth and exuberance of feeling engendered by so great an event, —

"Is n't it glorious, this idea of being able to send our lightning across the ocean, and to talk with London and Paris as readily as we do with New York and New Orleans?"

"It is, indeed," responded my friend, with equal enthusiasm; "my hopes are more than realized by this wonderful achievement."

"Hopes realized!" exclaimed I. "Why, I did n't consider there was one chance in a thousand of success, — did you?"

"Why, yes," replied my exact mathematical friend; "I did n't think the chances so much against the success of the enterprise as that. From the deductions which I drew from a very careful examination of all the facts I could obtain, I concluded that the chances of absolute failure were about ninety-seven and a half per cent.!"

For many of the facts contained in this article I am indebted to the very clear and able address delivered by Mr. Cyrus W. Field before the American Geographical and Statistical Society, at Clinton Hall, New York, in May last, upon the prospects of the Atlantic telegraph.

At the start, of course, every one was very ignorant of the work to be done in establishing a telegraph across the ocean. Submarine telegraphy was in its infancy, and aërial telegraphy had scarcely outgrown its swaddling-clothes. We had to grope our way in the dark. It was only by repeated experiments and repeated failures that we were able to find out all the conditions of success.

The Atlantic telegraph, it is said by some, was a failure. Well, if it were so, replies Mr. Field, I should say (as is said of many a man, that he did more by his death than by his life) that even in its failure it has been of immense benefit to the science of the world, for it has been the great experimenting cable. No electrician ever had so long a line to work upon before; and hence the science of submarine telegraphy never made such rapid progress as after that great experiment. In fact, all cables that have since been laid, where the managers availed themselves of the knowledge and experience obtained by the Atlantic cable, have been perfectly successful. All these triumphs over the sea are greatly indebted to the bold attempt to cross the Atlantic made four years ago.

The first Atlantic cable, therefore, has accomplished a great work in deep-sea telegraphy, a branch of the art but little known before. In one sense it was a failure. In another it was a brilliant success. Despite every disadvantage, it was laid across the ocean; it was stretched from shore to shore; and for three weeks it continued to operate, — a time long enough to settle forever the scientific question whether it was possible to communicate between two continents so far apart. This was the work of the first Atlantic telegraph; and if it lies silent at the bottom of the ocean till the destruction of the globe, it has done enough for the science of the world and the benefit of mankind to entitle it to be held in honored and blessed memory.

Now, as to the prospect of success in another attempt to lay a telegraph across the ocean. The most erroneous opinions prevail as to the difficulties of laying submarine telegraphs in general, and securing them against injury. It is commonly supposed that the number of failures is much greater than of successes; whereas the fact is, that the later attempts, where made with proper care, have been almost uniformly successful. In proof of this I will refer to the printed "List of all the Submarine Telegraph-Cables manufactured and laid down by Messrs. Glass, Elliot, & Co., of London," from which it appears that within the space of eight years, from 1854 to 1862, they have manufactured and laid down twenty-five different cables, among which are included three of the longest lines connecting

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England with the Continent,—namely, from England to Holland, 140 miles, to Hanover, 280 miles, and to Denmark, 368 miles,—and the principal lines in the Mediterranean,—as from Italy to Corsica and thence to Toulon, from Malta to Sicily, and from Corfu to Otranto, and besides these, the two chief of all, that from France to Algiers, 520 miles, laid in 1860, and the other, laid only last year, from Malta to Alexandria, 1,535 miles! All together the lines laid by these manufacturers comprise a total of 3,739 miles; and though some have been lying at the bottom of the sea and working for eight years, each one of them is at this hour in as perfect condition as on the day it was laid down, with the exception of the two short lines laid in shallow water along the shore between Liverpool and Holyhead, 25 miles, and from Prince Edward's Island to New Brunswick, 11 miles; the latter of which was broken by a ship's anchor, and the former by the anchor of the Royal Charter during the gale in which she was wrecked, both of which can be easily repaired.

Where failures have occurred in submarine telegraphs, the causes are now well understood and easily to be avoided. Thus with the first Atlantic cable, its defects have all been carefully investigated by scientific men, and may be easily guarded against. When this cable was in process of manufacture in the factory of Messrs. Glass, Elliot, & Co., in Greenwich, near London, it was coiled in four large vats, and there left exposed, day after day, to the heat of a summer sun, which was intensified by the tarred coating of the cable to one hundred and twenty degrees. This went on, day after day, with the knowledge of the engineer and electrician of the company, although the directors had given explicit orders that sheds should be erected over the vats to prevent the possibility of such an occurrence. As might have been foreseen, the gutta-percha was melted, so that the conductor which it was desired to insulate was so twisted by the coils that it was left quite bare in numberless places, thus weakening, and eventually, when the cable was submerged, destroying the insulation. The injury was partially discovered before the cable was taken out of the factory at Greenwich, and a length of about thirty miles was cut out and condemned. This, however, did not wholly remedy the difficulty, for the defective insulation became frequently and painfully apparent while the cable was being submerged. Still further evidence of its imperfect condition was afforded when it came to be cut up for charms and trinkets.

The first cable was, to a great extent, an experiment,—a leap in the dark. Its material and construction were as good as the state of knowledge at that time provided, and in many respects not unsuitable; but the company could not avail itself, at that time, of the instruments or apparatus for testing its conducting power and insulation, in the manner since pointed out by experience. The effects of temperature, as we have seen, were not provided for. The vast differences in the conducting power of copper were discovered only by means of that cable, when made. The mathematical law whereby the proportions of insulation to conduction are determined had not been fully investigated; and it was even argued by some of the pretended electricians in the employ of the company, that, the smaller the conductor, the more rapidly the current could pass through it. No mode of protecting the external sheath from oxidation had then been discovered; and the kind of machinery necessary for submerging cables in deep water could only be theoretically assumed.

Looking back to that period, and granting that there was too much haste in the preparations, and that other mistakes were committed which could now be foreseen and avoided, it is not too much to say, that, if that cable could be laid and worked, as was done, after one failure in 1857, and the consequent uncoiling and storage of it in an exposed situation, and after three attempts in 1858, under

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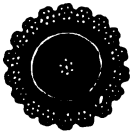
the most fearful circumstances as to weather, it would be an easy task to lay a cable constructed and submerged by the light of present experience.



The Cable laid in 1858.

The proposed New Cable.

The above cuts, representing sections of the cable laid in 1858 and the proposed new cable, will serve to show the difference between the two, and the immense superiority of the latter over the former. In the old Atlantic cable the copper conducting-wire weighed but ninety-three pounds to the mile, while in the new cable it weighs five hundred and ten pounds to the mile, *or more than five times as much.* Now the size, or diameter, of a telegraphic conductor is just as important an item, in determining the strength of current which can be maintained upon it with a given amount of battery-force, as the length of the conductor. To produce the effects by which the messages are expressed at the end of a telegraphic wire or cable, it is necessary that the electric current should have a certain intensity or strength. Now the intensity of the current transmitted by a given voltaic battery along a given line of wire will decrease, other things being the same, in the same proportion as the length of the wire increases. Thus, if the wire be continued for ten miles, the current will have twice the intensity which it would have, if the wire had been extended to a distance of twenty miles. It is evident, therefore, that the wire may be continued to such a length that the current will no longer have sufficient intensity to produce at the station to which the despatch is transmitted those effects by which the language of the despatch is signified. *But the intensity of the current transmitted by a given voltaic battery upon a wire of given length will be increased in the same proportion as the area of the section of the wire is augmented.* Thus, if the diameter of the wire be doubled, the area of its section being increased in a fourfold proportion, the intensity of the current transmitted along the wire will be increased in the same ratio. The intensity of the current may also be augmented by increasing the number of pairs of the generating plates or cylinders composing the galvanic battery.

All electrical terms are arbitrary, and necessarily unintelligible to the general reader. I shall, therefore, use them as sparingly as possible, and endeavor to make myself clearly understood by explaining those which I do use.

All telegraphic conductors offer a certain resistance to the passage of an electric current, and the amount of this resistance is proportional to the length of the conductor, and inversely to its size. In order to overcome this resistance, it is necessary to increase the number of the cells in the battery, and thus obtain a fluid of greater force or intensity.

On aërial telegraph-lines this increase in the intensity of the battery occasions no particular inconvenience, other than by tending to the more rapid destruction of the small copper coils, or helices, employed; but upon submarine lines it has the effect of increasing the static electricity, or electricity of tension, which accumulates along the surface of the gutta-percha covering of the conducting-wire, in the same manner as static electricity accumulates on the surface of glass, or of a stick of sealing-wax, by rubbing it with a piece of cloth. The use of submarine or of subterranean conductors occasions, from the above cause, a small retardation in the velocity of the transmitted

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electricity. This retardation is not due to the length of the path which the electric current has to traverse, since it does not take place with a conductor, equally long, insulated in the air; but it arises from a static reaction, caused by the passage of an intense current through a conductor well insulated, but surrounded outside its insulating coating by a conducting body, such as sea-water or moist ground, or even by the metallic envelope of iron wires placed in communication with the ground. When this conductor is presented to one of the poles of a battery, the other pole of which communicates with the ground, it becomes charged with static electricity, like the coating of a Leyden-jar, — electricity which is capable of giving rise to a discharge-current, even after the voltaic current has ceased to be transmitted. Volta showed in one of his beautiful experiments, that, in putting one of the ends of his pile in communication with the earth, and the other with a non-insulated Leyden-jar, the jar was charged in an instant of time to a degree proportional to the force of the pile. At the same time an instantaneous current was observed in the conductor between the pile and the jar, which had all the properties of an ordinary current. Now it is evident that the subaqueous wire with its insulating covering may be assimilated exactly to an immense Leyden-jar. The glass of the jar represents the gutta-percha; the internal coating is the surface of the copper wire; the external coating is the surrounding metallic envelope and water. To form an idea of the capacity of this new kind of battery, we have only to remember that the surface of the wire is equal to fourteen square yards per mile. Bringing such a wire into communication by one of its ends with a battery, of which the opposite pole is in contact with the earth, whilst the other extremity of the wire is insulated, must cause the wire to take a charge of the same character and tension as that of the pole of the battery touched by it.

These currents of static induction are proportional in intensity to the force of the battery and the length of the wire, whilst an inverse relation is true as regards the length of the conductor with the ordinary voltaic current.

Professor Wheatstone proved, by actual experiment, that a continuous current may be maintained in the circuit of the long wire of an electric cable, of which one of the ends is insulated, whilst the other communicates with one of the poles of a battery, whose other pole is connected with the ground. This current he considers due to the uniform and continual dispersion of the statical electricity with which the wire is charged along its whole length.

It was mainly owing to the retardation from this cause that communication through the Atlantic cable was so exceedingly slow and difficult.

I will now endeavor to show why the new cable will not be liable to this difficulty, to anything like the same extent.

I have alluded to the resistance offered by the conductor of a telegraph-cable to the passage of an electric current, and to the retardation of this current by static induction. The terms *retardation* and *resistance* are not considered technically synonymous, but are intended, as electrical terms, to designate two very different forces. The resistance of a wire, as we have seen above, is proportional to its length, and inversely to its diameter. It is overcome by increasing the number of cells in the battery, or, in other words, by increasing the intensity or force of the current. The retardation in a telegraphic cable, on the contrary, is proportional to the length of the conducting-wire and the intensity of the battery. In the former case, by increasing the electrical force you overcome the resistance; while in the latter, by augmenting the electrical force you increase the retardation.

From the foregoing law it will be seen that there are two ways of lessening the resistance upon telegraphic conductors,— one by reducing the length, and the other by increasing the area of the section of the conducting-wire. Now, as already re-

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marked, the copper conducting-wire in the old cable weighed but ninety-three pounds to the mile, while in the new cable it weighs five hundred and ten pounds to the mile, or more than five times as much. If, then, by comparison, we estimate the resistance in the old Atlantic cable to have been equal to two thousand miles of ordinary telegraph-wire, the increased size of the conducting-wire of the new cable reduces the resistance to one-fifth that distance, or four hundred miles. And while it required two hundred cells of battery to produce intensity sufficient to work over the two thousand miles of resistance in the old cable, it will require but one-fifth as much, or forty cells, to overcome the four hundred miles of resistance in the new cable. The retardation which resulted from the intense current generated by two hundred cells will be also proportionately reduced in the comparatively small battery of forty cells. Thus we perceive, that, while the length of the cable is, electrically and practically, reduced to one-fifth of its former length, the retardation of the current is also decreased in the same proportion. Therefore, if, with the old cable, three words per minute could be transmitted, with the new cable we shall be able to transmit five times as many, or fifteen words per minute. This is not equal to our Morse system on the land-lines, which will signal at the rate of thirty-five words per minute, still less to the printing system, which can signal at the rate of fifty words per minute; but, even at this rate, the cable would be enabled to transmit in twenty-four hours one thousand despatches containing an average of twenty words apiece. Mr. Field, however, claims for the cable a speed of only twelve words per minute, which would reduce the number of despatches of twenty words each that could be transmitted in twenty-four hours to eight hundred and sixty-four. We will suppose, however, that the cable transmits only five hundred telegrams per day; this number, at ten dollars per message, would give an income of five thousand dollars per diem, or one million five hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars per annum. Quite a handsome revenue on an outlay of about one million of dollars!

The only instrument which could be used successfully in signalling through the old cable was one of peculiar construction, called the Marine Galvanometer. In this instrument, momentum and inertia are almost wholly avoided by the use of a needle weighing only one and a half grains, combined with a mirror reflecting a ray of light, which indicates deflections with great accuracy. By this means a gradually increasing or decreasing current is at each instant indicated at its due strength. Thus, when this galvanometer is placed as the receiving-instrument at the end of a long submarine cable, the movement of the spot of light, consequent on the completion of a circuit through the battery, cable, and earth, can be so observed as to furnish a curve representing very accurately the arrival of an electric current. Lines representing successive signals at various speeds can also be obtained, and, by means of a metronome, dots and dashes can be sent with nearly perfect regularity by an ordinary Morse key, and the corresponding changes in the current at the receiving end of the cable accurately observed.

A system of arbitrary characters, similar to those used upon the Morse telegraph, was employed, and the letter to be indicated was determined by the number of oscillations of the needle, as well as by the length of time during which the needle remained in one place. The operator, who watched the reflection of the deflected needle in the mirror, held a key in his hand communicating with a local instrument in the office, which he pressed down or raised, according to the deflection of the needle; and another operator deciphered the characters thus produced upon the paper. This mode of telegraphing was, of necessity, very slow, and it will not surprise the reader that the fastest rate of speed over the cable did not exceed three words per

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minute. Still, had the old cable continued in operation a few months longer, experience and practice would have enabled the operator to transmit and receive with very much greater facility. On our land-lines, operators of long experience acquire a dexterity which enables them not only to transmit and receive telegrams with wonderful rapidity, but to work the instruments during storms, when those of less experience would be unable to receive a dot. There is no occupation in which skill and experience are more necessary to success than in that of telegraphing, and at the time the Atlantic cable was laid no experience had been obtained upon similar lines, or with the instruments employed. Now, however, the company can avail itself of experienced operators from lines of nearly equal length, and who will require no time for experimenting, but may commence operations as soon as the two ends of the cable are landed upon the shores of Europe and America.

In the old cable the copper wire was covered but three times with gutta-percha, while in the new it is covered four times with the purest gutta-percha and four times with Chatterton's patent compound, by which the cable is rendered absolutely impenetrable to water. The old cable was covered with eighteen strands of small iron wire, which, as they had no other covering, were directly exposed to the action of the water. The new is covered with thirteen strands, each strand consisting of three wires of the best quality, and covered with gutta-percha, to render it indestructible in salt water. By this new construction, it has double the strength of the old cable, at the same time that it is lighter in the water, a very important matter in laying it across the ocean.

The risk of loss in laying the new cable would be very much diminished by the fact that it would be of such strength, that, even if broken, it could be recovered, as has been done in the Mediterranean; and besides, the principal and most expensive materials, copper and gutta-percha, being indestructible, would have at all times a market value.

Other routes to Europe have been proposed, and have been at times quite popular, the most feasible of which are those *viâ* Behring's Straits, or the Aleutian Islands, and *viâ* Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, and the Faroe Isles.

To the route *viâ* Behring's Straits there are several grave objections. The distance from New York to London by a route crossing the three continents of America, Asia, and Europe, is about eighteen thousand miles, or more than nine times as great as that from Newfoundland to Ireland. Of course, the mere cost of constructing a continuous telegraph three-quarters of the distance around the globe, and of maintaining the hundreds of stations that would be necessary over such a length of land-lines, would be enormous. But even that is not the chief difficulty. A line which should traverse the whole breadth of Siberia would encounter wellnigh insuperable obstacles in the country itself, as it would have to pass over mountains and across deserts; while, as it turned north to Kamtschatka, it would come into a region of frightful cold, where winter reigns the greater part of the year. Of this whole country a large part is not only utterly uncivilized, but uninhabited, and portions which are occupied are held by savage and warlike tribes.

Of the Greenland route, Doctor Hayes, the well-known Arctic traveller, expresses himself in the most decided manner, that it is wholly impracticable. He says it must be obvious that the ice which hugs the Greenland coast will prevent a cable, if laid, from remaining in continuity for any length of time. Doctor Wallich, naturalist attached to Sir Leopold McClintock's expedition to survey the Northern route, considers it impracticable on account of the volcanic nature of the bottom of the sea near Iceland, and the ridges of rock and the immense icebergs near Greenland.

The main argument in favor of this route, in preference to the more direct

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one across the Atlantic, is, that it would be impossible to work in one continuous circuit a line so long as that from Newfoundland to Ireland. This would seem to be answered sufficiently by the success of the old Atlantic cable. But it is alleged that it worked slowly and with difficulty, which is true, and hence it is thought that the distance would be at least a very great obstacle. But we have shown, that, practically, by the increased size of the conducting-wire, the new cable has been reduced in length four-fifths, and will work five times as fast as the old one. The cable extending from Malta to Alexandria is fifteen hundred and thirty-five miles long, and the whole of this line can be worked through without relay or repetition in a satisfactory manner, as regards both its scientific and commercial results, and with remarkably low battery-power. The Gutta-Percha Company, which made the core of this cable, says that a suitably made and insulated telegraph-conductor, laid intact between Ireland and Newfoundland, can be worked efficiently, both in a commercial and scientific sense, and they are prepared to guaranty the efficient and satisfactory working of a line of the length of the Atlantic cable as manufactured by themselves, and submerged and maintained in that state.

It can be shown by the testimony and experience of those most eminent in the science and practice of oceanic telegraphy, that neither length of distance, within the limits with which the Atlantic Company has to deal, nor depth of water, is any insuperable impediment to efficient communication by such improved conductors of electricity as are now proposed to be laid down. All those who are best able to form a sound opinion, from long-continued experimental researches on this particular point, are willing to pledge their judgment, that, on such a length of line as that between Ireland and Newfoundland, and with such a cable and such improved instruments as are now at command, not less than twelve words per minute could be transmitted from shore to shore, and that this may be done with greatly diminished battery-power as compared with that formerly used.

I think I have shown by facts, and not theory merely, that the Atlantic cable can and will be successfully laid down and worked, thus supplying the long-needed link between the three hundred thousand miles of electric telegraph already in operation on the opposite shores of the Atlantic.

There are many of our people who are inclined to look coldly upon this enterprise, from a conviction that it would give Great Britain an undue advantage over us in case war should occur between the two countries, and I confess to having entertained the same views; but the case is so well put by Mr. Field, in his address before the American Geographical Society, as, in my judgment, to relieve every apprehension upon this point.

The relative geographical position of the two countries cannot be changed. It so happens, that the two points on the opposite sides of the Atlantic nearest to each other, and which are therefore the natural termini of an ocean-telegraph, are both in British territory. Of course, the Government which holds both ends can control the use of the telegraph, or stop it altogether. It has the power, and the only check upon the abuse of that power must be by a treaty, made beforehand. Shall we refuse to aid in constructing the line, for fear that England, in the exasperation of a war, would disregard any treaty stipulations in reference to its use? Then we throw away our only security. For, suppose a war to break out to-morrow, the first step of England would be to lay a cable herself, for her own sole and exclusive benefit. Then she would not only have the control, but would be unrestrained by any treaty-obligations binding her to respect the neutrality of the telegraph. We should then find this great medium of communication between the two hemispheres, which we might have made, if not an ally, at least a neutral, turned into a powerful antagonist.

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Would it not, therefore, be better that such a line of telegraph should be constructed by the joint efforts of both countries, and be guarded by treaty-stipulations, so that it might be placed, as far as possible, under the protection of the faith of nations, and of the honor of the civilized world?

Mr. Field says, that, in the negotiations on this subject, Great Britain has never shown the slightest wish to take advantage of its geographical position to exact special privileges, or a desire to appropriate any advantages which it was not willing to concede equally to the United States.

Should not the Atlantic telegraph, if laid down under the conditions proposed by the Company, instead of being a cause of apprehension, in case of war, be rather looked upon with favor, as tending to lessen the risk of war between the United States and all European countries, affording, as it would, facilities for the prompt interchange of notes between the Government of the United States and those of the various nations on the other side of the Atlantic, whenever any misunderstanding should unhappily arise?

Let us, then, throw aside all feeling of apprehension from this cause, and be prepared to hail, with the same enthusiasm we experienced in 1858 at the laying of the old, the completion of the new Atlantic cable.

THE CABALISTIC WORDS.

[Since the following poem was written, we have had from the President the pledge that the "cabalistic words" shall be uttered by him on the first of January, 1863, unless the rebellion is abandoned before that time. Thanks and honor to the President for the promise! But we shall not look for the magical operation of the words till they are uttered without reservation or qualification.]

HEAR, O Commander of the Faithful, hear
A legend trite to many a childish ear;
But scorn it not, nor let its teaching fail,
Although familiar as a nursery tale.

Cassim the Covetous, whose god was gold,
Once, by strange chance, found riches manifold
Hid in a rocky cavern, where a band
Of robbers who were ravaging the land
Kept their bright spoils. Cassim had learnt the spell
By which the dazzling heaps were guarded well.
Two cabalistic words he speaks, and, lo!
The door flies open: what a golden glow!
He enters, — speaks the words of power once more,
And swift upon him clangs the ponderous door.
Crœsus! what joy to eyes that know their worth!
Huge bags of gold and diamonds on the earth!
Here piles of ingots, there a glistening heap
Of coins that all their minted lustre keep.
Cassim is ravished at the wondrous sight,
And rubs his hands with ever new delight;

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Absorbed in gazing, lets the hours go by,
Nor can enough indulge his gloating eye.
He chooses what he can to bear away,
And then reluctant seeks the outer day.

The words, — what *are* they, — those that ope the door?
He falters, — loses all so plain before; —
Tries this word, — that, — in vain! — he cannot speak
The magic sentence; — he grows faint and weak, —
Spurns the base gold, cause of his wild despair; —
What if the thieves should come and find him there? —
Hark! they are coming! — yes, they come! — they shout
The precious words; — ah, now they end his doubt! —
Too late he hears; in vain he tries to fly;
Trembling he sinks upon his knees — to die!

Commander of the Faithful! dark the strait
Thy people stand in, in this hour of fate;
Thick walls of gloom and doubt have shut them in;
They grope beneath the ban of one great sin.
Yet there are two short words whose potent spell
Shall burst with thunder-crash these gates of hell,
Open a vista to celestial light,
Lead us to peace through the eternal Right.
Oh, speak those words, those saving words of power,
In this most pregnant, this supremest hour, —
Words writ in martyr blood, as all may see! —
Commander of the Faithful, say, BE FREE!

CONVERSATIONAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADERS OF SECESSION.

A MONOGRAPH.

THE causes of the present Rebellion, the personal history of its leaders, and the incidents immediately preceding the breaking out of the conspiracy, will ever remain objects of chief interest to the historian of the present period of the Republic. Influenced by a desire to obtain unimpeachable information upon these topics from unprejudiced sources, the writer of the following article, then a student at Yale College, availed himself of the vacation in December, 1860, and January, 1861, to visit the National capital, and while there to improve the reasonably ready access with which most public men are approached, whenever the object is either to give or to receive information, for the purpose of studying a period then promising to exceed in importance anything in the past history of the nation. It has been suggested to the writer, that certain interviews, such as younger men, when collegians, were then allowed with the frank Southern leaders, and which he has occasionally sketched in conversation, have had the seal of privacy removed by

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the tide of events, and should now be described for the public, as aiding to unmask, from unquestionable authority, the real causes and origin of the Rebellion, and contributing something, perhaps, to sustain public sentiment in the defence of the nation against a conspiracy which the statements of these Southern apologists themselves prove to have been conceived in the most reckless disregard of honor and law, and which, if successful, will give birth to a neighboring nation actuated by the same spirit.

The more important interviews alluded to were with the Honorable Robert Toombs, the Honorable R. M. T. Hunter, and the Honorable Jefferson Davis, at that time prominent members, as is well known, of the United States Senate, from the States respectively of Georgia, Virginia, and Mississippi. The communications of the Senators are proved to have been sincere by their subsequent speeches and by public events. The writer is by no means insensible to the breach of privilege, of which, under ordinary circumstances, notwithstanding the unfolding of events, he would be guilty, in detailing in print private conversations; but he believes that the public will sustain the propriety of the present revelations, now that the persons chiefly concerned have become enemies of the nation and of mankind.

Not, as he may possibly be accused, with the purpose of adding a syllable of unnecessary length to the narrative, but for the sake of vividness in presenting the idea of the *personnel* of the Southern leaders, soon to be known only as historical characters, and of scrupulous accuracy in representing their sentiments, to which, in this case, a notice of time, place, and manner seems as necessary as that of matter, the writer has taken not a little pains, through all the usual means, to remember, and will endeavor to state, the conversations, always with logical, and nearly always, he believes, with verbal accuracy, in order that the conclusions to be drawn from them by the reader may have the better support.

It is well known that public men in Washington, out of business hours, are visited without formal introduction or letters, especially upon their reception-days, and that the privilege of a single interview implies no distinction to the visitor. The urbanity and frankness with which proper approaches are met, especially by the Southern leaders, are also well known. Young men, with unprejudiced minds, upon whom public characters are always anxious to impress the stamp of their own principles, are perhaps received with quite as much frankness as others.

The first interview sought was with Mr. Toombs, the most daring and ingenuous, and perhaps the most gifted in eloquence of the Southern leaders, whose house, at that time, was a lofty building upon F Street, only two doors from the residence of Mr. Seward. A negro servant, who, with all the blackness of a native African, yet with thin lips and almost the regular features of a Caucasian, appeared to the writer to be possibly the descendant of one of the superior, princely African tribes, showed the way to an unoccupied parlor. The room was luxuriously furnished with evidences of wealth and taste: a magnificent pianoforte, several well-chosen paintings, and a marble bust of some public character standing upon a high pedestal of the same material in the corner, attracting particular attention, and a pleasant fire in the open grate making the December evening social. A step presently heard in the hall, elastic, buoyant, and vigorous, was altogether too characteristic of Mr. Toombs's portly, muscular, confident, and somewhat dashing figure, to be mistaken for any other than his own. Mr. Toombs appeared to be now about forty-five years of age, but carried in his whole mien the elastic vigor, and irresistible self-reliance, frankness, decision, and sociality of character, which mark his oratory and his public career. His good-evening, and inquiry concerning the college named on the card of the writer, were in a tone that at once placed his visitor at ease.

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"Your first visit to Washington, Mr. ——?"

"Yes, Sir. Like others, I have been attracted by the political crisis, and the purpose of studying it from unprejudiced sources."

"Crisis? Oh, *that 's past.*"

The writer will not soon forget the tone of perfect confidence and *nonchalance* with which this was uttered. The time was the last week of December, 1860.

"You are confident, then, Sir, that fifteen States will secede?"

"Secede? Certainly, — they *must* secede. You Northerners, — you are from a Northern college, I believe," — referring to the writer's card, — "you Northerners wish to make a new Constitution, or rather to give such an interpretation to the old one as to make it virtually a new document. How can society be kept together, if men will not keep their compacts? Our fathers provided, in adopting their Constitution, for the protection of their property. But here are four billions of the property of the South which you propose to outlaw from the common Territories. You say to us, by your elected President, by your House of Representatives, by your Senate, by your Supreme Court, in short, by every means through which one party can speak to another, that these four billions of property, representing the toil of the head and hand of the South for the last two hundred years, shall not be respected in the Territories as your property is respected there. And this property, too, is property which you tax and which you allow to be represented; but yet you will not protect it. How *can* we remain? We should be happy to remain, if you would treat us as equals; but you tax us, and will not protect us. We will resist. D—n it," — this and other striking expressions are precisely Mr. Toombs's language, — "we will meet you on the border with the bayonet. Society cannot be kept together, unless men will keep their compacts."

This was said without the intonation of fierceness or malignity, but with great decision and the vigor of high spirit.

It was taking, of course, with considerable emphasis, a side in a famous Constitutional question, familiar to all readers of American Congressional Debates, once supported by Mr. Calhoun, and rather strangely, too, with that philosophical leader, confusing the absurdly asserted State right of seceding at will with the undoubted right, when there exists no peaceful remedy, of seceding from intolerable oppression: an entire position which Mr. Webster especially, and subsequent statesmen, in arguments elucidating the nature and powers of the General Government, to say nothing of the respect due to a moral sentiment concerning slavery, which, permeating more than a majority of the people, has the force, when properly expressed, wherever the Constitution has jurisdiction, of supreme law, are thought by most men, once and forever, to have satisfactorily answered. It was a complaint, certainly, which the South had had ever since the Constitution was formed, and which could with no plausibility be brought forward as a justification of war, while there existed a Constitutional tribunal for adjusting difficulties of Constitutional interpretation. Yet, as it was almost universally asserted, of course, by the Northern partisan presses, and by Northern Congressmen, that the Rebellion was utterly causeless, and as the writer was therefore exceedingly anxious to obtain, concerning their grievances, the latest opinions of the Southern leaders, as stated by themselves, he ventured to propose, in a pause of Mr. Toombs's somewhat rapid rhetoric, a question which, at that moment, seemed of central importance to the candid philosophical inquirer into the moving forces of the times: —

"Are we, then, Sir, to consider Mr. Calhoun's old complaint — the non-recognition of slave-property under the Federal Constitution — as constituting now the *chief grievance* of the South?"

"Undoubtedly," was Mr. Toombs's instant reply, "*it all turns on that. What you tax you must protect.*"

This is the very strongest argument of

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the Southern side. But the alleged slave-property is protected, though only under municipal law, by the Constitution. To protect it elsewhere is against its whole spirit, and, in the present state of public sentiment, against its very letter. Originally, as is well known, it was not proposed to protect at all, *under the General Government*, property so monstrous, except as it became necessary as a compromise, in order to secure a union. But the provision of the Constitution that the slave-trade should be abolished, the absolute power given to Congress to make all laws for the Territories, the spirit of the preamble, the principles of the Declaration, indeed, the whole history of the origin and adoption of the fundamental law, prove that its principle and its expectation were, if not absolutely to place slavery in the States in process of extinction, at least never to recognize it except indirectly and remotely under municipal law, not even by admitting the word *slave* to its phraseology.

"Even in the Northern States themselves, to say nothing of the Territories, I am not safe with my property. I can travel through France or England and be safe; but if I happen to lose my servant up in *Vairmount*," — Mr. Toombs pronounced the word with a somewhat marked accent of derision, — "and undertake to recover him, I get jugged. Besides, your Northern statesmen are far from being honest. Here is Billy Seward, for instance," — with a gesture toward his neighbor's house, — "who says slavery is contrary to the Higher Law, and that he is bound as a Christian to obey the Higher Law; but yet he takes an oath to uphold the Constitution, which protects slavery. This inconsistency runs through most of the Northern platforms. How can we live with such men? They will not be true even to a compact which they themselves acknowledge."

"You would think, then, Wendell Phillips, for instance, more consistent in his political opinions than Mr. Seward?"

"Certainly. I can understand his position. 'Slavery,' he says, 'is wrong. The Constitution protects slavery; therefore I will have nothing to do with the Constitution, and cannot become a citizen.' This is logical and consistent. I can respect such a position as that."

Here Mr. Toombs — ejecting, as perhaps the writer ought not to relate, a competent mass of tobacco-saliva into the blazing coal — paused somewhat reflectively, perhaps unpleasantly revolving certain possible indirect influences of the position he had characterized.

"Upon which side, Sir, do you think there is usually the most misunderstanding, — on the part of the North concerning the South? or on the part of the South concerning the North?"

"Oh, by all odds," he replied, instantly, "we understand you best. We send fifty thousand travellers, more or less, North every summer to your watering-places. Hot down in Mobile," — his style taking somewhat unpleasantly the intonation as well as the negligence of the bar-room, — "can't live in Mobile in the summer. Then your papers circulate more among us than ours among you. Our daughters are educated at Northern boarding-schools, our sons at Northern colleges: both my colleague and myself were educated at Northern colleges. For these reasons, by all odds, we have a better opportunity for understanding you than you have for understanding us."

"In case of general secession and war," the writer ventured next to inquire, "would there probably, in your opinion, be danger of a slave insurrection?"

"None at all. Certainly far less than of 'Bread or Blood' riots at the North."

The writer was surprised to find, notwithstanding Mr. Toombs's eulogy of Southern opportunities, his understanding of the North so imperfect, and still more surprised at the political and social principles involved in the spirit of what followed.

"*Your* poor population can hold ward-meetings, and can vote. But *we* know better how to take care of ours. They are in the fields, and under the eye of their

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overseers. There can be little danger of an insurrection under our system."

The subject and the manner of the man, in spite of his better qualities, were becoming painful, and the writer ventured only one more remark.

"An ugly time, certainly, if war comes between North and South."

"Ugly time? *Oh, no!*"

The writer will never forget the tone of utter carelessness and *nonchalance* with which the last round-toned exclamation was uttered.

"Oh, no! War is nothing. Never more than a tenth part of the adult population of a country in the field. We have four million voters. Say a tenth of them, or four hundred thousand men, are in the field on both sides. A tenth of them would be killed or die of camp diseases. But *they* would die, *any way.* War is nothing."

The tone perfectly proved this belief, not badinage.

"Some property would be destroyed, towns injured, fences overturned, and the Devil raised generally; but then all that would have a good effect. Only yaller-covered-literature men and editors make a noise about war. Wars are to history what storms are to the atmosphere,—purifiers. We shall meet, as we ought, whoever invades our rights, with the bayonet. We are the gentlemen of this land, and gentlemen always make revolutions in history."

This was said in the tone of an injured, but haughty man, with perfect intellectual poise and earnestness, yet with a fervor of feeling that brought the speaker erect in his chair.

The significance of the last remarks, which the writer can make oath he has preserved *verbatim*, being somewhat calculated to draw on a debate, of course wholly unfitted to the time and place, the writer, apologizing for having taken so much time at a formal interview, and receiving, of course, a most courteous invitation to renew the call, found himself, after but twenty minutes' conversation, on the street, in the lonely December evening, with a mind full of reflections.

The utter recklessness concerning life and property with which the splendid intellect, under the lead of the ungovernable passions of this man, was plunging the nation into a civil war of which no one could foresee the end, was the thought uppermost. Certainly, the abstract manliness of asserting rights supposed to be infringed it was in itself impossible not to respect. But the man seemed to love war for its own sake, as pugnacious schoolboys love sham-fights, with a sort of glee in the smell of the smoke of battle. The judicial calmness of statesmanship had entirely disappeared in the violence of sectional passion. Perhaps he might be capable of ruining his country from pure love of turbulence and power, could he but find a pretext of force sufficient to blind first himself and then others. Yet Robert Toombs, in the Senate Chamber, takes little children in his arms, and is one of the kindest of the noblemen of Nature in the sphere of his unpolitical sympathies. The reader who is familiar with Mr. Toombs's speeches will need no assurance that he spoke frankly.*

* Ten days later, in the Senate, with a face full of the combined erubescence of revolutionary enthusiasm and unstatesmanlike anger, Mr. Toombs closed a speech to the Northern Senators in the following amazing words, (*Congressional Globe*, 1860–61, p. 271,) which justify, it will be seen, every syllable of the report of the conversation upon the same points: —

"You will not regard confederate obligations; you will not regard constitutional obligations; you will not regard your oaths. What am I to do? Am I a freeman? Is my State, a free State, to lie down and submit because political fossils raise the cry of 'The Glorious Union'? Too long already have we listened to this delusive song. We are freemen. We have rights: I have stated them. We have wrongs: I have recounted them. I have demonstrated that the party now coming into power has declared us outlaws, and is determined to exclude four thousand millions of our property from the common territories, — that it has declared us under the ban of the empire and out of the protection of the laws of the United States, everywhere.

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Sick at heart, as the future of the nation stood to his dim vision through the present, the writer found his way to his hotel. At this time the North was silent, apparently apathetic, unbelieving, almost criminally allowed to be undeceived by its presses and by public men who had means of information, while this volcano continued to prepare itself thus defiantly beneath the very feet of a President sworn to support the laws!

They have refused to protect us from invasion and insurrection by the Federal power, and the Constitution denies to us in the Union the right either to raise fleets or armies for our own defence. All these charges I have proven by the record, and I put them before the civilized world, and demand the judgment of to-day, of to-morrow, of distant ages, and of Heaven itself, upon these causes. I am content, whatever it be, to peril all in so noble, so holy a cause. We have appealed time and time again for these constitutional rights. You have refused them. We appeal again. Restore us these rights as we had them, as your court adjudges them to be, just as all our people have said they are, redress these flagrant wrongs, seen of all men, and it will restore fraternity and peace and unity to all of us. Refuse them, and what then? We shall then ask you to 'let us depart in peace.' Refuse that, and you present us war. We accept it; and inscribing upon our banners the glorious words, 'Liberty and Equality,' we will trust to the blood of the brave and the God of battles for security and tranquillity."

Sincere, but undoubtedly mistaken, Mr. Toombs! To this philippic, let the words of another Southern, but not sectional Senator, reply, and that from a golden age:—

"But if, unhappily, we should be involved in war, in civil war, between the two parts of this Confederacy, in which the effort upon the one side should be to restrain the introduction of slavery into the new territories, and upon the other side to force its introduction there, what a spectacle should we present to the astonishment of mankind, in an effort, not to propagate right, but—I must say it, though I trust it will be understood to be said with no design to excite feeling—a war to propagate wrong in the territories thus acquired from Mexico. It would be a war in which we should have no sympathies, no good wishes, in which all mankind would be against us; for, from the commencement of the Revolution down to the present time, we have constantly reproached our British ancestors for the introduction of slavery into this country."—HENRY CLAY, *Congressional Globe*, Part II., Vol. 22, p. 117.

The formal interview with the Honorable R. M. T. Hunter was sought in company with two other students of New-England colleges. We had hoped to meet Mr. Mason at the same apartments, but were disappointed. The great contrast of personal character between Mr. Hunter and Mr. Toombs made the concurrence of the former in the chief views presented by the latter the more significant. The careful habits of thought, the unostentatiousness, and the practical common sense for which the Virginian farmer is esteemed, and which had made his name a prominent one for President of a Central Confederacy, in case of the separate secession of the Border States, were curiously manifested both in his apartments and his manner. The chamber was apparently at a boarding-house, but very plainly furnished with red cotton serge curtains and common hair-cloth chairs and sofa. The Senator's manner of speech was slow, considerate,—indeed, sometimes approaching awkwardness in its plain, farmer-like simplicity. One of the first questions was the central one, concerning the chief grievance of the South, which had been presented to Mr. Toombs.

"Yes," was Mr. Hunter's reply, somewhat less promptly given, "it may be said to come chiefly from that,—the non-recognition of our property under the Constitution. We wish our property recognized, as we think the Constitution provides. We should like to remain with the North."

He spoke without a particle of expressed passion or ardor, though by no means incapable, when aroused, as those who have seen his plethoric countenance and figure can testify, of both.

"We are mutually helpful to each other. *We want to use your navy and your factories. You want our cotton. The North to manufacture, and the South to produce, would make the strongest nation.* But, if we separate, we shall try to do

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more in Virginia than we do now. We shall make mills on our streams."

His language was chiefly Saxon monosyllables.

"The climate is not as severe, the nights are not as long with us as with you. I think we can do well at manufacturing in Virginia. The Chesapeake Bay and our rivers should aid commerce. As for the slaves, I think there is little danger of any trouble. There may be some," he said, with a frankness that surprised us slightly, but in the same moderate, honest way, his hands clasped upon his breast, and the extended feet rubbing together slowly, "in the Cotton States, where they are very thick together; but I think that there is very little danger in Virginia. The way they take to rise in never shows much skill. The last time they rose in our State, I think the attempt was brought on by some sign in an eclipse of the moon."

Nearly all that passed of political interest is contained in the foregoing sentences, except one honest reply to a question concerning his opinion of the probability of the North's attempting coercion.

"If only three States go out, they may coerce," said Mr. Hunter; "but if fifteen go, I guess they won't try."

At the present period of the Rebellion, this indication of the anticipations of its leaders in engaging in it must be of interest.

It must be understood that the writer and his companions presented themselves simply as students, with no fixed exclusive predilections for either of the public parties in politics,—which, in the writer's case at least, was certainly a statement wholly true,—and that this evident freedom from political bias secured perhaps an unusual share of the confidence of the Southern Senators. It will be remembered, also, that in every conversation, however startling the revelation of criminal purpose or absurd motive, the manner of these Senators was always totally devoid of any approach to that vulgar intellectual levity which too often, in treating of public affairs, painfully characterizes the fifth-rate men whom the North sometimes chooses to make its representatives. The manner of the Southern leaders was to us a sufficient proof of their sincerity.

At the house of the Honorable Jefferson Davis, now in the world's gaze President of the then nascent Confederacy, the writer, in the intelligent and genial company of the graduate of Harvard and the student of Amherst before mentioned, called formally, on the evening of the New Year's reception-day. A representative from one of the Southwestern States was present, but we were soon admitted to the front of the open blazing grate of the reception-parlor. We had before seen Mr. Davis busy in the Senate.

The urbanity, the intellectual energy, and the intensely shrewd watchfulness and ambition, combined with a covertly expressed, but powerful native instinct for strategy and command, which have made Mr. Davis a public leader, were evident at the first glance. The Senator seemed compact of ambition, will, intellect, activity, and shrewdness. A high and broad, but square forehead; the aquiline nose; the square, fighting chin; the thin, compressed, but flexible lips; the almost haggardly sunken cheek; the piercing, not wholly uncovered eye; the dark, somewhat thinning hair; the clear, slightly browned, nervous complexion, all well given in the best current photographs, were united to a figure slightly bent in the shoulders, of more respiratory than digestive breadth, in outlines almost equally balancing ruggedness and grace, of compactness wrought by the pressure of perhaps few more than fifty summers, not above medium height, but composed throughout of silk and steel. A certain similarity between the decorations of the parlor and the character of the owner, perhaps more fanciful than real, at once attracted attention. Everything was simple, graceful, and rich, without being tropically luxuriant; the paintings appeared to be often of airy, winged, or white-robed

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figures, that suggested a reflective and not unimaginative mind in the one who had chosen them. This was the leader whom Mr. Calhoun's fervent political metaphysics and his own ambition for place and power had misled. His conversation was remarkable in manner for perfect unostentatiousness, clearness, and self-control, and in matter for breadth and minuteness of political information. In the whole conversation, he never uttered a broken or awkwardly constructed sentence, nor wavered, while stating facts, by a single intonation. This considerable intellectual energy, combined with courtesy, was his chief fascination. Yet, underneath all lay an atmosphere of covert haughtiness, and, at times, even of audacious remorselessness, which, under stimulative circumstances, were to be feared. Undoubtedly, passion and ambition were natively stronger in the countenance than reason, conscience, and general sympathy, — an observation best felt to be true when the face was compared in imagination with the faces of some of the world's chief benefactors; but culture, native urbanity, and a powerful reflective tendency had evidently so wrought, that, though conscience might be imperilled frequently by great adroitness in the casuistry of self-excuse, justice could not be consciously opposed for any length of time without powerful silent reaction. The quantity of being, however, though superior, was not of so high a measure as the quality, and the principal deficiencies, though perhaps almost the sole ones, were plainly moral. In his presence, no man could deny to him something of that dignity, of a kind superior to that of intellect and will, which must be possessed by every leader as a basis of confidence. But mournful severe truth would testify that there was yet, at times, palpably something of the treacherous serpent in the eye, and it could not readily be told where it would strike.

In reply to a reference to a somewhat celebrated speech by Senator Benjamin of Louisiana, which we had heard the day previous, he said that we might consider it, as a whole, a very fair statement both of the arguments and the purposes of the South. Perhaps a speech of more horrible doctrine, upheld by equal argumentative and rhetorical power, has never been heard in the American Senate. In reply, also, to the one central question concerning the chief grievance of the South, he gave in substance the same answer, uttered perhaps with more logical calmness, that had been given by Mr. Hunter and Mr. Toombs, that it was substantially covered by Mr. Calhoun's old complaint, the non-recognition of slave-property under the Federal Constitution. Of course we were as yet too well established in the belief that slavery in the United States is upheld by the Constitution only very remotely and indirectly, under local or municipal law, to desire, even by questions, to draw on any debate.

In reply to a question by the gentleman from Harvard, he spoke of a Central Confederacy as altogether improbable, and thought, if Georgia seceded, as the telegrams for the last fortnight had indicated she would, Maryland would be sure to go. "I think the commercial and political interests of Maryland," he remarked, in his calm and simple, but distinct and watchful manner, manifesting, too, at the same time, a natural command of dignified, antithetical sentences, "would be promoted, perhaps can be only preserved, by secession. Her territory extends on both sides of a great inland water communication, and is at the natural Atlantic outlet, by railway, of the Valley of the West. Baltimore in the Union is sure to be inferior to Philadelphia and New York: Baltimore out of the Union is sure to become a great commercial city. In every way, whether we regard her own people or their usefulness to other States, I think the interests of Maryland would be promoted by secession."

"But would not Maryland lose many more slaves, as the border member of a foreign confederacy, than she does now in the Union?"

The reply to this question we looked for with the greatest interest, since no

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foreign nation, such as the North would be, in case of the success of the attempted Confederacy, ever thinks of giving up fugitives, and since the policy of the South upon this point, in case she should succeed, would determine the possibility or impossibility of peace between the two portions of the Continent.

Mr. Davis's reply was in the following words, uttered in a tone of equal shrewdness, calmness, and decision: —

"I think, for all Maryland would lose in that way she would be more than repaid by reprisals. While we are one nation and you steal our property, we have little redress; *but when we become two nations, we shall say, Two can play at this game.*"

We breathed more freely after so frank an utterance. The great importance of this reply, coming from the even then proposed political chief of the Confederacy, as indicating the impossibility of peace, even in case of the recognition of the South, so long as it should continue, as it has begun, to make Slavery the chief corner-stone of the State, will be at once perceived.

"But," the writer ventured to inquire, "what will become of the Federal District, since its inhabitants have no 'State right of secession'?"

"Have you ever studied law?" he asked.

The gentleman from Amherst confessed our ignorance of any point covering the case.

"There is a rule in law," continued Mr. Davis, "that, when property is granted by one party to another for use for any specified purpose, and ceases to be used for that purpose, it reverts by law to the donor. Now the territory constituting at present the District of Columbia was granted, as you well know, by Maryland to the United States for use as the seat of the Federal capital. When it ceases to be used for that purpose, it, with all its public fixtures, will revert by law to Maryland. But," and his eye brightened to the hue of cold steel in a way the writer will never forget, as he uttered, in a tone perfectly self-poised, undaunted, and slightly defiant, the words, "*that is a point which may be settled by force rather than by reason.*"

This was January 1, 1861, only eleven days after South Carolina had passed her Act of Secession, and shows that even then, notwithstanding the professed desire of the South to depart in peace, the attack not only upon the national principles of union, but upon the national property as well, was projected. Mr. Davis, loaded with the benefits of his country, yet occupied a seat in the Senate Chamber, under the most solemn oath to uphold its Constitution, which, even if his grievances had been well founded, afforded Constitutional and peaceful remedies that he had never attempted to use. Presenting regards, very formal indeed, sick at heart, indignant, and anxious, we left the house of the traitor.

The historical conclusions to be drawn from the above slight sketches are important in several respects. Mr. Davis, Mr. Toombs, and Mr. Hunter are among the strongest leaders of the Rebellion. Representing the Northern, Southeastern, and Southwestern populations of the disaffected regions, their testimony had a wide application, and was perhaps as characteristic and pointed in these brief conversations, occurring just upon the eve of the bursting of the storm, as we should have heard in a hundred interviews. That they spoke frankly was not only evidenced to us by their entire manner, but, as it is not unimportant to repeat, has been proved by subsequent events. The conversations, therefore, indicate, —

1. That the grand, fundamental, legal ground for the Rebellion was a view of Constitutional rights by which property in human beings claimed equal protection under the General Government with the products of Free Labor, and to be admitted, therefore, at will, to all places under the jurisdiction of the Federal power, and not simply to be protected under local or municipal law, — rights which the South proposed to vindicate, constitutionally, by

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Secession, or, in other words, by the domination of State over National sovereignty: an entire view of the true intent of the Federal compacts and powers, which, in the great debates between Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun, to say nothing of elucidations by previous and subsequent jurists and statesmen, has been again and again abundantly demonstrated to be absurd.

2. That the immediate, comprehensive pretext for the Rebellion was the success of a legal majority having in its platform of principles the doctrine of the non-extension of involuntary human bondage in the territories over which the Constitution had given to the whole people absolute control, a doctrine which the mass of the Southern populations were educated to believe not only deadly to their local privileges, but distinctly unconstitutional.

3. That the leaders of the Rebellion frankly admitted, that, excepting this one point of Constitutional grievance, the interests of the populations which they represented would be better subserved in the Union than out of it.

4. That the leaders of the Rebellion appear not to have anticipated coercion; but yet, from the earliest days of Secession, contemplated the spoliation of the Southern National property, and particularly the seizure of the Federal capital.

5. That, even should the independence of the South be acknowledged, peace could not result so long as Slavery should continue: their avowed system of reprisals for the certain escape of slaves precluding all force in any but piratical international law.

6. That the spirit of the Rebellion is the haughty, grasping, and, except within its own circle, the remorseless spirit universally characteristic of oligarchies, before the success of whose principles upon this continent the liberties of the whites could be no safer than those of the blacks.

"We are the gentlemen of this land," said the Georgian senator, "and gentlemen always make revolutions in history." And just previously he had said, with haughty significance, "*Your* poor population can hold ward-meetings, and can vote. But *we* know better how to take care of ours. They are in the fields, and under the eye of their overseers."

In these two brief remarks, taken singly, or, especially, in juxtaposition, from so representative a source, and so characteristic of oligarchical opinions everywhere, appears condensed the suggestive political warning of these times, indeed of all times, and which a people regardful of civil and religious liberty can never be slow to heed.

Let the pride of race and the aristocratic tendencies which underlie the resistance of the South prevail, and we shall see a new America. The land of the fathers and of the present will become strange to us. In place of a thriving population, each member socially independent, self-respecting, contented, and industrious, contributing, therefore, to the general welfare, and preserving to posterity and to mankind a national future of inconceivable power and grandeur, we shall see a class of unemployed rich and unemployed poor, the former a handful, the latter a host, in perpetual feud. The asylum of nations, ungratefully rejecting the principles of equality, to which it has owed a career of prosperity unexampled in history, will find in arrested commerce, depressed credit, checked manufactures, an effeminate and selfish, however brilliant, governing class, and an impoverished and imbruted industrial population, the consequences of turning back upon its path of advance. The condition of the most unfortunate aristocracies of the Old World will become ours.

But the venerated principles partially promulgated in our golden age forbid such unhappy auspices. Undoubtedly gentlemen make revolutions in history; but since all may be Christians, may not all men be gentlemen? At least, have not all men, everywhere, the sacred and comprehensive right of equal freedom of endeavor to occupy their highest capacities? *Does not the Creator, who makes nothing in vain,*

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wherever He implants a power, imply a command to exercise that power according to the highest aspiration, and is not responsibility eternally exacted, wherever power and command coexist? By that fearful sanction, may not all men, everywhere, become the best they can become? What that may be, is not free, equal, and perpetual experiment, judged by conscience in the individual and by philanthropy in his brother, and not by arrogance or cupidity in his oppressor, to decide? To secure the wisdom and perpetuity of this experiment, are not governments instituted? Is not a monopoly of opportunity by any single class, by all historical and theoretical proof, not only unjust to the excluded, but crippling and suicidal to the State? Nay, is not the slightest infringement of regulated social and political justice, liberty, and humanity, in the person of black or of white, that makes the greatest potential development of the highest in human nature impossible or difficult, to be resisted, as a violation of the peace of the soul, endless treachery to mankind, an affront to Heaven? Would not the very soil of America, in which Liberty is said to inhere, cry out and rise against any but an affirmative answer to such questions?

A near future will decide.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

THE Twenty-Second of September, 1862, bids fair to become as remarkable a date in American history as the Fourth of July, 1776; for on that day the President of the United States, availing himself of the full powers of his position, declared this country free from that slave-holding oligarchy which had so long governed it in peace, and the influence of which was so potently felt for more than a year after it had broken up the Union, and made war upon the Federal Government. Be the event what it may, — and the incidents of the war have taught us not to be too sanguine as to the results of any given movement, — President Lincoln has placed the American nation in a proper attitude with respect to that institution the existence of which had so long been the scandal and the disgrace of a people claiming to be the freest on earth, but whose powers had been systematically used and abused for the maintenance and the extension of slave-labor.

It was our misfortune, and in some sense it was also our fault, that we were bound to uphold the worst system of slavery that ever was known among men; for we must judge of every wrong that is perpetrated by the circumstances that are connected with it, and our oppression of the African race was peculiarly offensive, inasmuch as it was a proceeding in flagrant violation of our constantly avowed principles, was continued in face of the opinions of the founders of the nation, was frankly upheld on the unmanly ground that the intellectual weakness of the slaves rendered it safe to oppress them, and was not excused by that general ignorance of right which has so often been brought forward in palliation of wrong, — as slavery had come under the ban of Christendom years before Americans could be found boldly bad enough to claim for it a divine origin, and to avow that it was a proper, and even the best, foundation for civil society. Our offence was of the rankest, and its peculiar character rendered us odious in the eyes of the nations, who would not admit the force of our plea as to the great difficulties that lay in the way of the removal of the evil, as they had seen it condemned by most communities, and abolished by some of their number.

The very circumstance upon which

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Americans have relied for the justification of their form of slavery, namely, that it was confined to one race, and that race widely separated from all other races by the existence of peculiar characteristics, has been regarded as an aggravation of their misconduct by all humane and disinterested persons. The Greek system of slavery, which was based on the idea that Greeks were noblemen of Heaven's own creating, and that they therefore were justified in treating all other men as inferiors, and making the same use of them as they made of horses; the Roman system, which was based on the will of society, and therefore made no exceptions on the score of color, but saw in all strangers only creatures of chase; the Mussulman system, brought out so strongly by the action of the States of Barbary, and which was colored by the character of the long quarrel between Mahometans and Christians, and under which Northern Africa was filled with myriads of slaves from Southern Europe, among whom were men of the highest intellect,—Cervantes, for example; — all these systems of servitude, and others that might be adduced, were respectable in comparison with our system, which proceeded upon the blasphemous assumption that God had created and set apart one race that should forever dwell in the house of bondage. If, in some respects, our system has been more humane than that of other peoples in other times, the fact is owing to that general improvement which has taken place the earth over during the present century. The world has gone forward, and even American slaveholders have been compelled to go with it, whether they would or not.

It was a distinctive feature of slavery, as here known, that it tended to debauch the mind of Christendom. So long as all men were liable to be enslaved, and even Shakspeare and Milton were in some danger of sharing the fate of Cervantes, — and the Barbary corsairs did actually carry off men from the British Islands in the times of Milton and Shakspeare,—there could not fail to grow up a general hostility to slavery, and the institution was booked for destruction. But when slavery came to be considered as the appropriate condition of one race, and the members of that race so highly qualified to engage in the production of cotton and sugar, tobacco and rice, the danger was, not only that slavery would once more come into favor, but that the African slave-trade would be replaced in the list of legitimate commercial pursuits, and become more extensive than it was in those days when it was defended by bishops and kings' sons in the British House of Lords. That this is not an unfounded opinion will be admitted by those who recollect that the London "Times," that representative of the average English mind, but recently published articles that could mean nothing less than a desire to revive the old system of slavery, with all that should be necessary to maintain it in force; that Mr. Carlyle is an advocate of the oppression of negroes; and that the French Government at one time seemed disposed to have resort to a course that must, if adopted, have converted Africa into a storehouse of slaves.

Our slaveholders were not blind to this altered state of the European mind, of which they availed themselves, and of which, in a certain sense, they had the best of all rights to avail themselves, for it was largely their own work. At the same time that England abolished slavery in her dominions, the chief Nullifiers, who were the fathers of the Secession Rebellion, assumed the position that negro slavery was good in itself, and that it was the duty of white men to uphold and to extend it. This was done by Governor McDuffie, of South Carolina, in 1834, and it was warmly approved by many Southern men, as well out of South Carolina as in that most fanatical of States, but generally condemned by the Democrats of that time, though now it is not uncommon to find men in the North who accept all that the old Nullifier put forward as a new truth eight-and-twenty years ago. Earnestly

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and zealously, and with no small amount of talent, the friends of slavery labored to impose their views upon the entire Southern mind, — and that not so much because they loved slavery for itself as because they knew, that, if the slaveholding interest could be placed in opposition to the Federal Union, that Union might be destroyed. They were fanatics in their attachment to slavery, but even their fanaticism was secondary to their hatred of that power which, as represented by Andrew Jackson, had trampled down Nullification, and compelled Carolina and Calhoun to retreat from cannon and the gallows. Mr. Rhett, then Mr. Barnwell Smith, said, in the debates in the Convention on the proposition to accept the Tariff Compromise of 1833, that he hated the star-spangled banner; and unquestionably he expressed the feelings of many of his contemporaries, who deemed submission prudent, but who were consoled by the reflection that slavery would afford them a far better means for breaking up the Union than it was possible to get through the existence of any tariff, no matter how protective it might be. All the great leaders of the first Secession school had passed away from the earth, when Rhett "still lived" to see the flag he hated pulled down before the fire that was poured upon Fort Sumter from Carolina's batteries worked by the hands of Carolinians. Calhoun, Hamilton, McDuffie, Hayne, Trumbull, Cooper, Harper, Preston, and others, men of the first intellectual rank in America, had departed; but Rhett survived to see what they had labored to effect, and what they would have effected, had they not encountered one of those iron spirits to whom is sometimes intrusted the government of nations, and who are of more value to nations than gold and fleets and armies. All that we have lately seen done, and more, would have been done thirty years since, had any other man than Andrew Jackson been at that time President of the United States. There was much cant in those days about "the one-man power," because President Jackson saw fit to make use of the Constitutional qualified veto-power to express his opposition to certain measures adopted by Congress; but the best exhibition of "the one-man power" that the country ever saw, then or before or since, was when the same magistrate crushed Nullification, maintained the Union, and secured the nation's peace for more than a quarter of a century. We never knew what a great man Jackson was, until the country was cursed by Buchanan's occupation of the same chair that Jackson had filled, — a chair that he was unworthy to dust, — and by his cowardice and treachery which made civil war inevitable. One man, at the close of 1860, could have done more than has yet been accomplished by the million of men who have been called to arms because no such man was then in the nation's service. The "one hour of Dundee" was not more wanting to the Stuarts than the one month of Jackson was wanting to us but two years ago.

The powerful teaching of the Nullifiers was successful. The South, which assumed to be the exclusive seat of American nationality, while the North was declared given up to sectionalism, with no other lights on its path than "blue lights," became the South so devoted to slavery that it could see nothing else in the country. Old Union men of 1832 became Secessionists, though Nullification, the milder thing of the two, had been too much for them to endure. They not only endured the more hideous evil, but they embraced it. Between 1832 and 1860 a change had been wrought such as twice that time could not have accomplished at any earlier period of human history. The old Southern ideas respecting slavery had disappeared, and that institution had become an object of idolatry, so that any criticisms to which it was subjected kindled the same sort of flame that is excited in a pious community when objects of devotion are assailed and destroyed by the hands of unbelievers. The astonishing material prosperity that accompanied the system of slave-labor had,

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no doubt, much to do with the regard that was bestowed upon the system itself. That was the time when Cotton became King, — at least, in the opinion of its worshippers. The Democratic party of the North passed from that position of radicalism to which the name of *Locofocoism* was given, to the position of supporters of the extremest Southern doctrines, so that for some years it appeared to exist for no other purpose than to do garrison-duty in the Free States, the cost of its maintenance being supplied by the Federal revenues. Abroad the same change began to be noted, the demand for cotton prevailing over the power of conscience. Everything worked as well for evil as it could work, and as if Satan himself had condescended to accept the post of stage-manager for the disturbers of America's peace.

To take advantage of the change that had been brought about was the purpose of the whole political population of the South. But though that section was united in its determination to support the supremacy of slavery, it was far from being united in its opinions as to the best mode of accomplishing its object. There were three parties in the South in the last days of the old Union. The first, and the largest, of these parties answered very nearly to the Southern portion of the Democratic party, and contained whatever of sense and force belonged to the South. It was made up of men who were firmly resolved upon one thing, namely, that they would ruin the Union, if they should forever lose the power to rule it; but they had the sagacity to see that the ends which they had in view could be more easily achieved in the Union than out of it. They were not disunionists *per se*, but were quite ready to become disunionists, if the Union was to be governed otherwise than in the direct and immediate interest of slavery. Slavery was the basis of their political system, and they knew that it could be better served by the American Union's continued existence than by the construction of a Southern Confederacy, provided the former should do all that slaveholders might require it to do.

The second Southern party, and the smallest of them all, was composed of the minions of the Nullifiers, and of their immediate followers, men whose especial object it was to destroy the Union, and who hated the subservient portion of the Northern people far more bitterly than they hated Republicans, or even Abolitionists. They would have preferred abolition and disunion to the triumph of slavery and the preservation of the Union. It was not that they loved slavery less, but that they hated the Union more. Even if the country should submit to the South, the leaders of this faction knew that they would not be the Southrons to whom should be intrusted the powers and the business of government. Few of them were of much account even in their own States, and generally they could have been set down as chiefs of the opposition to everything that was reasonable. A remarkable proof of the little hold which this class of men had on even the most mad of the Southern States, when at the height of their fury, was afforded by the refusal of South Carolina to elect Mr. Rhett Governor, her Legislature conferring that post on Mr. Pickens, a moderate man when compared with Mr. Rhett, and who, there is reason for believing, would have prevented a resort to Secession altogether, could he have done so without sacrificing what he held to be his honor.

The third Southern party consisted of men who desired the continuance of the Union, but who wished that some "concessions" should be made, or "compromises" effected, in order to satisfy men, one portion of whom were resolved upon having everything, while the other portion were resolute in their purpose to destroy everything that then existed of a national character. This third party was mostly composed of those timid men whose votes count for much at ordinary periods, but who in extraordinary times are worse than worthless, being in fact incumbrances on bolder men. They loved the

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Union, because they loved peace, and were opposed to violence of all kinds; but their Unionism was much like Bailie Macwheeble's conscience, which was described as never doing him any harm. What they would have done, had Government been able to send a strong force to their assistance at the beginning of the war, we cannot undertake to say; but they have done little to aid the Federal cause in the field, while their influence in the Federal councils has been more prejudicial to the country than the open exertions of the Secessionists to effect the nation's destruction.

Of these parties, the first had every reason to believe that it could soon regain possession of Congress, and that in 1864 it would be able to elect its candidate to the Presidency. Hence it had no wish to dissolve the Union; and if its leaders could have had their way, the Union would have been spared. But the second party, making up for its deficiency in numbers by the intensity of its zeal, and laboring untiringly, was too much for the moderates. Hate is a stronger feeling than love of any kind, stronger even than love of spoils; and the men who followed Rhett and Yancey, Pryor and Spratt, hated the Union with a perfect hatred. They got ahead of the men who followed Davis and Stephens, and the rest of those Southern chiefs who would have been content with the complete triumph of Southern principles in the Republic as it stood in 1860. As they broke up the Democratic party in order to render the election of the Republican candidate certain, so that they might found on his election the *cri de guerre* of a "sectional triumph" over the South, so they "coerced" the Southern people into the adoption of a war-policy. We have more than once heard Mr. Lincoln blamed for "precipitating matters" in April, 1861. He should have temporized, it has been said, and so have preserved peace; but when he called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, he made war unavoidable. The truth is, that Mr. Lincoln did not begin the war. It was begun by the South. His call for volunteers was the consequence of war being made on the nation, and not the cause of war being made either on the South or by the South. The enemy fired upon and took Fort Sumter before the first call for volunteers was issued; and that proceeding must be admitted to have been an act of war, unless we are prepared to admit that there is a right of Secession. And Fort Sumter was fired upon and taken through the influence of the violent party at the South, who were resolved that there should be war. They knew that it was beyond the power of the Federal Government to send supplies to the doomed fort, and that in a few days it would pass into the hands of the Confederates; and this they determined to prevent, because they knew also that the mere surrender of the garrison, when it had eaten its last rations, would not suffice to "fire the Northern heart." They carried their point, and hence it was that war was begun the middle of April, 1861. But for the triumph of the violent Southern party, the contest might have been postponed, and even a peace patched up for the time, and the inevitable struggle put off to a future day. As it was, Government had no choice, and was compelled to fight; and it would have been compelled to fight, had it been composed entirely of Quakers.

War being unavoidable, and it being clear that slavery was the cause of it as well as its occasion, and that it would be the main support of our enemy, it ought to have followed that our first blow should be directed against that institution. Nothing of the kind happened. Whatever Government may have thought on the subject, it did nothing to injure slavery. But for this forbearance, which now appears so astonishing, we are not disposed to blame the President. He acted as the representative of the country, which was not then prepared to act vigorously against the root of the evil that afflicted it. A moral blindness prevailed, which proved most injurious to

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the Union cause, and from the effect of which it may never recover. It was supposed that it was yet possible to "conciliate" the South, and that that section could be induced to "come back" into the Union, provided nothing should be done to hurt its feelings or injure its interests! Looking back to the summer of 1861, it is with difficulty that we can believe that men were then in possession of their senses, so inconsistent was their conduct. The Rebels were at least as sensitive on the subject of their military character as they were on that of slavery; and yet, while we could not be sufficiently servile on the latter subject, we acted most offensively on the former. We asserted, in every form and variety of language, our ability to "put them down"; and but for the circumstance that not the slightest atom of ability marked the management of our military affairs, we should have made our boasting good. Men who could not say enough to satisfy themselves on the point of the right of the chivalrous Southrons to create, breed, work, and sell slaves, were equally loud-mouthed in their expressed purpose to "put down" the said Southrons because they had rebelled, and rebelled only because they were slaveholders, and for the purpose of placing slavery beyond the reach of wordy assault in the country of which it should be the governing power. There has been much complaint that foreigners have not understood the nature of our quarrel, and that the general European hostility to the American national cause is owing to their ignorance of American affairs. How that may be we shall not stop to inquire; but it is beyond dispute that no European community has ever displayed a more glaring ignorance of the character of the contest here waged than was exhibited by most Americans in the early months of that contest, and down to a recent period. The war was treated by nearly the whole people as if slavery had no possible connection with it, and as if all mention of slavery in matters pertaining to the war were necessarily an impertinence, a foreign subject lugged into a domestic discussion. Three-fourths of the people were disposed querulously to ask why Abolitionists could n't let slavery alone in war-time. It was a bad thing, was Abolitionism, in time of peace; but its badness was vastly increased when we had war upon our hands. Half the other fourth of the citizens were disposed to agree with the majority, but very shame kept them silent. It was only the few who had a proper conception of the state of things, and they had little influence with the people, and, consequently, none with Government. Had they said much, or attempted to do anything, probably they would have found Federal arms directed against themselves with much more of force and effectiveness in their use than were manifested when they were directed against the Rebels. When a Union general could announce that he would make use of the Northern soldiers under his command to destroy slaves who should be so audacious as to rebel against Rebels, and the announcement was received with rapturous approval at the North, it was enough to convince every intelligent and reflecting man that no just idea of the struggle we were engaged in was common, and that a blind people were following blind leaders into the ditch,—even into that "last ditch" to which the Secessionists have so often been doomed, but in which they so obstinately continue to refuse to find their own and their cause's grave.

That Government was not much ahead of the people in 1861, and through most of the present year, respecting the position of slavery, is very evident to all who know what it did, and what it refused to do, with regard to that institution. With a hardiness that would have been strongly offensive, if it had not been singularly ridiculous, Mr. Seward told the astonished world of Europe that the fate of slavery did not depend upon the event of our contest,—which was as much as to say that we should not injure it, happen what might; and no one then supposed that the Confederates would willingly strike a blow at it, either to conciliate foreign na-

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tions or to obtain black soldiers. The words of the Secretary of State did us harm in England, with the religious portion of whose people it is something like an article of faith that slavery is an addition to the list of deadly sins. They injured us, too, with the members of the various schools of liberal politicians over all Europe; and they furnished to our enemies abroad the argument that there really was no difference between the North and the South on the slavery question, and that therefore the sympathies of all generous minds should be with the Southrons, who were the weaker party. Our cause was irreparably damaged in Europe through the indiscretion of the Honorable Secretary, who cannot be accused of any love for slavery, but who was then, as he appears to be up to the present hour, ignorant of the nature and the extent of the contest of which his country is the scene. Other members of the Administration had sounder ideas, but their weight in it was not equal to that of the Secretary of State.

It is but fair to the President to say, that his conduct was such that it was obvious that he did not favor slavery because he had any respect for it. He pulled so hard upon the chains that bound him, that his desire to throw them off was clear to the world; but they were too strong, and too well fastened, to be got rid of easily. He feared that all the Unionists of the Border States would be lost, if he should adopt the views of the Emancipationists; and the fear was natural, though in point of fact his course had no good effect in those States, beyond that of conciliating a portion of the Kentuckians. North Carolina, under the old system the most moderate of the Slave States, was as far gone in Secession as South Carolina, and furnished far more men to the Southern armies than her neighbor. The Virginians and Missourians who went with us would have pursued the same course, had the President's opinions on slavery been as radical and pronounced as those of Mr. Garrison. Maryland was kept from wheeling into the Secession line only by the presence on her soil, and in her vicinity, of strong Federal armies. In Tennessee, at a later period of the war, as in North Carolina, Federal power extended as far as Federal guns could throw Federal shot, though Tennessee had not been renowned for her extreme attachment to slavery. But the heavy weight on the Presidential mind came from the Free States, in which the Pro-Slavery party was so powerful, and the nature of the war was so little understood, that it was impossible for Government to strike an effective blow at the source of the enemy's strength. Before that could be done, it would be necessary that the Northern mind should be trained to justice in the school of adversity. The position of the President in 1861 was not unlike to that which the Prince of Orange held in 1687. Had William made his attempt on England in 1687, the end would have been failure as complete as that of Monmouth in 1685. It was necessary that the English mind should be educated up to the point of throwing aside some cherished doctrines, the maintenance of which stood in the way of England's safety, prosperity, and greatness. William allowed the fruit he sought to ripen, and in 1688 he was able to do with ease that which no human power could have done in 1687. So was it with Mr. Lincoln, and here. Had the Proclamation lately put forth been issued in 1861, either it would have fallen dead, or it would have met with such opposition in the North as would have rendered it impossible to prosecute the war with any hope of success. There would probably have been *pronunciamientos* from some of our armies, and the Union might have been shivered to pieces without the enemy's lifting their hands further against it. We do not say that such would have been the course of events, had the Proclamation then appeared, but it might have taken that turn; and the President had to allow for possibilities that perhaps it never occurred to private individuals to think of, — men who had no sense of responsibility either to the country, to the

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national cause, or to the tribunal of history. He would not move as he was advised to move by good men who had not taken into consideration all the circumstances of the case, and who could not feel as he was forced to feel because he was President of the United States. Probably, if he had been a private citizen, he would have been the foremost man of the Emancipation party; but the place he holds is so high that he must look over the whole land, and necessarily he sees much that others can never behold. He saw that one of two things would happen in a few months after the beginning of active warfare, toward the close of last winter: either the Rebels would be beaten in the field, in which event there would be reasonable hope of the Union's reconstruction, and the people could then take charge of slavery, and settle its future condition as to them should seem best, — or our armies would be beaten, and the people would be made to understand that slavery could no longer be allowed to exist for the support of an enemy who had announced from the beginning of their war-movement that their choice was fixed upon conquest, or, failing that, annihilation.

It was written that we should fail in the field. We sought to take Richmond, with an army of force that appeared to be adequate to the work. We were beaten; and after some months of severe warfare, the country had the supreme felicity of celebrating the eighty-sixth anniversary of its Independence by thanking Heaven that its principal army had escaped capture by falling back to the fever-laden banks of a river on which lay a naval force so strong as to prevent the further advance of the victorious Southrons. The exertions that were made to remove that army from a place that threatened its total destruction through pestilence led to another series of actions, in which we were again beaten, and the Secession armies found themselves hard by the very station which they had so long held after their victory at Bull Run. Had their numbers been half as large as we estimated them by way of accounting for our defeats, they could have marched into Washington, and the American Union would have been at an end, while the Southern Confederacy would have taken the place which the United States had possessed among the nations. Fortunately, the enemy were not strong enough to hazard everything upon one daring stroke. General Lee was as prudent, or as timid, after his victories over General Pope, as, according to some authorities, Hannibal was after winning "the field of blood" at Cannæ. What he did, however, was sufficient to show how serious was the danger that threatened us. If he could not take Washington, which stood for Rome, he might take Baltimore, which should be Capua. He entered Maryland, and his movements struck dismay into Pennsylvania. Harrisburg was marked for seizure, and the archives of the second State of the Union were sent to New York; and Philadelphia was considered so unsafe as to cause men to remove articles of value thence to her ancient rival's protection. That the enemy meant to invade the North cannot well be doubted; but the resistance they encountered, leading to their defeat at South Mountain and Antietam, forced them to retreat. Had they won at Antietam, not only would Washington have been cut off from land-communication with the North, but Pennsylvania would have been invaded, and the Southrons would have fattened on the produce of her rich fields. While these things were taking place in Virginia and Maryland, Fortune had proved equally unfavorable to us in the South and the Southwest. We had been defeated near Charleston, and most of our troops at Port Royal had been transferred to Virginia. Charleston and Mobile saw ships constantly entering their harbors, bringing supplies to the Secession forces. Wilmington and Savannah were less liable to attack than some Northern towns. An attack on Vicksburg had ended in Federal failure. By the aid of gunboats we had prevented the enemy from tak-

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ing Baton Rouge, and destroyed their iron-clad Arkansas; but our soldiers had to abandon that town, and leave it to be watched by ships, while they hastened to the defence of New Orleans, a city which they could not have held half an hour, had the protecting naval force been withdrawn. The Southwest was mostly abandoned by our troops, and the tide of war had rolled back to the banks of the Ohio. Nashville was looked upon as lost, Louisville was in great danger of being taken, and for some days there was a perfect panic throughout the country respecting the fate of Cincinnati, the prevailing opinion being that the enemy had as good a chance of getting possession of that town as we had of maintaining possession of it. There was hardly a quarter to which a Unionist could look without encountering something that filled his mind with vexation, disappointment, shame, and gloom. All that the most hopeful of loyal men could say was, that the enemy had been made to evacuate Maryland, and that they had not proceeded beyond threats against any Northern State: and that was a fine theme for congratulations, after seventeen months of warfare, in which the Rebels were to have been beaten and the Union restored!

Such was the state of affairs, when, six days after the Battle of Antietam, President Lincoln issued his Proclamation against slavery. Some persons were pleased to be much astonished when it appeared. They said they had been deceived. They were right. They were self-deceived. They had deceived themselves. The President had received their pledge of support, which they, with an egotism which is not uncommon with politicians, had construed into a pledge from him to support slavery at all hazards, under all circumstances, and against all comers. He had given no pledge either to them or to their opponents. Plainly as man could speak, he had said that his object was the nation's safety, either with slavery or without it, the fate of slavery being with him a secondary matter. If any construction was to be put upon his words to Mr. Greeley beyond their plainest possible meaning, it was that he preferred the destruction of slavery to its conservation, for it was known that he had been an anti-slavery man for years, and he had been made President by a party which was charged by its foes with being so fanatically opposed to slavery that it was ready to destroy the Constitution in order to gain a place from which it could hope to effect its extermination. But Mr. Lincoln meant neither more nor less than what he said, his sole object being the overthrow of the Rebels. He has done no more than any President would have been compelled to do who should have sought to do his duty. Mr. Douglas could have done no less, had he been chosen President, and had rebellion followed his election, as we believe would have been the fact. The Proclamation is not an "Abolition" state-paper. Not one line of it is of such matter as any Abolitionist would have penned, though all Abolitionists may be glad that it has appeared, because its promulgation is a step in the right direction,—a step sure to be taken, unless the first Federal efforts should also have been the last, because leading to the defeat of the Rebels, and the return of peace. The President nowhere says that he seeks the abolition of slavery. The blow he has dealt is directed against slavery in the dominions of the Confederacy. That Confederacy claims to be a nation, and some of our acts amount to a virtual recognition of the claim which it makes. Now, if we were at war with an old nation of which slavery was one of the institutions, it could not be said that we had not the right to offer freedom to its slaves. Objection might be made to the proclamation of an offer of the kind, but it would be based on expediency. England would not accept a plan that was formed half a century ago for the partition of the United States, and which had for its leading idea the proclamation of freedom to American slaves; but her refusal was owing to the circumstance that she was herself a great slaveholding power, and she had no thought of estab-

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lishing a precedent that might soon have been used with fatal effect against herself. She did not close her ears to the proposition because she had any doubt as to her right to avail herself of an offer of freedom to slaves, or because she supposed that to make such an offer would be to act immorally, but because it was inexpedient for her to proceed to extremities with us, due regard being had to her own interests. Had slavery been abolished in her dominions twenty years earlier, she would have acted against American slavery in 1812–15, and probably with entire success. President Lincoln does not purpose going so far as England could have gone with perfect propriety. She could have proclaimed freedom to American slaves without limitation. He has regard to the character of the war that exists, and so his Proclamation is not a threat, but a warning. In substance, he tells the Rebels, that, if they shall persist in their rebellion after a certain date, their slaves shall be made free, if it shall be in his power to liberate them. He gives them exactly one hundred days in which to make their election between submission and slavery and resistance and ruin; and these hundred days may become as noted in history as those Hundred Days which formed the second reign of Napoleon I., as well through the consequences of the action that shall mark their course as through the gravity of that action itself.

Objections have been made to the time of issuing the Proclamation. Why, it has been asked, spring it so suddenly upon the country? Why publish it just as the tide of war was turning in our favor? Why not wait, and see what the effect would be on the Southern mind of the victories won in Maryland? — We have no knowledge of the immediate reasons that moved the President to select the twenty-second of September for the date of his Proclamation; but we can see three reasons why that day was a good one for the deed which thereon was done. The President may have argued, (1,) that the American mind had been brought up to the point of emancipation under certain well-defined conditions, and that, if he should not avail himself of the state of opinion, the opportunity afforded him might pass away, never to return with equal force; (2,) that foreign nations might base acknowledgment of the Confederacy on the defeats experienced by our armies in the last days of August, on the danger of Washington, and on the advance of Rebel armies to the Ohio, and he was determined that they should, if admitting the Confederacy to national rank, place themselves in the position of supporters of slavery; and, (3,) that the successes won by our army in Maryland, considering the disgraceful business at Harper's Ferry, were not of that pronounced character which entitles us to assert any supremacy over the enemy as soldiers. Something like this would seem to be the process through which President Lincoln arrived at the sound conclusion that the hour had come to strike a heavy blow at the enemy, and that he was the man for the hour.

Thus much for the Proclamation itself, the appearance of which indicates the beginning of a new period in the Secession contest, and shows that the American people are capable of conquering their prejudices, provided their schooling shall be sufficiently severe and costly. But the Proclamation itself, and without any change in our military policy, cannot be expected to accomplish anything for the Federal cause. Its doctrines must be enforced, if there is to be any practical effect from the change of position taken by the country and the President. If the same want of capacity that has hitherto characterized the war on our part is to be exhibited hereafter, the Proclamation might as well have been levelled against the evils of intemperance as against the evils of slavery. Never, since war began, has there been such imbecility displayed in waging it as we have contrived to display in our attacks on the enemies of the Union. It used to be supposed that Austria was the slowest and the most stupid of military coun-

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tries; but America has got ahead of Austria in the art of doing nothing — or worse than nothing — with myriads of men and millions of money. We stand before the world a people to whom military success seems seldom possible, and, when possible, rarely useful. If we win a victory, we spend weeks in contemplating its beauties, and never think of improving it. Had one of our generals won the Battle of Jena, he would have rested for six weeks, and permitted the Prussian army to reorganize, instead of following it with that swiftness which alone can prevent brave men from speedily rallying after a lost battle. Had one of them won Waterloo, he would not have dreamed of entering France, but would have liberally given to Napoleon all the time that should have been necessary for his recovery from so terrible a defeat. They have nothing in them of the qualities even of old Blücher, who never was counted a first-class commander. Forbearance has never ceased to be a virtue with them. Whether their slackness is of native growth, or is the consequence of instructions from Government, it is plain that adherence to it can never lead to the conquest of the Southrons. There is now a particular reason why it should give way to something of a very different character. The Proclamation has changed the conditions of the contest, and to be defeated now, driven out of the field for good and all, would be a far more mortifying termination of the war than it could have been, if we had already failed utterly. We have committed the unpardonable sin against slavery, and to fail now would be to place ourselves in the same position that is held by the commander of a ship of war who nails his colors to the mast, and yet has to get them down in order to prevent his conqueror from annihilating him. The action of the Confederate Congress with reference to the Proclamation, so far as we have accounts of it, shows that the President's action has intensified the character of the conflict, and that the enemy are preparing to fight under the banner of the pirate, declaring that they will show no quarter, because they look upon the Proclamation as declaring that there shall be no quarter extended to them. The President of the United States, they say, has avowed it to be his purpose to inaugurate a servile war in their country, and they call fiercely for retaliation. They mean, by using the words "servile war," to convey the impression that there is to be a general slaying and ravishing throughout the South, on and after the first of next January, under the special patronage of the American President, who has ordered his soldiers and his sailors, his ships and his corps, to be employed in protecting black ravishers of white women and black murderers of white children. All they say is mere cant, and is intended for the European market, which they now supply as liberally with lies as once they did with cotton. Our foolish foes in England accept every falsehood that is sent them from Richmond, and hence the torrent of misrepresentation that flows from that city to London. Let it continue to flow. It can do us no harm, if our action shall be in correspondence with our cause and our means. If we succeed, falsehood cannot injure us; if we fail, we shall have something of more importance than libels to think of. We should bear in mind that our armies are not to succeed because the slaves shall rise, but that the slaves are to be freed as a consequence of the success of our armies. That our armies may succeed, there must be more energy displayed both by their commanders and by Government. The Proclamation must be enforced, or it will come to nought. There is nothing self-enforcing about it. Its mere publication will no more put an end to the Rebellion than President Lincoln's first proclamation, calling upon the Rebels to cease their evil-doings and disperse, could put an end to it. Its future value, like that of all papers that deal with the leading interests of mankind, must depend altogether upon the future action of the men from whom it emanates, and that of their constituents. It stands to-day where the

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Declaration of Independence stood for the five years that followed its promulgation, waiting for its place in human annals to be prepared for it by its supporters. Of what worth would the Declaration of Independence be now, had it not been for Trenton and Princeton, Saratoga and Yorktown? Of no worth at all; and its authors would be looked upon as a band of sentimental political babblers, who could enunciate truths which neither they nor their countrymen had the capacity to uphold and practically to demonstrate. But the Declaration of Independence is one of the most immortal of papers because it proved a grand success; and it was successful because the men who put it forth were fully competent to the grand work with the performance of which they were charged. It is for Mr. Lincoln himself to say whether the Proclamation of September 22, 1861, shall take rank with the Declaration of July 4, 1776, or with those evidences of flagrant failure that have become so common since 1789,—with the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, and Mexican Constitutions. That it is the people's duty to support the President is said by almost all men; but is it not equally the duty of the President to support the people? And have they not supported him,—supported him with men, with money, with the surrender of the enjoyment of some of their dearest rights, with their full confidence, with good wishes and better deeds, and with all the rest of the numerous moral and material means of waging war vigorously and triumphantly? And if they have done and are doing all this, who will be to blame, if the enemy shall accomplish their purpose?

The President and his immediate associates are placed so high by their talents and their positions that they must be supposed open to the love of fame, and to desire honorable mention in their country's annals, especially as they have to do with matters of such transcendent importance, greater even than those that absorbed the attention of Washington and Hamilton, of Jefferson and Madison, of Jackson and Livingston. It is for themselves to decide what shall be said of them hereafter, and through all future time,—whether they shall be blessed or banned, cursed or canonized. The judgment that shall be passed upon them and their work will be given according to the result, and from it there can be no appeal. The Portuguese have a well-known proverb, that "the way to hell is paved with good intentions"; but it is not the laborers on that broad and crowded highway who gain honorable immortality. The decisions of posterity are not made with reference to men's motives and intentions, but upon their deeds. With posterity, success is the proper proof of merit, when nothing necessary to its winning is denied to the players in the world's great games. Richmond is worshipped, and Richard detested, not because the former was good and great, and the latter wicked and weak, for Richard was the better and the abler man, but for the reason that the decision was in Richmond's favor on Bosworth Field. The only difference between Catiline and Cæsar, according to an eminent statesman and scholar, is this: Catiline was crushed by his foes, and Cæsar's foes were crushed by him. This may seem harsh, but we fear that it is only too true,—that it is in accordance with that irreversible law of the world which makes success the test of worth in the management of human affairs. If Mr. Lincoln and his confidential officers would have the highest American places in after-days as well as to-day, let them win those places by winning the nation's battle. They can have them on no other terms. That is one of the conditions of the part they accepted when they took upon themselves their present posts at the beginning of a period of civil convulsion. If they fail, they will be doomed to profound contempt. In the words of the foremost man of all this modern world, uttered at the very crisis of his own fortunes,—Napoleon I., in the summer of 1813,—"To be judged by the event is the inexorable law of history."

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HOW TO CHOOSE A RIFLE.

To the Editors of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

SOME thirty years ago, a gentleman who had just returned from Europe was trying to convey an idea of the size and magnificence of St. Peter's Church to a New-England country-clergyman, and was somewhat taken aback by the remark of the good man, that "the Pope must require a very powerful voice to fill such a building."

The anecdote has been brought to my mind by the unexpected position in which I am placed, as the recipient of such a multitude of letters, and from such widely separated portions of the country, elicited by my article on Rifle-Clubs in the "Atlantic" for September, that I find myself called upon to address an audience extending from Maine to Minnesota. Fortunately for me, however, the columns of the "Atlantic" afford facilities of communication not enjoyed by the Pope, and through that medium I crave permission to reply to inquiries which afford most gratifying proof of the wide-spread interest which is awakened in the subject.

Almost every letter contains the inquiry, "What is the new breech-loading rifle you allude to, and where is it to be had?" — but a large proportion of them also ask advice as to the selection of a rifle; and with such evidence of general interest in the inquiry, I have thought I could not do better than to frame my reply specially to this point.

The rifle above alluded to is not yet in the market, and probably will not be for some time to come. Only three or four samples have been manufactured, and after being subjected to every possible test short of actual service in the hands of troops, it has proved so entirely satisfactory that preparations are now making for its extensive production. Thus far it is known as the Ashcroft rifle, from the name of the proprietor, Mr. E. H. Ashcroft of Boston, the persevering energy of whose efforts to secure its introduction will probably never be appreciated as it deserves, except perhaps by those who have gone through the trial of bringing out an idea involving in its conception a great public benefit.

Lieutenant Busk, in his "Hand-Book for Hythe," says, "I cannot imagine a much more helpless or hopeless position than that of an individual who, having determined to expend his ten or twenty guineas in the purchase of a rifle, and, guided only by the light of Nature, applies to a respectable gun-maker to supply his want. I never hear of an inexperienced buyer in search of a rifle without being reminded of the purchaser of a telescope, who, on asking the optician, among a multitude of other questions, whether he would be able to discern an object through it four miles off, received for reply, 'See an object *four* miles off, Sir? You can see an object four-and-twenty thousand miles off, Sir,—you can see the moon, Sir!' In like manner, if you naïvely inquire of a gun-maker whether a particular rifle will carry two hundred yards, the chances are he will exclaim, emphatically, 'Two hundred yards, Sir? It will carry fifteen hundred.' And so no doubt it may. The only question is, How?"

The questions which have been addressed to me for a few weeks past have given me a keen appreciation of the difficulties alluded to, in which multitudes are at this moment plunged, to whom I shall be but too happy if it is in my power to extend a helping hand.

At the outset, however, it is but fair to declare my conviction that no man who has any just appreciation of the subject would attempt to *choose* a gun for another, any more than he would a horse, or, I had almost said, a wife; but he may lay down certain general rules which each

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individual must apply for himself, exercising his own taste in the details. Thus, I have elsewhere declared my own predilection for Colt's rifle; and I hold to it notwithstanding a strong prejudice against it which very generally exists. I do not mean to assert that it is a better shooter than many others, and still less would I urge any one else to procure one because I like it, but I simply say that its performance is equal to my requirements, and that the whole construction and getting-up of the gun suit my fancy; and the fact that another man dislikes it is no reason why I should discard it.

I have known men who were continually changing their guns, and seemed satisfied only with novelties. With such a taste I have no sympathy, but, on the contrary, my feeling of attachment to a trusty weapon strengthens with my familiarity with its merits, till it becomes so near akin to affection that I should find it hard to part with one which had served me well, and was associated in my mind with adventures whose interest was derived from its successful performance.

The first piece of advice I would offer to a novice in search of a gun is, "Don't be in a hurry."

The demand is such that a buyer is constantly urged to close a bargain by the assurance that it may be his last chance to secure such a weapon as the one he is examining, — and great numbers of mere toys have thus been forced upon purchasers, who, if they ever practise enough to acquire a taste for shooting, will send them to the auction-room, and make another effort to procure a gun suited to their wants. Several new patterns of guns have been produced within the last year, some of which are very attractive in their appearance, and to an inexperienced person seem to possess sufficient power for any service they may ever be called upon to perform. They are well finished, compact, light, and pretty. A Government Inspector, indeed, would be apt to make discoveries of "malleable iron," which would cause their instant rejection, but which in reality constitutes no ground of objection to guns whose parts are not required to be interchangeable. They might be described as "well adapted for ladies' use, or for boys learning to shoot"; but it gave me a sickening sense of the inexperience of many a noble-hearted youth who may have entered the service from the purest motives of patriotism, when a dealer, who was exhibiting one of these parlor-weapons, with a calibre no larger than a good-sized pea, informed me that he had sold a great many to young officers, being so light that they could be carried slung upon the back almost as easily as a pistol. It is with no such kid-glove tools as these that so many of our officers have been picked off by Southern sharp-shooters. At a long range they are useless; at close quarters, which is the only situation in which an officer actually needs fire-arms, a revolver is far preferable. I know of no rifle so well adapted to an officer's use as Colt's carbine, — of eighteen or twenty-one inch barrel, and not less than $\frac{44}{100}$ of an inch calibre. It may be depended upon for six hundred yards, the short barrel renders its manipulation easy in a close fight, and the value of the repeating principle at such a time can be estimated only by that of life.

In a perfectly calm atmosphere, the light guns I have alluded to will shoot very well for one or two hundred yards; but no one can conceive, till he proves it by actual trial, what an amazing difference in precision is the result of even a very slight increase of weight of ball, when the air is in motion. Even in a dead calm no satisfactory shooting can be done beyond two hundred yards with a lighter ball than half an ounce, and any one who becomes interested in rifle-practice will soon grow impatient of being confined to short ranges and calm weather. This brings us, then, to the question of calibre, which I conceive to be the first one to be decided in selecting a gun, and the decision rests upon the uses to which the gun is to be applied. If it is wanted merely for military service, nothing bet-

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ter than the Enfield can be procured; but if the purchaser proposes to study the niceties of practice, and to enter into it with a keen zest, he will need a very different style of gun. A calibre large enough for a round ball of fifty to the pound, or an elongated shot of about half an ounce, is sufficient for six hundred yards; and a gun of that calibre, with a thirty-inch barrel, and a weight of about ten pounds, is better suited to the general wants of purchasers than any other size. In this part of the country it is by no means easy to find a place where shooting can be safely practised even at so long a range as five hundred yards, — which is sixty yards more than a quarter of a mile. It is always necessary to have an attendant at the target to point out the shots, and even then the shooter needs a telescope to distinguish them. For ordinary purposes, therefore, the calibre I have indicated is all-sufficient; but if a gun is wanted for shooting up to one thousand yards, the shot should be a full ounce weight. These are points which each man must determine for himself, and, having done so, let him go to any gun-maker of established reputation, and, before giving his order, let him study and compare the different forms of stocks, till he finds what is required for his peculiar physical conformation,—and giving directions accordingly, he will probably secure a weapon whose merits he will not fully appreciate till he has attained a degree of skill which is the result only of long-continued practice.

But never buy a gun, and least of all a rifle, without trying it; and do not be satisfied with a trial in a shop or shooting-gallery, but take it into the field; and if you distrust yourself, get some one in whom you have confidence to try it for you. Choose a perfectly calm day. Have a rest prepared on which not only the gun may be laid, but a support may also be had for the elbows, the shooter being seated. By this means, and with the aid of globe- and peek-sights, (which should always be used in trying a gun,) it may as certainly be held in the same position at every shot as if it were clamped in a machine. For your target take a sheet of cartridge-paper and draw on it a circle of a foot, and, inside of that, another of four inches in diameter. Paint the space between the rings black, and you will then have a black ring four inches wide surrounding a white four-inch bull's-eye, against which your globe-sight will be much more distinctly seen than if it were black. Place the target so that when shooting you may have the sun on your back. On a very bright day, brown paper is better for a target than white. Begin shooting at one hundred yards and fire ten shots, with an exact aim at the bull's-eye, wiping out the gun after each shot. Do not look to see where you hit, till you have fired your string of ten shots; for, if you do, you will be tempted to alter your aim and make allowance for the variation, whereas your object now is not to hit the bull's-eye, but to prove the shooting of the gun; and if you find, when you get through, that all the shots are close together, you may be sure the gun shoots well, though they may be at considerable distance from the bull's-eye. That would only prove that the line of sight was not coincident with the line of fire, which can be easily rectified by moving the forward sight to the right or left, according as the variation was on the one side or the other. Having fired your string of ten shots, take a pair of dividers, and, with a radius equal to half the distance between the two hits most distant from each other, describe a circle cutting through the centre of each of those hits. From the centre of this circle measure the distance to each of the hits, add these distances together and divide the sum by ten, and you have the average variation, which ought not to be over two inches at the utmost, and if the gun is what it ought to be, and fired by a good marksman, would probably be much less. This is a sufficient test of the precision for that distance, and the same method may be adopted for longer ranges. But if the gun shoots well at one hundred yards, its capacity for a longer range may be

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proved by its penetrating power. Provide a number of pieces of seasoned white-pine board, one inch thick and say two feet long by sixteen inches wide. These are to be secured parallel to each other and one inch apart by strips nailed firmly to their sides, and must be so placed that when shot at the balls may strike fairly at a right angle to their face. Try a number of shots at the distance of one hundred yards, and note carefully how many boards are penetrated at each shot. The elongated shots are sometimes turned in passing through a board so as to strike the next one sideways, which of course increases the resistance very greatly, and such shots should not be counted; but if you find generally that the penetration of those which strike fairly is not over six inches, you may rest assured the gun cannot be relied on, except in a dead calm, for more than two hundred yards, and with anything of a breeze you will make no good shooting even at that distance. Nine inches of penetration is equal to six hundred yards, and twelve inches is good for a thousand.

A striking proof of the prevailing ignorance of scientific principles in rifle-shooting is afforded by the fact that it is still a very common practice to vary the charge of powder according to the distance to be shot. The fact is, that beyond a certain point any increase of the initial velocity of the ball is unfavorable both to range and precision, owing to the ascertained law that the ratio of increase of atmospheric resistance is four times that of the velocity, so that, after the point is reached at which they balance each other, any additional propulsive power is injurious. The proper charge of powder for any rifle is about one-seventh the weight of the ball, and the only means which should ever be adopted for increasing the range is the elevating sight.

In conclusion, I would impress upon the young rifleman the importance of always keeping his weapon in perfect order. If you have never looked through the barrel of a rifle, you can have no conception what a beautifully finished instrument it is; and when you learn that the accuracy of its shooting may be affected by a variation of the thousandth part of an inch on its interior surface, you may appreciate the necessity of guarding against the intrusion of even a speck of rust. Never suffer your rifle to be laid aside after use till it has been thoroughly cleaned, — the barrel wiped first with a wet rag, (cotton-flannel is best,) then rubbed dry, then well oiled, and then again wiped with a dry rag. In England this work may be left to a servant, but with us the servants are so rare to whom such work can be intrusted that the only safe course is to see to it yourself; and if you have a true sportsman's love for a gun, you will not find the duty a disagreeable one.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

In so many arid forms which States incrust themselves with, once in a century, if so often, a poetic act and record occur. These are the jets of thought into affairs, when, roused by danger or inspired by genius, the political leaders of the day break the else insurmountable routine of class and local legislation, and take a step forward in the direction of catholic and universal interests. Every step in the history of political liberty is a sally of the human mind into the untried future, and has the interest of genius, and is fruitful in heroic anecdotes. Liberty is a slow fruit. It comes, like religion, for short periods, and in rare

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conditions, as if awaiting a culture of the race which shall make it organic and permanent. Such moments of expansion in modern history were the Confession of Augsburg, the plantation of America, the English Commonwealth of 1648, the Declaration of American Independence in 1776, the British emancipation of slaves in the West Indies, the passage of the Reform Bill, the repeal of the Corn-Laws, the Magnetic Ocean-Telegraph, though yet imperfect, the passage of the Homestead Bill in the last Congress, and now, eminently, President Lincoln's Proclamation on the twenty-second of September. These are acts of great scope, working on a long future, and on permanent interests, and honoring alike those who initiate and those who receive them. These measures provoke no noisy joy, but are received into a sympathy so deep as to apprise us that mankind are greater and better than we know. At such times it appears as if a new public were created to greet the new event. It is as when an orator, having ended the compliments and pleasantries with which he conciliated attention, and having run over the superficial fitness and commodities of the measure he urges, suddenly, lending himself to some happy inspiration, announces with vibrating voice the grand human principles involved, — the bravoes and wits who greeted him loudly thus far are surprised and overawed: a new audience is found in the heart of the assembly, — an audience hitherto passive and unconcerned, now at last so searched and kindled that they come forward, every one a representative of mankind, standing for all nationalities.

The extreme moderation with which the President advanced to his design, — his long-avowed expectant policy, as if he chose to be strictly the executive of the best public sentiment of the country, waiting only till it should be unmistakably pronounced, — so fair a mind that none ever listened so patiently to such extreme varieties of opinion, — so reticent that his decision has taken all parties by surprise, whilst yet it is the just sequel of his prior acts, — the firm tone in which he announces it, without inflation or surplusage, — all these have bespoken such favor to the act, that, great as the popularity of the President has been, we are beginning to think that we have underestimated the capacity and virtue which the Divine Providence has made an instrument of benefit so vast. He has been permitted to do more for America than any other American man. He is well entitled to the most indulgent construction. Forget all that we thought shortcomings, every mistake, every delay. In the extreme embarrassments of his part, call these endurance, wisdom, magnanimity, illuminated, as they now are, by this dazzling success.

When we consider the immense opposition that has been neutralized or converted by the progress of the war, (for it is not long since the President anticipated the resignation of a large number of officers in the army, and the secession of three States, on the promulgation of this policy,) — when we see how the great stake which foreign nations hold in our affairs has recently brought every European power as a client into this court, and it became every day more apparent what gigantic and what remote interests were to be affected by the decision of the President, — one can hardly say the deliberation was too long. Against all timorous counsels he had the courage to seize the moment; and such was his position, and such the felicity attending the action, that he has replaced Government in the good graces of mankind. "Better is virtue in the sovereign than plenty in the season," say the Chinese. 'T is wonderful what power is, and how ill it is used, and how its ill use makes life mean, and the sunshine dark. Life in America had lost much of its attraction in the later years. The virtues of a good magistrate undo a world of mischief, and, because Nature works with rectitude, seem vastly more potent than the acts of bad governors, which are ever tempered by the good-nature in the people, and the incessant resistance which fraud and violence encoun-

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ter. The acts of good governors work at a geometrical ratio, as one midsummer day seems to repair the damage of a year of war.

A day which most of us dared not hope to see, an event worth the dreadful war, worth its costs and uncertainties, seems now to be close before us. October, November, December will have passed over beating hearts and plotting brains: then the hour will strike, and all men of African descent who have faculty enough to find their way to our lines are assured of the protection of American law.

It is by no means necessary that this measure should be suddenly marked by any signal results on the negroes or on the Rebel masters. The force of the act is that it commits the country to this justice, — that it compels the innumerable officers, civil, military, naval, of the Republic to range themselves on the line of this equity. It draws the fashion to this side. It is not a measure that admits of being taken back. Done, it cannot be undone by a new Administration. For slavery overpowers the disgust of the moral sentiment only through immemorial usage. It cannot be introduced as an improvement of the nineteenth century. This act makes that the lives of our heroes have not been sacrificed in vain. It makes a victory of our defeats. Our hurts are healed; the health of the nation is repaired. With a victory like this, we can stand many disasters. It does not promise the redemption of the black race: that lies not with us: but it relieves it of our opposition. The President by this act has paroled all the slaves in America; they will no more fight against us; and it relieves our race once for all of its crime and false position. The first condition of success is secured in putting ourselves right. We have recovered ourselves from our false position, and planted ourselves on a law of Nature.

> "If that fail,
> The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble."

The Government has assured itself of the best constituency in the world: every spark of intellect, every virtuous feeling, every religious heart, every man of honor, every poet, every philosopher, the generosity of the cities, the health of the country, the strong arms of the mechanics, the endurance of farmers, the passionate conscience of women, the sympathy of distant nations, — all rally to its support.

Of course, we are assuming the firmness of the policy thus declared. It must not be a paper proclamation. We confide that Mr. Lincoln is in earnest, and, as he has been slow in making up his mind, has resisted the importunacy of parties and of events to the latest moment, he will be as absolute in his adhesion. Not only will he repeat and follow up his stroke, but the nation will add its irresistible strength. If the ruler has duties, so has the citizen. In times like these, when the nation is imperilled, what man can, without shame, receive good news from day to day, without giving good news of himself? What right has any one to read in the journals tidings of victories, if he has not bought them by his own valor, treasure, personal sacrifice, or by service as good in his own department? With this blot removed from our national honor, this heavy load lifted off the national heart, we shall not fear henceforward to show our faces among mankind. We shall cease to be hypocrites and pretenders, but what we have styled our free institutions will be such.

In the light of this event the public distress begins to be removed. What if the brokers' quotations show our stocks discredited, and the gold dollar costs one hundred and twenty-seven cents? These tables are fallacious. Every acre in the Free States gained substantial value on the twenty-second of September. The cause of disunion and war has been reached, and begun to be removed. Every man's house-lot and garden are relieved of the malaria which the purest winds and the strongest sunshine could not penetrate and purge. The territory of the Union shines to-day with a lustre which every European emigrant can discern

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from far: a sign of inmost security and permanence. Is it feared that taxes will check immigration? That depends on what the taxes are spent for. If they go to fill up this yawning Dismal Swamp, which engulfed armies and populations, and created plague, and neutralized hitherto all the vast capabilities of this continent, — then this taxation, which makes the land wholesome and habitable, and will draw all men unto it, is the best investment in which property-holder ever lodged his earnings.

Whilst we have pointed out the opportuneness of the Proclamation, it remains to be said that the President had no choice. He might look wistfully for what variety of courses lay open to him: every line but one was closed up with fire. This one, too, bristled with danger, but through it was the sole safety. The measure he has adopted was imperative. It is wonderful to see the unseasonable senility of what is called the Peace party, through all its masks, blinding their eyes to the main feature of the war, namely, its inevitableness. The war existed long before the cannonade of Sumter, and could not be postponed. It might have begun otherwise or elsewhere, but war was in the minds and bones of the combatants, it was written on the iron leaf, and you might as easily dodge gravitation. If we had consented to a peaceable secession of the Rebels, the divided sentiment of the Border States made peaceable secession impossible, the insatiable temper of the South made it impossible, and the slaves on the border, wherever the border might be, were an incessant fuel to rekindle the fire. Give the Confederacy New Orleans, Charleston, and Richmond, and they would have demanded St. Louis and Baltimore. Give them these, and they would have insisted on Washington. Give them Washington, and they would have assumed the army and navy, and, through these, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. It looks as if the battle-field would have been at least as large in that event as it is now. The war was formidable, but could not be avoided. The war was and is an immense mischief, but brought with it the immense benefit of drawing a line, and rallying the Free States to fix it impassably, — preventing the whole force of Southern connection and influence throughout the North from distracting every city with endless confusion, detaching that force and reducing it to handfuls, and, in the progress of hostilities, disinfecting us of our habitual proclivity, through the affection of trade, and the traditions of the Democratic party, to follow Southern leading.

These necessities which have dictated the conduct of the Federal Government are overlooked, especially by our foreign critics. The popular statement of the opponents of the war abroad is the impossibility of our success. "If you could add," say they, "to your strength the whole army of England, of France, and of Austria, you could not coerce eight millions of people to come under this Government against their will." This is an odd thing for an Englishman, a Frenchman, or an Austrian to say, who remembers the Europe of the last seventy years, — the condition of Italy, until 1859, — of Poland, since 1793, — of France, of French Algiers, — of British Ireland, and British India. But, granting the truth, rightly read, of the historical aphorism, that "the people always conquer," it is to be noted, that, in the Southern States, the tenure of land, and the local laws, with slavery, give the social system not a democratic, but an aristocratic complexion; and those States have shown every year a more hostile and aggressive temper, until the instinct of self-preservation forced us into the war. And the aim of the war on our part is indicated by the aim of the President's Proclamation, namely, to break up the false combination of Southern society, to destroy the piratic feature in it which makes it our enemy only as it is the enemy of the human race, and so allow its reconstruction on a just and healthful basis. Then new affinities will act, the old repulsions will cease, and,

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the cause of war being removed, Nature and trade may be trusted to establish a lasting peace.

We think we cannot overstate the wisdom and benefit of this act of the Government. The malignant cry of the Secession press within the Free States, and the recent action of the Confederate Congress, are decisive as to its efficiency and correctness of aim. Not less so is the silent joy which has greeted it in all generous hearts, and the new hope it has breathed into the world.

It was well to delay the steamers at the wharves, until this edict could be put on board. It will be an insurance to the ship as it goes plunging through the sea with glad tidings to all people. Happy are the young who find the pestilence cleansed out of the earth, leaving open to them an honest career. Happy the old, who see Nature purified before they depart. Do not let the dying die: hold them back to this world, until you have charged their ear and heart with this message to other spiritual societies, announcing the melioration of our planet.

"Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And Peace proclaims olives of endless age."

Meantime that ill-fated, much-injured race which the Proclamation respects will lose somewhat of the dejection sculptured for ages in their bronzed countenance, uttered in the wailing of their plaintive music, — a race naturally benevolent, joyous, docile, industrious, and whose very miseries sprang from their great talent for usefulness, which, in a more moral age, will not only defend their independence, but will give them a rank among nations.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four Volumes. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

ALTHOUGH History flows in a channel never quite literally dry, and for certain purposes a continuous chronicle of its current is desirable, it is only in rare reaches, wherein it meets formidable obstacles to progress, that it becomes grand and impressive; and even in such cases the interest deepens immeasurably, when some master-spirit arises to direct its energies. The period of Frederick the Great was not one of these remarkable passages. It was marked, however, with the signs that precede such. Europe lay weltering and tossing in seemingly aimless agitation, yet in real birth-throes; and the issue was momentous and memorable, namely: The People. From the hour in which they emerged from the darkness of the French Revolution, they have so absorbed attention that men have had little opportunity to look into the causes which forced them to the front, and made wiser leadership thenceforth indispensable to peaceful rule. The field, too, was repulsive with the appearance of nearly a waste place, save only that Frederick the Second won the surname of "Great" by his action thereon. And it may be justly averred that only to reveal his life, and perhaps that of one other, was it worthy of resuscitation. To do this was an appalling labor, for the skeleton thereof was scattered through the crypts of many kingdoms; yet, by the commanding genius of Mr. Carlyle, bone hath not only come to his bone, but they have been clothed with flesh and blood, so that the captains of the age, and, moreover, the masses, as they appeared in their blind tusslings, are restored to sight with the freshness and fulness of Nature. Although this historical review is strictly illustrative, it is altogether incomparable for vividness

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and originality of presentation. The treatment of official personages is startlingly new. All ceremony toward them gives place to a fearful familiarity, as of one who not only sees through and through them, but oversees. Grave Emptiness and strutting Vanity, found in high places, are mocked with immortal mimicry. Indeed, those of the "wind-bag" species generally, wherever they appear in important affairs, are so admirably exposed, that we see how they inevitably lead States to disaster and leave them ruins, while their pompous and feeble methods of doing it are so put as to call forth the contemptuous smiles, yea, the derisive laughter, of all coming generations. In fine, the alternate light and shade, which so change the aspect and make the mood of human nature, were never so touched in before; and therefore it is the saddest and the merriest story ever told.

In bold and splendid contrast with this picture of national life flow the life and fortunes of Frederick. If the qualities of his progenitors prophesied this right royal course, his portrait, by Pesne, shows him to have been conceived in some happy moment when Nature was in her most generous mood. What finish of form and feature! and what apparent power to win! Yet in what serene depths it rests, to be aroused only by some superb challenger! No strength of thought or stress of situation seems to have had power to line the curves of beauty. Observe, too, the full-blown mouth, which never saw cause to set itself in order to form or fortify a purpose. When it is remembered that in opening manhood this prince was long imprisoned under sentence of death for attempting to escape from paternal tyranny, and that his friend actually died on the gallows merely for generous complicity in this offence against the state of a king, and that neither of the terrible facts left permanent trace on his countenance or cloud on his spirit, it should create no surprise that nothing but the march of time was ever visible there. Though trained in such a school, and in the twenty-eighth year of his age when he reached the throne, he yet gave a whole and a full heart to his subjects, and sought to guide them solely for their good. From this purpose he never swerved; and though his somewhat too trustful methods were rapidly changed by stern experience, his people felt more and more the consummate wisdom of his guidance, and they became unconquerable by that truth and that faith. Almost on the first day of his reign, he invited Voltaire, the greatest of literary heroes, the most adroit and successful assaulter of king-craft and priest-craft that ever lived, to his capital and to his palace; and in a most friendly spirit consulted him on the advancement of art and letters, exhausted him by the touchstone of superior capacity, and even fathomed him by a glance so keen and so covert that it always took, but never gave, and then complimented him home in so masterly a manner that he was lured into the fond belief that he had found a disciple. A mind so capacious and so reticent is always an enigma to near observers. Hence it is that the transcendently great may be more truly known to after-ages than to any contemporary. By the patient research and profound insight of Mr. Carlyle, Frederick the Great is thus rising into clear and perennial light. What deserts of dust he wrought in, and what a jungle of false growths he had to clear away, Dryasdust and Smelfungus mournfully hint and indignantly moralize, — under such significant names does this new Rhadamanthus reveal the real sins of mankind, and deliver them over to the judgment of their peers. Frederick, indeed, is among them, but not of them. The way in which he is made to come forth from the mountains of smoke and cinders remaining of his times is absolutely marvellous. As some mighty and mysterious necromancer quickens the morbid imagination to supernatural sight, and for a brief moment reveals through rolling mist and portentous cloud the perfect likeness of the one longed for by the rapt gazer, so Frederick is restored in this biography for the perpetual consolation and admiration of all coming heroes. In comprehension and judgment of the actions and hearts of men, and in vividness of writing, not that which shook the soul of Belshazzar in the midst of his revellers was more powerful, or more sure of approval and fulfilment. It is not only one of the greatest of histories and of biographies, but nothing in literature, from any other pen, bears any likeness to it. It is truly a solitary work, — the effort of a vast and lonely nature to find a meet companion among the departed.

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1. *The Rejected Stone; or, Insurrection* vs. *Resurrection in America.* By a Native of Virginia. Second Edition. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1862.
2. *The Golden Hour.* By MONCURE D. CONWAY, Author of "The Rejected Stone." *Impera parendo.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

SELDOM have political writings found such accomplices in events as these, whose final criticism appears in the great Proclamation of the President. Two campaigns have been the bloody partisans of this earnest pen: the impending one will cheerfully undertake its final vindication. Not because these two little books stand sole and preëminent, the isolated prophecies of an all but rejected truth, nor because they have created the opinion out of which the President gathers breath for his glorious words. Mr. Conway would hardly claim more, we think, than to have spoken frankly what the people felt, the same people which hailed the early emancipationing instinct of General Fremont. We see the fine sense of Mr. Emerson in his advice to hitch our wagon to a star, but there must be a well-seasoned vehicle, with a cunning driver to thrust his pin through the coupling, one not apt to jump out when the axles begin to smoke.

At the first overt act of this great Rebellion, anti-slavery men perceived the absurdity of resisting a symptom instead of attacking the disease. They proclaimed the old-fashioned truth, that an eruption can be rubbed back again into the system, not only without rubbing out its cause, but at the greatest hazard to the system, which is loudly announcing its difficulty in this cutaneous fashion. But Northern politicians saw that the inflammatory blotches made the face of the country ugly and repulsive: their costliest preparations have been well rubbed in ever since, without even yet reducing the rebellious red; on the contrary, it flamed out more vigorously than ever. Their old practice was not abandoned, the medicines only were changed. The wash of compromise was replaced by the bath of blood. And into that dreadful color the tears and agony of a million souls have been distilled, as if they would make a mixture powerful enough to draw out all our trouble by the pores. The very skin of the Rebellion chafed and burned more fiercely with all this quackery.

If Slavery is our disease, the Abolition of Slavery is our remedy. Our bayonets only cupped and scored the patient, our war-measures in and out of Congress only worked dynamically against other war-measures far more dogged and desperate than our own. The sentence of Emancipation is the specific whose operation will be vital, by effecting an alteration in the system, and soon annihilating that condition of the blood which feeds our fevers and rushes in disgusting blotches to the face. "No," — a Northern minority still says, — "every fever has its term; only watch your self-limiting disease, keep the patient from getting too much hurt during his delirium, and he will be on 'Change before long."

No doubt of that. He loves to be on 'Change; of all the places in the country, out of his own patriarchal neighborhoods, not even Saratoga and Newport were ever so exhilarating to him as Wall Street and State Street, and he longs to be well enough to infest his whilom haunts. Slavery is a self-limited disease, for it suffers nothing but itself to impose its limits. In that sense the North would soon have his old crony on the pavement again, with one yellow finger in his button-hole, and another nervously playing at a trigger behind the back. For the North was paying roundly in men and dollars to renew that pleasurable intercourse, to get the dear old soul out again as little dilapidated as possible, with as much of the old immunities and elasticities preserved as an attack so violent would allow.

The President said to the deputation of Quakers, "Where the Constitution cannot yet go, a proclamation cannot." This was accepted by a portion of the North as another compact expression of Presidential wisdom. It was the common sense, curtly and neatly put, upon which our armies waited, and for whose cold and bleached utterances our glorious young men were sent home from Washington by rail in coffins, red receipts of Slavery to acknowledge Northern indecision. It was the kind of common sense which, after every family-tomb has got its tenant, and wives, mothers, sisters tears to be their bread and meat continually, would have jogged on 'Change snugly some fine morning arm in arm with the murderer of their noble dead.

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For, though neither the Constitution nor a proclamation can quite yet go down practically into Slavery, Slavery might come up here to find the Constitution in its old place at the Potomac ferry, and without a toll or pike to heed.

It seemed so sensible to say, that, where one document cannot go, another cannot! And yet it depends upon what is in the document. If the Constitution *could* go South now, it would be the last thing we should want to send, at this stage of the national malady. It contains the immunity out of which the malady has flamed. Its very neutrality is the best protection which a conquered South could have, and a moral triumph that would richly compensate it for a military defeat. Would it not have been quite as sagacious, and equally aphoristic, if the President had said, "Where a proclamation cannot go, the Constitution never can again"? He has said it! And if the proclamation goes first, the Constitution will follow to bless and to save.

Both of these little books of Mr. Conway are devoted to showing the necessity for a proclamation of emancipation, as simple justice, as military policy, as mercy to the South, to put us right at home and abroad, to destroy at once the cause of the Republic's shame and sorrow. He combats various objections: such as that a proclamation of that nature would send home instantly the pro-slavery officers and men who are now fighting merely to enhance their own importance or to restore the state of things before the war: that a proclamation of emancipation, finding its way, as it surely would, to the heart of every slave, would breed insurrections and all the horrors of a servile war: that such a document would not be worth the paper which it blotted, until the military power of the South was definitively broken: that it would convert the Border States into active foes, and make them rush by natural proclivity into the bosom of Secession. Mr. Conway disposes well of a great deal of trash which even good Republican papers, upon which we have hitherto relied, but can do so no longer, have vented under all these heads of objections.

He writes with such enthusiasm, and is so plainly a dear lover and worshipper of the justice which can alone exalt this nation, that we are carried clear over the wretched half-republicanism which has been trying all the year to say eminently sound and unexceptionable things, we forget the deceit and expediency whose leaded columns have been more formidable than those which rolled the tide of war back again to the Potomac. Great is the animating power of faith, when faithfully brought home to the universal instinct for righteousness. Mr. Conway was born and bred among slaveholders, knows them and their institution, knows the slave, and his moral condition, and his expectations: so that these inspiriting prophecies of his are more than those of a lively and talented pamphleteer.

His earnest purpose in writing lifts us pretty well over some things in his style which seem to us discordant with his glorious theme. He has a way, as good as the President's, to whom much of his matter is addressed, of making his apologues and stories tell; they are apt, and give the reader the sensation of being clinched. One feels like a nail when it catches the board. But sometimes the transition to a grotesque allusion from a fine touch of fancy or from the inbred religiousness of the subject is abrupt. Jean Paul may offer you, in his most glowing page, a quid of tobacco, if he pleases; the shock is picturesque, and sometimes lets in a deep analogy. But the hour in which Mr. Conway writes, the height of faith from which his pen stoops to the mortal page, the unspeakable solemnity of the theme, which our volunteers are rudely striving to trace upon their country's bosom with their blood, and our women are steeping in their tears, ought to drive all flippancy shuddering from the lines in which sarcasm itself should be measured and awful as the deaths which gird us round.

But the two volumes are full of power and feeling. They are written so that all may read. Their effect is popular, without stooping deliberately to become so. They are among the brightest and simplest pages which this exciting period has produced. It would be a great mistake to gauge their effect by what they bring to pass in the minds of cabinet officers, editors, and party-leaders: for they put into plain, stout language the growing instinct of the people to get at the cause of the war which lays them waste.

Some of the most effective pages in these

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volumes are those which lament the dread alternative of war, and which show that emancipation would be merciful to all classes at the South. It is no paradox that to free the slaves to-morrow would restore health to the South and regenerate its people.

And we are glad that Mr. Conway speaks so emphatically against that measure of colonization, whether the proposition be to deport the contrabands to Hayti, or to tote them away to Central America under the leadership of intelligent colored representatives of the North. All these are plans which look to the eventual removal of the only men at the South who know how to labor, and who are now the only representatives there of the country's industrial ideas. We pray you, Mr. President, to use the money voted for colonizing purposes to rid the country of the men in the Border and Cotton States who cannot or will not work, slave-owners and bushwhackers, who kill and harry, but who never did an honest stroke of work in their lives, and whom, with or without slavery, this Republic will have to support. Take some Pacific Island for a great Alms-House, and inaugurate an exodus of the genuine Southern pauper; he is only an incumbrance to the industrious and humble-minded blacks, from whose toil the country may draw the staples of free sugar and free cotton, raised upon the soil which is theirs by the holy prescription of blood and sorrow. "If it were not for your presence in the country," says the President to the colored men, "we should have no war!" If it were not for silver-ware and jewelry, no burglaries would be committed! Don't let us get rid of the villains, but of the victims; thereby villainy will cease!

Let Mr. Pomeroy be sent to annex some of the Paumotu or Tongan groups, where spontaneous bread-fruit would afford Mr. Floyd good plucking, and Messrs. Wigfall, Benjamin, and Prior could even have their chewing done by proxy, for the native pauper employs the old women to masticate his Ava into drink. There they might continue to take their food from other people's mouths, with the chance now and then of a strong anti-slavery clergyman well barbecued, a luxury for which they have howled for many a year. That is the place for your oligarchic pauper, where the elements themselves are field-hands, with Nature for overseer, manufactures superfluous and free-trade a blessing, and plenty of colored persons to raise the mischief with. That is the sole crop which they have raised at home. Let their propensities be transferred to a place unconnected with the politics or the privileges of a Christian Republic.

But let this great Republic drive into exile the wheat-growers of the West, the miners and iron-men of Pennsylvania, and the farmers of New England, as soon as these men who have created the cotton-crop which clothes a world, and who only wait for another stimulus to supersede the lash. Let them find it, as in Jamaica, in a plot of ground, their seed and tools, their hearth-side and marriage, their freedom, and the shelter of a country which wants to use the products of their hands.

If it be an object to stretch a great band of free tropical labor across Central America, to people those wastes with ideas which shall curb the southward lust of men, and nourish a grateful empire against the intrigues of European States, let that be done, if the colored American of the Border States is willing to advance the project. Let the project be clearly understood, and its prospective upholders frankly invited to become men, and aid their country's welfare. But never let colonization be opened like an artery, through whose "unkindest cut" some of the best blood of the country shall slip away and be lost forever. We want the cotton labor even more extensively diffused, to conquer John Bull with bales, as at New Orleans. Let no cotton-grower ever budge.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his Nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Vols. I and II. New York: G. P. Putnam.

If to be loved and admired by all, to have troops of personal friends, to enjoy a literary reputation wide in extent and high in degree, to be as little stung by envy and detraction as the lot of humanity will permit, to secure material prosperity with only occasional interruptions and intermissions, make up the elements of a happy life, then that of Washington Irving must be pronounced one of

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the most fortunate in the annals of literature. It is but repeating a trite remark to say that happiness depends more upon organization than upon circumstances, more upon what we are than upon what we have. Saint-Simon said of the Duke of Burgundy, father of Louis XV., that he was born terrible: it certainly may be said of Washington Irving that he was born happy. Some men are born unhappy: that is, they are born with elements of character, peculiarities of temperament, which generate discontent under all conditions of life. Their joints are not lubricated by oil, but fretted by sand. The contemporaries of Shakspeare, who for the most part had little comprehension of his unrivalled genius, expressed their sense of his personal qualities by the epithet gentle, which was generally applied to him, — a word which meant rather more then than it does now, comprising sweetness, courtesy, and kindliness. No one word could better designate the leading characteristics of Irving's nature and temperament. No man was ever more worthy to bear "the grand old name of gentleman," alike in the essentials of manliness, tenderness, and purity, and in the external accomplishment of manners so winning and cordial that they charmed alike men, women, and children. He had the delicacy of organization which is essential to literary genius, but it stopped short of sickliness or irritability. He was sensitive to beauty in all its forms, but was never made unhappy or annoyed by the shadows in the picture of life. He had a happy power of escaping from everything that was distasteful, uncomfortable, and unlovely, and dwelling in regions of sunshine and bloom. His temperament was not impassioned; and this, though it may have impaired somewhat the force of his genius, contributed much to his enjoyment of life. Considering that he was an American born, and that his youth and early manhood were passed in a period of bitter and virulent political strife, it is remarkable how free his writings are from the elements of conflict and opposition. He never put any vinegar into his ink. He seems to have been absolutely without the capacity of hating any living thing. He was a literary artist; and the productions of his pen address themselves to the universal and unpartisan sympathies of mankind as much as paintings or statues. His "Rip Van Winkle" and "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" are pictures, in which we find combined the handling of Teniers, the refinement of Stothard, and the coloring of Gainsborough.

Fortunate in so many other things, Irving may also be pronounced fortunate in his biographer, whom he himself designated for the trust. His nephew has performed his labor of love in a manner which will satisfy all but those who read a book mainly for the purpose of finding fault with it. In his brief and tasteful preface he says: "In the delicate office of sifting, selecting, and arranging these different materials, extending through a period of nearly sixty years, it has been my aim to make the author, in every stage of his career, as far as possible, his own biographer, conscious that I shall in this way best fulfil the duty devolved upon me, and give to the world the truest picture of his life and character." To this purpose Mr. Pierre M. Irving has adhered with uniform consistency. He makes his uncle his own biographer. To borrow a happy illustration which we found in a newspaper a few days since, his own portion of the book is like the crystal of a watch, through which we see the hands upon the face as through transparent air. And luckily he found ample materials in his uncle's papers and records. Washington Irving was not bred to any profession, and had a fixed aversion, not characteristic of his countrymen, for regular business-occupation; his literary industry was fitful, and not continuous: but he seems to have been fond of the occupation of writing, and spent upon his diaries and in his correspondence a great many hours, which he could hardly have done, if he had been a lawyer, a doctor, or even a merchant, in active employment. His warm family-affections, too, his strong love for his brothers and sisters, from most of whom he was for many years separated, were a constant incitement to the writing of letters, those invisible wires that keep up the communication between parted hearts. For all these peculiarities of nature, for all these accidents of fortune, we have reason to be grateful, since from these his biographer has found ample materials for constructing the fabric of his life from the foundation.

Many of Irving's letters, especially in the second volume, are long and elaborate productions, which read like chapters from

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a book of travels, or like essays, and yet do not on that account lose the peculiar charm which we demand in such productions. They are perfectly natural in tone and feeling, though evidently written with some care. They are not in the least artificial, and yet not careless or hasty. They have all that easy and graceful flow, that transparent narrative, that unconscious charm, which we find in his published writings; and we not unfrequently discern gleams and touches of that exquisite humor which was the best gift bestowed upon his mind. Brief as our notice is, we cannot refrain from quoting in illustration of our remark a few sentences from a letter to Thomas Moore, written in 1824: —

"I went a few evenings since to see Kenney's new piece, 'The Alcaid.' It went off lamely, and the Alcaid is rather a bore, and comes near to be generally thought so. Poor Kenney came to my room next evening, and I could not have believed that one night could have ruined a man so completely. I swear to you I thought at first it was a flimsy suit of clothes had left some bedside and walked into my room without waiting for the owner to get up, or that it was one of those frames on which clothiers stretch coats at their shop-doors, until I perceived *a thin face sticking edgeways out of the collar of the coat like the axe in a bundle of fasces.* He was so thin, and pale, and nervous, and exhausted, — he made a dozen difficulties in getting over a spot in the carpet, and never would have accomplished it, if he had not lifted himself over by the points of his shirt-collar."

The illustration we have Italicized is rather wit than humor; but be it as it may, it is capital; and the whole paragraph has that quaint and grotesque exaggeration which reminds us of the village-tailor in "The Sketch-Book," "who played on the clarionet, and seemed to have blown his face to a point," or of Mud Sam, who "knew all the fish in the river by their Christian names."

We think no one can read these volumes without having a higher impression of Washington Irving as a man. There was no inconsistency between the author and the man. The tenderness, the purity of feeling, the sensibility, which gave his works an entrance into so many hearts, had their source in his mind and character. It is a very truthful record that we have before us. The delineation is that of a man certainly not without touches of human infirmity, but as certainly largely endowed with virtues as well as with gifts and graces. It is very evident that it is a truthful biography, and that the hand of faithful affection has found nothing to suppress or conceal. When we have laid down the book, we feel that we know the man. And we can understand why it was that he was so loved. Enemies, it seems, he had, or at least ill-wishers; since we learn — and it is one of the indications of his soft and sensitive nature — that he was seriously annoyed by a persecutor who persistently inclosed and forwarded to him every scrap of unfavorable criticism he could find in the newspapers: but the feeling that inspired this piece of ill-nature must have been envy, and not hatred, — the bitterness which is awakened in some unhappy tempers by the success which they cannot themselves attain. No man less deserved to be hated than Irving, for no man was less willing himself to give heart-room to hatred.

We need hardly add that these volumes — of which the larger part is by Irving himself — are very entertaining, and that we read them from beginning to end with unflagging interest. Sketches of society and manners, personal anecdotes, descriptions of scenery, buildings, and works of art, give animation and variety to the narrative. The whole is suffused with a golden glow of cheerfulness, the effluence of a nature very happy, yet never needing the sting of riot or craving the flush of excess, and finding its happiness in those pure fountains that refresh, but not intoxicate.

The close of the second volume brings us down to the year 1832, and his cordial reception by his friends and countrymen after an absence of seventeen years; so that more good things are in store for us.

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THE

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THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS.

In Cuba there is a blossoming shrub whose multitudinous crimson flowers are so seductive to the humming-birds that they hover all day around it, buried in its blossoms until petal and wing seem one. At first upright, the gorgeous bells droop downward, and fall unwithered to the ground, and are thence called by the Creoles "Cupid's-Tears." Frederika Bremer relates that daily she brought home handfuls of these blossoms to her chamber, and nightly they all disappeared. One morning she looked toward the wall of the apartment, and there, in a long crimson line, the delicate flowers went ascending one by one to the ceiling, and passed from sight. She found that each was borne laboriously onward by a little colorless ant much smaller than itself: the bearer was invisible, but the lovely burdens festooned the wall with beauty.

To a watcher from the sky, the march of the flowers of any zone across the year would seem as beautiful as that West-Indian pageant. These frail creatures, rooted where they stand, a part of the "still life" of Nature, yet share her ceaseless motion. In the most sultry silence of summer noons, the vital current is coursing with desperate speed through the innumerable veins of every leaflet; and the apparent stillness, like the sleeping of a child's top, is in truth the very ecstasy of perfected motion.

Not in the tropics only, but even in England, whence most of our floral associations and traditions come, the march of the flowers is in an endless circle, and, unlike our experience, something is always in bloom. In the Northern United States, it is said, the active growth of most plants is condensed into ten weeks, while in the mother-country the full activity is maintained through sixteen. But even the English winter does not seem to be a winter, in the same sense as ours, appearing more like a chilly and comfortless autumn. There is no month in the year when some special plant does not bloom: the Coltsfoot there opens its fragrant flowers from December to February; the yellow-flowered Hellebore, and its cousin, the sacred Christmas Rose of Glastonbury, extend from January to March; and the Snowdrop and Primrose often come before the first

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of February. Something may be gained, much lost, by that perennial succession; those links, however slight, must make the floral period continuous to the imagination; while our year gives a pause and an interval to its children, and after exhausted October has effloresced into Witch-Hazel, there is an absolute reserve of blossom, until the Alders wave again.

No symbol could so well represent Nature's first yielding in spring-time as this blossoming of the Alder, this drooping of the tresses of these tender things. Before the frost is gone, and while the new-born season is yet too weak to assert itself by actually uplifting anything, it can at least let fall these blossoms, one by one, till they wave defiance to the winter on a thousand boughs. How patiently they have waited! Men are perplexed with anxieties about their own immortality; but these catkins, which hang, almost full-formed, above the ice all winter, show no such solicitude, but when March wooes them they are ready. Once relaxing, their pollen is so prompt to fall that it sprinkles your hand as you gather them; then, for one day, they are the perfection of grace upon your table, and next day they are weary and emaciated, and their little contribution to the spring is done.

Then many eyes watch for the opening of the May-flower, day by day, and a few for the Hepatica. So marked and fantastic are the local preferences of all our plants, that, with miles of woods and meadows open to their choice, each selects only some few spots for its accustomed abodes, and some one among them all for its very earliest blossoming. There is always some single chosen nook, which you might almost cover with your handkerchief, where each flower seems to bloom earliest, without variation, year by year. I know one such place for Hepatica a mile northeast,—another for May-flower two miles southwest; and each year the whimsical creature is in bloom on that little spot, when not another flower can be found open through the whole country round. Accidental as the choice may appear, it is undoubtedly based on laws more eternal than the stars; yet why all subtile influences conspire to bless that undistinguishable knoll no man can say. Another and similar puzzle offers itself in the distribution of the tints of flowers, — in these two species among the rest. There are certain localities, near by, where the Hepatica is all but white, and others where the May-flower is sumptuous in pink; yet it is not traceable to wet or dry, sun or shadow, and no agricultural chemistry can disclose the secret. Is it by some Darwinian law of selection that the white Hepatica has utterly overpowered the blue, in our Cascade Woods, for instance, while yet in the very midst of this pale plantation a single clump will sometimes bloom with all heaven on its petals? Why can one recognize the Plymouth May-flower, as soon as seen, by its wondrous depth of color? Does it blush with triumph to see how Nature has outwitted the Pilgrims, and even succeeded in preserving her deer like an English duke, still maintaining the deepest woods in Massachusetts precisely where those sturdy immigrants first began their clearings?

The Hepatica (called also Liverwort, Squirrel-Cup, or Blue Anemone) has been found in Worcester as early as March seventeenth, and in Danvers on March twelfth, — dates which appear almost the extreme of credibility.

Our next wild-flower in this region is the Claytonia, or Spring-Beauty, which is common in the Middle States, but here found in only a few localities. It is the Indian *Miskodeed*, and was said to have been left behind when mighty Peboan, the Winter, was melted by the breath of Spring. It is an exquisitely delicate little creature, bears its blossoms in clusters, unlike most of the early species, and opens in gradual succession each white and pink-veined bell. It grows in moist places on the sunny edges of woods, and prolongs its shy career from about the tenth of April until almost the end of May.

A week farther into April, and the Bloodroot opens, — a name of guilt, and a

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type of innocence. This fresh and lovely thing appears to concentrate all its stains within its ensanguined root, that it may condense all purity in the peculiar whiteness of its petals. It emerges from the ground with each shy blossom wrapt in its own pale-green leaf, then doffs the cloak and spreads its long petals round a group of yellow stamens. The flower falls apart so easily that when in full bloom it will hardly bear transportation, but with a touch the stem stands naked, a bare gold-tipped sceptre amid drifts of snow. And the contradiction of its hues seems carried into its habits. One of the most shy of wild plants, easily banished from its locality by any invasion, it yet takes to the garden with unpardonable readiness, doubles its size, blossoms earlier, repudiates its love of water, and flaunts its great leaves in the unnatural confinement until it elbows out the exotics. Its charm is gone, unless one find it in its native haunts, beside some cascade which streams over rocks that are dark with moisture, green with moss, and snowy with white bubbles. Each spray of dripping feather-moss exudes a tiny torrent of its own, or braided with some tiny neighbor, above the little water-fonts which sleep sunless in ever-verdant caves. Sometimes along these emerald canals there comes a sudden rush and hurry, as if some anxious housekeeper upon the hill above were afraid that things were not stirring fast enough, — and then again the waving and sinuous lines of water are quieted to a serener flow. The delicious red-thrush and the busy little yellow-throat are not yet come to this their summer haunt; but all day long the answering field-sparrows trill out their sweet, shy, accelerating lay.

In the same localities with the Bloodroot, though some days later, grows the Dog-Tooth Violet,—a name hopelessly inappropriate, but likely never to be changed. These hardy and prolific creatures have also many localities of their own; for, though they do not acquiesce in cultivation, like the sycophantic Bloodroot, yet they are hard to banish from their native haunts, but linger after the woods are cleared and the meadow drained. The bright flowers blaze back all the yellow light of noonday as the gay petals curl and spread themselves above their beds of mottled leaves; but it is always a disappointment to gather them, for indoors they miss the full ardor of the sunbeams, and are apt to go to sleep and nod expressionless from the stalk.

And almost on the same day with this bright apparition one may greet a multitude of concurrent visitors, arriving so accurately together that it is almost a matter of accident which of the party shall first report himself. Perhaps the Dandelion should have the earliest place; indeed, I once found it in Brookline on the seventh of April. But it cannot ordinarily be expected before the twentieth, in Eastern Massachusetts, and rather later in the interior; while by the same date I have also found near Boston the Cowslip or Marsh-Marigold, the Spring-Saxifrage, the Anemones, the Violets, the Bellwort, the Houstonia, the Cinquefoil, and the Strawberry-blossom. Varying, of course, in different spots and years, the arrival of this coterie is yet nearly simultaneous, and they may all be expected hereabouts before May-day at the very latest. After all, in spite of the croakers, this festival could not have been much better-timed, the delicate blossoms which mark the period are usually in perfection on this day, and it is not long before they are past their prime.

Some early plants which have now almost disappeared from Eastern Massachusetts are still found near Worcester in the greatest abundance, — as the larger Yellow Violet, the Red Trillium, the Dwarf Ginseng, the Clintonia or Wild Lily-of-the-Valley, and the pretty fringed Polygala, which Miss Cooper christened "Gay-Wings." Others again are now rare in this vicinity, and growing rarer, though still abundant a hundred miles farther inland. In several bits of old swampy wood one may still find, usually close together, the Hobble-Bush and the Painted Trillium, the Mitella, or Bishop's-Cap, and

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the snowy Tiarella. Others again have entirely vanished within ten years, and that in some cases without any adequate explanation. The dainty white Corydalis, profanely called "Dutchman's-Breeches," and the quaint woolly Ledum, or Labrador Tea, have disappeared within that time. The beautiful Linnæa is still found annually, but flowers no more; as is also the case, in all but one distant locality, with the once abundant Rhododendron. Nothing in Nature has for me a more fascinating interest than these secret movements of vegetation, — the sweet blind instinct with which flowers cling to old domains until absolutely compelled to forsake them. How touching is the fact, now well known, that salt-water plants still flower beside the Great Lakes, yet dreaming of the time when those waters were briny as the sea! Nothing in the demonstrations of Geology seems grander than the light lately thrown by Professor Gray, from the analogies between the flora of Japan and of North America, upon the successive epochs of heat which led the wandering flowers along the Arctic lands, and of cold which isolated them once more. Yet doubtless these humble movements of our local plants may be laying up results as important, and may hereafter supply evidence of earth's changes upon some smaller scale.

May expands to its prime of beauty; the summer birds come with the fruit-blossoms, the gardens are deluged with bloom and the air with melody, while in the woods the timid spring-flowers fold themselves away in silence and give place to a brighter splendor. On the margin of some quiet swamp a myriad of bare twigs seem suddenly overspread with purple butterflies, and we know that the Rhodora is in bloom. Wordsworth never immortalized a flower more surely than Emerson this, and it needs no weaker words; there is nothing else in which the change from nakedness to beauty is so sudden, and when you bring home the great mass of blossoms they appear all ready to flutter away again from your hands and leave you disenchanted.

At the same time the beautiful Cornel-tree is in perfection; startling as a tree of the tropics, it flaunts its great flowers high up among the forest-branches, intermingling its long slender twigs with theirs, and garnishing them with alien blooms. It is very available for household decoration, with its four great creamy petals, — flowers they are not, but floral involucres, — each with a fantastic curl and stain at its tip, as if the fireflies had alighted on them and scorched them; and yet I like it best as it peers out in barbaric splendor from the delicate green of young Maples. And beneath it grows often its more abundant kinsman, the Dwarf Cornel, with the same four great petals enveloping its floral cluster, but lingering low upon the ground, — an herb whose blossoms mimic the statelier tree.

The same rich creamy hue and texture show themselves in the Wild Calla, which grows at this season in dark, sequestered water-courses, and sometimes well rivals, in all but size, that superb whiteness out of a land of darkness, the Ethiopic Calla of the conservatory. At this season, too, we seek another semi-aquatic rarity, whose homely name cannot deprive it of a certain garden-like elegance, the Buckbean. This is one of the shy plants which yet grow in profusion within their own domain. I have found it of old in Cambridge, and then upon the pleasant shallows of the Artichoke, that loveliest tributary of the Merrimack, and I have never seen it where it occupied a patch more than a few yards square, while yet within that space the multitudinous spikes grow always tall and close, reminding one of hyacinths, when in perfection, but more delicate and beautiful. The only locality I know for it in this vicinity lies seven miles away, where a little inlet from the lower winding bays of Lake Quinsigamond goes stealing up among a farmer's hay-fields, and there, close beside the public road and in full view of the farm-house, this rare creature fills the water. But to reach it we commonly row down the lake to a sheltered lagoon, separated from the main lake by a long

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island which is gradually forming itself like the coral isles, growing each year denser with alder thickets where the king-birds build; — there leave the boat among the lily-leaves, and take a lane which winds among the meadows and gives a fitting avenue for the pretty thing we seek. But it is not safe to vary many days from the twentieth of May, for the plant is not long in perfection, and is past its prime when the lower blossoms begin to wither on the stem.

But should we miss this delicate adjustment of time, it is easy to console ourselves with bright armfuls of Lupine, which bounteously flowers for six weeks along our lake-side, ranging from the twenty-third of May to the sixth of July. The Lupine is one of our most travelled plants; for, though never seen off the American continent, it stretches to the Pacific, and is found upon the Arctic coast. On these banks of Lake Quinsigamond it grows in great families, and should be gathered in masses and placed in a vase by itself; for it needs no relief from other flowers, its own soft leaves afford background enough, and though the white variety rarely occurs, yet the varying tints of blue upon the same stalk are a perpetual gratification to the eye. I know not why shaded blues should be so beautiful in flowers, and yet avoided as distasteful in ladies' fancy-work; but it is a mystery like that which repudiates blue-and-green from all well-regulated costumes, while Nature yet evidently prefers it to any other combination in her wardrobe.

Another constant ornament of the end of May is the large pink Lady's-Slipper, or Moccason-Flower, the "Cypripedium not due till to-morrow" which Emerson attributes to the note-book of Thoreau, — to-morrow, in these parts, meaning about the twentieth of May. It belongs to the family of Orchids, a high-bred race, fastidious in habits, sensitive as to abodes. Of the ten species named as rarest among American endogenous plants by Dr. Gray, in his valuable essay on the statistics of our Northern Flora, all but one are Orchids. And even an abundant species, like the present, retains the family traits in its person, and never loses its high-born air and its delicate veining. I know a grove where it can be gathered by the hundreds within a half-acre, and yet I never can divest myself of the feeling that each specimen is a choice novelty. But the actual rarity occurs, at least in this region, when one finds the smaller and more beautiful Yellow Moccason-Flower,—*parviflorum*,— which accepts only our very choicest botanical locality, the "Rattlesnake Ledge" on Tatessit Hill, — and may, for aught I know, have been the very plant which Elsie Venner laid upon her school-mistress's desk.

June is an intermediate month between the spring and summer flowers. Of the more delicate early blossoms, the Dwarf Cornel, the Solomon's-Seal, and the Yellow Violet still linger in the woods, but rapidly make way for larger masses and more conspicuous hues. The meadows are gorgeous with Clover, Buttercups, and Wild Geranium; but Nature is a little chary for a week or two, maturing a more abundant show. Meanwhile one may afford to take some pains to search for another rarity, almost disappearing from this region,—the lovely Pink Azalea. It still grows plentifully in a few sequestered places, selecting woody swamps to hide itself; and certainly no shrub suggests, when found, more tropical associations. Those great, nodding, airy, fragrant clusters, tossing far above one's head their slender cups of honey, seem scarcely to belong to our sober zone, any more than the scarlet tanager which sometimes builds its nest beside them. They appear bright exotics, which have wandered into our woods, and seem too happy to feel any wish for exit. And just as they fade, their humbler sister in white begins to bloom, and carries on through the summer the same intoxicating fragrance.

But when June is at its height, the sculptured chalices of the Mountain Laurel begin to unfold, and thenceforward, for more than a month, extends the reign of this our woodland queen. I know

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not why one should sigh after the blossoming gorges of the Himalaya, when our forests are all so crowded with this glowing magnificence, — rounding the tangled swamps into smoothness, lighting up the underwoods, overtopping the pastures, lining the rural lanes, and rearing its great pinkish masses till they meet overhead. The color ranges from the purest white to a perfect rose-pink, and there is an inexhaustible vegetable vigor about the whole thing, which puts to shame those tenderer shrubs that shrink before the progress of cultivation. There is the Rhododendron, for instance, a plant of the same natural family with the Laurel and the Azalea, and looking more robust and woody than either: it once grew in many localities in this region, and still lingers in a few, without consenting either to die or to blossom, and there is only one remote place from which any one now brings into our streets those large luxuriant flowers, waving white above the dark green leaves, and bearing "just a dream of sunset on their edges, and just a breath from the green sea in their hearts." But the Laurel, on the other hand, maintains its ground, imperturbable and almost impassable, on every hill-side, takes no hints, suspects no danger, and nothing but the most unmistakable onset from spade or axe can diminish its profusion. Gathering it on the most lavish scale seems only to serve as wholesome pruning; nor can I conceive that the Indians, who once ruled over this whole county from Wigwam Hill, could ever have found it more inconveniently abundant than now. We have perhaps no single spot where it grows in such perfect picturesqueness as at "The Laurels," on the Merrimack, just above Newburyport, — a whole hill-side scooped out and the hollow piled solidly with flowers, the pines curving around it above, and the river encircling it below, on which your boat glides along, and you look up through glimmering arcades of bloom. But for the last half of June it monopolizes everything in the Worcester woods, — no one picks anything else; and it fades so slowly that I have found a perfect blossom on the last day of July.

At the same time with this royalty of the woods, the queen of the water ascends her throne, for a reign as undisputed and far more prolonged. The extremes of the Water-Lily in this vicinity, so far as I have known, are the eighteenth of June and the thirteenth of October, — a longer range than belongs to any other conspicuous wild-flower, unless we except the Dandelion and Houstonia. It is not only the most fascinating of all flowers to gather, but more available for decorative purposes than almost any other, if it can only be kept fresh. The best method for this purpose, I believe, is to cut the stalk very short before placing in the vase; then, at night, the lily will close and the stalk curl upward; — refresh them by changing the water, and in the morning the stalk will be straight and the flower open.

From this time forth Summer has it all her own way. After the first of July the yellow flowers begin to watch the yellow fireflies; Hawkweeds, Loosestrifes, Primroses bloom, and the bushy Wild Indigo. The variety of hues increases; delicate purple Orchises bloom in their chosen haunts, and Wild Roses blush over hill and dale. On peat meadows the Adder's-Tongue Arethusa (now called *Pogonia*) flowers profusely, with a faint, delicious perfume, — and its more elegant cousin, the Calopogon, by its side. In this vicinity we miss the blue Harebell, the identical harebell of Ellen Douglas, which I remember waving its exquisite flowers along the banks of the Merrimack, and again at Brattleboro', below the cascade in the village, where it has climbed the precipitous sides of old buildings, and nods inaccessibly from their crevices, in that picturesque spot, looking down on the hurrying river. But with this exception, there is nothing wanting here of the flowers of early summer.

The more closely one studies Nature, the finer her adaptations grow. For instance, the change of seasons is analogous to a change of zones, and summer assimilates our vegetation to that of the tropics.

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In those lands, Humboldt has remarked, one misses the beauty of wild-flowers in the grass, because the luxuriance of vegetation develops everything into shrubs. The form and color are beautiful, "but, being too high above the soil, they disturb that harmonious proportion which characterizes the plants of our European meadows. Nature has, in every zone, stamped on the landscape the peculiar type of beauty proper to the locality." But every midsummer reveals the same tendency. In early spring, when all is bare, and small objects are easily made prominent, the wild-flowers are generally delicate. Later, when all verdure is profusely expanded, these miniature strokes would be lost, and Nature then practises landscape-gardening in large, lights up the copses with great masses of White Alder, makes the roadsides gay with Aster and Golden-Rod, and tops the tall coarse Meadow-Grass with nodding Lilies and tufted Spiræa. One instinctively follows these plain hints, and gathers bouquets sparingly in spring and exuberantly in summer.

The use of wild-flowers for decorative purposes merits a word in passing, for it is unquestionably a branch of high art in favored hands. It is true that we are bidden, on high authority, to love the wood-rose and leave it on its stalk; but against this may be set the saying of Bettine, that "all flowers which are broken become immortal in the sacrifice"; and certainly the secret harmonies of these fair creatures are so marked and delicate that we do not understand them till we try to group floral decorations for ourselves. The most successful artists will not, for instance, consent to put those together which do not grow together; Nature understands her business, and distributes her masses and backgrounds unerringly. Yonder soft and feathery Meadow-Sweet longs to be combined with Wild Roses: it yearns towards them in the field, and, after withering in the hand most readily, it revives in water as if to be with them in the vase. In the same way the White Spiræa serves as natural background for the Field-Lilies. These lilies, by the way, are the brightest adornment of our meadows during the short period of their perfection. We have two species: one slender, erect, solitary, scarlet, looking up to heaven with all its blushes on; the other clustered, drooping, pale-yellow. I never saw the former in such profusion as last week, on the bare summit of Wachusett. The granite ribs have there a thin covering of crispest moss, spangled with the white starry blossoms of the Mountain Cinquefoil; and as I lay and watched the red lilies that waved their innumerable urns around me, it needed but little imagination to see a thousand altars, sending visible flames forever upward to the answering sun.

August comes: the Thistles are out, beloved of butterflies; deeper and deeper tints, more passionate intensities of color, prepare the way for the year's decline. A wealth of gorgeous Golden-Rod waves over all the hills, and enriches every bouquet one gathers; its bright colors command the eye, and it is graceful as an elm. Fitly arranged, it gives a bright relief to the superb beauty of the Cardinal-Flowers, the brilliant blue-purple of the Vervain, the pearl-white of the Life-Everlasting, the delicate lilac of the Monkey-Flower, the soft pink and white of the Spiræas, — for the white yet lingers, — all surrounded by trailing wreaths of blossoming Clematis.

But the Cardinal-Flower is best seen by itself, and, indeed, needs the surroundings of its native haunts to display its fullest beauty. Its favorite abode is along the dank mossy stones of some black and winding brook, shaded with overarching bushes, and running one long stream of scarlet with these superb occupants. It seems amazing how anything so brilliant can mature in such a darkness. When a ray of sunlight strays in upon it, the wondrous creature seems to hover on the stalk, ready to take flight, like some lost tropic bird. There is a spot whence I have in ten minutes brought away as many as I could hold in both arms, some bearing fifty blossoms on a single stalk; and I could not believe that there was such an-

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other mass of color in the world. Nothing cultivated is comparable to them; and, with all the talent lately lavished on wild-flower painting, I have never seen the peculiar sheen of these petals in the least degree delineated. It seems some new and separate tint, equally distinct from scarlet and from crimson, a splendor for which there is as yet no name, but only the reality.

It seems the signal of autumn, when September exhibits the first Barrel-Gentian by the roadside; and there is a pretty insect in the meadows—the Mourning-Cloak Moth it might be called — which gives coincident warning. The innumerable Asters mark this period with their varied and wide-spread beauty; the meadows are full of rose-colored Polygala, of the white spiral spikes of the Ladies'-Tresses, and of the fringed loveliness of the Gentian. This flower, always unique and beautiful, opening its delicate eyelashes every morning to the sunlight, closing them again each night, has also a thoughtful charm about it as the last of the year's especial darlings. It lingers long, each remaining blossom growing larger and more deep in color, as with many other flowers; and after it there is nothing for which to look forward, save the fantastic Witch-Hazel.

On the water, meanwhile, the last White Lilies are sinking beneath the surface, the last gay Pickerel-Weed is gone, though the rootless plants of the delicate Bladder-Wort, spreading over acres of shallows, still impurple the wide, smooth surface. Harriet Prescott says that some souls are like the Water-Lilies, fixed, yet floating. But others are like this graceful purple blossom, floating unfixed, kept in place only by its fellows around it, until perhaps a breeze comes, and, breaking the accidental cohesion, sweeps them all away.

The season reluctantly yields its reign, and over the quiet autumnal landscape everywhere, even after the glory of the trees is past, there are tints and fascinations of minor beauty. Last October, for instance, in walking, I found myself on a little knoll, looking northward. Overhead was a bower of climbing Waxwork, with its yellowish pods scarce disclosing their scarlet berries, — a wild Grape-vine, with its fruit withered by the frost into still purple raisins, — and yellow Beech-leaves, detaching themselves with an effort audible to the ear. In the foreground were blue Raspberry-stems, yet bearing greenish leaves, — pale-yellow Witch-Hazel, almost leafless, — purple Viburnum-berries, — the silky cocoons of the Milk-weed,—and, amid the underbrush, a few lingering Asters and Golden-Rods, Ferns still green, and Maidenhair bleached white. In the background were hazy hills, white Birches bare and snow-like, and a Maple half-way up a sheltered hill-side, one mass of canary-color, its fallen leaves making an apparent reflection on the earth at its foot, — and then a real reflection, fused into a glassy light intenser than itself, upon the smooth, dark stream below.

The beautiful disrobing suggested the persistent and unconquerable delicacy of Nature, who shrinks from nakedness and is always seeking to veil her graceful boughs, — if not with leaves, then with feathery hoar-frost, ermined snow, or transparent icy armor.

But, after all, the fascination of summer lies not in any details, however perfect, but in the sense of total wealth which summer gives. Wholly to enjoy this, one must give one's self passively to it, and not expect to reproduce it in words. We strive to picture heaven, when we are barely at the threshold of the inconceivable beauty of earth. Perhaps the truant boy who simply bathes himself in the lake and then basks in the sunshine, dimly conscious of the exquisite loveliness around him, is wiser, because humbler, than is he who with presumptuous phrases tries to utter it. There are multitudes of moments when the atmosphere is so surcharged with luxury that every pore of the body becomes an ample gate for sensation to flow in, and one has simply to sit still and be filled. In after-years the memory of books seems barren or vanishing, compared with the immortal bequest of hours like these. Other sources of il-

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lumination seem cisterns only; these are fountains. They may not increase the mere quantity of available thought, but they impart to it a quality which is priceless. No man can measure what a single hour with Nature may have contributed to the moulding of his mind. The influence is self-renewing, and if for a long time it baffles expression by reason of its fineness, so much the better in the end.

The soul is like a musical instrument: it is not enough that it be framed for the very most delicate vibration, but it must vibrate long and often before the fibres grow mellow to the finest waves of sympathy. I perceive that in the veery's carolling, the clover's scent, the glistening of the water, the waving wings of butterflies, the sunset tints, the floating clouds, there are attainable infinitely more subtile modulations of delight than I can yet reach the sensibility to discriminate, much less describe. If, in the simple process of writing, one could physically impart to this page the fragrance of this spray of azalea beside me, what a wonder would it seem! — and yet one ought to be able, by the mere use of language, to supply to every reader the total of that white, honeyed, trailing sweetness, which summer insects haunt and the Spirit of the Universe loves. The defect is not in language, but in men. There is no conceivable beauty of blossom so beautiful as words, — none so graceful, none so perfumed. It is possible to dream of combinations of syllables so delicious that all the dawning and decay of summer cannot rival their perfection, nor winter's stainless white and azure match their purity and their charm. To write them, were it possible, would be to take rank with Nature; nor is there any other method, even by music, for human art to reach so high.

ONE OF MY CLIENTS.

After a practice in the legal profession of more than twenty years, I am persuaded that a more interesting volume could not be written than the revelations of a lawyer's office. The plots there discovered before they were matured, — the conspiracies there detected

"Ere they had reached their last fatal periods," —

the various devices of the Prince of Darkness, — the weapons with which he fought, and those by which he was overcome, — the curious phenomena of intense activity and love of gain, — the arts of the detective, and those by which he was eluded, — and the never-ending and ever-varying surprises and startling incidents, — would present such a panorama of human affairs as would outfly our fancy, and modify our unbelief in that much-abused doctrine of the depravity of our nature.

To illustrate, let me introduce to you "one of my clients," whom I will call Mr. Sidney, and with whom, perhaps, you may hereafter become better acquainted. His counterpart in personal appearance you may find in the thoroughfare at any hour of the day. There is nothing about him to attract attention. He is nearly forty-five years of age, and weighs, perhaps, two hundred pounds. His face is florid and his hair sandy. His eyes are small, piercing, and gray. His motions are slow, and none are made without a purpose. Intellectually he is above the average, and his perceptive faculties are well developed. The wrinkles in his lips are at right angles with his mouth, and a close observer might detect in his countenance self-reliance and tenacity of will and purpose. But with ordinary faculties much may be accomplished: in this sketch, let us see how much in two particulars.

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His first entrance into my office was in the spring of 1853. He handed me a package of papers, saying, if I would name an hour for a professional consultation, he would be punctual. The time was agreed upon and he withdrew. On examination of his papers, I found that his letters of introduction were from several United States Senators, Judges of Supreme Courts, Cabinet Officers, and Governors, and one was from a Presidential candidate in the last election. Those directed specially to me were from a Senator and a Member of Congress, both of whom were lawyers and my personal friends, men in whose judgment I placed great confidence. They all spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Sidney's integrity, ability, and energy, and concluded by saying I might implicitly rely upon his judgment and be governed by his counsels.

What man of the masses can this one be, thus heralded by the authorities of the nation, and what his labor, so commended by the rulers? I glanced at him mentally again. Perhaps he is laboring for the endowment of some great literary or benevolent institution, for the building of a national monument. No. Perhaps he has some theory that thousands of facts must prove and illustrate; or it may be he is a voracious gatherer of statistics. The last is the most probable; but the more I mused, the more the fire burned within me to know more of his mission.

I awaited impatiently his coming. It was on the stroke of the hour appointed. The object of that interview may not with propriety be stated, nor the results described; but it may be said that that hour was the most intensely exciting of any of my professional life, causing the blood to chill and boil alternately. The business was so peculiar, and connected with men so exalted in position, and conducted with such wonderful ability and tact, that now, years after, scarcely a day passes that my mind does not revert to those hours and do homage to those transcendent abilities by which it was conducted, till I sometimes think the possessor of them was an overmatch for Lucifer himself. My eyes were for the first time opened to the marvellous in his department of knowledge and art; and the region of impossibility was materially circumscribed, and the domain of the prince of the powers of the air extended *ad infinitum*. Into those regions it is not my present purpose to delve.

After a business acquaintance of several years with Mr. Sidney, I have learned that he was formerly a rich manufacturer, and that he was nearly ruined in fortune by the burning of several warehouses in which he had stored a large amount of merchandise that was uninsured. The owners of these store-houses were men of wealth, influence, and respectability. Alone of all the citizens, Mr. Sidney suspected that the block was intentionally set on fire to defraud the insurance-offices. Without any aid or knowledge of other parties, he began an investigation, and ascertained that the buildings were insured far beyond their value. He also ascertained that insurance had been obtained on a far greater amount of merchandise than the stores could contain; and still further, that the goods insured, as being deposited there, were not so deposited at the time of the fire. He likewise procured a long array of facts tending to fix the burning upon the "merchant princes" who held the policies. To his mind, they were convincing. He therefore confronted these men, accused them of the arson, and demanded payment for his own loss. This was, of course, declined. Whereupon he gave them formal notice, that, if his demand were not liquidated within thirty days, never thereafter would an opportunity be afforded for a settlement. That the notice produced peculiar excitement was evident. *Yet the thirty days elapsed and his claim was not adjusted.*

From that hour, with a just appreciation of the enormity of the offence which he believed to have been committed, he consecrated his vast energies to the detection of crime. His whole soul was fired almost to frenzy with the greatness of his

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work, and he pursued it with a firmness of principle and fixedness of purpose that seemed almost madness, till he exposed to the world the most stupendous league of robbers ever dreamed of, extending into every State and Territory of the Union, and numbering, to his personal knowledge, over seven hundred men of influence and power, whose business as a copartnership was forgery, counterfeiting, burglary, arson, and any other crimes that might afford rich pecuniary remuneration.

I will not now stop to describe the organization of this band, which is as perfect as that of any corporation; nor the enormous resources at its command, being computed by millions; nor the great respectability of its directors and State agents; nor the bloody oaths and forfeitures by which the members are bound together; nor the places of their annual meetings; nor a thousand other particulars, more startling than anything in fiction or history. Nor will I enumerate the great number of convictions of members of this gang for various offences through Mr. Sidney's efforts. Prosecuting no other parties than these, — thwarting them in those defences that had never before failed,—testifying in open court against the character of their witnesses, who appeared to be polished gentlemen, and enumerating the offences of which they had been guilty, — and harassing them by all legal and legitimate means, he gathered around him a storm that not one man in a thousand could have withstood for an hour. Eleven times was food analyzed that had been suspiciously set before him, and in each instance poison was detected in it; while in hundreds of instances he declined to receive from unknown hands presents about which hung similar suspicions. Numerous were the infernal-machines sent him, the explosion of some of which he escaped as if by miracle, and several exploded in his own dwelling. Without number were the anonymous letters he received, threatening his life, if he did not desist from prosecuting this band of robbers. Yet not for one moment swerved from his purpose, he moved unharmed through ten thousand perils, till at last he fell a victim to the enemy that had so long been hunting his life. On no one has his mantle fallen.

His sole object in life seemed to be the breaking-up of this villanous gang of plunderers, and he pursued it with a genius and strength, a devotion, self-sacrifice, and true heroism, that are deserving of immortality.

Not long before his death, while one of the directors of this band was confined in prison at Mr. Sidney's instigation, awaiting a preliminary examination, he sent for Mr. Sidney and offered him one hundred thousand dollars, if he would desist from pursuing him alone. Mr. Sidney replied, that he had many times before been offered the like sum, if he would cease prosecuting the directors, and that the same reason which had inclined him to reject that proposition would compel him to refuse this. Whereupon the director offered, as an additional inducement, one-half of the money taken from the messenger of the Newport banks, while on his way to Providence to redeem their bills at the Merchants Bank, and also the mint where they had coined the composition that had passed current for years through all the banks and banking-houses of the country, and which stood every test that could be applied, without the destruction of the coin itself, which mint had cost its owners upwards of two hundred thousand dollars. All of which Mr. Sidney indignantly rejected. And it was not till the year after his death that the coin became known, when it was also reported and believed that a million and a quarter of the same was locked up in the vaults of the —— Government.

The United States Government sought Mr. Sidney's services, as appears of record. Those high in authority had decided on his employment, a fact which in less than six hours thereafter was known to the directors, and within that space of time five of them had arrived in Washington and paid over to their attorney the sum of thirty-five hundred dollars for

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some purpose, — the attorney being no less a personage than an honorable member of a supreme court. The service desired of Mr. Sidney he was willing to perform, on the condition that he should not be called upon to prosecute any other parties than those to whose conviction he had sworn to devote his life.

As a detective, Mr. Sidney was unequalled in this country. Vidocq may have been his superior in dissimulation, but in that alone. He certainly had not a tithe of Mr. Sidney's genius and strength of mind and moral power to discern the truth, though never so deeply hidden, and to expose it to the clear light of day.

"His blood and judgment were so well commingled,"

that his conclusions seemed akin to prophecy.

But it is not as a detective that Mr. Sidney is here presented. This slight sketch of this remarkable man is given, that the reader may more willingly believe that he possessed, among other wonderful powers, one that is not known ever to have been attained to such a degree by any other individual, namely: —

The power of discerning, in a single specimen of handwriting, the character, the occupation, the habits, the temperament, the health, the age, the sex, the size, the nationality, the benevolence or the penuriousness, the boldness or the timidity, the morality or the immorality, the affectation or the hypocrisy, and often the intention of the writer.

At the age of thirty-five, the genius of Mr. Sidney as a physiognomist, expert, and detective, remained wholly undeveloped. He was not aware, nor were his friends, of his wonderful powers of observation, dissection, and deduction. Nor had he taken his first lesson by being brought in contact with the rogues. How, then, did he acquire this almost miraculous power?

After he had ascertained the names of the directors and State agents of the band, he collected many hundred specimens of their handwriting. These he studied with that energy which was equalled only by his patience. In a surprisingly short time he first of all began to perceive the differences between a moral and an immoral signature. Afterwards he proceeded to study the occupation, age, habits, temperament, and all the other characteristics of the writers, and in this he was equally successful. If this be doubted by any, let him collect a number of signatures of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, and Americans, or, what is still better, of Jews of all nations, and at least in the latter instance, with ordinary perceptive faculties, there will be no difficulty in determining the question of nationality; a person with half an eye need never mistake the handwriting of a Jew. Many can detect pride and affectation, and most persons the sex, in handwriting, how much soever it may be disguised.

"The bridegroom's letters stand in row above,
Tapering, yet straight, like pine-trees in his grove;
While free and fine the bride's appear below,
As light and slender as her jasmines grow."

Why, then, should it be strange, if remarkable powers of observation, analysis, and patient and energetic study should accomplish much more? In this department the Government had afforded Mr. Sidney great facilities, till at last he would take the letters dropped during the night in the post-office of a great city, and as rapidly as a skilful cashier could detect a counterfeit in counting bank-bills, and with unerring certainty, he would throw out those suspiciously superscribed. "In each of these nine," he would say, "there is no letter, but money only. This parcel is from the W—— Street office. These are directed to men that are not called by these names: they are fictitious, and assumed for iniquitous purposes. Those are from thieves to thieves, and hint at opportunities," and so on.

Travelling over the principal railways of the country without charge, entertained at hotels where compensation was declined, Mr. Sidney was in some instances induced to impart to his friends some of that knowledge which he took much pains

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to conceal, believing that by so doing he should best serve the great purposes of his life. Whether he desired this remarkable power to be kept from the rogues, or whether he thought he should be too much annoyed by being called upon as an expert in handwriting in civil cases, or what his purpose was, is not known, and probably a large number of his intimate friends are not aware of his genius in this.

On one occasion he was in a Canadian city for the first time, and stopped at a principal hotel. When about to depart, he was surprised that his host declined compensation. The landlord then requested Mr. Sidney to give him the character of a man whose handwriting he produced. Mr. Sidney consented, and, having retired to the private office, gave the writer's age within a year, his nationality, being a native-born Frenchman, his height and size, being very short and fleshy, his temperament and occupation; and described him as a generous, high-toned, public-spirited man, of strong religious convictions and remarkable modesty: all of which the landlord pronounced to be entirely correct.

The hotel-register was then brought, and to nearly every name Mr. Sidney gave the marked character or peculiarity of the man. One was very nervous, another very tall and lean; this one was penurious, that one stubborn; this was a farmer, and that a clergyman; this name was written in a frolic; this was a genuine name, though not written by the man himself, — and that written by the man himself, but it was not his true name. Of the person last specified the clerk desired a full description, and obtained it in nearly these words: —

"He, Sir, was not christened by that name. He could never have written it before he was thirty. He has assumed it within a year. The character is bad, — very bad. I judge he is a gambler by profession, and — something worse. He evidently is not confined to one department of rascality. He was born and educated in New England, is aged about thirty-nine, is about five feet ten in height, and is broad-shouldered and stout. His nerves are strong, and he is bold, hypocritical, and mean. He is just the kind of man to talk like a saint and act like a devil."

The little company raised their hands in holy horror.

"As to age, size, nerve, etc.," said the landlord, "you are entirely correct, but in his moral character you are much mistaken"; and the clerk laughed outright.

"Not mistaken at all," replied Mr. Sidney; "the immorality of the signature is the most perspicuous, and it is more than an even chance that he has graduated from a State's prison. At any rate, he will show his true character wherever he remains a year."

"But, my dear Sir, you are doing the greatest possible damage to your reputation; he is a boarder of mine, and" ——

"You had better be rid of him," chimed in Mr. Sidney.

"Why, Mr. Sidney, he is the *clergyman* who has been preaching very acceptably at the —— Church these two months!"

"Just as I told you," said Mr. Sidney; "he is a hypocrite and a rascal by profession. Will you allow me to demonstrate this?"

The landlord assented. A servant was called, and Mr. Sidney, having written on a card, sent it to the clergyman's room, with the request that he would come immediately to the office. It was delivered, and the landlord waited patiently for his Reverence.

"You think he will come?" asked Mr. Sidney.

The landlord replied affirmatively.

Mr. Sidney shook his head, and said, — "You will see."

A short time after, the servant was again ordered to make a reconnoissance, and reported that there was no response to his knocking, and that the door was locked on the inside. Whereupon Mr. Sidney expressed the hope that the religious society were responsible for the board, for he would never again lead that flock like a shepherd. It was sub-

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sequently ascertained that the parson had in a very irreverent manner slipped down the spout to the kitchen and jumped from there to the ground, and, what is "very remarkable," like the load of voters upset by Sam Weller into the canal, "was never heard of after.*

"Individual handwriting," says Lavater, "is inimitable. The more I compare the different handwritings which fall in my way, the more am I confirmed in the idea that they are so many expressions, so many emanations, of the character of the writer. Every country, every nation, every city has its peculiar handwriting." And the same might be said of painting; for, if one hundred painters copy the same figure, an artist will distinguish the copyist.

Some years since, a certain bank placed in my hands two promissory notes for large amounts, purporting to be signed by a Mr. Temple and indorsed by a Mr. Conway, and which both maker and indorser pronounced forgeries. Both notes were written on common white paper, and were purchased by the bank of a certain broker at a time when it was difficult to make loans by discount in the usual manner. Before the maturity of the notes, the broker, who was a Jew, had left for parts unknown. He left behind him no liabilities, unless he might be holden for the payment of the notes above specified, and several others signed and indorsed in the same manner in the hands of other parties. Several attempts had been made by professional experts to trace resemblances between the forgeries and the genuine handwriting of said Temple and Conway, as well as the broker, but all had reluctantly come to the conclusion that the signatures were as dissimilar as well could be. The cashier was exceedingly embarrassed by the fact that Mr. Conway was one of the directors of the bank, and he was presumed to have been so familiar with his signature as to be incapable of being deceived.

After a most diligent investigation and the expenditure of much time and money, and after skilful experts and detectives had given up in despair of ascertaining either the whereabouts of the Jew or anything further till he could be produced, the holders of this paper had settled down quietly in the belief that the broker was the guilty party and that all further effort was useless. At this point of time, when all excitement had subsided, these notes came into my possession. I immediately telegraphed to Mr. Sidney, and it was with great joy that I received the reply that he was on his way. At three o'clock in the morning I met him at the railroad station. He complimented me by saying there was not another man living for whom he would have left the city of —— on a similar message. I thanked him, and we walked to the office. Before arriving there, I had merely informed him that I desired his services in the investigation of a forgery that baffled our art. He demanded all the papers. I produced the forged notes, several genuine checks and letters of Mr. Temple and Mr. Conway, and several specimens of the handwriting of the broker.

Long as I live I can never forget the almost supernatural glow that came over his features. I could almost see the halo. No language can describe such a marked and rapid change of countenance. His whole soul seemed wrapt in a delightful vision. I cannot say how long this continued, as I was lost in admiration, as he was in contemplation. I spoke, but he seemed not to hear. At last his muscles relaxed, and he began to breathe as if greatly fatigued. He wiped the perspiration from his brow, and said, as if to himself, —

"Sure!"

I asked what was sure. A few minutes elapsed, and he said more loudly, —

"As sure as you are born," — without seeming to have heard my inquiry.

I proposed to state what could be

* There is a curious story connected with this "clergyman," which may yet appear in the biography of Mr. S.

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proved, and the suspicions that were entertained of the cashier. He objected, and said, —

"I take my departure from these papers. Mr. Temple is aged thirty-eight, a large, well-built man, full six feet high, strongly nerved, bold, proud, and fearless. His mind is active, and in his day he has been professor in a college. He fares well and is fashionably dressed. I think he is not in any legitimate business. He is a German by birth, though he has been in this country several years. He is somewhat affected and immensely hypocritical. I think he is a gambler and dealer in counterfeit money. He certainly is not confined to one department of rascality. This is not the name by which he was christened, if indeed he was ever christened at all. He could not have written it in his youth, and must have assumed it within a year and a half." (Exact in every known particular.)

"Mr. Conway I at first thought an attorney-at-law, but he is not. I reckon he administers on estates, acts as guardian, and settles up the affairs of the unfortunate in trade as their assignee, in connection with his business of notary and note-shaver. He is aged fifty-six, was born and educated in New England, and is probably a native of this city. He is tall, lean, and bony. His nerves are not steady, and he is easily excited. He probably has the dyspepsia, but he would not lose the writing of a deed to be rid of it. The remarkable feature of his character is stinginess. His natural abilities being good and his mind strong, he must therefore be a man of means, and I think it matters little to his conscience how he comes by his wealth. At the same time, he has considerable pride and caution, which, with his interest, keep him honest, as the world goes. If he were not an old bachelor, I should think better of his heart, and he would be less miserly.

"The Jew's signature is the most honest of the three. Timidity is the marked character of the man. He could not succeed in any department of roguery. It is physically, as well as mentally and morally, impossible for him to have had any connection with the forgery. He would be frightened out of his wits at the very suggestion of his complicity."

"And so, Mr. Sidney," said I, "you know all about these parties and the particulars of the forgery?"

"Nothing whatever," he replied, "save by these specimens of their handwriting. I never heard of the forgery, nor of these men, till this hour."

To which I replied, —

"I cannot believe that you can give such a perfectly accurate description of them (saving their moral characters, of which I know little) without other means of knowledge. It *must* have been that you knew Temple to be a German, Conway to be the most penurious old bachelor in town, and the broker the most timid. And *how*, in the name of all that is marvellous, *could* you have known Conway to be afflicted with dyspepsia?

"Then," answered Mr. Sidney, "you are not prepared to believe one other thing, more strange and paradoxical than all the rest. Listen! These notes are forgeries both of the maker and the indorser. And who think you are the criminals?"

"The Jew?"

"No."

"The cashier?"

"No. But, as sure as you are born, these notes are in the handwriting of Temple and Conway, and the signatures are not only genuine, but they are forgeries also: for both had formed a well-matured and deliberate design of disputing them before placing them on the paper. And, Sir, from my notion of Conway's character and temperament, as expressed in his handwriting, I venture the assertion that I can make him own it, and pay the notes. He shall even faint away at my pleasure Temple is another kind of man, and would never own it, were it ten times proved."

A meeting of the directors of the bank was to be holden at nine o'clock of the same morning. None of them knew Mr.

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Sidney, or were known by him. It was arranged that he should meet them, Mr. Conway included, and exhibit his skill, and if he should convince them of his power of divination, he should discuss the genuineness of the signatures of the supposed forgeries.

For several hours he was on trial before the board with a very large number of specimens of handwriting of men of mark, and he astonished them all beyond measure by giving the occupation, age, height, size, temperament, strength of nerve, nationality, morality, and other peculiarities of every one of the writers. His success was not partial, it was complete. There was not simply a preponderance of evidence, it was beyond a doubt. The directors did not question the fact; but how was it done? Some thought mesmerism could account for it, and others thought it miraculous.

The first experiment was this. Each director wrote on a piece of paper the names of all the board. Eleven lists were handed him, and he specified the writer of each by the manner in which he wrote his own name. He then asked them to write their own or any other name, with as much disguise as they pleased, and as many as pleased writing on the same piece of paper; and in every instance he named the writer.

As an example of the other experiments, take this one. The superscription of a letter was shown him. He began immediately: —

"A clergyman, without doubt, who reads his sermons, and is a little short-sighted. He is aged sixty-one, is six feet high, weighs about one hundred and seventy, is lean, bony, obstinate, irritable, economical, frank, and without a particle of hypocrisy or conceit. He is naturally miserly, and bestows charity only from a sense of duty. His mind is methodical and strong, and he is not a genius or an interesting preacher. If he has decided upon any doctrine or construction of Scripture, it would be as impossible to change him as to make him over again."

The company began to laugh, when one of them said, —

"Come, come, Mr. Sidney, you are disclosing altogether too much of my father-in-law."

And now the supposed forged notes were handed him. He gave the characteristics of the signatures very nearly as he had before done in the office, but more particularly and minutely. He analyzed the handwriting, — showed the points of resemblance, where before none could be discerned, — showed that the writing, interpreted by itself, was intended to be disguised, — explained the difference between the different parts of the notes, — pointed out where the writer was firm in his purpose, and his nerves well braced, and where his fears overcame his resolution, — where he had paused to recover his courage, and for a considerable time, — where he had changed his pen, and how the forgery was continued through several days, — what parts were done by Temple, and what by Conway, —

> "Till all the interim
> Between the acting of the dreadful thing
> And the first motion"

was brought so vividly and truthfully to mind that Mr. Conway fell to the floor as if dead. The cashier, relieved from a pressure that had for weary months been grinding his very soul, burst into tears. A scene of strange excitement ensued, during which Mr. Conway muttered incoherent sentences in condemnation of Temple and then of himself, — now with penitence, and then with rage. Recovering his composure, he suggested the Jew as the guilty party. Mr. Sidney then dissected the handwriting of the Jew, and demonstrated that there was as great a difference between his chirography and a New-Englander's as between the English and the Chinese characters, — showed how the Jew must have been exceedingly timid, and stated the probability that he had left the city not because he had taken any part in the forgery, but because he had been frightened away. Then turning to Conway, he gave him a

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lecture such as no mortal before ever gave or received. The agony of Conway's mind so distorted his body as made it painful in the extreme to all beholders. "His inmost soul seemed stung as by the bite of a serpent." When at last Mr. Sidney turned and took from his valise a small steel safe, which Conway recognized as his own, "the terrors of hell got hold of him," and his anguish was indescribably horrible. The little safe had been by some unknown and unaccountable process taken from a larger one in Conway's office, and was unopened. Neither Mr. Sidney nor the directors have ever seen its contents; but in consideration that it should not be opened, Mr. Conway confessed his crime in the very form of Mr. Sidney's description, paid the notes before leaving the bank, and *remains a director to this day.* As is often the case, the greater criminal goes unwhipped of justice.

Mr. Sidney, besides the faculty I have described, had acquired another, less wonderful perhaps, but still quite remarkable, and which was of incalculable assistance to him in the prosecution of his Herculean labor. He was a most rare physiognomist. And by physiognomy is here intended, not simply the art of discerning the character of the mind by the features of the face, but also the art of discovering the qualities of the mind by the conformation of the body, — and still further, (although it may not be a legitimate use of the word,) the power of distinguishing the character, mental and moral, the capacity, occupation, and all the distinctive qualities of a person, by his figure, action, dress, deportment, and the like: for Sterne said well, that "the wise man takes his hat from the peg very differently from a fool."

The ancient Egyptians acquired the greatest skill in this science; and Tacitus affirms, not without reason, that their keen perception and acute observation, essential in communicating their ideas in hieroglyphics, contributed largely to their success. Certainly, few better proofs of the existence of the science have been furnished than that given by the Egyptian physiognomist at Athens in the days of Plato. Zopyrus pronounced the face of Socrates to be that of a libertine. The physiognomist being derided by the disciples of the great philosopher, Socrates reproved them, saying that Zopyrus had spoken well, for in his younger days such indeed had been the truth, and that he had overcome the proclivities of his nature by philosophy and the severest discipline.

Pliny affirms that Apelles could trace the likeness of men so accurately that a physiognomist could discover the ruling passion to which they were subject. Dante's characters, in his view of Purgatory, are drawn with accurate reference to the principles of physiognomy; and Shakspeare and Sterne, particularly the latter, were clever in the art; while Kempf and Zimmermann, in their profession, are said seldom to have erred as physiognomists. Surely it is a higher authority, and more practical, which saith, "A wicked man walketh with a froward mouth; he speaketh with his feet; he teacheth with his fingers. — A man is known by his look, and a wise man by the air of his countenance." And yet again, "The wickedness of a woman changeth her face."

If it be true, as Sultzer declares, that there is not a living creature that is not more or less skilled in physiognomy as a necessary condition of its existence, surely *man*, with all his parts fitly joined together, should be the most expert; and there are circumstances and conditions, as well as qualities of mind and body, which will conduct him more surely along the pathway of his research, and direct him onward towards the goal of perfection. Consider, then, the characteristics of Mr. Sidney, the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and the school in which he was taught, in order to determine if there were in him the elements of success.

Chiefest among the essential qualities is to be named his astonishing strength of nerve. No danger could agitate him,

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however imminent or sudden. No power could deprive him of his imperturbable coolness and courage. Perils seemed to render his mind more clear and his self-reliance more firm. (And yet I have heard him say, that there was among the band of criminals before mentioned one woman of greater strength of mind and nervous power than any person he had ever seen, whom alone of all created beings, whether man or devil, he dreaded to encounter.) Had not Mr. Sidney been thus potently armed, he must, without doubt or question, have become almost a monomaniac; for, secondly, he was for years enraged almost to madness that his entire estate had been swept from his grasp, as he believed, by the torch of the incendiary; and he was to the last degree exasperated, and with a just indignation, that the merchant-princes who he supposed had occasioned his impoverishment yet walked abroad with the confidence of the community, and were still trusted by many a good man as the very salt of the city. Nevertheless, Mr. Sidney, solitary and alone, had arraigned them before a criminal tribunal. He was therefore driven to his own resources, and there was no place in his nature, or in the nature of things, for the first retrograde step. All his vast energies were thenceforth consecrated to, and concentrated in, the detection of crime. And from the time that he was refused payment for his loss, so far as my observation extended, he seemed to have been governed by no other purpose in life than the extermination of that great gang of robbers which he subsequently discovered. Add to these incentives and capacities his extraordinary perceptive faculties and power of analytical observation, together with his wonderful patience, and it must be granted that he was qualified to discover in any incident connected with his pursuits more of its component parts than all other beholders, and had greater opportunities than almost any other man by which to be informed *how* it is that "the heart of a man changeth his countenance."

If I remember rightly, it was some two years after our acquaintance commenced that I became aware of Mr. Sidney's proficiency as a physiognomist, and it was then communicated, not so much by his choice as by a necessity, for the accomplishment of one of his purposes.

The object of Mr. Sidney's visit to the city of P——, at that time, was nothing less difficult than the discovery and identification of an individual of whom no other knowledge or description had been obtained than what could be extracted from the inspection, in another city, of a single specimen of his handwriting in the superscription of a letter. So much from so little. Within three days thereafter, with no other instrumentalities than what were suggested by Mr. Sidney's expertness in deciphering character in handwriting and his proficiency as a physiognomist, the result was reached and the object happily attained. In the prosecution of the enterprise, it was important, if not essential, that I should believe that the data were sufficient by which to arrive at a correct conclusion, and that I should confide in Mr. Sidney's skill in order that there might be hearty coöperation.

My office was so situated, that from its windows could most advantageously be observed, and for a considerable distance, the vast throng that ebbed and flowed, hour after hour, through the great thoroughfares of the city. For the greater part of three consecutive days I sat by Mr. Sidney's side, watching the changing crowd through the half-opened shutters, listening incredulously, at first, to the practical application of his science to the unsuspecting individuals below, till my derision was changed to admiration, and I was thoroughly convinced of his power. As my friends of both sexes passed under the ordeal, it was intensely bewitching. Hour after hour would he give, with rapidity and correctness, the occupation and peculiarity of character and condition of almost every individual who passed. This was not occasional, but continuous. The marked men were not singled out, but all were included. He was a stranger, and yet better acquainted with the peo-

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ple than any of our citizens. And this was the manner of his speaking: —

"That physician has a better opinion of himself than the people have of him: he is superficial, and makes up in effrontery what he lacks in qualification. The gambler yonder, with a toothpick in his mouth, has of late succeeded in his tricks. The affairs of this kind-hearted grocer are troubling him. Were we within a yard of that round-shouldered man from the country, we should smell leather; for he works on his bench, and is unmarried. Here comes an atheist who is a joker and stubborn as a mule. There goes a man of no business at all: very probably it is the best occupation he is fitted for, as he has no concentrativeness. The schoolmistress crossing the street is an accomplished teacher, is very sympathetic, and has great love of approbation. That lawyer is a bachelor, and distrusts his own strength. This merchant should give up the use of tobacco, and pay his notes before dinner, else he will become a dyspeptic. Here comes a man of wealth who despises the common people and is miserly and hypocritical; and next to him is a scamp. I think it is Burke who says, 'When the gnawing worm is within, the impression of the ravage it makes is visible on the outside, which appears quite disfigured by it': and in that young man the light that was within him has become darkness, and 'how great is that darkness!'"

Of some qualities of mind he would occasionally decline to speak until he could see the features in play, as in conversation. Some occupations he failed to discover, if the arms were folded, or the hands in the pockets, or the body not in motion. It is not my purpose to specify any of the rules by which he was governed, though they differed materially from those of Lavater, Redfield, and others, nor the facts from which he drew his conclusions, but simply to give results.

I selected from the crowd acquaintances of marked character and standing, and obtained accurate descriptions of them. Of one he said, "He is a good merchant, and has done and is doing a large business. He carries his business home with him at night, as he should not. He has been wealthy, and is now reduced in circumstances. His disaster weighs heavily upon him. He has a high sense of honor, a keen conscience, and is a meek, religious man. He has great goodness of nature, is very modest and retiring, has more ability than he supposes, and is a man of family and very fond of his children."

Another he accurately described thus: "He is a mechanic, of a good mind, who has succeeded so well that I doubt if he is in active business. Certainly he does not labor. He is very independent and radical, — can be impudent, if occasion requires, — gives others all their rights, and pertinaciously insists upon his own." Here the mechanic took his hands from his pocket. "Hold! I said he was a mechanic. He is not, — he is a house-painter."

I desired to be informed by what indications he judged him to be a painter. He replied, that he so judged from the general appearance and motions, and that it was difficult to specify. I insisted, and he remarked that "the easy roll of his wrists was indicative."

After obtaining similar correct descriptions of men well known to me, I spied one whom I did not know, and who was dressed peculiarly. I inquired his occupation, and Mr. Sidney, without turning a glance towards me, and still gazing through the half-opened shutters, replied, "Yes! you never saw him before, yourself. He is a stranger in town, as is evident from the fact of his being dressed in his best suit, and by the manner of his taking observations. Besides, there is no opportunity in these parts for him to follow his trade. He is a glass-blower. You may perceive he is a little deaf, and the curvature of his motions also indicates his occupation."

Whether this description was correct or not I failed to ascertain.

Mr. Sidney contended that any man of ordinary perceptive faculties need never

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mistake a gambler, as the marks on the tribe were as distinct as the complexion of the Ethiopian, — that, of honest callings, dealers in cattle could be most easily discovered, — that immorality indicated its kind invariably in the muscles of the face, — that sympathetic qualities, love and the desire of being loved, taste and refinement, were among the most perspicuous in the outline of the face.

A man of very gentlemanly appearance was approaching, whom Mr. Sidney pronounced a gambler, and also engaged in some other branch of iniquity. His appearance was so remarkably good that I doubted. He turned the corner, and immediately Mr. Sidney hastened to the street and soon returned, saying he had ascertained his history: that he was in the counterfeiting department, — that his conscience affected his nerves, and consequently his motions, — that he was a stranger in town, and was restless and disquieted, — that he would not remain many hours here, as he had an enterprise on hand, and was about it. I remarked, that, as the contrary never could be proved, he was perfectly safe in his prophecy, when Mr. Sidney rose from his chair, and, approaching me, slowly said, with great energy, —

"I will follow that man till it *is* proved."

The next day but one, I received a note from Mr. Sidney, simply saying, "I am on his track." He followed the supposed counterfeiter to Philadelphia, where he ascertained that he had passed five-dollar bills of the —— bank of Connecticut. Mr. Sidney obtained the bills the gambler had passed to compare with the genuine. Failing, however, to find any of the same denomination, he presented the supposed counterfeits to a broker skilled in detecting bad bills, and was surprised to be informed that they were genuine. At Baltimore, he repeated the inquiry at the counter of a well-known banker relative to other similar bills, and received the same response. So again in Washington, Pittsburg, Chicago, and several other cities whither he had followed the suspected man, and invariably the reply of the cashier would be, "We will exchange our bills for them, Sir." In some Western cities he was offered a premium on the bills he had collected. At St. Louis he obtained a known genuine bill of the bank in question, and in company with a broker proceeded to examine the two with a microscope. The broker pronounced the supposed counterfeits to be genuine. In the mean time the gambler had left the city. Two days after, Mr. Sidney had overtaken him. So great were his excitement and vexation that he could scarcely eat or sleep. In a fit of desperation, without law and against law, he pounced upon the suspected man and put him in irons. He beat a parley. It was granted, and the two went to the gambler's apartments in company. In a conversation of several hours, Mr. Sidney extracted from him the most valuable information relating to the gang he was so pertinaciously prosecuting, and received into his possession forty-seven thousand dollars in counterfeits of the aforesaid bank, some of which I now have in my possession, and which have been pronounced genuine by our most skilful experts.

It would be gratifying to all lovers of science to be informed that the practical knowledge acquired by Mr. Sidney had been preserved, and that at least the elementary principles of the arts in which he became so nearly perfect had been definitely explained and recorded. I am not aware, however, that such is the fact, but am persuaded that his uniform policy of concealment has deprived the world of much that would have been exceedingly entertaining and instructive. That this knowledge has not been preserved is owing mainly to the fact that he considered it of little importance, except as a means for the accomplishment of his purposes, and that those purposes would be most effectually achieved by his withholding from the common gaze the instrumentality by which they were to be attained. That he intended at some fu-

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ture period to make some communication to the public I am well assured, and some materials were collected by him with this view; but the hot pursuit of the great idea that he never for an hour lost sight of would not allow sufficient rest from his labors, and he deferred the publication to those riper years of experience and acquirement from which he could survey his whole past career.

It may be comforting for all rogues to know that he left behind him no note of that vast amount of statistical knowledge which he possessed, whether appertaining to crimes or criminals in general or in particular, or more especially to the band of robbers, — and that with him perished all knowledge of this organization as such, and the names of all the parties therewith connected. They also have the consolation, if there be any, of knowing that he was sent prematurely to his grave by a subtle poison, administered by unknown hands and in an unknown manner and moment, and that he died in the firm faith of immortality.

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle-blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the South uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

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"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

THE FOSSIL MAN.

The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been: to be found in the register of God, not in the records of men. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The Night of Time far surpasseth the Day, and who knoweth the Equinox? — SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

WHAT a mysterious and subtile pleasure there is in groping back through the early twilight of human history! The mind thirsts and longs so to know the Beginning: who and what manner of men those were who laid the first foundations of all that is now upon the earth: of what intellectual power, of what degree of civilization, of what race and country. We wonder how the fathers of mankind lived, what habitations they dwelt in, what instruments or tools they employed, what crops they tilled, what garments they wore. We catch eagerly at any traces that may remain of their faiths and beliefs and superstitions; and we fancy, as we gain a clearer insight into them, that we are approaching more nearly to the mysterious Source of all life in the soul. The germ, to our limited comprehension, seems nearer the Creator than the perfected growth. Then the great problem of *Origin* forever attracts us on, — the multitudinous and intricate questions relating to "the ordained becoming of beings": how the Creating Power has worked, whether through an almost endless chain of gradual and advantageous changes, or by some sudden and miraculous *ictus*, placing at once a completed body on the earth, as an abode and instrument for a developed soul, — all these remote and difficult questions lead us on. And yet

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the search for human origins, or the earliest historic and scientific evidences of man on the earth, is but a groping in the dark.

We turn to the Hebrew and the inspired records; but we soon discover, that, though containing a picture, unequalled for simplicity and dignity, of the earliest experiences of the present family of man, they are by no means a monument or relic of the most remote period, but belong to a comparatively modern date, and that the question of *Time* is not at all directly treated in them.

We visit the region where poetry and myth and tradition have placed a most ancient civilization,—the Black-Land, or Land of the Nile: we search its royal sepulchres, its manifold history written in funereal records, in kingly genealogies, in inscriptions, and in the thousand relics preserved of domestic life, whether in picture, sculpture, or the embalmed remains of the dead; and we find ourselves thrown back to a date far beyond any received date of history, and still we have before us a ripened civilization, an art which could not belong to the childhood of a race, a language which (so far as we can judge) must have needed centuries for its development, and the divisions of human races, whose formation from the original pair our philosophy teaches us must have required immense and unknown spaces of time, — all as distinct as they are at the present day.

We traverse the regions to which both the comparison of languages and the Biblical records assign the original birthplace of mankind, — the country of the Euphrates and the plateau of Eastern Asia. Buried kingdoms are revealed to us; the shadowy outlines of magnificent cities appear which flourished and fell before recorded human history, and of which even Herodotus never heard; Art and Science are unfolded, reaching far back into the past; the signs of luxury and splendor are uncovered from the ruin of ages: but, remote as is the date of these Turanian and Semitic empires, almost equalling that of the Flood in the ordinary system of chronology, they cannot be near the origin of things, and a long process of development must have passed ere they reached the maturity in which they are revealed to us.

The Chinese records give us an antiquity and an acknowledged date before the time of Abraham, (if we follow the received chronology,) and even then their language must have been, as it is now, distinct and solidified, betraying to the scholar no certain affinity to any other family of language. The Indian history, so long boasted of for its immense antiquity, is without doubt the most modern of the ancient records, and offers no certain date beyond 1800 B. C.

In Europe, the earliest evidences of man disclosed by our investigations are even more vague and shadowy. Probably, without antedating in time these historical records of Asia, they reach back to a more primitive and barbarous era. The earliest history of Europe is not studied from inscription or manuscript or even monument; it is not, like the Asiatic, a conscious work of a people leaving a memorial of itself to a future age. It is rather, like the geological history, an unconscious, gradual deposit left by the remains of extinct and unknown races in the soil of the fields or under the sediment of the waters. The earliest European barbarian, as he burned his canoe from a log, or fabricated his necklace from a bone, or worked out his knife from a flint, was in reality writing a history of his race for distant days. We can follow him now in his wanderings through the rivers and lakes and on the edges of the forests; we open his simple mounds of burial, and study his barbarian tools and ornaments; we discover that he knew nothing of metals, and that bone and flint and amber and coal were his materials; we trace out his remarkable defences and huts built on piles in the various lakes of Europe, where the simple savage could escape the few gigantic "fossil" animals which even then survived, and roved through the forests of Prussia and France, or the still more ter-

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rible human enemies who were continually pouring into Germany, Denmark, and Switzerland from the Asiatic plains. We find that the early savage of Switzerland and Sweden was not entirely ignorant of the care of animals, and that he had fabricated some rude pottery. Of what race he was, or when he appeared amid the forests of Northern Europe, no one can confidently say. Collecting the various indications from the superstitions, language, and habits of this barbarian people, and comparing them with like peculiarities of the most ancient races now existing in Europe, we can frame a very plausible hypothesis that these early savages belonged to that great family of which the Finns and Laps, and possibly the Basques, are scattered members. Their skulls, also, are analogous in form to those of the Finnish race. This age the archæologists have denominated the "Stone Age" of European antiquity.

Following this is what has been called by them the "Bronze Age." Another, more powerful, and more cultivated race or collection of peoples inundates Scandinavia, Germany, Switzerland, and other districts. They make war against and destroy the early barbarians; they burn their water-huts, and force them to the mountains, or to the most northern portions of the continent. This new race has a taste for objects of beauty. They work copper and bronze; they make use of beautiful vases of earthenware and ornaments of the precious metals; but they have yet no knowledge of iron or steel. Their dead are burned instead of being buried, as was done by the preceding races. They are evidently more warlike and more advanced than the Finnish barbarians. Of their race or family it is difficult to say anything trustworthy. Their skulls belong to the "long-skulled" races, and would ally them to the Kelts. Antiquaries have called their remains "Keltic remains."

Still another age in this ancient history is the "Iron Age," when the tribes of Europe used iron weapons and implements, and had advanced from the nomadic condition to that of cultivators of the ground, though still gaining most of their livelihood from fishing and hunting. This period no doubt approached the period of historical annals, and the iron men may have been the earliest Teutons of the North, — our own forefathers; but of their race or mixture of races we have no certain evidence, and can only make approximate hypotheses, — the division of "ages" by archæologists, it should be remembered, being not in any way a fixed division of races, but only indicating the probability of different races at those different early periods. What was the date of these ages cannot at all be determined; the earlier are long before any recorded European annals, but there is no reason to believe that they approach in antiquity the Asiatic records and remains.

Such, until recently, were the historic and scientific evidences with regard to the antiquity of man. His most venerable records, his most ancient dates of historic chronology were but of yesterday, when compared with the age of existing species of plants and animals, or with the opening of the present geologic era. Every new scientific investigation seemed, from its negative evidence, to render more improbable the existence of the "fossil man." It is true that in various parts of the world, during the past few years, human bones have been discovered in connection with the bones of the fossil mammalia; but they were generally found in caves or in lime-deposits, where they might have been dropped or swept in by currents of water, or inserted in more modern periods, and yet covered with the same deposit as the more ancient relics. Geologists have uniformly reasoned on the *a priori* improbability of these being fossil bones, and have somewhat strained the evidence — as some distinguished *savans** now believe — against the theory of a great human antiquity.

And yet the "negative evidence" against the existence of the fossil man was open to many doubts. The records

* Pictet.

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of geology are notoriously imperfect. We probably read but a few leaves of a mighty library of volumes. Moreover, the last ages preceding the present period were witnesses of a series of changes and slowly acting agencies of destruction, from which man may have in general escaped. We have reason to believe that during long periods of time the land was gradually elevated and subject to oscillations, so that the courses of rivers and the beds of lakes were disturbed, and even the bottom of the ocean was raised. The results were the inundation of some countries, and the pouring of great currents of water over others, wearing down the hills and depositing in the course of ages the regular layers of gravel, sand, and marl, which now cover so large a part of Europe. This was still further followed by a period in which the temperature of the earth was lowered, and ice and glaciers had perhaps a part in forming the present surface of the northern hemisphere. During the first period, which may be called the "Quaternary Period,"* the mighty animals lived whose bones are now found in caverns, or under the slowly deposited sediment of the waters, or preserved in bog, — the mammoth, and rhinoceros, and elk, and bear, and elephant, as well as many others of extinct species.

We may suppose, that, if man did exist during these convulsions and inundations, his superior intelligence would enable him to escape the fate of the animals that were submerged, — or that, if his few burial-places were invaded by the waters, his remains are now completely covered by marine deposits under the ocean. If, however, in his barbarian condition, he had fashioned implements of any hard material, and especially if, as do the savages of the present family of man, he had accidentally deposited them, or had buried them with the dead in mighty mounds, the invading waters might well sweep them together from their place and deposit them almost in mass, in situations where the eddies should leave their gravel and sand.*

Such seems in reality to have been the case; though in regard to so important a fact in the history of the world much caution must be exercised in accepting the evidence. We will state briefly the proofs, as they now appear, of the existence of a race of human beings on this earth in an immense antiquity.

A French gentleman, M. Boucher de Perthes, has for thirty-four years been devoting his time and his fortune, with rare perseverance, to the investigation of certain antiquities in the later geological deposits in the North of France. His first work, "Les Antiquités Celtiques and Antédiluviennes," published in 1847, was received with much incredulity and opposition; a second, under the same title, in 1857, met with a scarce better reception, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could induce even the *savans* of his own country to look at the mass of evidence he had collected on this subject.

He made the extraordinary claim to have discovered a great quantity of rough implements of flint, fashioned by art, in the undisturbed beds of clay, gravel, and sand, known as *drift*, near Abbeville and

* We should bear in mind that the Quaternary or Diluvian Period, however ancient in point of time, has no clearly distinguishing line of separation from the present period. The great difference lies in the extinction of certain species of animals, which lived then, whose destruction may be due both to gradual changes of climate and to man. — PICTET.

* Sir C. Lyell, in his remarks before the British Association in 1859, said upon the discovery alluded to here: "I am reminded of a large Indian mound which I saw in St. Simon's Island in Georgia, — a mound ten acres in area, and having an average height of five feet, chiefly composed of cast-away oyster-shells, throughout which arrow-heads, stone axes, and Indian pottery were dispersed. If the neighboring river, the Altamaha, or the sea which is at hand, should invade, sweep away, and stratify the contents of this mound, it might produce a very analogous accumulation of human implements, unmixed, perhaps, with human bones." — *Athenæum*, September 24, 1859.

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Amiens. These beds vary in thickness from ten to twenty feet, and cover the chalk hills in the vicinity; in portions of them, upon the hills, often in company with the flints, are discovered numerous bones of the extinct mammalia, such as the mammoth, the fossil rhinoceros, tiger, bear, hyena, stag, ox, horse, and others.

The flint implements are found in the lowest beds of gravel, just above the chalk, while above them are sands with delicate fresh-water shells and beds of brick-earth, — all this, be it remembered, on table-lands two hundred feet above the level of the sea, in a country whose level and face have remained unaltered during any historical period with which we are acquainted. "It must have required," says Sir Charles Lyell, "a long period for the wearing down of the chalk which supplied the broken flints (stones) for the formation of so much gravel at various heights, sometimes one hundred feet above the level of the Somme, for the deposition of fine sediment, including entire shells, both terrestrial and aquatic, and also for the denudation which the entire mass of stratified drift has undergone, portions having been swept away, so that what remains of it often terminates abruptly in old river-cliffs, besides being covered by a newer unstratified drift. To explain these changes, I should infer considerable oscillations in the level of the land in that part of France, slow movements of upheaval and subsidence, deranging, but not wholly displacing the course of ancient rivers."

The President of the British Association, in his opening speech at the meeting of 1860, affirms the immense antiquity of these flint implements, and remarks: — "At Menchecourt, in the suburbs of Abbeville, a nearly entire skeleton of the Siberian rhinoceros is said to have been taken out about forty years ago, — a fact affording an answer to the question often raised, as to whether the bones of the extinct mammalia could have been washed out of an older alluvium into a newer one, and so redeposited and mingled with the relics of human workmanship. Far-fetched as was this hypothesis, I am informed that it would not, if granted, have seriously shaken the proof of the high antiquity of human productions; for that proof is independent of organic evidence or fossil remains, and is based on physical data. As was stated to us last year by Sir Charles Lyell, we should still have to allow time for great denudation of the chalk, and the removal from place to place, and the spreading out over the length and breadth of a large valley, of heaps of chalk-flints in beds from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, covered by loam and sands of equal thickness, these last often tranquilly deposited, — all of which operations would require the supposition of a great lapse of time."

An independent proof of the age of these gravel-beds and the associated loam, containing fossil remains, is derived by the same authority from the large deposits of peat in the valley of the Somme, which contain not only monuments of the Roman, but also those of an older, stone period, the Finnic period; yet, says Lord Wrottesley, "distinguished geologists are of opinion that the growth of all the vegetable matter, and even the original scooping out of the hollows containing it, are events long posterior in date to the gravel with flint-implements,—nay, posterior even to the formation of the uppermost of the layers of loam with fresh-water shells overlaying the gravel."

The number of the flint implements is computed at above fourteen hundred in an area of fourteen miles in length and half a mile in breadth. They are of the rudest nature, as if formed by a people in the most degraded state of barbarism. Some are mere flakes of flint, apparently used for knives or arrow-heads; some are pointed and with hollowed bases, as if for spear-heads, varying from four to nine inches in length; some are almond-shaped, with a cutting edge, from two to nine inches in length. Others again are fashioned into coarse representations of animals, such as the whale, saurian, boar, eagle, fish, and even the human profile;

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others have representations of foliage upon them; others are either drilled with holes or are cut with reference to natural holes, so as to serve as stones for slings, or for amulets, or for ornaments. The edges in many cases seem formed by a great number of small artificial *tips* or blows, and do not at all resemble edges made by a great natural fracture. Very few are found with polished surfaces like the modern remains in flint; and the whole workmanship differs from that of flint arrow-heads in other parts of Europe, as well as from the later Finnish (or so-called Keltic) remains, discovered in such quantities in France. The only relics that have been found resembling them are, according to Mr. Worsaae, some flint arrow-heads and spear-points discovered at great depths in the bogs of Denmark. A few bone knives and necklaces of bone have been met with in these deposits, but thus far no human bones. The people who fabricated these instruments seemed to be a hunting and fishing people, living in some such condition as the present savages of Australia.

These discoveries of M. de Perthes have at length aroused the attention of English men of science, and during 1859 a number of eminent gentlemen — among them Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Prestwich, Dr. Falconer, and others — visited M. Perthes's collection, and saw the flints *in situ*. Several of them have avowed their conviction of the genuineness and antiquity of these relics. Sir Charles Lyell has given a guarded sanction to the belief that they present one strong proof of a remote human antiquity.

The objections that would naturally be made to this evidence are, that the flints are purely natural formations, and not works of man, — that the deposit is alluvial and modern, rather than of the ancient drift, — or that these implements had been dropped into crevices, or sunk from above, in later periods.

The testimony of disinterested observers seems to be sufficient as to the human contrivance manifest in these flints; and the concurrence of various scientific men hardly leaves room for doubt that these deposits are of great antiquity, preceding the time in which the surface of France took its present form, and dating back to what is called the Post-Pliocene Period. Their horizontal position, and the great depth at which the hatchets are found, together with their number, and the peculiar incrustation and discoloration of each one, as well as their being in company with the bones of the extinct mammalia, make it improbable that they could have been dropped into fissures or sunk there in modern times.* In regard to the absence of human bones, it should be remembered that no bones are easily preserved, unless they are buried in sediment or in bog; and furthermore, that the extent of the researches in these formations is very small indeed. Besides, the country where above all we should

* An article in *Blackwood*, (October, 1860,) which is understood to be from the pen of Professor H. D. Rogers, admits entirely that the flints are of human workmanship, and that it is impossible for them to have dropped through fissures, as, according to the writer's observation of the deposits, it would be impossible even for *a mole* to penetrate them, so close are they. Professor Rogers takes the ground that human antiquity is *not proven* from these relics, for two reasons: — First, because the indications in the deposits inclosing the flints point clearly to a "turbulent diluvial action," and therefore it is possible for a violent incursion of the ocean to have taken place in the historic period, and to have mixed up the more recent works of man with the previously buried bones or relics of a pre-historic period; and secondly, because the different geological deposits do not necessarily prove time, but only succession, — two schools of geology interpreting all similar phenomena differently, as relating to the time required.

The last position would be admitted by few scientific geologists at the present day, as the evidence for time, though inferential from the deposits known to us, is held generally to be conclusive. On the first point, Professor Rogers has the weight of authority against him: all the great masters of the science, who have examined the formation and the deposits of the surrounding country, denying that there is any evidence of an incursion of the ocean of such a nature, during the historic period.

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expect the most of human remains in the drift-deposits, as being probably the most ancient abode of man,—Asia,—has been the least explored for such purposes. Still this is without doubt the weak point in the evidence, as proving human antiquity.

The chain of evidence in regard to this important question seems to be filled out by a recent discovery of M. Edouard Lartet in Aurignac, in the South of France, on the head-waters of the Garonne. As we have just observed, the weak point in M. de Perthes's discoveries was the absence of human bones in the deposits investigated, though this might have been accounted for by the withdrawal of human beings from the floods of the period. M. Lartet's investigations have fortunately been conducted in a spot which was above the reach of the ordinary inundations of the Drift Period, and whither human beings might have fled for refuge, or where they might have lived securely during long spaces of time.

Some ten years since, in Aurignac, (Haute Garonne,) in the *Arrondissement* of St. Gaudens, near the Pyrenees, a cavern was discovered in the nummulitic rock. It had been concealed by a heap of fragments of rock and vegetable soil, gradually detached and accumulated, probably by atmospheric agency. In it were found the human remains, it was estimated, of seventeen individuals, which were afterwards buried formally by the order of the mayor of Aurignac. Along with the bones were discovered the teeth of mammals, both carnivora and herbivora; also certain small perforated corals, such as were used by many ancient peoples as beads, and similar to those gathered in the deposits of Abbeville. The cave had apparently served as a place of sacrifice and of burial. In 1860 M. Lartet visited the spot. In the layer of loose earth at the bottom of the cave he found flint implements, worked portions of a reindeer's horn, mammal bones, and human bones in a remarkable state of preservation. In a lower layer of charcoal and ashes, indicating the presence of man and some ancient fireplace or hearth, the bones of the animals were scratched and indented as though by implements employed to remove the flesh; almost every bone was broken, as if to extract the marrow, as is done by many modern tribes of savages. The same peculiarity is noticed in the bones discovered among the "water-huts" of the Danish lakes.

In this deposit M. Lartet picked up many human implements, such as bone knives, flattened circular stones supposed to have been used for sharpening flint knives, perforated sling-stones, many arrow-heads and spear-heads, flint knives, a bodkin made of a roebuck's horn, various implements of reindeers' horn, and teeth beads, from the teeth of the great fossil bear (*Ursus spelæus*). Remains were also found of nine different species of carnivora, such as the fossil bear, the hyena, cat, wolf, fox, and others, and of twelve of herbivora, such as the fossil elephant, the rhinoceros, the great stag, (*Cervus elephas*,) the European bison, (aurochs,) horse, and others. The most common were the aurochs, the reindeer, and the fox. How savages, armed only with flint implements, could have captured these gigantic animals, is somewhat mysterious; but, as M. Lartet suggests, they may have snared many of them, or have overwhelmed single monsters with innumerable arrows and spears, as Livingstone describes the slaying of the elephant by the negroes at the present day.

With reference to the mode in which these remains were brought to this place, M. Lartet remarks,—"The fragmentary condition of the bones of certain animals, the mode in which they are broken, the marks of the teeth of the hyena on bones, necessarily broken in their recent condition, even the distribution of the bones and their significant consecration, lead to the conclusion that the presence of these animals and the deposit of all these remains are due solely to human agency. Neither the inclination of the ground nor the surrounding hydrograph-

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ical conditions allow us to suppose that the remains could have been brought where they are found by natural causes."

The conclusion, then, in palæontology, which would be drawn from these facts is, that man must have existed in Europe at the same time with the fossil elephant and rhinoceros, the gigantic hyena, the aurochs, and the elk, and even the cave-bear. This latter animal is thought by many to have disappeared in the very opening of the Post-Pliocene Period; so that this cave would—judging from the remains of that animal—have been *prior* to the long period of inundations in which the drift-deposits of Abbeville and Amiens were made. The drift which fills the valleys of the Pyrenees has not, it is evident, touched this elevated spot in Aurignac.

In chronology, all that is proved by these discoveries of M. Lartet is that the fossil animals mentioned above and man were contemporaries on the earth. The age of each must be determined inferentially by comparing the age of strata in which these animals are usually found with the age in which the most ancient traces of man are discovered,—such as the deposits already described in the North of France.

Similar discoveries on a smaller scale are recorded by Mr. Prestwich in Suffolk, England, and in Devonshire. We are informed also by Sir C. Lyell of a recent important discovery near Troyes, France. In the Grotto d' Arcès, a human jaw-bone and teeth have been found imbedded with *Elephas primigenius*, *Ursus spelæus*, *Hyæna spelæa*, and other extinct animals, under layers of stalagmite. Professor Pictet, the celebrated geologist, who also gives his adhesion to these discoveries of M. de Perthes, states that the cave-evidence has by no means been sufficiently valued by geologists, and that there are caverns in Belgium where the existence of human remains cannot be satisfactorily explained on the theory of a modern introduction of them. The President of the British Association (Lord Wrottesley) also states that in the cave of Brixham, Devonshire, and in another near Palermo, in Sicily, flint implements were observed by Dr. Falconer, in such a manner as to lead him to infer that man must have coexisted with several lost species of quadrupeds.

Professor Owen, in his "Palæontology," (1861,) appears to put faith in the genuineness and antiquity of these flint relics. He also states that similar flint weapons have been found by Mr. John Frere, F. R. S., in Suffolk, in a bed of flint gravel, sixteen feet below the surface, of the same geological age as that in the valley of the Somme.

The conclusion from these discoveries—the most important scientific discoveries, relating to human history, of modern times—is, that ages ago, in the period of the extinct mammoth and the fossil bear, perhaps before the Channel separated England from France, a race of barbarian human beings lived on the soil of Europe, capable of fabricating rough implements. The evidence has been carefully weighed by impartial and experienced men, and thus far it seems complete.

The mind is lost in astonishment, in looking back at such a vast antiquity of human beings. A tribe of men in existence tens of thousands of years before any of the received dates of Creation! savages who hunted, with their flint-headed arrows, the gigantic elk of Ireland and the buffalo of Germany, or who fled from the savage tiger of France, or who trapped the immense clumsy mammoth of Northern Europe. Who were they? we ask ourselves in wonder. Was there with man, as with other forms of animal life, a long and gradual progression from the lowest condition to a higher, till at length the world was made ready for a more developed human being, and the Creator placed the first of the present family of man upon the earth? Were those European barbarians of the Drift Period a primeval race, destroyed before the creation of our own race, and lower and more barbarian than the lowest of

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the present inhabitants of the world? or, as seems more probable, were these mysterious beings — the hunters of the mammoth and the aurochs — the earliest progenitors of our own family, the childish fathers of the human race?

The subject hardly yet admits of an exact and scientific answer. We can merely here suggest the probability of a vast antiquity to human beings, and of the existence of the FOSSIL or PRE-ADAMITIC MAN.

LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL DREEME" AND "JOHN BRENT."

KATAHDIN AND THE PENOBSCOT.

CHAPTER X.

RIPOGENUS.

RIPOGENUS is a tarn, a lovely oval tarn, within a rim of forest and hill; and there behold, *O gioja!* at its eastern end, stooping forward and filling the sphere, was Katahdin, large and alone.

But we must hasten, for day wanes, and we must see and sketch this cloudless summit from *terra firma.* A mile and half-way down the lake, we landed at the foot of a grassy hill-side, where once had been a lumberman's station and hay-farm. It was abandoned now, and lonely in that deeper sense in which widowhood is lonelier than celibacy, a home deserted lonelier than a desert. Tumble-down was the never-painted house; ditto its three barns. But, besides a camp, there were two things to be had here, — one certain, one possible, probable even. The view, that was an inevitable certainty; Iglesias would bag that as his share of the plunder of Ripogenus. For my bagging, bears, perchance, awaited. The trappers had seen a bear near the barns. Caneut, in his previous visit, had seen a disappearance of bear. No sooner had the birch's bow touched lightly upon the shore than we seized our respective weapons, — Iglesias his peaceful and creative sketch-book, I my warlike and destructive gun, — and dashed up the hill-side.

I made for the barns to catch Bruin napping or lolling in the old hay. I entertain a *vendetta* toward the ursine family. I had a *duello*, pistol against claw, with one of them in the mountains of Oregon, and have nothing to show to point the moral and adorn the tale. My antagonist of that hand-to-hand fight received two shots, and then dodged into cover and was lost in the twilight. Soon or late in my life, I hoped that I should avenge this evasion. Ripogenus would, perhaps, give what the Nachchese Pass had taken away.

Vain hope! I was not to be an ursicide. I begin to fear that I shall slay no other than my proper personal bearishness. I did my duty for another result at Ripogenus. I bolted audaciously into every barn. I made incursions into the woods around. I found the mark of the beast, not the beast. He had not long ago decamped, and was now, perhaps, sucking the meditative paw hard-by in an arbor of his bear-garden.

After a vain hunt, I gave up Beast and turned to Beauty. I looked about me, seeing much.

Foremost I saw a fellow-man, my comrade, fondled by breeze and brightness, and whispered to by all sweet sounds. I saw Iglesias below me, on the slope, sketching. He was preserving the scene at its *bel momento.* I repented more bitterly of my momentary falseness to Beauty while I saw him so constant.

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Furthermore, I saw a landscape of vigorous simplicity, easy to comprehend. By mellow sunset the grass slope of the old farm seemed no longer tanned and rusty, but ripened. The oval lake was blue and calm, and that is already much to say; shadows of the western hills were growing over it, but flight after flight of illumined cloud soared above, to console the sky and the water for the coming of night. Northward, a forest darkled, whose glades of brightness I could not see. Eastward, the bank mounted abruptly to a bare fire-swept table-land, whereon a few dead trees stood, parched and ghostly skeletons draped with rags of moss.

Furthermost and topmost, I saw Katahdin twenty miles away, a giant undwarfed by any rival. The remainder landscape was only minor and judiciously accessory. The hills were low before it, the lake lowly, and upright above lake and hill lifted the mountain pyramid. Isolate greatness tells. There were no underling mounts about this mountain-in-chief. And now on its shoulders and crest sunset shone, glowing. Warm violet followed the glow, soothing away the harshness of granite lines. Luminous violet dwelt upon the peak, while below the clinging forests were purple in sheltered gorges, where they could climb nearer the summit, loved of light, and lower down gloomed green and sombre in the shadow.

Meanwhile, as I looked, the quivering violet rose higher and higher, and at last floated away like a disengaged flame. A smouldering blue dwelt upon the peak. Ashy-gray overcame the blue. As dusk thickened and stars trembled into sight, the gray grew luminous. Katahdin's mighty presence seemed to absorb such dreamy glimmers as float in limpid night-airs: a faint glory, a twilight of its own, clothed it. King of the daylit-world, it became queen of the dimmer realms of night, and like a woman-queen it did not disdain to stoop and study its loveliness in the polished lake, and stooping thus it overhung the earth, a shadowy creature of gleam and gloom, an eternized cloud.

I sat staring and straying in sweet reverie, until the scene before me was dim as metaphysics. Suddenly a flame flashed up in the void. It grew and steadied, and dark objects became visible about it. In the loneliness — for Iglesias had disappeared — I allowed myself a moment's luxury of superstition. Were these the Cyclops of Katahdin? Possibly. Were they Trolls forging diabolic enginery, or Gypsies of Yankeedom? I will see, — and went tumbling down the hill-side.

As I entered the circle about the cooking-fire of drift-wood by the lake, Iglesias said, —

"The beef-steak and the mutton-chops will do for breakfast; now, then, with your bear!"

"Haw, haw!" guffawed Cancut; and the sound, taking the lake at a stride, found echoes everywhere, till he grew silent and peered suspiciously into the dark.

"There 's more bears raound 'n yer kin shake a stick at," said one of the muskrateers. "I would n't ricommend yer to stir 'em up naow, haowlin' like that."

"I meant it for laffin'," said Cancut, humbly.

"Ef yer call that 'ere larfin', could n't yer cry a little to kind er slick daown the bears?" said the trapper.

Iglesias now invited us to *chocolat à la crème*, made with the boon of the ex-bar-keeper. I suppose I may say, without flattery, that this tipple was marvellous. What a pity Nature spoiled a cook by making the muddler of that chocolate a painter of grandeurs! When Fine Art is in a man's nature, it must exude, as pitch leaks from a pine-tree. Our musk-rat-hunters partook injudiciously of this unaccustomed dainty, and were visited with indescribable Nemesis. They had never been acclimated to chocolate, as had Iglesias and I, by sipping it under the shade of the mimosa and the palm.

Up to a certain point, an unlucky hunter is more likely to hunt than a lucky. Satiety follows more speedily upon success than despair upon failure. Let us thank Heaven for that, brethren dear! I had bagged not a bear, and must needs

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satisfy my assassin instincts upon something with hoofs and horns. The younger trapper of muskrat, being young, was ardent, — being young, was hopeful, — being young, believed in exceptions to general rules, — and being young, believed, that, given a good fellow with a gun, Nature would provide a victim. Therefore he proposed that we should canoe it along the shallows in this sweetest and stillest of all the nights. The senior shook his head incredulously; Iglesias shook his head noddingly.

"Since you have massacred all the bears," said Iglesias, "I will go lay me down in their lair in the barn. If you find me cheek-by-jowl with Ursa Major when you come back, make a pun and he will go."

It was stiller than stillness upon the lake. Ripogenus, it seemed, had never listened to such silence as this. Calm never could have been so beyond the notion of calm. Stars in the empyrean and stars in Ripogenus winked at each other across ninety-nine billions of leagues as uninterruptedly as boys at a boarding-school table.

I knelt amidships in the birch with gun and rifle on either side. The pilot gave one stroke of his paddle, and we floated out upon what seemed the lake. Whatever we were poised and floating upon he hesitated to shatter with another dip of his paddle, lest he should shatter the thin basis and sink toward heaven and the stars.

Presently the silence seemed to demand gentle violence, and the unwavering water needed slight tremors to teach it the tenderness of its calm; then my guide used his blade, and cut into glassiness. We crept noiselessly along by the lake-edge, within the shadows of the pines. With never a plash we slid. Rare drops fell from the cautious paddle and tinkled on the surface, overshot, not parted by, our imponderable passage. Sometimes from far within the forest would come sounds of rustling branches or crackling twigs. Somebody of life approaches with stealthy tread. Gentlier, even gentlier, my steersman! Take up no pearly drop from the lake, mother of pearliness, lest falling it sound too loudly. Somewhat comes. Let it come unterrified to our ambush among the shadows by the shore.

Somewhat, something, somebody was coming, perhaps, but some other thing or body thwarted it and it came not. To glide over glassiness while uneventful moments link themselves into hours is monotonous. Night and stillness laid their soothing spell upon me. I was entranced. I lost myself out of time and space, and seemed to be floating unimpelled and purposeless, nowhere in Forever.

Somewhere in Now I suddenly found myself.

There he was! There was the moose trampling and snorting hard-by, in the shallows of Ripogenus, trampling out of being the whole nadir of stars, making the world conscious of its lost silence by the death of silence in tumult.

I trembled with sudden eagerness. I seized my gun. In another instant I should have lodged the fatal pellet! when a voice whispered over my shoulder, —

"I kinder guess yer 've ben asleep an' dreamin', ha'n't yer?"

So I had.

Never a moose came down to cool his clumsy snout in the water and swallow reflections of stars. Never a moose abandoned dry-browse in the bitter woods for succulent lily-pads, full in their cells and veins of water and sunlight. Till long past midnight we paddled and watched and listened, whisperless. In vain. At last, as we rounded a point, the level gleam of our dying camp-fire athwart the water reminded us of passing hours and traveller duties, of rest to-night and toil to-morrow.

My companions, fearless as if there were no bears this side of Ursa Major, were bivouacked in one of the barns. There I entered skulkingly, as a gameless hunter may, and hid my untrophied head beneath a mound of ancient hay, not without the mustiness of its age.

No one clawed us, no one chawed us, that night. A Ripogenus chill awaked

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the whole party with early dawn. We sprang from our nests, shook the hay-seed out of our hair, and were full-dressed without more ceremony, ready for whatever grand sensation Nature might purvey for our æsthetic breakfast.

Nothing is ever as we expect. When we stepped into out-of-doors, looking for Ripogenus, a lake of Maine, we found not a single aquatic fact in the landscape. Ripogenus, a lake, had mizzled, (as the Americans say,) literally mizzled. Our simplified view comprised a grassy hill with barns, and a stern positive pyramid, surely Katahdin; aloft, beyond, above, below, thither, hither, and yon, Fog,—not fog, but FOG.

Ripogenus, the water-body, had had aspirations, and a boon of brief transfiguration into a cloud-body had been granted it by Nature, who grants to every terrestrial essence prophetic experiences of what it one day would be.

In short, and to repeat, Ripogenus had transmuted itself into vapor, and filled the valley full to our feet. A faint wind had power to billow this mist-lake, and drive cresting surges up against the eastern hillside, over which they sometimes broke, and, involving it totally, rolled clear and free toward Katahdin, where he stood hiding the glows of sunrise. Leagues higher up than the mountain rested a presence of cirri, already white and luminous with full daylight, and from them drooped linking wreaths of orange mist, clinging to the rosy-violet granite of the peak.

Up clomb and sailed Ripogenus and befogged the whole; then we condescended to breakfast.

CHAPTER XI.

TOWARD KATAHDIN.

SINGULARLY enough, mill-dams are always found below mill-ponds. Analogously in the Maine rivers, below the lakes, rapids are. Rapids too often compel carries. While we breakfasted without steak of bear or cutlet of moose, Ripogenus gradually retracted itself, and became conscious again of what poetry there is in a lake's pause and a rapid's flow. Fog condensed into water, and water submitting to its destiny went cascading down through a wild defile where no birch could follow.

The Ripogenus carry is three miles long, a faint path through thickets.

"First half," said Cancut, "'s plain enough; but after that 't would take a philosopher with his spectacles on to find it."

This was discouraging. Philosophers twain we might deem ourselves; but what is a craftsman without tools? And never a goggle had we.

But the trappers of muskrats had become our fast friends. They insisted upon lightening our loads over the brambly league. This was kindly. Cancut's elongated head-piece, the birch, was his share of the burden; and a bag of bread, a firkin of various grub, damp blankets for three, and multitudinous traps, seemed more than two could carry at one trip over this longest and roughest of portages.

We paddled from the camp to the lake-foot, and there, while the others compacted the portables for portage, Iglesias and I, at cost of a ducking with mist-drops from the thickets, scrambled up a crag for a supreme view of the fair lake and the clear mountain. And we did well. Katahdin, from the hill guarding the exit of the Penobscot from Ripogenus, is eminent and emphatic, a signal and solitary pyramid, grander than any below the realms of the unchangeable, more distinctly mountainous than any mountain of those that stop short of the venerable honors of eternal snow.

We trod the trail, we others, easier than Cancut. He found it hard to thread the mazes of an overgrown path and navigate his canoe at the same time. "Better," thought he, as he staggered and plunged and bumped along, extricating his boat-bonnet now from a bower of raspberry-bushes, now from the branches of a brotherly birch-tree,—"better," thought he, "were I seated in what I

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bear, and bounding gayly over the billow. Peril is better than pother."

Bushwhacking thus for a league, we circumvented the peril, and came upon the river flowing fair and free. The trappers said adieu, and launched us. Back then they went to consult their traps and flay their fragrant captives, and we shot forward.

That was a day all poetry and all music. Mountain airs bent and blunted the noonday sunbeams. There was shade of delicate birches on either hand, whenever we loved to linger. Our feather-shallop went dancing on, fleet as the current, and whenever a passion for speed came after moments of luxurious sloth, we could change floating at the river's will into leaps and chasing, with a few strokes of the paddle. All was untouched, unvisited wilderness, and we from bend to bend the first discoverers. So we might fancy ourselves; for civilization had been here only to cut pines, not to plant houses. Yet these fair curves, and liberal reaches, and bright rapids of the birchen-bowered river were only solitary, not lonely. It is never lonely with Nature. Without unnatural men or unnatural beasts, she is capital society by herself. And so we found her, — a lovely being in perfect toilet, which I describe, in an indiscriminating, masculine way, by saying that it was a forest and a river and lakes and a mountain and doubtless sky, all made resplendent by her judicious disposition of a most becoming light. Iglesias and I, being old friends, were received into close intimacy. She smiled upon us unaffectedly, and had a thousand exquisite things to say, drawing us out also, with feminine tact, to say our best things, and teaching us to be conscious, in her presence, of more delicate possibilities of refinement and a tenderer poetic sense. So we voyaged through the sunny hours, and were happy.

Yet there was no monotony in our progress. We could not always drift and glide. Sometimes we must fight our way. Below the placid reaches were the inevitable "rips" and rapids: some we could shoot without hitting anything; some would hit us heavily, did we try to shoot. Whenever the rocks in the current were only as thick as the plums in a boarding-school pudding, we could venture to run the gantlet; whenever they multiplied to a school-boy's ideal, we were arrested. Just at the brink of peril we would sweep in by an eddy into a shady pool by the shore. At such spots we found a path across the carry. Cancut at once proceeded to bonnet himself with the trickling birch. Iglesias and I took up the packs and hurried on with minds intent on berries. Berries we always found, — blueberries covered with a cloudy bloom, blueberries pulpy, saccharine, plenteous.

Often, when a portage was not quite necessary, a dangerous bit of white water would require the birch to be lightened. Cancut must steer her alone over the foam, while we, springing ashore, raced through the thick of the forest, tore through the briers, and plunged through the punk of trees older than history, now rotting where they fell, slain by Time the Giganticide. Cancut then had us at advantage. Sometimes we had laughed at him, when he, a good-humored malaprop, made vague clutches at the thread of discourse. Now suppose he should take a fancy to drop down stream and leave us. What then? Berries then, and little else, unless we had a chance at a trout or a partridge. It is not cheery, but dreary, to be left in pathlessness, blanketless, guideless, and with breadths of lake and mountain and Nature, shaggy and bearish, between man and man. With the consciousness of a latent shudder in our hearts at such a possibility, we parted brier and bramble until the rapid was passed, we scuffled hastily through to the river-bank, and there always, in some quiet nook, was a beacon of red-flannel shirt among the green leaves over the blue and shadowy water, and always the fast-sailing Cancut awaiting us, making the woods resound to amicable hails, and ready again to be joked and to retaliate.

Such alternations made our voyage a charming olla. We had the placid glide,

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the fleet dash, the wild career, the pause, the landing, the agreeable interlude of a portage, and the unburdened stampede along-shore. Thus we won our way, or our way wooed us on, until, in early afternoon, a lovely lakelet opened before us. The fringed shores retired, and, as we shot forth upon wider calm, lo, Katahdin! unlooked-for, at last, as a revolution. Our boat ruffled its shadow, doing pretty violence to its dignity, that we might know the greater grandeur of the substance. There was a gentle agency of atmosphere softening the bold forms of this startling neighbor, and giving it distance, lest we might fear it would topple and crush us. Clouds, level below, hid the summit and towered aloft. Among them we might imagine the mountain rising with thousands more of feet of heaven-piercing height: there is one degree of sublimity in mystery, as there is another degree in certitude.

We lay to in a shady nook, just off Katahdin's reflection in the river, while Iglesias sketched him. Meanwhile I, analyzing my view, presently discovered a droll image in the track of a land-avalanche down the front. It was a comical fellow, a little giant, a colossal dwarf, six hundred feet high, and should have been thrice as tall, had it had any proper development,—for out of his head grew two misdirected skeleton legs, "hanging down and dangling." The countenance was long, elfin, sneering, solemn, as of a truculent demon, saddish for his trade, an ashamed, but unrepentant rascal. He had two immense erect ears, and in his boisterous position had suffered a loss of hair, wearing nothing save an impudent scalp-lock. A very grotesque personage. Was he the guardian imp, the legendary Eft of Katahdin, scoffing already at us as verdant, and warning that he would make us unhappy, if we essayed to appear in demon realms and on Brocken heights without initiation?

"A terrible pooty mountain," Cancut observed; and so it is.

Not to fail in topographical duty, I record, that near this lakelet flows in the river Sowadehunk, and not far below, a sister streamlet, hardly less melodiously named Ayboljockameegus. Opposite the latter we landed and encamped, with Katahdin full in front, and broadly visible.

CHAPTER XII.

CAMP KATAHDIN.

Our camping-place was worthy of its view. On the bank, high and dry, a noble yellow birch had been strong enough to thrust back the forest, making a glade for its own private abode. Other travellers had already been received in this natural pavilion. We had had predecessors, and they had built them a hut, a half roof of hemlock bark, resting on a frame. Time had developed the wrinkles in this covering into cracks, and cracks only wait to be leaks. First, then, we must mend our mansion. Material was at hand; hemlocks, with a back-load of bark, stood ready to be disburdened. In August they have worn their garment so long that they yield it unwillingly. Cancut's axe, however, was insinuating, not to say peremptory. He peeled off and brought great scales of rough purple roofing, and we disposed them, according to the laws of forest architecture, upon our cabin. It became a good example of the *renaissance*. Storm, if such a traveller were approaching, was shut out at top and sides; our blankets could become curtains in front and completely hide us from that unwelcome vagrant, should he peer about seeking whom he might duck and what he might damage.

Our lodge, built, must be furnished. We need a luxurious carpet, couch, and bed; and if we have these, will be content without secondary articles. Here, too, material was ready, and only the artist wanting, to use it. While Cancut peeled the hemlocks, Iglesias and I stripped off armfuls of boughs and twigs from the spruces to "bough down" our camp. "Boughing down" is shingling the floor elaborately with evergreen foliage; and when it is done well, the result counts among the high luxuries of the globe. As the feath-

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ers of this bed are harsh stems covered with leafage, the process of bed-making must be systematic, the stems thoroughly covered, and the surface smooth and elastic. I have slept on the various beds of the world, — in a hammock, in a pew, on German feathers, on a bear-skin, on a mat, on a hide; all, all give but a feeble, restless, unrecreating slumber, compared to the spruce or hemlock bed in a forest of Maine. This is fragrant, springy, soft, well-fitting, better than any Sybarite's couch of uncrumpled rose-leaves. It sweetly rustles when you roll, and, by a gentle titillation with the little javelin-leaves, keeps up a pleasant electricity over the cuticle. Rheumatism never, after nights on such a bed; agues never; vigor, ardor, fervor, always.

We despatched our camp-building and bed-making with speed, for we had a purpose. The Penobscot was a very beautiful river, and the Ayboljockameegus a very pretty stream; and if there is one place in the world where trout, at certain seasons, are likely to be found, it is in a beautiful river at the mouth of a pretty stream. Now we wanted trout; it was in the programme that something more delicate than salt-pork should grace our banquets before Katahdin. Cancut sustained our *a priori*, that trout were waiting for us over by the Aybol. By this time the tree-shadows, so stiff at noon, began to relax and drift down stream, cooling the surface. The trout could leave their shy lairs down in the chilly deeps, and come up without fear of being parboiled. Besides, as evening came, trout thought of their supper, as we did of ours.

Hereupon I had a new sensation. We made ready our flies and our rods, and embarked, as I supposed, to be ferried across and fish from *terra firma*. But no. Cancut dropped anchor very quietly opposite the Aybol's mouth. Iglesias, the man of Maine experience, seemed nought surprised. We were to throw our lines, as it appeared, from the birch; we were to peril our lives on the unsteady basis of a roly-poly vessel, — to keep our places and ballast our bowl, during the excitement of hooking pounds. Self-poise is an acrobatic feat, when a person, not loaded at the heels, undertakes trout-fishing from a birch.

We threw our flies. Instantly at the lucky hackle something darted, seized it, and whirled to fly, with the unwholesome bit in its mouth, up the peaceful Ayboljockameegus. But the lucky man, and he happened to be the novice, forgot, while giving the capturing jerk of his hook, that his fulcrum was not solid rock. The slight shell tilted, turned—over not quite, over enough to give everybody a start. One lesson teaches the docile. Caution thereafter presided over our fishing. She told us to sit low, keep cool, cast gently, strike firmly, play lightly, and pull in steadily. So we did. As the spotted sparklers were rapidly translated from water to a lighter element, a well-fed cheerfulness developed in our trio. We could not speak, for fear of breaking the spell; we smiled at each other. Twenty-three times the smile went round. Twenty-three trout, and not a pigmy among them, lay at our feet. More fish for one dinner and breakfast would be waste and wanton self-indulgence. We stopped And I must avow, not to claim too much heroism, that the fish had also stopped. So we paddled home contented.

Then, O Walton! O Davy! O Scrope! ye fishers hard by taverns! luxury was ours of which ye know no more than a Chinaman does of music. Under the noble yellow birch we cooked our own fish. We used our scanty kitchen-battery with skill. We cooked with the high art of simplicity. Where Nature has done her best, only fools rush in to improve: on the salmonids, fresh and salt, she has lavished her creative refinements; cookery should only ripen and develop. From our silver gleaming pile of pounders, we chose the larger and the smaller for appropriate experiments. Then we tested our experiments; we tasted our examples. Success. And success in science proves knowledge and skill. We feasted. The delicacy of our food made each feaster a finer essence.

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So we supped, reclined upon our couch of spruce-twigs. In our good cheer we pitied the Eft of Katahdin: he might sneer, but he was supperless. We were grateful to Nature for the grand mountain, for the fair and sylvan woods, for the lovely river and what it had yielded us.

By the time we had finished our flaky fare and sipped our chocolate from the Magdalena, Night announced herself, — Night, a jealous, dark lady, eclipsed and made invisible all her rivals, that she might solely possess us. Night's whispers lulled us. The rippling river, the rustling leaves, the hum of insects grew more audible; and these are gentle sounds that prove wide quietude in Nature, and tell man that the burr and buzz in his day-laboring brain have ceased, and he had better be breathing deep in harmony. So we disposed ourselves upon the fragrant couch of spruce-boughs, and sank slowly and deeper into sleep, as divers sink into the thick waters down below, into the dreamy waters far below the plunge of sunshine.

By-and-By, as the time came for rising to the surface again, and the mind began to be half conscious of facts without it, as the diver may half perceive light through thinning strata of sea, there penetrated through my last layers of slumber a pungent odor of wetted embers. It was raining quietly. Drip was the pervading sound, as if the rain-drops were counting aloud the leaves of the forest. Evidently a resolute and permanent wetting impended. On rainy days one does not climb Katahdin. Instead of rising by starlight, breakfasting by gray, and starting by rosy dawn, it would be policy to persuade night to linger long into the hours of a dull day. When daylight finally came, dim and sulky, there was no rivalry among us which should light the fire. We did not leap, but trickled slowly forth into the inhospitable morning, all forlorn. Wet days in camp try "grit." "Clear grit" brightens more crystalline, the more it is rained upon; sham grit dissolves into mud and water.

Yankees, who take in pulverized granite with every breath of their native dust, are not likely to melt in a drizzle. We three certainly did not. We reacted stoutly against the forlorn weather, unpacking our internal stores of sunshine, as a camel in a desert draws water from his inner tank when outer water fails. We made the best of it. A breakfast of trout and trimmings looks nearly as well and tastes nearly as well in a fog as in a glare: that we proved by experience at Camp Katahdin.

We could not climb the mountain dark and dim; we would not be idle: what was to be done? Much. Much for sport and for use. We shouldered the axe and sallied into the dripping forest. Only a faint smoke from the smouldering logs curled up among the branches of the yellow birch over camp. We wanted a big smoke, and chopped at the woods for fuel. Speaking for myself, I should say that our wood-work was ill done. Iglesias smiled at my axe-handling, and Cancut at his, as chopping we sent chips far and wide.

The busy, keen, short strokes of the axe resounded through the forest. When these had done their work, and the bungler paused amid his wasteful *debris* to watch his toil's result, first was heard a rustle of leaves, as if a passing whirlwind had alighted there; next came the crack of bursting sinews; then the groan of a great riving spasm, and the tree, decapitated at its foot, crashed to earth, with a vain attempt to clutch for support at the stiff, unpitying arms of its woodland brotherhood.

Down was the tree, — fallen, but so it should not lie. This tree we proposed to promote from brute matter, mere lumber, downcast and dejected, into finer essence: fuel was to be made into fire.

First, however, the fuel must be put into portable shape. We top-sawyers went at our prostrate and vanquished non-resistant, and without mercy mangled and dismembered him, until he was merely a bare trunk, a torso incapable of restoration.

While we were thus busy, useful, and

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happy, the dripping rain, like a clepsydra, told off the morning moments. The dinner-hour drew nigh. We had determined on a feast, and trout were to be its daintiest dainty. But before we cooked our trout, we must, according to sage Kitchener's advice, catch our trout. They were, we felt confident, awaiting us in the refrigerate larder at hand. We waited until the confusing pepper of a shower had passed away and left the water calm. Then softly and deftly we propelled our bark across to the Ayboljockameegus. We tossed to the fish humbugs of wool, silk, and feathers, gauds such as captivate the greedy or the guileless. Again the "gobemouches" trout, the fellows on the look-out for novelty, dashed up and swallowed disappointing juiceless morsels, and with them swallowed hooks.

We caught an apostolic boat-load of beauties fresh and blooming as Aurora, silver as the morning star, gemmy with eye-spots as a tiger-lily.

O feast most festal! Iglesias, of course, was the great artist who devised and mainly executed it. As well as he could, he covered his pot and pan from the rain, admitting only enough to season each dish with gravy direct from the skies. As day had ripened, the banquet grew ripe. Then as day declined, we reclined on our triclinium of hemlock and spruce boughs, and made high festival, toasting each other in the uninebriating flow of our beverages. Jollity reigned. Cancut fattened, and visibly broadened. Toward the veriest end of the banquet, we seemed to feel that there had been a slight sameness in its courses. The Bill of Fare, however, proved the freest variety. And at the close we sat and sipped our chocolate with uttermost content. No *garçon*, cringing, but firm, would here intrude with the unhandsome bill. Nothing to pay is the rarest of pleasures. This dinner we had caught ourselves, we had cooked ourselves, and had eaten for the benefit of ourselves and no other. There was nothing to repent of afterwards in the way of extravagance, and certainly nothing of indigestion. Indigestion in the forest primeval, in the shadow of Katahdin, is impossible.

While we dined, we talked of our to-morrow's climb of Katahdin. We were hopeful. We disbelieved in obstacles. To-morrow would be fine. We would spring early from our elastic bed and stride topwards. Iglesias nerved himself and me with a history of his ascent some years before, up the eastern side of the mountain. He had left the house of Mr. Hunt, the outsider at that time of Eastern Maine, with a squad of lumbermen, and with them tramped up the furrow of a land-avalanche to the top, spending wet and ineffective days in the dripping woods, and vowing then to return and study the mountain from our present camping-spot. I recalled also the first recorded ascent of the Natardin or Catardin Mountain by Mr. Turner in 1804, printed in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, and identified the stream up whose valley he climbed with the Ayboljockameegus. Cancut offered valuable contributions to our knowledge from his recent ascent with our Boston predecessors. To-morrow we would verify our recollections and our fancies.

And so good-night, and to our spruce bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

UP KATAHDIN.

NEXT morning, when we awoke, just before the gray of dawn, the sky was clear and scintillating; but there was a white cotton night-cap on the head of Katahdin. As we inspected him, he drew his night-cap down farther, hinting that he did not wish to see the sun that day. When a mountain is thus in the sulks after a storm, it is as well not to disturb him: he will not offer the prize of a view. Experience taught us this: but then experience is only an empiric at the best.

Besides, whether Katahdin were bare-headed or cloud-capped, it would be better to blunder upward than lounge all

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day in camp and eat Sybaritic dinners. We longed for the nervy climb. We must have it. "Up!" said tingling blood to brain. "Dash through the forest! Grasp the crag, and leap the cleft! Sweet flash forth the streamlets from granite fissures. To breathe the winds that smite the peaks is life."

As soon as dawn bloomed in the woods we breakfasted, and ferried the river before sunrise. The ascent subdivides itself into five zones. 1. A scantily wooded acclivity, where bears abound. 2. A dense, swampy forest region. 3. Steep, mossy mountain-side, heavily wooded. 4. A belt of dwarf spruces, nearly impenetrable. 5. Ragged rock.

Cancut was our leader to-day. There are by far too many blueberries in the first zone. No one, of course, intends to dally, but the purple beauties tempted, and too often we were seduced. Still such yielding spurred us on to hastier speed, when we looked up after delay and saw the self-denying far ahead.

To write an epic or climb a mountain is merely a dogged thing; the result is more interesting to most than the process. Mountains, being cloud-compellers, are rain-shedders, and the shed water will not always flow with decorous gayety in dell or glen. Sometimes it stays bewildered in a bog, and here the climber must plunge. In the moist places great trees grow, die, fall, rot, and barricade the way with their corpses. Katahdin has to endure all the ills of mountain being, and we had all the usual difficulties to fight through doggedly. When we were clumsy, we tumbled and rose up torn. Still we plodded on, following a path blazed by the Bostonians, Cancut's late charge, and we grumblingly thanked them.

Going up, we got higher and drier. The mountain-side became steeper than it could stay, and several land-avalanches, ancient or modern, crossed our path. It would be sad to think that all the eternal hills were crumbling thus, outwardly, unless we knew that they bubble up inwardly as fast. Posterity is thus cared for in regard to the picturesque. Cascading streams also shot by us, carrying light and music. From them we stole refreshment, and did not find the waters mineral and astringent, as Mr. Turner, the first climber, calumniously asserts.

The trees were still large and surprisingly parallel to the mountain wall. Deep soft moss covered whatever was beneath, and sometimes this would yield and let the foot measure a crevice. Perilous pitfalls; but we clambered unharmed. The moss, so rich, deep, soft, and earthily fragrant, was a springy stair-carpet of a steep stairway. And sometimes when the carpet slipped and the state of heels over head seemed imminent, we held to the baluster-trees, as one after wassail clings to the lamp-post.

Even on this minor mountain the law of diminishing vegetation can be studied. The great trees abandoned us, and stayed indolently down in shelter. Next the little wiry trees ceased to be the comrades of our climb. They were no longer to be seen planted upon jutting crags, and, bold as standard-bearers, inciting us to mount higher. Big spruces, knobby with balls of gum, dwindled away into little ugly dwarf spruces, hostile, as dwarfs are said to be always, to human comfort. They grew man-high, and hedged themselves together into a dense thicket. We could not go under, nor over, nor through. To traverse them at all, we must recall the period when we were squirrels or cats, in some former state of being.

Somehow we pierced, as man does ever, whether he owes it to the beast or the man in him. From time to time, when in this struggle we came to an open point of rock, we would remember that we were on high, and turn to assure ourselves that nether earth was where we had left it. We always found it *in situ*, in belts green, white, and blue, a tricolor of woods, water, and sky. Lakes were there without number, forest without limit. We could not analyze yet, for there was work to do. Also, whenever we paused, there was the old temptation, blueberries. Every out

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cropping ledge offered store of tonic, ozone-fed blueberries, or of mountain-cranberries, crimson and of concentrated flavor, or of the white snowberry, most delicate of fruits that grow.

As we were creeping over the top of the dwarf wood, Cancut, who was in advance, suddenly disappeared; he seemed to fall through a gap in the spruces, and we heard his voice calling in cavernous tones. We crawled forward and looked over. It was the upper camp of the Bostonians. They had profited by a hole in the rocks, and chopped away the stunted scrubs to enlarge it into a snug artificial abyss. It was snug, and so to the eye is a cell at Sing-Sing. If they were very misshapen Bostonians, they may have succeeded in lying there comfortably. I looked down ten feet into the rough chasm, and I saw, *Corpo di Bacco!* I saw a cork.

To this station our predecessors had come in an easy day's walk from the river; here they had tossed through a night, and given a whole day to finish the ascent, returning hither again for a second night. As we purposed to put all this travel within one day, we could not stay and sympathize with the late tenants. A little more squirrel-like skipping and cat-like creeping over the spruces, and we were out among bulky boulders and rough *débris* on a shoulder of the mountain. Alas! the higher, the more hopeless. Katahdin, as he had taken pains to inform us, meant to wear the veil all day. He was drawing down the white drapery about his throat and letting it fall over his shoulders. Sun and wind struggled mightily with his sulky fit; sunshine rifted off bits of the veil, and wind seized, whirled them away, and, dragging them over the spruces below, tore them to rags. Evidently, if we wished to see the world, we must stop here and survey, before the growing vapor covered all. We climbed to the edge of Cloudland, and stood fronting the semicircle of southward view.

Katahdin's self is finer than what Katahdin sees. Katahdin is distinct, and its view is indistinct. It is a vague panorama, a mappy, unmethodic maze of water and woods, very roomy, very vast, very simple,—and these are capital qualities, but also quite monotonous. A lover of largeness and scope has the proper emotions stirred, but a lover of variety very soon finds himself counting the lakes. It is a wide view, and it is a proud thing for a man six feet or less high, to feel that he himself, standing on something he himself has climbed, and having Katahdin under his feet a mere convenience, can see all Maine. It does not make Maine less, but the spectator more, and that is a useful moral result. Maine's face, thus exposed, has almost no features: there are no great mountains visible, none that seem more than green hillocks in the distance. Besides sky, Katahdin's view contains only the two primal necessities of wood and water. Nowhere have I seen such breadth of solemn forest, gloomy, were it not for the cheerful interruption of many fair lakes, and bright ways of river linking them.

Far away on the southern horizon we detected the heights of Mount Desert, our old familiar haunt. All the northern semicircle was lost to us by the fog. We lost also the view of the mountain itself. All the bleak, lonely, barren, ancient waste of the bare summit was shrouded in cold fog. The impressive gray ruin and Titanic havoc of a granite mountain-top, the heaped boulders, the crumbling crags, the crater-like depression, the long stern reaches of sierra, the dark curving slopes channelled and polished by the storms and fine drifting mists of æons, the downright plunge of precipices, all the savageness of harsh rock, unsoftened by other vegetation than rusty moss and the dull green splashes of lichen, all this was hidden, except when the mist, white and delicate where we stood, but thick and black above, opened whimsically and delusively, as mountain mists will do, and gave us vistas into the upper desolation. After such momentary rifts the mist thickened again, and swooped forward as if to

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involve our station, but noon sunshine, reverberated from the plains and valleys and lakes below, was our ally; sunshine checked the overcoming mist, and it stayed overhead, an unwelcome parasol, making our August a chilly November. Besides what our eyes lost, our minds lost, unless they had imagination enough to create it, the sentiment of triumph and valiant energy that the man of body and soul feels upon the windy heights, the highest, whence he looks far and wide, like a master of realms, and knows that the world is his; and they lost the sentiment of solemn joy that the man of soul recognizes as one of the surest intimations of immortality, stirring within him, whenever he is in the unearthly regions, the higher world.

We stayed studying the pleasant solitude and dreamy breadth of Katahdin's panorama for a long time, and every moment the mystery of the mist above grew more enticing. Pride also was awakened. We turned from sunshine and Cosmos into fog and Chaos. We made ourselves quite miserable for nought. We clambered up into Nowhere, into a great, white, ghostly void. We saw nothing but the rough surfaces we trod. We pressed along crater-like edges, and all below was filled with mist, troubled and rushing upward like the smoke of a volcano. Up we went, — nothing but granite and gray dimness. Where we arrived we know not. It was a top, certainly: that was proved by the fact that there was nothing within sight. We cannot claim that it was the topmost top; Kimchinjinga might have towered within pistol-shot; popgun-shot was our extremest range of vision, except for one instant, when a kind-hearted sunbeam gave us a vanishing glimpse of a white lake and breadth of forest far in the unknown North toward Canada.

When we had thus reached the height of our folly and made nothing by it, we addressed ourselves to the descent, no wiser for our pains. Descent is always harder than ascent, for divine ambitions are stronger and more prevalent than degrading passions. And when Katahdin is befogged, descent is much more perilous than ascent. We edged along very cautiously by remembered landmarks the way we had come, and so, after a dreary march of a mile or so through desolation, issued into welcome sunshine and warmth at our point of departure. When I said "we," I did not include the grave-stone peddler. He, like a sensible fellow, had determined to stay and eat berries rather than breathe fog. While we wasted our time, he had made the most of his. He had cleared Katahdin's shoulders of fruit, and now, cuddled in a sunny cleft, slept the sleep of the well-fed. His red shirt was a cheerful beacon on our weary way. We took in the landscape with one slow, comprehensive look, and, waking Cancut suddenly, (who sprang to his feet amazed, and cried "Fire!") we dashed down the mountain-side.

It was long after noon; we were some dozen of miles from camp; we must speed. No glissade was possible, nor plunge such as travellers make down through the ash-heaps of Vesuvius; but, having once worried through the wretched little spruces, mean counterfeits of trees, we could fling ourselves down from mossy step to step, measuring off the distance by successive leaps of a second each, and alighting, sound after each, on moss yielding as a cushion.

On we hastened, retracing our footsteps of the morning across the avalanches of crumbled granite, through the bogs, along the brooks; undelayed by the beauty of sunny glade or shady dell, never stopping to botanize or to classify, we traversed zone after zone, and safely ran the gantlet of the possible bears on the last level. We found lowland Nature still the same; Ayboljockameegus was flowing still; so was Penobscot; no pirate had made way with the birch; we embarked and paddled to camp.

The first thing, when we touched *terra firma*, was to look back regretfully toward the mountain. Regret changed to wrath, when we perceived its summit all

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clear and mistless, smiling warmly to the low summer's sun. The rascal evidently had only waited until we were out of sight in the woods to throw away his night-cap.

One long rainy day had somewhat disgusted us with the old hemlock-covered camp in the glade of the yellow birch, and we were reasonably and not unreasonably morbid after our disappointment with Katahdin. We resolved to decamp. In the last hour of sunlight, floating pleasantly from lovely reach to reach, and view to view, we could choose a spot of bivouac where no home-scenery would recall any sorry fact of the past. We loved this gentle gliding by the tender light of evening over the shadowy river, marking the rhythm of our musical progress by touches of the paddle. We determined, too, that the balance of bodily forces should be preserved: legs had been well stretched over the bogs and boulders; now for the arms. Never did our sylvan sojourn look so fair as when we quitted it, and seemed to see among the streaming sunbeams in the shadows the Hamadryads of the spot returned, and waving us adieux. We forgot how damp and leaks and puddles had forced themselves upon our intimacy there; we remembered that we were gay, though wet, and there had known the perfection of Ayboljockameegus trout.

As we drifted along the winding river, between the shimmering birches on either bank, Katahdin watched us well. Sometimes he would show the point of his violet gray peak over the woods, and sometimes, at a broad bend of the water, he revealed himself fully, and threw his great image down beside for our nearer view. We began to forgive him, to disbelieve in any personal spite of his, and to recall that he himself, seen thus, was far more precious than any mappy dulness we could have seen from his summit. One great upright pyramid like this was worth a continent of grovelling acres.

Sunset came, and with it we landed at a point below a lake-like stretch of the river, where the charms of a neighbor and a distant view of the mountain combined. Cancut the Unwearied roofed with boughs an old frame for drying moose-hides, while Iglesias sketched, and I worshipped Katahdin. Has my reader heard enough of it, — a hillock only six thousand feet high? We are soon to drift away, and owe it here as kindly a farewell as it gave us in that radiant twilight by the river.

From our point of view we raked the long stern front tending westward. Just before sunset, from beneath a belt of clouds evanescing over the summit, an inconceivably tender, brilliant glow of rosy violet mantled downward, filling all the valley. Then the violet purpled richer and richer, and darkened slowly to solemn blue, that blended with the gloom of the pines and shadowy channelled gorges down the steep. The peak was still in sunlight, and suddenly, half way down, a band of roseate clouds, twining and changing like a choir of Bacchantes, soared around the western edge and hung poised above the unillumined forests at the mountain-base; light as air they came and went and faded away, ghostly, after their work of momentary beauty was done. One slight maple, prematurely ripened to crimson and heralding the pomp of autumn, repeated the bright cloud-color amid the vivid verdure of a little island, and its image wavering in the water sent the flame floating nearly to our feet.

Such are the transcendent moments of Nature, unseen and disbelieved by the untaught. The poetic soul lays hold of every such tender pageant of beauty and keeps it forever. Iglesias, having an additional method of preservation, did not fail to pencil rapidly the wondrous scene. When he had finished his dashing sketch of this glory, so transitory, he peppered the whole with cabalistic cipher, which only he could interpret into beauty.

Cancut's camp-fire now began to overpower the faint glimmers of twilight. The single-minded Cancut, little distracted

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by emotions, had heaped together logs enough to heat any mansion for a winter. The warmth was welcome, and the great flame, with its bright looks of familiar comradery, and its talk like the complex murmur of a throng, made a fourth in our party by no means terrible, as some other incorporeal visitors might have been. Fire was not only a talker, but an important actor: Fire cooked for us our evening chocolate; Fire held the candlestick, while we, without much ceremony of undressing, disposed ourselves upon our spruce-twig couch; and Fire watched over our slumbers, crouching now as if some stealthy step were approaching, now lifting up its head and peering across the river into some recess where the water gleamed and rustled under dark shadows, and now sending far and wide over the stream and the clearing and into every cleft of the forest a penetrating illumination, a blaze of light, death to all treacherous ambush. So Fire watched while we slept, and when safety came with the earliest gray of morning, it, too, covered itself with ashes and slept.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOMEWARD.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful, beautiful is dawn in the woods. Sweet the first opalescent stir, as if the vanguard sunbeams shivered as they dashed along the chilly reaches of night. And the growth of day, through violet and rose and all its golden glow of promise, is tender and tenderly strong, as the deepening passions of dawning love. Presently up comes the sun very peremptory, and says to people, "Go about your business! Laggards not allowed in Maine! Nothing here to repent of, while you lie in bed and curse to-day because it cannot shake off the burden of yesterday; all clear the past here; all serene the future: into it at once!"

Birch was ready for us. Objects we travel on, if horses, often stampede or are stampeded; if wagons, they break down; if shanks, they stiffen; if feet, they chafe. No such trouble befalls Birch; leak, however, it will, as ours did this morning. We gently beguiled it into the position taken tearfully by unwhipped little boys, when they are about to receive birch. Then, with a firebrand, the pitch of the seams was easily persuaded to melt and spread a little over the leaky spot, and Birch was sound as a drum.

Staunch and sound Birch needed to be, for presently Penobscot, always a skittish young racer, began to grow lively after he had shaken off the weighty shadow of Katahdin, and, kicking up his heels, went galloping down hill, so furiously that we were at last, after sundry frantic plunges, compelled to get off his back before worse befell us. In the balmy morning we made our first portage through a wood of spruces. How light our firkin was growing! its pork, its hard-tack, and its condiments were diffused among us three, and had passed into muscle. Lake Degetus, as pretty a pocket lake as there is, followed the carry. Next came Lake Ambajeejus, larger, but hardly less lovely. Those who dislike long names may use its shorter Indian title, Umdo. We climbed a granite crag draped with moss long as the beard of a Druid, — a crag on the south side of Ambajeejus or Umdo. Thence we saw Katahdin, noble as ever, unclouded in the sunny morning, near, and yet enchantingly vague, with the blue sky which surrounded it. It was still an isolate pyramid rising with no effect from the fair blue lakes and the fair green sea of the birch-forest, — a brilliant sea of woods, gay as the shallows of ocean shot through with sunbeams and sunlight reflected upward from golden sands.

We sped along all that exquisite day, best of all our poetic voyage. Sometimes we drifted and basked in sunshine, sometimes we lingered in the birchen shade; we paddled from river to lake, from lake to river again; the rapids whirled us along, surging and leaping under us with magnificent gallop; frequent carries struck in, that we might

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not lose the forester in the waterman. It was a fresh world that we traversed on our beautiful river-path, — new as if no other had ever parted its overhanging bowers.

At noon we floated out upon Lake Pemadumcook, the largest bulge of the Penobscot, and irregular as the verb To Be. Lumbermen name it Bammydumcook: Iglesias insisted upon this as the proper reading; and as he was the responsible man of the party, I accepted it. Woods, woody hills, and woody mountains surround Bammydumcook. I have no doubt parts of it are pretty and will be famous in good time; but we saw little. By the time we were fairly out in the lake and away from the sheltering shore, a black squall to windward, hiding all the West, warned us to fly, for birches swamp in squalls. We deemed that Birch, having brought us through handsomely, deserved a better fate: swamped it must not be. We plied paddle valiantly, and were almost safe behind an arm of the shore when the storm overtook us, and in a moment more, safe, with a canoe only half-full of Bammydumcook water.

It is easy to speak in scoffing tone; but when that great roaring blackness sprang upon us, and the waves, showing their white teeth, snarled around, we were far from being in the mood to scoff. It is impossible to say too much of the charm of this gentle scenery, mingled with the charm of this adventurous sailing. And then there were no mosquitoes, no alligators, no serpents uncomfortably hugging the trees, no miasmas lurking near; and blueberries always. Dust there was none, nor the things that make dust. But Iglesias and I were breathing AIR, — Air sweet, tender, strong, and pure as an ennobling love. It was a day very happy, for Iglesias and I were near what we both love almost best of all the dearly-beloveds. It is such influence as this that rescues the thought and the hand of an artist from enervating mannerism. He cannot be satisfied with vague blotches of paint to convey impressions so distinct and vivid as those he is forced to take direct from a Nature like this. He must be true and powerful.

The storm rolled by and gave us a noble view of Katahdin, beyond a broad, beautiful scope of water, and rising seemingly directly from it. We fled before another squall, over another breadth of Bammydumcook, and made a portage around a great dam below the lake. The world should know that at this dam the reddest, spiciest, biggest, thickest wintergreen berries in the world are to be found, beautiful as they are good.

Birch had hitherto conducted himself with perfect propriety. I, the novice, had acquired such entire confidence in his stability of character that I treated him with careless ease, and never listened to the warnings of my comrades that he would serve me a trick. Cancut navigated Birch through some white water below the dam, and Birch went curveting proudly and gracefully along, evidently feeling his oats. When Iglesias and I came to embark, I, the novice, perhaps a little intoxicated with wintergreen-berries, stepped jauntily into the laden boat. Birch, alas, failed me. He tilted; he turned; he took in Penobscot, — took it in by the quart, by the gallon, by the barrel; he would have sunk without mercy, had not Iglesias and Cancut succeeded in laying hold of a rock and restoring equilibrium. I could not have believed it of Birch. I was disappointed, and in consternation; and if I had not known how entirely it was Birch's fault that everybody was ducked and everybody now had a wet blanket, I should have felt personally foolish. I punished myself for another's fault and my own inexperience by assuming the wet blankets as my share at the next carry. I suppose few of my readers imagine how many pounds of water a blanket can absorb.

After camps at Katahdin, any residence in the woods without a stupendous mountain before the door would have been tame. It must have been this, and not any wearying of sylvan life, that made us hasten to reach the outermost log-house

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at the Millinoket carry before nightfall. The sensation of house and in-door life would be a new one, and so satisfying in itself that we should not demand beautiful objects to meet our first blink of awakening eyes.

An hour before sunset, Cancut steered us toward a beach, and pointed out a vista in the woods, evidently artificial, evidently a road trodden by feet and hoofs, and ruled by parallel wheels. A road is one of the kindliest gifts of brother man to man: if a path in the wilderness, it comes forward like a friendly guide offering experience and proposing a comrade dash deeper into the unknown world; if a highway, it is the great, bold, sweeping character with which civilization writes its autograph upon a continent. Leaving our plunder on the beach, beyond the reach of plunderers, whose great domain we were about to enter, we walked on toward the first house, compelled at parting to believe, that, though we did not love barbarism less, we loved civilization more. In the morning, Cancut should, with an ox-cart, bring Birch and our traps over the three miles of the carry.

CHAPTER XV.

OUT OF THE WOODS.

What could society do without women and children? Both we found at the first house, twenty miles from the second. The children buzzed about us; the mother milked for us one of Maine's vanguard cows. She baked for us bread, fresh bread, — such bread! not staff of life, — life's vaulting-pole. She gave us blueberries with cream of cream. Ah, what a change! We sat on chairs, at a table, and ate from plates. There was a table-cloth, a salt-cellar made of glass, of glass never seen at camps near Katahdin. There was a sugar-bowl, a milk-jug, and other paraphernalia of civilization, including — O memories of Joseph Bourgogne! — a dome of baked beans, with a crag of pork projecting from the apex. We partook decorously, with controlled elbows, endeavoring to appear as if we were accustomed to sit at tables and manage plates. The men, women, and children of Millinoket were hospitable and delighted to see strangers, and the men, like all American men in the summer before a Presidential election, wanted to talk politics. Katahdin's last full-bodied appearance was here; it rises beyond a breadth of black forest, a bulkier mass, but not so symmetrical as from the southern points of view. We slept that night on a feather-bed, and took cold for want of air, beneath a roof.

By the time we had breakfasted, Cancut arrived with Birch on an ox-sledge. Here our well-beloved west branch of the Penobscot, called of yore Norimbagua, is married to the east branch, and of course by marriage loses his identity, by-and-by, changing from the wild, free, reckless rover of the forest to a tamish family-man style of river, useful to float rafts and turn mills. However, during the first moments of the honeymoon, the happy pair, Mr. Penobscot and Miss Milly Noket, now a unit under the marital name, are gay enough, and glide along bowery reaches and in among fair islands, with infinite endearments and smiles, making the world very sparkling and musical there. By-and-by they fall to romping, and, to avoid one of their turbulent frolics, Cancut landed us, as he supposed, on the mainland, to lighten the canoe. Just as he was sliding away down-stream, we discovered that he had left us upon an island in the midst of frantic, impassable rapids. "Stop, stop, John Gilpin!" and luckily he did stop, otherwise he would have gone on to tide-water, ever thinking that we were before him, while we, with our forest appetites, would have been glaring hungrily at each other, or perhaps drawing lots for a cannibal doom. Once again, as we were shooting a long rapid, a table-top rock caught us in mid-current. We were wrecked. It was critical. The waves swayed us perilously this way and that. Birch would be full of water, or overturned, in a moment. Small chance for a

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swimmer in such maelströms! All this we saw, but had no time to shudder at. Aided by the urgent stream, we carefully and delicately—for a coarse movement would have been death—wormed our boat off the rock and went fleeting through a labyrinth of new perils, onward with a wild exhilaration, like galloping through prairie on fire. Of all the high distinctive national pleasures of America, chasing buffalo, stump-speaking, and the like, there is none so intense as shooting rapids in a birch. Whenever I recall our career down the Penobscot, a longing comes over me to repeat it.

We dropped down stream without further adventures. We passed the second house, the first village, and other villages, very white and wide-awake, melodiously named Nickertow, Pattagumpus, and Mattascunk. We spent the first night at Mattawamkeag. We were again elbowed at a tavern table, and compelled to struggle with real and not ideal pioneers for fried beefsteak and soggy doughboys. The last river day was tame, but not tiresome. We paddled stoutly by relays, stopping only once, at the neatest of farm-houses, to lunch on the most airy-substantial bread and baked apples and cream. It is surprising how confidential a traveller always is on the subject of his gastronomic delights. He will have the world know how he enjoyed his dinner, perhaps hoping that the world by sympathy will enjoy its own.

Late in the afternoon of our eighth day from Greenville, Moosehead Lake, we reached the end of birch-navigation, the great mill-dams of Indian Oldtown, near Bangor. Acres of great pine logs, marked three crosses and a dash, were floating here at the boom; we saw what Maine men suppose timber was made for. According to the view acted upon at Oldtown, Senaglecouna has been for a century or centuries training up its lordly pines, that gang-saws, worked by Penobscot, should shriek through their helpless cylinders, gnashing them into boards and chewing them into sawdust.

Poor Birch! how out of its element it looked, hoisted on a freight-car and travelling by rail to Bangor! There we said adieu to Birch and Cancut. Peace and plenteous provender be with him! Journeys make friends or foes; and we remember our fat guide, not as one who from time to time just did not drown us, but as the jolly comrade of eight days crowded with novelty and beauty, and fine, vigorous, manly life. END.

A WOMAN.

Not perfect, nay! but full of tender wants. — THE PRINCESS.

I SAT by my window sewing, one bright autumn day, thinking much of twenty other things, and very little of the long seam that slipped away from under my fingers slowly, but steadily, when I heard the front-door open with a quick push, and directly into my open door entered Laura Lane, with a degree of impetus that explained the previous sound in the hall. She threw herself into a chair before me, flung her hat on the floor, threw her shawl across the window-sill, and looked at me without speaking: in fact, she was quite too much out of breath to speak.

I was used to Laura's impetuousness; so I only smiled and said, "Good morning."

"Oh!" said Laura, with a long breath, "I have got something to tell you, Sue."

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"That 's nice," said I; "news is worth double here in the country; tell me slowly, to prolong the pleasure."

"You must guess first. I want to have you try your powers for once; guess, do!"

"Mr. Lincoln defeated?"

"Oh, no,—at least not that I know of; all the returns from this State are not in yet, of course not from the others; besides, do you think I 'd make such a fuss about politics?"

"You might," said I, thinking of all the beautiful and brilliant women that in other countries and other times had made "fuss" more potent than Laura's about politics.

"But I should n't," retorted she.

"Then there is a new novel out?"

"No!" (with great indignation).

"Or the parish have resolved to settle Mr. Hermann?"

"How stupid you are, Sue! Everybody knew that yesterday."

"But I am not everybody."

"I shall have to help you, I see," sighed Laura, half provoked. "Somebody is going to be married."

"Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle!"

Laura stared at me. I ought to have remembered she was eighteen, and not likely to have read Sévigné. I began more seriously, laying down my seam.

"Is it anybody I know, Laura?"

"Of course, or you would n't care about it, and it would be no fun to tell you."

"Is it you?"

Laura grew indignant.

"Do you think I should bounce in, in this way, to tell you *I* was engaged?"

"Why not? should n't you be happy about it?"

"Well, if I were, I should" ——

Laura dropped her beautiful eyes and colored.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I am sure she felt as much strange, sweet shyness sealing her girlish lips at that moment as when she came, very slowly and silently, a year after, to tell me she was engaged to Mr. Hermann. I had to smile and sigh both.

"Tell me, then, Laura; for I cannot guess."

"I 'll tell you the gentleman's name, and perhaps you can guess the lady's then: it is Frank Addison."

"Frank Addison!" echoed I, in surprise; for this young man was one I knew and loved well, and I could not think who in our quiet village had sufficient attraction for his fastidious taste.

He was certainly worth marrying, though he had some faults, being as proud as was endurable, as shy as a child, and altogether endowed with a full appreciation, to say the least, of his own charms and merits: but he was sincere, and loyal, and tender; well cultivated, yet not priggish or pedantic; brave, well-bred, and high-principled; handsome besides. I knew him thoroughly; I had held him on my lap, fed him with sugar-plums, soothed his child-sorrows, and scolded his naughtiness, many a time; I had stood with him by his mother's dying bed and consoled him by my own tears, for his mother I loved dearly; so, ever since, Frank had been both near and dear to me, for a mutual sorrow is a tie that may bind together even a young man and an old maid in close and kindly friendship. I was the more surprised at his engagement because I thought he would have been the first to tell me of it; but I reflected that Laura was his cousin, and relationship has an etiquette of precedence above any other social link.

"Yes,—Frank Addison! Now guess, Miss Sue! for he is not here to tell you,—he is in New York; and here in my pocket I have got a letter for you, but you sha'n't have it till you have well guessed."

I was—I am ashamed to confess it—but I was not a little comforted at hearing of that letter. One may shake up a woman's heart with every alloy of life, grind, break, scatter it, till scarce a throb of its youth beats there, but to its last bit

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it is feminine still; and I felt a sudden sweetness of relief to know that my boy had not forgotten me.

"I don't know whom to guess, Laura; who ever marries after other people's fancy? If I were to guess Sally Hetheridge, I might come as near as I shall to the truth."

Laura laughed.

"You know better," said she. "Frank Addison is the last man to marry a dried-up old tailoress."

"I don't know that he is; according to his theories of women and marriage, Sally would make him happy. She is true-hearted, I am sure, — generous, kind, affectionate, sensible, and poor. Frank has always raved about the beauty of the soul, and the degradation of marrying money, — therefore, Laura, I believe he is going to marry a beauty and an heiress. I guess Josephine Bowen."

"Susan!" exclaimed Laura, with a look of intense astonishment, "how could you guess it?"

"Then it is she?"

"Yes, it is, — and I am so sorry! such a childish, giggling, silly little creature! I can't think how Frank could fancy her; she is just like Dora in "David Copperfield," — a perfect gosling! I am as vexed" ——

"But she is exquisitely pretty."

"Pretty! well, that is all; he might as well have bought a nice picture, or a dolly! I am out of all patience with Frank. I have n't the heart to congratulate him."

"Don't be unreasonable, Laura; when you get as old as I am, you will discover how much better and greater facts are than theories. It 's all very well for men to say, —

"Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat," —

the soul is all they love, — the fair, sweet character, the lofty mind, the tender woman's heart, and gentle loveliness; but when you come down to the statistics of love and matrimony, you find Sally Hetheridge at sixty an old maid, and Miss Bowen at nineteen adored by a dozen men and engaged to one. No, Laura, if I had ten sisters, and a fairy godmother for each, I should request that ancient dame to endow them all with beauty and silliness, sure that then they would achieve a woman's best destiny, — a home."

Laura's face burned indignantly; she hardly let me finish before she exclaimed, —

"Susan Lee! I am ashamed of you! Here are you, an old maid, as happy as anybody, decrying all good gifts to a woman, except beauty, because, indeed, they stand in the way of her marriage! as if a woman was only made to be a housekeeper!"

Laura's indignation amused me. I went on, —

"Yes, I am happy enough; but I should have been much happier, had I married. Don't waste your indignation, dear; you are pretty enough to excuse your being sensible, and you ought to agree with my ideas, because they excuse Frank, and yours do not."

"I don't want to excuse him; I am really angry about it. I can't bear to have Frank throw himself away; she is pretty now, but what will she be in ten years?"

"People in love do not usually enter into such remote calculations; love is to-day's delirium; it has an element of divine faith in it, in not caring for the morrow. But, Laura, we can't help this matter, and we have neither of us any conscience involved in it. Miss Bowen may be better than we know. At any rate, Frank is happy, and that ought to satisfy both you and me just now."

Laura's eyes filled with tears. I could see them glisten on the dark lashes, as she affected to tie her hat, all the time untying it as fast as ever the knot slid. She was a sympathetic little creature, and loved Frank very sincerely, having known him as long as she could remember. She gave me a silent kiss, and went away, leaving the letter, yet unopened, lying in my lap. I did not open it just then. I was thinking of Josephine Bowen.

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Every summer, for three years, Mr. and Mrs. Bowen had come to Ridgefield for country-air, bringing with them their adopted daughter, whose baptismal name had resigned in favor of the pet appellation "Kitten," — a name better adapted to her nature and aspect than the *Impératrice* appellation that belonged to her. She was certainly as charming a little creature as ever one saw in flesh and blood. Her sweet child's-face, her dimpled, fair cheeks, her rose-bud of a mouth, and great, wistful, blue eyes, that laughed like flax-flowers in a south-wind, her tiny, round chin, and low, white forehead, were all adorned by profuse rings and coils and curls of true gold-yellow, that never would grow long, or be braided, or stay smooth, or do anything but ripple and twine and push their shining tendrils out of every bonnet or hat or hood the little creature wore, like a stray parcel of sunbeams that would shine. Her delicate, tiny figure was as round as a child's, — her funny hands as quaint as some fat baby's, with short fingers and dimpled knuckles. She was a creature as much made to be petted as a King-Charles spaniel, — and petted she was, far beyond any possibility of a crumpled rose-leaf. Mrs. Bowen was fat, loving, rather foolish, but the best of friends and the poorest of enemies; she wanted everybody to be happy, and fat, and well as she was, and would urge the necessity of wine, and entire idleness, and horse-exercise, upon a poor minister, just as honestly and energetically as if he could have afforded them: an idea to the contrary never crossed her mind spontaneously, but, if introduced there, brought forth direct results of bottles, bank-bills, and loans of ancient horses, only to be checked by friendly remonstrance, or the suggestion that a poor man might be also proud. Mr. Bowen was tall and spare, a man of much sense and shrewd kindliness, but altogether subject and submissive to "Kitten's" slightest wish. She never wanted anything; no princess in a story-book had less to desire; and this entire spoiling and indulgence seemed to her only the natural course of things. She took it as an open rose takes sunshine, with so much simplicity, and heartiness, and beaming content, and perfume of sweet, careless affection, that she was not given over to any little vanities or affectations, but was always a dear, good little child, as happy as the day was long, and quite without a fear or apprehension. I had seen very little of her in those three summers, for I had been away at the sea-side, trying to fan the flickering life that alone was left to me with pungent salt breezes and stinging baptisms of spray, but I had liked that little pretty well. I did not think her so silly as Laura did: she seemed to me so purely simple, that I sometimes wondered if her honest directness and want of guile were folly or not. But I liked to see her, as she cantered past my door on her pony, the gold tendrils thick clustered about her throat and under the brim of her black hat, and her bright blue eyes sparkling with the keen air, and a real wild-rose bloom on her smiling face. She was a prettier sight even than my profuse chrysanthemums, whose masses of garnet and yellow and white nodded languidly to the autumn winds to-day.

I recalled myself from this dream of recollection, better satisfied with Miss Bowen than I had been before. I could see just how her beauty had bewitched Frank,— so bright, so tiny, so loving: one always wants to gather a little, gay, odor-breathing rose-bud for one's own, and such she was to him.

So then I opened his letter. It was dry and stiff: men's letters almost always are; they cannot say what they feel; they will be fluent of statistics, or description, or philosophy, or politics, but as to feeling,— there they are dumb, except in real love-letters, and, of course, Frank's was unsatisfactory accordingly. Once, toward the end, came out a natural sentence: "Oh, Sue! if you knew her, you would n't wonder!" So he had, after all, felt the apology he would not speak; he had some little deference left for his deserted theories.

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Well I knew what touched his pride, and struck that little revealing spark from his deliberate pen: Josephine Bowen was rich, and he only a poor lawyer in a country-town: he felt it even in this first flush of love, and to that feeling I must answer when I wrote him,—not merely to the announcement, and the delight, and the man's pride. So I answered his letter at once, and he answered mine in person. I had nothing to say to him, when I saw him; it was enough to see how perfectly happy and contented he was, — how the proud, restless eyes, that had always looked a challenge to all the world, were now tranquil to their depths. Nothing had interfered with his passion. Mrs. Bowen liked him always, Mr. Bowen liked him now; nobody had objected, it had not occurred to anybody to object; money had not been mentioned any more than it would have been in Arcadia. Strange to say, the good, simple woman, and the good, shrewd man had both divined Frank's peculiar sensitiveness, and respected it.

There was no period fixed for the engagement, it was indefinite as yet, and the winter, with all its excitements of South and North, passed by at length, and the first of April the Bowens moved out to Ridgefield. It was earlier than usual; but the city was crazed with excitement, and Mr. Bowen was tried and worn; he wanted quiet. Then I saw a great deal of Josephine, and in spite of Laura, and her still restless objections to the child's childish, laughing, inconsequent manner, I grew into liking her: not that there seemed any great depth to her; she was not specially intellectual, or witty, or studious, or practical; she did not try to be anything: perhaps that was her charm to me. I had seen so many women laboring at themselves to be something, that one who was content to live without thinking about it was a real phenomenon to me. Nothing bores me (though I be stoned for the confession, I must make it!) more than a woman who is bent on improving her mind, or forming her manners, or moulding her character, or watching her motives, with that deadly-lively conscientiousness that makes so many good people disagreeable. Why can't they consider the lilies, which grow by receiving sun and air and dew from God, and not hopping about over the lots to find the warmest corner or the wettest hollow, to see how much bigger and brighter they can grow? It was real rest to me to have this tiny, bright creature come in to me every day during Frank's office-hours as unintentionally as a yellow butterfly would come in at the window. Sometimes she strayed to the kitchen-porch, and, resting her elbows on the window-sill and her chin on both palms, looked at me with wondering eyes while I made bread or cake; sometimes she came by the long parlor-window, and sat down on a *brioche* at my feet while I sewed, talking in her direct, unconsidered way, so fresh, and withal so good and pure, I came to thinking the day very dull that did not bring "Kitten" to see me.

The nineteenth of April, in the evening, my door opened again with an impetuous bang; but this time it was Frank Addison, his eyes blazing, his dark cheek flushed, his whole aspect fired and furious.

"Good God, Sue! do you know what they 've done in Baltimore?"

"What?" said I, in vague terror, for I had been an alarmist from the first: I had once lived at the South.

"Fired on a Massachusetts regiment, and killed — nobody knows how many yet; but killed, and wounded."

I could not speak: it was the lighted train of a powder-magazine burning before my eyes. Frank began to walk up and down the room.

"I must go! I must! I must!" came involuntarily from his working lips.

"Frank! Frank! remember Josephine."

It was a cowardly thing to do, but I did it. Frank turned ghastly white, and sat down in a chair opposite me. I had, for the moment, quenched his ardor; he looked at me with anxious eyes, and drew a long sigh, almost a groan.

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"Josephine!" he said, as if the name were new to him, so vitally did the idea seize all his faculties.

"Well, dear!" said a sweet little voice at the door.

Frank turned, and seemed to see a ghost; for there in the door-way stood "Kitten," her face perhaps a shade calmer than ordinary, swinging in one hand the tasselled hood she wore of an evening, and holding her shawl together with the other. Over her head we discerned the spare, upright shape of Mr. Bowen, looking grim and penetrative, but not unkindly.

"What is the matter?" went on the little lady.

Nobody answered, but Frank and I looked at each other. She came in now and went toward him, Mr. Bowen following at a respectful distance, as if he were her footman.

"I 've been looking for you everywhere," said she, with the slightest possible suggestion of reserve, or perhaps timidity, in her voice. "Father went first for me, and when you were not at Laura's, or the office, or the post-office, or Mrs. Sledge's, then I knew you were here; so I came with him, because — because" — she hesitated the least bit here — "we love Sue."

Frank still looked at her with his soul in his eyes, as if he wanted to absorb her utterly into himself and then die. I never saw such a look before; I hope I never may again; it haunts me to this day.

I can pause now to recall and reason about the curious, exalted atmosphere that seemed suddenly to have surrounded us, as if bare spirits communed there, not flesh and blood. Frank did not move; he sat and looked at her standing near him, so near that her shawl trailed against his chair; but presently when she wanted to grasp something, she moved aside and took hold of another chair, — not his: it was a little thing, but it interpreted her.

"Well?" said he, in a hoarse tone.

Just then she moved, as I said, and laid one hand on the back of a chair: it was the only symptom of emotion she showed; her voice was as childish-clear and steady as before.

"You want to go, Frank, and I thought you would rather be married to me first; so I came to find you and tell you I would."

Frank sprang to his feet like a shot man; I cried; Josephine stood looking at us quite steadily, her head a little bent toward me, her eyes calm, but very wide open; and Mr. Bowen gave an audible grunt. I suppose the right thing for Frank to have done in any well-regulated novel would have been to fall on his knees and call her all sorts of names; but people never do — that is, any people that I know — just what the gentlemen in novels do; so he walked off and looked out of the window. To my aid came the goddess of slang. I stopped snuffling directly.

"Josephine," said I, solemnly, "you are a brick!"

"Well, I should think so!" said Mr. Bowen, slightly sarcastic.

Josey laughed very softly. Frank came back from the window, and then the three went off together, she holding by her father's arm, Frank on his other side. I could not but look after them as I stood in the hall-door, and then I came back and sat down to read the paper Frank had flung on the floor when he came in. It diverted my mind enough from myself to enable me to sleep; for I was burning with self-disgust to think of my cowardice, — I, a grown woman, supposed to be more than ordinarily strong-minded by some people, fairly shamed and routed by a girl Laura Lane called "Dora"!

In the morning, Frank came directly after breakfast. He had found his tongue now, certainly, — for words seemed noway to satisfy him, talking of Josephine; and presently she came, too, as brave and bright as ever, sewing busily on a long housewife for Frank; and after her, Mrs. Bowen, making a huge pin-ball in red, white, and blue, and full of the trunk she was packing for Frank to carry, to be filled with raspberry-jam, hard gin-

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gerbread, old brandy, clove-cordial, guava-jelly, strong peppermints, quinine, black cake, cod-liver oil, horehound-candy, Brandreth's pills, damson-leather, and cherry-pectoral, packed in with flannel and cotton bandages, lint, lancets, old linen, and cambric handkerchiefs.

I could not help laughing, and was about to remonstrate, when Frank shook his head at me from behind her. He said afterward he let her go on that way, because it kept her from crying over Josephine. As for the trunk, he should give it to Miss Dix as soon as ever he reached Washington.

In a week, Frank had got his commission as captain of a company in a volunteer regiment; he went into camp at Dartford, our chief town, and set to work in earnest at tactics and drill. The Bowens also went to Dartford, and the last week in May came back for Josey's wedding. I am a superstitious creature,—most women are,—and it went to my heart to have them married in May; but I did not say so, for it seemed imperative, as the regiment were to leave for Washington in June, early.

The day but one before the wedding was one of those warm, soft days that so rarely come in May. My windows were open, and the faint scent of springing grass and opening blossoms came in on every southern breath of wind. Josey had brought her work over to sit beside me. She was hemming her wedding-veil,—a long cloud of *tulle;* and as she sat there, pinching the frail stuff in her fingers, and handling her needle with such deft little ways, as if they were old friends and understood each other, there was something so youthful, so unconscious, so wistfully sweet in her aspect, I could not believe her the same resolute, brave creature I had seen that night in April.

"Josey," said I, "I don't know how you can be willing to let Frank go."

It was a hard thing for me to say, and I said it without thinking.

She leaned back in her chair, and pinched her hem faster than ever.

"I don't know, either," said she. "I suppose it was because I ought. I don't think I am so willing now, Sue: it was easy at first, for I was so angry and grieved about those Massachusetts men; but now, when I get time to think, I do ache over it! I never let him know; for it is just the same right now, and he thinks so. Besides, I never let myself grieve much, even to myself, lest he might find it out. I must keep bright till he goes. It would be so very hard on him, Susy, to think I was crying at home."

I said no more,—I could not; and happily for me, Frank came in with a bunch of wild-flowers, that Josey took with a smile as gay as the columbines, and a blush that outshone the "pinkster-bloomjes," as our old Dutch "chore-man" called the wild honeysuckle. A perfect shower of dew fell from them all over her wedding-veil.

The day of her marriage was showery as April, but a gleam of soft, fitful sunshine streamed into the little church windows, and fell across the tiny figure that stood by Frank Addison's side, like a ray of glory, till the golden curls glittered through her veil, and the fresh lilies-of-the-valley that crowned her hair and ornamented her simple dress seemed to send out a fresher fragrance, and glow with more pearly whiteness. Mrs. Bowen, in a square pew, sobbed, and snuffled, and sopped her eyes with a lace pocket-handkerchief, and spilt cologne all over her dress, and mashed the flowers on her French hat against the dusty pew-rail, and behaved generally like a hen that has lost her sole chicken. Mr. Bowen sat upright in the pew-corner, uttering sonorous hems, whenever his wife sobbed audibly; he looked as dry as a stick, and as grim as Bunyan's giant, and chewed cardamom-seeds, as if he were a ruminating animal.

After the wedding came lunch: it was less formal than dinner, and nobody wanted to sit down before hot dishes and go through with the accompanying ceremonies. For my part, I always did hate gregarious eating: it is well enough for animals, in pasture or pen; but a

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thing that has so little that is graceful or dignified about it as this taking food, especially as the thing is done here in America, ought, in my opinion, to be a solitary act. I never bring my quinine and iron to my friends and invite them to share it; why should I ask them to partake of my beef, mutton, and pork, with the accompanying mastication, the distortion of face, and the suppings and gulpings of fluid dishes that many respectable people indulge in? No, — let me, at least, eat alone. But I did not do so to-day; for Josey, with the most unsentimental air of hunger, sat down at the table and ate two sandwiches, three pickled mushrooms, a piece of pie, and a glass of jelly, with a tumbler of ale besides. Laura Lane sat on the other side of the table, her great dark eyes intently fixed on Josephine, and a look in which wonder was delicately shaded with disgust quivering about her mouth. She was a feeling soul, and thought a girl in love ought to live on strawberries, honey, and spring-water. I believe she really doubted Josey's affection for Frank, when she saw her eat a real mortal meal on her wedding-day. As for me, I am a poor, miserable, unhealthy creature, not amenable to ordinary dietetic rules, and much given to taking any excitement, above a certain amount in lieu of rational food; so I sustained myself on a cup of coffee, and saw Frank also make tolerable play of knife and fork, though he did take some blanc-mange with his cold chicken, and profusely peppered his Charlotte-Russe!

Mrs. Bowen alternately wept and ate pie. Mr. Bowen said the jelly tasted of turpentine, and the chickens must have gone on Noah's voyage, they were so tough; he growled at the ale, and asked nine questions about the coffee, all of a derogatory sort, and never once looked at Josephine, who looked at him every time he was particularly cross, with a rosy little smile, as if she knew why! The few other people present behaved after the ordinary fashion; and when we had finished, Frank and Josephine, Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, Laura Lane and I, all took the train for Dartford. Laura was to stay two weeks, and I till the regiment left.

An odd time I had, after we were fairly settled in our quiet hotel, with those two girls. Laura was sentimental, sensitive, rather high-flown, very shy, and self-conscious; it was not in her to understand Josey at all. We had a great deal of shopping to do, as our little bride had put off buying most of her finery till this time, on account of the few weeks between the fixing of her marriage-day and its arrival. It was pretty enough to see the *naïve* vanity with which she selected her dresses and shawls and laces, — the quite inconsiderate way in which she spent her money on whatever she wanted. One day we were in a dry-goods' shop, looking at silks; among them lay one of Marie-Louise blue, — a plain silk, rich from its heavy texture only, soft, thick, and perfect in color.

"I will have that one," said Josephine, after she had eyed it a moment, with her head on one side, like a canary-bird. "How much is it?"

"Two fifty a yard, Miss," said the spruce clerk, with an inaccessible air.

"I shall look so nice in it!" Josey murmured. "Sue, will seventeen yards do? it must be very full and long; I can't wear flounces."

"Yes, that 's plenty," said I, scarce able to keep down a smile at Laura's face.

She would as soon have smoked a cigar on the steps of the hotel as have mentioned before anybody, much less a supercilious clerk, that she should "look so nice" in anything. Josey never thought of anything beyond the fact, which was only a fact. So, after getting another dress of a lavender tint, still self-colored, but corded and rich, because it went well with her complexion, and a black one, that "father liked to see against her yellow wig, as he called it," Mrs. Josephine proceeded to a milliner's, where, to Laura's further astonishment, she bought bonnets for herself, as if she

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had been her own doll, with an utter disregard of proper self-depreciation, trying one after another, and discarding them for various personal reasons, till at last she fixed on a little gray straw, trimmed with gray ribbon and white daisies, "for camp," she said, and another of white lace, a fabric calculated to wear twice, perhaps, if its floating sprays of clematis did not catch in any parasol on its first appearance. She called me to see how becoming both the bonnets were, viewed herself in various ways in the glass, and at last announced that she looked prettiest in the straw, but the lace was most elegant. To this succeeded purchases of lace and shawls, that still farther opened Laura's eyes, and made her face grave. She confided to me privately, that, after all, I must allow Josephine was silly and extravagant. I had just come from that little lady's room, where she sat surrounded by the opened parcels, saying, with the gravity of a child, —

"I do like pretty things, Sue! I like them more now than I used to, because Frank likes me. I am so glad I 'm pretty!"

I don't know how it was, but I could not quite coincide with Laura's strictures. Josey was extravagant, to be sure; she was vain; but something so tender and feminine flavored her very faults that they charmed me. I was not an impartial judge; and I remembered, through all, that April night, and the calm, resolute, self-poised character that invested the lovely, girlish face with such dignity, strength, and simplicity. No, she was not silly; I could not grant that to Laura.

Every day we drove to the camp, and brought Frank home to dinner. Now and then he stayed with us till the next day, and even Laura could not wonder at his "infatuation," as she had once called it, when she saw how thoroughly Josephine forgot herself in her utter devotion to him; over this, Laura's eyes filled with sad forebodings.

"If anything should happen to him, Sue, it will kill her," she said. "She never can lose him and live. Poor little thing! how could Mr. Bowen let her marry him?"

"Mr. Bowen lets her do much as she likes, Laura, and always has, I imagine."

"Yes, she has been a spoiled child, I know, but it is such a pity!"

"*Has* she been spoiled? I believe, as a general thing, more children are spoiled by what the Scotch graphically call 'nagging' than by indulgence. What do you think Josey would have been, if Mrs. Brooks had been her mother?"

"I don't know, quite; unhappy, I am sure; for Mrs. Brooks's own children look as if they had been fed on chopped catechism, and whipped early every morning, ever since they were born. I never went there without hearing one or another of them told to sit up, or sit down, or keep still, or let their aprons alone, or read their Bibles; and Joe Brooks confided to me in Sunday-school that he called Deacon Smith 'old bald-head,' one day, in the street, to see if a bear would n't come and eat him up, he was so tired of being a good boy!"

"That 's a case in point, I think, Laura; but what a jolly little boy! he ought to have a week to be naughty in, directly."

"He never will, while his mother owns a rod!" said she, emphatically.

I had beguiled Laura from her subject; for, to tell the truth, it was one I did not dare to contemplate; it oppressed and distressed me too much.

After Laura went home, we stayed in Dartford only a week, and then followed the regiment to Washington. We had been there but a few days, before it was ordered into service. Frank came into my room one night to tell me.

"We must be off to-morrow, Sue,—and you must take her back to Ridgefield at once. I can't have her here. I have told Mr. Bowen. If we should be beaten,—and we may,—raw troops may take a panic, or may fight like veterans,—but if we should run, they will make a bee-line

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for Washington. I should go mad to have her here with a possibility of Rebel invasion. She must go; there is no question."

He walked up and down the room, then came back and looked me straight in the face.

"Susan, if I never come back, you will be her good friend, too?"

"Yes," said I, meeting his eye as coolly as it met mine: I had learned a lesson of Josey. "I shall see you in the morning?"

"Yes"; and so he went back to her.

Morning came. Josephine was as bright, as calm, as natural, as the June day itself. She insisted on fastening "her Captain's" straps on his shoulders, purloined his cumbrous pin-ball and put it out of sight, and kept even Mrs. Bowen's sobs in subjection by the intense serenity of her manner. The minutes seemed to go like beats of a fever-pulse; ten o'clock smote on a distant bell; Josephine had retreated, as if accidentally, to a little parlor of her own, opening from our common sitting-room. Frank shook hands with Mr. Bowen; kissed Mrs. Bowen dutifully, and cordially too; gave me one strong clasp in his arms, and one kiss; then went after Josephine. I closed the door softly behind him. In five minutes by the ticking clock he came out, and strode through the room without a glance at either of us. I had heard her say "Good bye" in her sweet, clear tone, just as he opened the door; but some instinct impelled me to go in to her at once: she lay in a dead faint on the floor.

We left Washington that afternoon, and went straight back to Ridgefield. Josey was in and out of my small house continually: but for her father and mother, I think she would have stayed with me from choice. Rare letters came from Frank, and were always reported to me, but, of course, never shown. If there was any change in her manner, it was more steadily affectionate to her father and mother than ever; the fitful, playful ways of her girlhood were subdued, but, except to me, she showed no symptom of pain, no shadow of apprehension: with me alone she sometimes drooped and sighed. Once she laid her little head on my neck, and, holding me to her tightly, half sobbed, —

"Oh, I wish — I wish I could see him just for once!"

I could not speak to answer her.

As rumors of a march toward Manassas increased, Mr. and Mrs. Bowen took her to Dartford: there was no telegraph-line to Ridgefield, and but one daily mail, and now a day's delay of news might be a vital loss. I could not go with them; I was too ill. At last came that dreadful day of Bull Run. Its story of shame and blood, trebly exaggerated, ran like fire through the land. For twenty-four long hours every heart in Ridgefield seemed to stand still; then there was the better news of fewer dead than the first report, and we knew that the enemy had retreated, but no particulars. Another long, long day, and the papers said Colonel ——'s regiment was cut to pieces; the fourth mail told another story: the regiment was safe, but Captains Addison, Black, and — Jones, I think, were missing. The fifth day brought me a letter from Mr. Bowen. Frank was dead, shot through the heart, before the panic began, cheering on his men; he had fallen in the very front rank, and his gallant company, at the risk of their lives, after losing half their number as wounded or killed, had brought off his body, and carried it with them in retreat, to find at last that they had ventured all this for a lifeless corpse!

He did not mention Josephine, but asked me to come to them at once, as he was obliged to go to Washington. I could not, for I was too ill to travel without a certainty of being quite useless at my journey's end. I could but just sit up. Five days after, I had an incoherent sobbing sort of letter from Mrs. Bowen, to say that they had arranged to have the funeral at Ridgefield the next day but one,—that Josephine would come out, with her, the night before, and directly to my house, if I was able to receive them. I sent word by the morning's mail that

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I was able, and went myself to the station to meet them.

They had come alone, and Josey preceded her mother into the little room, as if she were impatient to have any meeting with a fresh face over. She was pale as any pale blossom of spring, and as calm. Her curls, tucked away under the widow's-cap she wore, and clouded by the mass of crape that shrouded her, left only a narrow line of gold above the dead quiet of her brow. Her eyes were like the eyes of a sleep-walker: they seemed to see, but not to feel sight. She smiled mechanically, and put a cold hand into mine. For any outward expression of emotion, one might have thought Mrs. Bowen the widow: her eyes were bloodshot and swollen, her nose was red, her lips tremulous, her whole face stained and washed with tears, and the skin seemed wrinkled by their salt floods. She had cried herself sick, — more over Josephine than Frank, as was natural.

It was but a short drive over to my house, but an utterly silent one. Josephine made no sort of demonstration, except that she stooped to pat my great dog as we went in. I gave her a room that opened out of mine, and put Mrs. Bowen by herself. Twice in the night I stole in to look at her: both times I found her waking, her eyes fixed on the open window, her face set in its unnatural quiet; she smiled, but did not speak. Mrs. Bowen told me in the morning that she had neither shed a tear nor slept since the news came; it seemed to strike her at once into this cold silence, and so she had remained. About ten, a carriage was sent over from the village to take them to the funeral. This miserable custom of ours, that demands the presence of women at such ceremonies, Mrs. Bowen was the last person to evade; and when I suggested to Josey that she should stay at home with me, she looked surprised, and said, quietly, but emphatically, "Oh, no!"

After they were gone, I took my shawl and went out on the lawn. There was a young pine dense enough to shield me from the sun, sitting under which I could see the funeral-procession as it wound along the river's edge up toward the burying-ground, a mile beyond the station. But there was no sun to trouble me; cool gray clouds brooded ominously over all the sky; a strong south-wind cried, and wailed, and swept in wild gusts through the woods, while in its intervals a dreadful quiet brooded over earth and heaven, — over the broad weltering river, that, swollen by recent rain, washed the green grass shores with sullen flood, — over the heavy masses of oak and hickory trees that hung on the farther hill-side, — over the silent village and its gathering people. The engine-shriek was borne on the coming wind from far down the valley. There was an air of hushed expectation and regret in Nature itself that seemed to fit the hour to its event.

Soon I saw the crowd about the station begin to move, and presently the funeral-bell swung out its solemn tones of lamentation; its measured, lingering strokes, mingled with the woful shrieking of the wind and the sighing of the pine-tree overhead, made a dirge of inexpressible force and melancholy. A weight of grief seemed to settle on my very breath: it was not real sorrow; for, though I knew it well, I had not felt yet that Frank was dead,—it was not real to me, — I could not take to my stunned perceptions the fact that he was gone. It is the protest of Nature, dimly conscious of her original eternity, against this interruption of death, that it should always be such an interruption, so incredible, so surprising, so new. No, — the anguish that oppressed me now was not the true anguish of loss, but merely the effect of these adjuncts; the pain of want, of separation, of reaching in vain after that which is gone, of vivid dreams and tearful waking, — all this lay in wait for the future, to be still renewed, still suffered and endured, till time should be no more. Let all these pangs of recollection attest it, — these involuntary bursts of longing for the eyes that are gone and the voice that is still, — these recoils of baffled feeling seeking for the one per-

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fect sympathy forever fled, — these pleasures dimmed in their first resplendence for want of one whose joy would have been keener and sweeter to us than our own, — these bitter sorrows crying like children in pain for the heart that should have soothed and shared them! No, — there is no such dreary lie as that which prates of consoling Time! You who are gone, if in heaven you know how we mortals fare, you know that life took from you no love, no faith, — that bitterer tears fall for you to-day than ever wet your new graves, — that the gayer words and the recalled smiles are only like the flowers that grow above you, symbols of the deeper roots we strike in your past existence, — that to the true soul there is no such thing as forgetfulness, no such mercy as diminishing regret!

Slowly the long procession wound up the river, — here, black with plumed hearse and sable mourners, — there, gay with regimental band and bright uniforms, — no stately, proper funeral, ordered by custom and marshalled by propriety, but a straggling array of vehicles: here, the doctor's old chaise,—there, an open wagon, a dusty buggy, a long, open omnibus, such as the village-stable kept for pleasure-parties or for parties of mourning who wanted to go *en masse*.

All that knew Frank, in or about Ridgefield, and all who had sons or brothers in the army, swarmed to do him honor; and the quaint, homely array crept slowly through the valley, to the sound of tolling bell and moaning wind and the low rush of the swollen river, — the first taste of war's desolation that had fallen upon us, the first dark wave of a whelming tide!

As it passed out of sight, I heard the wheels cease, one by one, their crunch and grind on the gravelled road up the slope of the grave-yard. I knew they had reached that hill-side where the dead of Ridgefield lie calmer than its living; and presently the long-drawn notes of that hymn-tune consecrated to such occasions — old China — rose and fell in despairing cadences on my ear. If ever any music was invented for the express purpose of making mourners as distracted as any external thing can make them, it is the bitter, hopeless, unrestrained wail of this tune. There is neither peace nor resignation in it, but the very exhaustion of raving sorrow that heeds neither God nor man, but cries out, with the soulless agony of a wind-harp, its refusal to be comforted.

At length it was over, and still in that same dead calm Josephine came home to me. Mrs. Bowen was frightened, Mr. Bowen distressed. I could not think what to do, at first; but remembering how sometimes a little thing had utterly broken me down from a regained calmness after loss, some homely association, some recall of the past, I begged of Mr. Bowen to bring up from the village Frank's knapsack, which he had found in one of his men's hands,—the poor fellow having taken care of that, while he lost his own: "For the captain's wife," he said. As soon as it came, I took from it Frank's coat, and his cap and sword. My heart was in my mouth as I entered Josephine's room, and saw the fixed quiet on her face where she sat. I walked in, however, with no delay, and laid the things down on her bed, close to where she sat. She gave one startled look at them and then at me; her face relaxed from all its quiet lines; she sank on her knees by the bedside, and, burying her head in her arms, cried, and cried, and cried, so helplessly, so utterly without restraint, that I cried, too. It was impossible for me to help it. At last the tears exhausted themselves; the dreadful sobs ceased to convulse her; all drenched and tired, she lifted her face from its rest, and held out her arms to me. I took her up, and put her to bed like a child. I hung the coat and cap and sword where she could see them. I made her take a cup of broth, and before long, with her eyes fixed on the things I had hung up, she fell asleep, and slept heavily, without waking, till the next morning.

I feared almost to enter her room when I heard her stir; I had dreaded her wak-

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ing, — that terrible hour that all know who have suffered, the dim awakening shadow that darkens so swiftly to black reality; but I need not have dreaded it for her. She told me afterward that in all that sleep she never lost the knowledge of her grief; she did not come into it as a surprise. Frank had seemed to be with her, distant, sad, yet consoling; she felt that he was gone, but not utterly, — that there was drear separation and loneliness, but not forever.

When I went in, she lay there awake, looking at her trophy, as she came to call it, her eyes with all their light quenched and sodden out with crying, her face pale and unalterably sad, but natural in its sweetness and mobility. She drew me down to her and kissed me.

"May I get up?" she asked; and then, without waiting for an answer, went on, — "I have been selfish, Sue; I will try to be better now; I won't run away from my battle. Oh, how glad I am he did n't run away! It is dreadful now, dreadful! Perhaps, if I had to choose if he should have run away or — or this, I should have wanted him to run, — I 'm afraid I should. But I am glad now. If God wanted him, I 'm glad he went from the front ranks. Oh, those poor women whose husbands ran away, and were killed, too!"

She seemed to be so comforted by that one thought! It was a strange trait in the little creature; I could not quite fathom it.

After this, she came down-stairs and went about among us, busying herself in various little ways. She never went to the grave-yard; but whenever she was a little tired, I was sure to find her sitting in her room with her eyes on that cap and coat and sword. Letters of condolence poured in, but she would not read them or answer them, and they all fell into my hands. I could not wonder; for, of all cruel conventionalities, visits and letters of condolence seem to me the most cruel. If friends can be useful in lifting off the little painful cares that throng in the house of death till its presence is banished, let them go and do their work quietly and cheerfully; but to make a call or write a note, to measure your sorrow and express theirs, seems to me on a par with pulling a wounded man's bandages off and probing his hurt, to hear him cry out and hear yourself say how bad it must be!

Laura Lane was admitted, for Frank's sake, as she had been his closest and dearest relative. The day she came, Josey had a severe headache, and looked wretchedly. Laura was shocked, and showed it so obviously, that, had there been any real cause for her alarm, I should have turned her out of the room without ceremony, almost before she was fairly in it. As soon as she left, Josey looked at me and smiled.

"Laura thinks I am going to die," said she; "but I 'm not. If I could, I would n't, Sue; for poor father and mother want me, and so will the soldiers by-and-by." A weary, heart-breaking look quivered in her face as she went on, half whispering, — "But I should — I *should* like to see him!"

In September she went away. I had expected it ever since she spoke of the soldiers needing her. Mrs. Bowen went to the sea-side for her annual asthma. Mr. Bowen went with Josephine to Washington. There, by some talismanic influence, she got admission to the hospitals, though she was very pretty, and under thirty. I think perhaps her pale face and widow's-dress, and her sad, quiet manner, were her secret of success. She worked here like a sprite; nothing daunted or disgusted her. She followed the army to Yorktown, and nursed on the transport-ships. One man said, I was told, that it was "jes' like havin' an apple-tree blow raound, to see that Mis' Addison; she was so kinder cheery an' pooty, an' knew sech a sight abaout nussin', it did a feller lots of good only to look at her chirpin' abaout."

Now and then she wrote to me, and almost always ended by declaring she was "quite well, and almost happy." If ever she met with one of Frank's men,—

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and all who were left reënlisted for the war, — he was sure to be nursed like a prince, and petted with all sorts of luxuries, and told it was for his old captain's sake. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen followed her everywhere, as near as they could get to her, and afforded unfailing supplies of such extra hospital-stores as she wanted; they lavished on her time and money and love enough to have satisfied three women, but Josey found use for it all — for her work. Two months ago, they all came back to Dartford. A hospital had been set up there, and some one was needed to put it in operation; her experience would be doubly useful there, and it was pleasant for her to be so near Frank's home, to be among his friends and hers.

I went in, to do what I could, being stronger than usual, and found her hard at work. Her face retained its rounded outline, her lips had recovered their bloom, her curls now and then strayed from the net under which she carefully tucked them, and made her look as girlish as ever, but the girl's expression was gone; that tender, patient, resolute look was born of a woman's stern experience; and though she had laid aside her widow's-cap, because it was inconvenient, her face was so sad in its repose, so lonely and inexpectant, she scarce needed any outward symbol to proclaim her widowhood. Yet under all this new character lay still some of those childish tastes that made, as it were, the "fresh perfume" of her nature: everything that came in her way was petted; a little white kitten followed her about the wards, and ran to meet her, whenever she came in, with joyful demonstrations; a great dog waited for her at home, and escorted her to and from the hospital; and three canaries hung in her chamber; — and I confess here, what I would not to Laura, that she retains yet a strong taste for sugar-plums, gingerbread, and the "Lady's Book." She kept only so much of what Laura called her vanity as to be exquisitely neat and particular in every detail of dress; and though a black gown, and a white linen apron, collar, and cuffs do not afford much room for display, yet these were always so speckless and spotless that her whole aspect was refreshing.

Last week there was a severe operation performed in the hospital, and Josephine had to be present. She held the poor fellow's hand till he was insensible from the kindly chloroform they gave him, and, after the surgeons were through, sat by him till night, with such a calm, cheerful face, giving him wine and broth, and watching every indication of pulse or skin, till he really rallied, and is now doing well.

As I came over, the next day, I met Doctor Rivers at the door of her ward.

"Really," said he, "that little Mrs. Addison is a true heroine!"

The kitten purred about my feet, and as I smiled assent to him, I said inwardly to myself, —

"Really, she is a true woman!"

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ABOUT WARWICK.

BETWEEN bright, new Leamington, the growth of the present century, and rusty Warwick, founded by King Cymbeline in the twilight ages, a thousand years before the mediæval darkness, there are two roads, either of which may be measured by a sober-paced pedestrian in less than half an hour.

One of these avenues flows out of the midst of the smart parades and crescents of the former town,—along by hedges and beneath the shadow of great elms, past stuccoed Elizabethan villas and wayside ale-houses, and through a hamlet of modern aspect,—and runs straight into the principal thoroughfare of Warwick. The battlemented turrets of the castle, embowered half-way up in foliage, and the tall, slender tower of St. Mary's Church, rising from among clustered roofs, have been visible almost from the commencement of the walk. Near the entrance of the town stands St. John's School-House, a picturesque old edifice of stone, with four peaked gables in a row, alternately plain and ornamented, and wide, projecting windows, and a spacious and venerable porch, all overgrown with moss and ivy, and shut in from the world by a high stone fence, not less mossy than the gabled front. There is an iron gate, through the rusty open-work of which you see a grassy lawn, and almost expect to meet the shy, curious eyes of the little boys of past generations, peeping forth from their infantile antiquity into the strangeness of our present life. I find a peculiar charm in these long-established English schools, where the school-boy of to-day sits side by side, as it were, with his great-grandsire, on the same old benches, and often, I believe, thumbs a later, but unimproved edition of the same old grammar or arithmetic. The new-fangled notions of a Yankee school-committee would madden many a pedagogue, and shake down the roof of many a time-honored seat of learning, in the mother-country.

At this point, however, we will turn back, in order to follow up the other road from Leamington, which was the one that I loved best to take. It pursues a straight and level course, bordered by wide gravel-walks and overhung by the frequent elm, with here a cottage and there a villa, on one side a wooded plantation, and on the other a rich field of grass or grain, until, turning at right angles, it brings you to an arched bridge over the Avon. Its parapet is a balustrade carved out of freestone, into the soft substance of which a multitude of persons have engraved their names or initials, many of them now illegible, while others, more deeply cut, are illuminated with fresh green moss. These tokens indicate a famous spot; and casting our eyes along the smooth gleam and shadow of the quiet stream, through a vista of willows that droop on either side into the water, we behold the gray magnificence of Warwick Castle, uplifting itself among stately trees, and rearing its turrets high above their loftiest branches. We can scarcely think the scene real, so completely do those machicolated towers, the long line of battlements, the massive buttresses, the high-windowed walls, shape out our indistinct ideas of the antique time. It might rather seem as if the sleepy river (being Shakspeare's Avon, and often, no doubt, the mirror of his gorgeous visions) were dreaming now of a lordly residence that stood here many centuries ago; and this fantasy is strengthened, when you observe that the image in the tranquil water has all the distinctness of the actual structure. Either might be the reflection of the other. Wherever Time has gnawed one of the stones, you see the mark of his tooth just as plainly in the sunken reflection. Each is so perfect, that the upper vision seems a castle in the air, and the lower one an old stronghold of feudalism, miraculously kept from decay in an enchanted river.

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A ruinous and ivy-grown bridge, that projects from the bank a little on the hither side of the castle, has the effect of making the scene appear more entirely apart from the every-day world, for it ends abruptly in the middle of the stream,—so that, if a cavalcade of the knights and ladies of romance should issue from the old walls, they could never tread on earthly ground, any more than we, approaching from the side of modern realism, can overleap the gulf between our domain and theirs. Yet, if we seek to disenchant ourselves, it may readily be done. Crossing the bridge on which we stand, and passing a little farther on, we come to the entrance of the castle, abutting on the highway, and hospitably open at certain hours to all curious pilgrims who choose to disburse half a crown or so towards the support of the Earl's domestics. The sight of that long series of historic rooms, full of such splendors and rarities as a great English family necessarily gathers about itself, in its hereditary abode, and in the lapse of ages, is well worth the money, or ten times as much, if indeed the value of the spectacle could be reckoned in money's-worth. But after the attendant has hurried you from end to end of the edifice, repeating a guide-book by rote, and exorcising each successive hall of its poetic glamour and witchcraft by the mere tone in which he talks about it, you will make the doleful discovery that Warwick Castle has ceased to be a dream. It is better, methinks, to linger on the bridge, gazing at Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower in the dim English sunshine above, and in the placid Avon below, and still keep them as thoughts in your own mind, than climb to their summits, or touch even a stone of their actual substance. They will have all the more reality for you, as stalwart relics of immemorial time, if you are reverent enough to leave them in the intangible sanctity of a poetic vision.

From the bridge over the Avon, the road passes in front of the castle-gate, and soon enters the principal street of Warwick, a little beyond St. John's School-House, already described. Chester itself, most antique of English towns, can hardly show quainter architectural shapes than many of the buildings that border this street. They are mostly of the timber-and-plaster kind, with bowed and decrepit ridge-poles, and a whole chronology of various patchwork in their walls; their low-browed door-ways open upon a sunken floor; their projecting stories peep, as it were, over one another's shoulders, and rise into a multiplicity of peaked gables; they have curious windows, breaking out irregularly all over the house, some even in the roof, set in their own little peaks, opening latticewise, and furnished with twenty small panes of lozenge-shaped glass. The architecture of these edifices (a visible oaken framework, showing the whole skeleton of the house,—as if a man's bones should be arranged on his outside, and his flesh seen through the interstices) is often imitated by modern builders, and with sufficiently picturesque effect. The objection is, that such houses, like all imitations of by-gone styles, have an air of affectation; they do not seem to be built in earnest; they are no better than playthings, or overgrown baby-houses, in which nobody should be expected to encounter the serious realities of either birth or death. Besides, originating nothing, we leave no fashions for another age to copy, when we ourselves shall have grown antique.

Old as it looks, all this portion of Warwick has overbrimmed, as it were, from the original settlement, being outside of the ancient wall. The street soon runs under an arched gateway, with a church or some other venerable structure above it, and admits us into the heart of the town. At one of my first visits, I witnessed a military display. A regiment of Warwickshire militia, probably commanded by the Earl, was going through its drill in the market-place; and on the collar of one of the officers was embroidered the Bear and Ragged Staff, which has been the cognizance of the Warwick earldom from time immemorial. The

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soldiers were sturdy young men, with the simple, stolid, yet kindly, faces of English rustics, looking exceedingly well in a body, but slouching into a yeoman-like carriage and appearance, the moment they were dismissed from drill. Squads of them were distributed everywhere about the streets, and sentinels were posted at various points; and I saw a sergeant, with a great key in his hand, (big enough to have been the key of the castle's main entrance when the gate was thickest and heaviest,) apparently setting a guard. Thus, centuries after feudal times are past, we find warriors still gathering under the old castle-walls, and commanded by a feudal lord, just as in the days of the King-Maker, who, no doubt, often mustered his retainers in the same market-place where I beheld this modern regiment.

The interior of the town wears a less old-fashioned aspect than the suburbs through which we approach it; and the High Street has shops with modern plate-glass, and buildings with stuccoed fronts, exhibiting as few projections to hang a thought or sentiment upon as if an architect of to-day had planned them. And, indeed, so far as their surface goes, they are perhaps new enough to stand unabashed in an American street; but behind these renovated faces, with their monotonous lack of expression, there is probably the substance of the same old town that wore a Gothic exterior in the Middle Ages. The street is an emblem of England itself. What seems new in it is chiefly a skilful and fortunate adaptation of what such a people as ourselves would destroy. The new things are based and supported on sturdy old things, and derive a massive strength from their deep and immemorial foundations, though with such limitations and impediments as only an Englishman could endure. But he likes to feel the weight of all the past upon his back; and, moreover, the antiquity that overburdens him has taken root in his being, and has grown to be rather a hump than a pack, so that there is no getting rid of it without tearing his whole structure to pieces. In my judgment, as he appears to be sufficiently comfortable under the mouldy accretion, he had better stumble on with it as long as he can. He presents a spectacle which is by no means without its charm for a disinterested and unincumbered observer.

When the old edifice, or the antiquated custom or institution, appears in its pristine form, without any attempt at intermarrying it with modern fashions, an American cannot but admire the picturesque effect produced by the sudden cropping up of an apparently dead-and-buried state of society into the actual present, of which he is himself a part. We need not go far in Warwick without encountering an instance of the kind. Proceeding westward through the town, we find ourselves confronted by a huge mass of natural rock, hewn into something like architectural shape, and penetrated by a vaulted passage, which may well have been one of King Cymbeline's original gateways; and on the top of the rock, over the archway, sits a small, old church, communicating with an ancient edifice, or assemblage of edifices, that look down from a similar elevation on the side of the street. A range of trees half hides the latter establishment from the sun. It presents a curious and venerable specimen of the timber-and-plaster style of building, in which some of the finest old houses in England are constructed; the front projects into porticos and vestibules, and rises into many gables, some in a row, and others crowning semi-detached portions of the structure; the windows mostly open on hinges, but show a delightful irregularity of shape and position; a multiplicity of chimneys break through the roof at their own will, or, at least, without any settled purpose of the architect. The whole affair looks very old, — so old, indeed, that the front bulges forth, as if the timber framework were a little weary, at last, of standing erect so long; but the state of repair is so perfect, and there is such an indescribable aspect of continuous vitality within

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the system of this aged house, that you feel confident that there may be safe shelter yet, and perhaps for centuries to come, under its time-honored roof. And on a bench, sluggishly enjoying the sunshine, and looking into the street of Warwick as from a life apart, a few old men are generally to be seen, wrapped in long cloaks, on which you may detect the glistening of a silver badge representing the Bear and Ragged Staff. These decorated worthies are some of the twelve brethren of Leicester's Hospital,—a community which subsists to-day under the identical modes that were established for it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and of course retains many features of a social life that has vanished almost everywhere else.

The edifice itself dates from a much older period than the charitable institution of which it is now the home. It was the seat of a religious fraternity far back in the Middle Ages, and continued so till Henry VIII. turned all the priesthood of England out-of-doors, and put the most unscrupulous of his favorites into their vacant abodes. In many instances, the old monks had chosen the sites of their domiciles so well, and built them on such a broad system of beauty and convenience, that their lay-occupants found it easy to convert them into stately and comfortable homes; and as such they still exist, with something of the antique reverence lingering about them. The structure now before us seems to have been first granted to Sir Nicholas Lestrange, who perhaps intended, like other men, to establish his household gods in the niches whence he had thrown down the images of saints, and to lay his hearth where an altar had stood. But there was probably a natural reluctance in those days (when Catholicism, so lately repudiated, must needs have retained an influence over all but the most obdurate characters) to bring one's hopes of domestic prosperity and a fortunate lineage into direct hostility with the awful claims of the ancient religion. At all events, there is still a superstitious idea, betwixt a fantasy and a belief, that the possession of former Church-property has drawn a curse along with it, not only among the posterity of those to whom it was originally granted, but wherever it has subsequently been transferred, even if honestly bought and paid for. There are families, now inhabiting some of the beautiful old abbeys, who appear to indulge a species of pride in recording the strange deaths and ugly shapes of misfortune that have occurred among their predecessors, and may be supposed likely to dog their own pathway down the ages of futurity. Whether Sir Nicholas Lestrange, in the beef-eating days of Old Harry and Elizabeth, was a nervous man, and subject to apprehensions of this kind, I cannot tell; but it is certain that he speedily rid himself of the spoils of the Church, and that, within twenty years afterwards, the edifice became the property of the famous Dudley, Earl of Leicester, brother of the Earl of Warwick. He devoted the ancient religious precinct to a charitable use, endowing it with an ample revenue, and making it the perpetual home of twelve poor, honest, and war-broken soldiers, mostly his own retainers, and natives either of Warwickshire or Gloucestershire. These veterans, or others wonderfully like them, still occupy their monkish dormitories and haunt the time-darkened corridors and galleries of the hospital, leading a life of old-fashioned comfort, wearing the old-fashioned cloaks, and burnishing the identical silver badges which the Earl of Leicester gave to the original twelve. He is said to have been a bad man in his day; but he has succeeded in prolonging one good deed into what was to him a distant future.

On the projecting story, over the arched entrance, there is the date, 1571, and several coats-of-arms, either the Earl's or those of his kindred, and immediately above the door-way a stone sculpture of the Bear and Ragged Staff.

Passing through the arch, we find ourselves in a quadrangle, or inclosed court, such as always formed the central part of a great family-residence in Queen Eliz-

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abeth's time, and earlier. There can hardly be a more perfect specimen of such an establishment than Leicester's Hospital. The quadrangle is a sort of sky-roofed hall, to which there is convenient access from all parts of the house. The four inner fronts, with their high, steep roofs and sharp gables, look into it from antique windows, and through open corridors and galleries along the sides; and there seems to be a richer display of architectural devices and ornaments, quainter carvings in oak, and more fantastic shapes of the timber framework, than on the side towards the street. On the wall opposite the arched entrance are the following inscriptions, comprising such moral rules, I presume, as were deemed most essential for the daily observance of the community: "HONOR ALL MEN" — "FEAR GOD" — "HONOR THE KING" — "LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD"; and again, as if this latter injunction needed emphasis and repetition among a household of aged people soured with the hard fortune of their previous lives, — "BE KINDLY AFFECTIONED ONE TO ANOTHER." One sentence, over a door communicating with the Master's side of the house, is addressed to that dignitary, — "HE THAT RULETH OVER MEN MUST BE JUST." All these are charactered in black-letter, and form part of the elaborate ornamentation of the house. Everywhere — on the walls, over windows and doors, and at all points where there is room to place them — appear escutcheons of arms, cognizances, and crests, emblazoned in their proper colors, and illuminating the ancient quadrangle with their splendor. One of these devices is a large image of a porcupine on an heraldic wreath, being the crest of the Lords de Lisle. But especially is the cognizance of the Bear and Ragged Staff repeated over and over, and over again and again, in a great variety of attitudes, at full-length and half-length, in paint and in oaken sculpture, in bas-relief and rounded image. The founder of the hospital was certainly disposed to reckon his own beneficence as among the hereditary glories of his race; and had he lived and died a half-century earlier, he would have kept up an old Catholic custom by enjoining the twelve bedesmen to pray for the welfare of his soul.

At my first visit, some of the brethren were seated on the bench outside of the edifice, looking down into the street; but they did not vouchsafe me a word, and seemed so estranged from modern life, so enveloped in antique customs and old-fashioned cloaks, that to converse with them would have been like shouting across the gulf between our age and Queen Elizabeth's. So I passed into the quadrangle, and found it quite solitary, except that a plain and neat old woman happened to be crossing it, with an aspect of business and carefulness that bespoke her a woman of this world, and not merely a shadow of the past. Asking her if I could come in, she answered very readily and civilly that I might, and said that I was free to look about me, hinting a hope, however, that I would not open the private doors of the brotherhood, as some visitors were in the habit of doing. Under her guidance, I went into what was formerly the great hall of the establishment, where King James I. had once been feasted by an Earl of Warwick, as is commemorated by an inscription on the cobwebbed and dingy wall. It is a very spacious and barn-like apartment, with a brick floor, and a vaulted roof, the rafters of which are oaken beams, wonderfully carved, but hardly visible in the duskiness that broods aloft. The hall may have made a splendid appearance, when it was decorated with rich tapestry, and illuminated with chandeliers, cressets, and torches glistening upon silver dishes, while King James sat at supper among his brilliantly dressed nobles; but it has come to base uses in these latter days, — being improved, in Yankee phrase, as a brewery and wash-room, and as a cellar for the brethren's separate allotments of coal.

The old lady here left me to myself, and I returned into the quadrangle. It was very quiet, very handsome, in its

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own obsolete style, and must be an exceedingly comfortable place for the old people to lounge in, when the inclement winds render it inexpedient to walk abroad. There are shrubs against the wall, on one side; and on another is a cloistered walk, adorned with stags' heads and antlers, and running beneath a covered gallery, up to which ascends a balustraded staircase. In the portion of the edifice opposite the entrance-arch are the apartments of the Master; and looking into the window, (as the old woman, at no request of mine, had specially informed me that I might,) I saw a low, but vastly comfortable parlor, very handsomely furnished, and altogether a luxurious place. It had a fireplace with an immense arch, the antique breadth of which extended almost from wall to wall of the room, though now fitted up in such a way that the modern coal-grate looked very diminutive in the midst. Gazing into this pleasant interior, it seemed to me, that, among these venerable surroundings, availing himself of whatever was good in former things, and eking out their imperfection with the results of modern ingenuity, the Master might lead a not unenviable life. On the cloistered side of the quadrangle, where the dark oak panels made the inclosed space dusky, I beheld a curtained window reddened by a great blaze from within, and heard the bubbling and squeaking of something — doubtless very nice and succulent — that was being cooked at the kitchen-fire. I think, indeed, that a whiff or two of the savory fragrance reached my nostrils; at all events, the impression grew upon me that Leicester's Hospital is one of the jolliest old domiciles in England.

I was about to depart, when another old woman, very plainly dressed, but fat, comfortable, and with a cheerful twinkle in her eyes, came in through the arch, and looked curiously at me. This repeated apparition of the gentle sex (though by no means under its loveliest guise) had still an agreeable effect in modifying my ideas of an institution which I had supposed to be of a stern and monastic character. She asked whether I wished to see the hospital, and said that the porter, whose office it was to attend to visitors, was dead, and would be buried that very day, so that the whole establishment could not conveniently be shown me. She kindly invited me, however, to visit the apartment occupied by her husband and herself; so I followed her up the antique staircase, along the gallery, and into a small, oak-panelled parlor, where sat an old man in a long blue garment, who arose and saluted me with much courtesy. He seemed a very quiet person, and yet had a look of travel and adventure, and gray experience, such as I could have fancied in a palmer of ancient times, who might likewise have worn a similar costume. The little room was carpeted and neatly furnished; a portrait of its occupant was hanging on the wall; and on a table were two swords crossed, — one, probably, his own battle-weapon, and the other, which I drew half out of the scabbard, had an inscription on the blade, purporting that it had been taken from the field of Waterloo. My kind old hostess was anxious to exhibit all the particulars of their housekeeping, and led me into the bed-room, which was in the nicest order, with a snow-white quilt upon the bed; and in a little intervening room was a washing and bathing apparatus, — a convenience (judging from the personal aspect and atmosphere of such parties) seldom to be met with in the humbler ranks of British life.

The old soldier and his wife both seemed glad of somebody to talk with; but the good woman availed herself of the privilege far more copiously than the veteran himself, insomuch that he felt it expedient to give her an occasional nudge with his elbow in her well-padded ribs. "Don't you be so talkative!" quoth he; and, indeed, he could hardly find space for a word, and quite as little after his admonition as before. Her nimble tongue ran over the whole system of life in the hospital. The brethren, she said, had a yearly stipend, (the amount of which she did not mention,) and such decent lodgings

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as I saw, and some other advantages, free; and instead of being pestered with a great many rules, and made to dine together at a great table, they could manage their little household-matters as they liked, buying their own dinners, and having them cooked in the general kitchen, and eating them snugly in their own parlors. "And," added she, rightly deeming this the crowning privilege, "with the Master's permission, they can have their wives to take care of them; and no harm comes of it; and what more can an old man desire?" It was evident enough that the good dame found herself in what she considered very rich clover, and, moreover, had plenty of small occupations to keep her from getting rusty and dull; but the veteran impressed me as deriving far less enjoyment from the monotonous ease, without fear of change or hope of improvement, that had followed upon thirty years of peril and vicissitude. I fancied, too, that, while pleased with the novelty of a stranger's visit, he was still a little shy of becoming a spectacle for the stranger's curiosity; for, if he chose to be morbid about the matter, the establishment was but an almshouse, in spite of its old-fashioned magnificence, and his fine blue cloak only a pauper's garment, with a silver badge on it that perhaps galled his shoulder. In truth, the badge and the peculiar garb, though quite in accordance with the manners of the Earl of Leicester's age, are repugnant to modern prejudices, and might fitly and humanely be abolished.

A year or two afterwards I paid another visit to the hospital, and found a new porter established in office, and already capable of talking like a guide-book about the history, antiquities, and present condition of the charity. He informed me that the twelve brethren are selected from among old soldiers of good character, whose private resources must not exceed an income of five pounds; thus excluding all commissioned officers, whose half-pay would of course be more than that amount. They receive from the hospital an annuity of eighty pounds each, besides their apartments, a garment of fine blue cloth, an annual abundance of ale, and a privilege at the kitchen-fire; so that, considering the class from which they are taken, they may well reckon themselves among the fortunate of the earth. Furthermore, they are invested with political rights, acquiring a vote for member of Parliament in virtue either of their income or brotherhood. On the other hand, as regards their personal freedom and conduct, they are subject to a supervision which the Master of the hospital might render extremely annoying, were he so inclined; but the military restraint under which they have spent the active portion of their lives makes it easier for them to endure the domestic discipline here imposed upon their age. The porter bore his testimony (whatever were its value) to their being as contented and happy as such a set of old people could possibly be, and affirmed that they spent much time in burnishing their silver badges, and were as proud of them as a nobleman of his star. These badges, by-the-by, except one that was stolen and replaced in Queen Anne's time, are the very same that decorated the original twelve brethren.

I have seldom met with a better guide than my friend the porter. He appeared to take a genuine interest in the peculiarities of the establishment, and yet had an existence apart from them, so that he could the better estimate what those peculiarities were. To be sure, his knowledge and observation were confined to external things, but, so far, had a sufficiently extensive scope. He led me up the staircase and exhibited portions of the timber framework of the edifice that are reckoned to be eight or nine hundred years old, and are still neither worm-eaten nor decayed; and traced out what had been a great hall, in the days of the Catholic fraternity, though its area is now filled up with the apartments of the twelve brethren; and pointed to ornaments of sculptured oak, done in an ancient religious style of art, but hardly

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visible amid the vaulted dimness of the roof. Thence we went to the chapel — the Gothic church which I noted several pages back — surmounting the gateway that stretches half across the street. Here the brethren attend daily prayer, and have each a prayer-book of the finest paper, with a fair, large type for their old eyes. The interior of the chapel is very plain, with a picture of no merit for an altar-piece, and a single old pane of painted glass in the great eastern window, representing — no saint, nor angel, as is customary in such cases — but that grim sinner, the Earl of Leicester. Nevertheless, amid so many tangible proofs of his human sympathy, one comes to doubt whether the Earl could have been such a hardened reprobate, after all.

We ascended the tower of the chapel, and looked down between its battlements into the street, a hundred feet below us; while clambering half-way up were foxglove-flowers, weeds, small shrubs, and tufts of grass, that had rooted themselves into the roughnesses of the stone foundation. Far around us lay a rich and lovely English landscape, with many a church-spire and noble country-seat, and several objects of high historic interest. Edge Hill, where the Puritans defeated Charles I., is in sight on the edge of the horizon, and much nearer stands the house where Cromwell lodged on the night before the battle. Right under our eyes, and half-enveloping the town with its high-shouldering wall, so that all the closely compacted streets seemed but a precinct of the estate, was the Earl of Warwick's delightful park, a wide extent of sunny lawns, interspersed with broad contiguities of forest-shade. Some of the cedars of Lebanon were there,—a growth of trees in which the Warwick family take an hereditary pride. The two highest towers of the castle heave themselves up out of a mass of foliage, and look down in a lordly manner upon the plebeian roofs of the town, a part of which are slate-covered, (these are the modern houses,) and a part are coated with old red tiles, denoting the more ancient edifices. A hundred and sixty or seventy years ago, a great fire destroyed a considerable portion of the town, and doubtless annihilated many structures of a remote antiquity; at least, there was a possibility of very old houses in the long past of Warwick, which King Cymbeline is said to have founded in the year ONE of the Christian era!

And this historic fact or poetic fiction, whichever it may be, brings to mind a more indestructible reality than anything else that has occurred within the present field of our vision; though this includes the scene of Guy of Warwick's legendary exploits, and some of those of the Round Table, to say nothing of the Battle of Edge Hill. For perhaps it was in the landscape now under our eyes that Posthumus wandered with the King's daughter, the sweet, chaste, faithful, and courageous Imogen, the tenderest and womanliest woman that Shakspeare ever made immortal in the world. The silver Avon, which we see flowing so quietly by the gray castle, may have held their images in its bosom.

The day, though it began brightly, had long been overcast, and the clouds now spat down a few spiteful drops upon us, besides that the east-wind was very chill; so we descended the winding tower-stair, and went next into the garden, one side of which is shut in by almost the only remaining portion of the old city-wall. A part of the garden-ground is devoted to grass and shrubbery, and permeated by gravel-walks, in the centre of one of which is a beautiful stone vase of Egyptian sculpture, having formerly stood on the top of a Nilometer, or graduated pillar for measuring the rise and fall of the River Nile. On the pedestal is a Latin inscription by Dr. Parr, who (his vicarage of Hatton being so close at hand) was probably often the Master's guest, and smoked his interminable pipe along these garden-walks. Of the vegetable-garden, which lies adjacent, the lion's share is appropriated to the Master, and twelve small, separate patches to the individual brethren, who cultivate them at their own judg-

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ment and by their own labor; and their beans and cauliflowers have a better flavor, I doubt not, than if they had received them directly from the dead hand of the Earl of Leicester, like the rest of their food. In the farther part of the garden is an arbor for the old men's pleasure and convenience, and I should like well to sit down among them there, and find out what is really the bitter and the sweet of such a sort of life. As for the old gentlemen themselves, they put me queerly in mind of the Salem Custom-House, and the venerable personages whom I found so quietly at anchor there.

The Master's residence, forming one entire side of the quadrangle, fronts on the garden, and wears an aspect at once stately and homely. It can hardly have undergone any perceptible change within three centuries; but the garden, into which its old windows look, has probably put off a great many eccentricities and quaintnesses, in the way of cunningly clipped shrubbery, since the gardener of Queen Elizabeth's reign threw down his rusty shears and took his departure. The present Master's name is Harris; he is a descendant of the founder's family, a gentleman of independent fortune, and a clergyman of the Established Church, as the regulations of the hospital require him to be. I know not what are his official emoluments; but, according to all English precedent, an ancient charitable fund is certain to be held directly for the behoof of those who administer it, and perhaps incidentally, in a moderate way, for the nominal beneficiaries; and, in the case before us, the brethren being so comfortably provided for, the Master is likely to be at least as comfortable as all the twelve together. Yet I ought not, even in a distant land, to fling an idle gibe against a gentleman of whom I really know nothing, except that the people under his charge bear all possible tokens of being tended and cared for as sedulously as if each of them sat by a warm fireside of his own, with a daughter bustling round the hearth to make ready his porridge and his titbits. It is delightful to think of the good life which a suitable man, in the Master's position, has an opportunity to lead,—linked to time-honored customs, welded in with an ancient system, never dreaming of radical change, and bringing all the mellowness and richness of the past down into these railway-days, which do not compel him or his community to move a whit quicker than of yore. Everybody can appreciate the advantages of going ahead; it might be well, sometimes, to think whether there is not a word or two to be said in favor of standing still, or going to sleep.

From the garden we went into the kitchen, where the fire was burning hospitably, and diffused a genial warmth far and wide, together with the fragrance of some old English roast-beef, which, I think, must at that moment have been done nearly to a turn. The kitchen is a lofty, spacious, and noble room, partitioned off round the fireplace by a sort of semicircular oaken screen, or, rather, an arrangement of heavy and high-backed settles, with an ever open entrance between them, on either side of which is the omnipresent image of the Bear and Ragged Staff, three feet high, and excellently carved in oak, now black with time and unctuous kitchen-smoke. The ponderous mantel-piece, likewise of carved oak, towers high towards the dusky ceiling, and extends its mighty breadth to take in a vast area of hearth, the arch of the fireplace being positively so immense that I could compare it to nothing but the city-gateway. Above its cavernous opening were crossed two ancient halberds, the weapons, possibly, of soldiers who had fought under Leicester in the Low Countries; and elsewhere on the walls were displayed several muskets, which some of the present inmates of the hospital may have levelled against the French. Another ornament of the mantel-piece was a square of silken needlework or embroidery, faded nearly white, but dimly representing that wearisome Bear and Ragged Staff, which we should hardly look twice at, only that it

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was wrought by the fair fingers of poor Amy Robsart, and beautifully framed in oak from Kenilworth Castle at the expense of a Mr. Conner, a countryman of our own. Certainly, no Englishman would be capable of this little bit of enthusiasm. Finally, the kitchen-firelight glistens on a splendid display of copper flagons, all of generous capacity, and one of them about as big as a half-barrel; the smaller vessels contain the customary allowance of ale, and the larger one is filled with that foaming liquor on four festive occasions of the year, and emptied amain by the jolly brotherhood. I should be glad to see them do it; but it would be an exploit fitter for Queen Elizabeth's age than these degenerate times.

The kitchen is the social hall of the twelve brethren. In the day-time, they bring their little messes to be cooked here, and eat them in their own parlors; but after a certain hour, the great hearth is cleared and swept, and the old men assemble round its blaze, each with his tankard and his pipe, and hold high converse through the evening. If the Master be a fit man for his office, methinks he will sometimes sit down sociably among them; for there is an elbow-chair by the fireside which it would not demean his dignity to fill, since it was occupied by King James at the great festival of nearly three centuries ago. A sip of the ale and a whiff of the tobacco-pipe would put him in friendly relations with his venerable household; and then we can fancy him instructing them by pithy apothegms and religious texts which were first uttered here by some Catholic priest and have impregnated the atmosphere ever since. If a joke goes round, it shall be of an elder coinage than Joe Miller's, as old as Lord Bacon's collection, or as the jest-book that Master Slender asked for when he lacked small-talk for sweet Anne Page. No news shall be spoken of, later than the drifting ashore, on the northern coast, of some stern-post or figure-head, a barnacled fragment of one of the great galleons of the Spanish Armada. What a tremor would pass through the antique group, if a damp newspaper should suddenly be spread to dry before the fire! They would feel as if either that printed sheet or they themselves must be an unreality. What a mysterious awe, if the shriek of the railway-train, as it reaches the Warwick station, should ever so faintly invade their ears! Movement of any kind seems inconsistent with the stability of such an institution. Nevertheless, I trust that the ages will carry it along with them; because it is such a pleasant kind of dream for an American to find his way thither, and behold a piece of the sixteenth century set into our prosaic times, and then to depart, and think of its arched door-way as a spell-guarded entrance which will never be accessible or visible to him any more.

Not far from the market-place of Warwick stands the great church of St. Mary's: a vast edifice, indeed, and almost worthy to be a cathedral. People who pretend to skill in such matters say that it is in a poor style of architecture, though designed (or, at least, extensively restored) by Sir Christopher Wren; but I thought it very striking, with its wide, high, and elaborate windows, its tall tower, its immense length, and (for it was long before I outgrew this Americanism, the love of an old thing merely for the sake of its age) the tinge of gray antiquity over the whole. Once, while I stood gazing up at the tower, the clock struck twelve with a very deep intonation, and immediately some chimes began to play, and kept up their resounding music for five minutes, as measured by the hand upon the dial. It was a very delightful harmony, as airy as the notes of birds, and seemed a not unbecoming freak of half-sportive fancy in the huge, ancient, and solemn church; although I have seen an old-fashioned parlor-clock that did precisely the same thing, in its small way.

The great attraction of this edifice is the Beauchamp (or, as the English, who delight in vulgarizing their fine old Nor-

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man names, call it, the Beechum) Chapel, where the Earls of Warwick and their kindred have been buried, from four hundred years back till within a recent peri-riod. It is a stately and very elaborate chapel, with a large window of ancient painted glass, as perfectly preserved as any that I remember seeing in England, and remarkably vivid in its colors. Here are several monuments with marble figures recumbent upon them, representing the Earls in their knightly armor, and their dames in the ruffs and court-finery of their day, looking hardly stiffer in stone than they must needs have been in their starched linen and embroidery. The renowned Earl of Leicester of Queen Elizabeth's time, the benefactor of the hospital, reclines at full length on the tablet of one of these tombs, side by side with his Countess, — not Amy Robsart, but a lady who (unless I have confused the story with some other mouldy scandal) is said to have avenged poor Amy's murder by poisoning the Earl himself. Be that as it may, both figures, and especially the Earl, look like the very types of ancient Honor and Conjugal Faith. In consideration of his long-enduring kindness to the twelve brethren, I cannot consent to believe him as wicked as he is usually depicted; and it seems a marvel, now that so many well-established historical verdicts have been reversed, why some enterprising writer does not make out Leicester to have been the pattern nobleman of his age.

In the centre of the chapel is the magnificent memorial of its founder, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick in the time of Henry VI. On a richly ornamented altar-tomb of gray marble lies the bronze figure of a knight in gilded armor, most admirably executed: for the sculptors of those days had wonderful skill in their own style, and could make so life-like an image of a warrior, in brass or marble, that, if a trumpet were sounded over his tomb, you would expect him to start up and handle his sword. The Earl whom we now speak of, however, has slept soundly in spite of a more serious disturbance than any blast of a trumpet, unless it were the final one. Some centuries after his death, the floor of the chapel fell down and broke open the stone coffin in which he was buried; and among the fragments appeared the Earl of Warwick, with the color scarcely faded out of his cheeks, his eyes a little sunken, but in other respects looking as natural as if he had died yesterday. But exposure to the atmosphere appeared to begin and finish the long-delayed process of decay in a moment, causing him to vanish like a bubble; so that, almost before there had been time to wonder at him, there was nothing left of the stalwart Earl save his hair. This sole relic the ladies of Warwick made prize of, and braided it into rings and brooches for their own adornment; and thus, with a chapel and a ponderous tomb built on purpose to protect his remains, this great nobleman could not help being brought untimely to the light of day, nor even keep his love-locks on his skull after he had so long done with love. There seems to be a fatality that disturbs people in their sepulchres, when they have been over-careful to render them magnificent and impregnable,—as witness the builders of the Pyramids, and Hadrian, Augustus, and the Scipios, and most other personages whose mausoleums have been conspicuous enough to attract the violator; and as for dead men's hair, I have seen a lock of King Edward the Fourth's, of a reddish-brown color, which perhaps was once twisted round the delicate forefinger of Mistress Shore.

The direct lineage of the renowned characters that lie buried in this splendid chapel has long been extinct. The earldom is now held by the Grevilles, descendants of the Lord Brooke who was slain in the Parliamentary War; and they have recently (that is to say, within a century) built a burial-vault on the other side of the church, calculated (as the sexton assured me, with a nod as if he were pleased) to afford suitable and respectful accommodation to as many as fourscore coffins. Thank Heaven, the old man did not call them "CASKETS"!

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—a vile modern phrase, which compels a person of sense and good taste to shrink more disgustfully than ever before from the idea of being buried at all. But as regards those eighty coffins, only sixteen have as yet been contributed; and it may be a question with some minds, not merely whether the Grevilles will hold the earldom of Warwick until the full number shall be made up, but whether earldoms and all manner of lordships will not have faded out of England long before those many generations shall have passed from the castle to the vault. I hope not. A titled and landed aristocracy, if anywise an evil and an incumbrance, is so only to the nation which is doomed to bear it on its shoulders; and an American, whose sole relation to it is to admire its picturesque effect upon society, ought to be the last man to quarrel with what affords him so much gratuitous enjoyment. Nevertheless, conservative as England is, and though I scarce ever found an Englishman who seemed really to desire change, there was continually a dull sound in my ears as if the old foundations of things were crumbling away. Some time or other,—by no irreverent effort of violence, but, rather, in spite of all pious efforts to uphold a heterogeneous pile of institutions that will have outlasted their vitality,—at some unexpected moment, there must come a terrible crash. The sole reason why I should desire it to happen in my day is, that I might be there to see! But the ruin of my own country is, perhaps, all that I am destined to witness; and that immense catastrophe (though I am strong in the faith that there is a national lifetime of a thousand years in us yet) would serve any man well enough as his final spectacle on earth.

If the visitor is inclined to carry away any little memorial of Warwick, he had better go to an Old Curiosity Shop in the High Street, where there is a vast quantity of obsolete gewgaws, great and small, and many of them so pretty and ingenious that you wonder how they came to be thrown aside and forgotten. As regards its minor tastes, the world changes, but does not improve; it appears to me, indeed, that there have been epochs of far more exquisite fancy than the present one, in matters of personal ornament, and such delicate trifles as we put upon a drawing-room table, a mantel-piece, or a what-not. The shop in question is near the East Gate, but is hardly to be found without careful search, being denoted only by the name of "REDFERN," painted not very conspicuously in the top-light of the door. Immediately on entering, we find ourselves among a confusion of old rubbish and valuables, ancient armor, historic portraits, ebony cabinets inlaid with pearl, tall, ghostly clocks, hideous old China, dim looking-glasses in frames of tarnished magnificence,—a thousand objects of strange aspect, and others that almost frighten you by their likeness in unlikeness to things now in use. It is impossible to give an idea of the variety of articles, so thickly strewn about that we can scarcely move without overthrowing some great curiosity with a crash, or sweeping away some small one hitched to our sleeves. Three stories of the entire house are crowded in like manner. The collection, even as we see it exposed to view, must have been got together at great cost; but the real treasures of the establishment lie in secret repositories, whence they are not likely to be drawn forth at an ordinary summons; though, if a gentleman with a competently long purse should call for them, I doubt not that the signet-ring of Joseph's friend Pharaoh, or the Duke of Alva's leading-staff, or the dagger that killed the Duke of Buckingham, or any other almost incredible thing, might make its appearance. Gold snuff-boxes, antique gems, jewelled goblets, Venetian wine-glasses, (which burst when poison is poured into them, and therefore must not be used for modern wine-drinking,) jasper-handled knives, painted Sèvres teacups,—in short, there are all sorts of things that a virtuoso ransacks the world to discover.

It would be easier to spend a hundred pounds in Mr. Redfern's shop than to

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keep it in one's pocket; but, for my part, I contented myself with buying a little old spoon of silver-gilt, and fantastically shaped, and got it at all the more reasonable rate because there happened to be no legend attached to it. I could supply any deficiency of that kind at much less expense than re-gilding the spoon!

LYRICS OF THE STREET.

III.

THE CHARITABLE VISITOR.

She carries no flag of fashion, her clothes are but passing plain,
Though she comes from a city palace all jubilant with her reign.
She threads a bewildering alley, with ashes and dust thrown out,
And fighting and cursing children, who mock as she moves about.

Why walk you this way, my lady, in the snow and slippery ice?
These are not the shrines of virtue, — here misery lives, and vice:
Rum helps the heart of starvation to a courage bold and bad;
And women are loud and brawling, while men sit maudlin and mad.

I see in the corner yonder the boy with the broken arm,
And the mother whose blind wrath did it, strange guardian from childish harm.
That face will grow bright at your coming, but your steward might come as well,
Or better the Sunday teacher that helped him to read and spell.

Oh! I do not come of my willing, with froward and restless feet;
I have pleasant tasks in my chamber, and friends well-beloved to greet.
To follow the dear Lord Jesus I walk in the storm and snow;
Where I find the trace of His footsteps, there lilies and roses grow.

He said that to give was blessèd, more blessèd than to receive;
But what could He take, dear angels, of all that we had to give,
Save a little pause of attention, and a little thrill of delight,
When the dead were waked from their slumbers, and the blind recalled to sight?

Say, the King came forth with the morning, and opened His palace-doors,
Thence flinging His gifts like sunbeams that break upon marble floors;
But the wind with wild pinions caught them, and carried them round about:
Though I looked till mine eyes were dazzled, I never could make them out.

But He bade me go far and find them, "go seek them with zeal and pain;
The hand is most welcome to me that brings me mine own again;
And those who follow them farthest, with faithful searching and sight,
Are brought with joy to my presence, and sit at my feet all night."

So, hither and thither walking, I gather them broadly cast;
Where yonder young face doth sicken, it may be the best and last.
In no void or vague of duty I come to his aid to-day;
I bring God's love to his bed-side, and carry God's gift away.

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MR. AXTELL.

PART V.

"MISS ANNA! Miss Anna! Doctor Percival is waiting for you," were the opening words of the next day's life. Its bells had had no influence in restoring me to consciousness of existence. I never have liked metallic commanders. Now Jeffy's Ethiopian tones were inspiriting, and to their music I began the mystic march of another day.

Doctor Percival was not out of patience, it seemed, with waiting; for, as I went in, he was so engrossed with a morning paper that he did not even look up, or notice me, until I made myself vocal, and then only to say, —

"Ring for breakfast, Anna; I shall have done by the time it comes."

"It is here, father"; and he dropped the newspaper, turned his chair to the table, leaned his arms upon it, covered his precious face with two thin, quivering hands, and remained thus, whilst I prepared coffee, and lingered as long as possible in the seeming occupation.

Jeffy — and I suspect that the mischievous African designed the act—overturned the coffee in handing it to my father, who is not endowed with the most equable temper ever consigned to mortals; but this morning he did not give Jeffy even a severe look, for his eyes were full of tender pity, such as I had never seen in them in all the past.

"How is your patient?" I asked.

"Better, thank God!" he replied.

"Were you with him all night?"

"Yes, all night. I must go out this morning to see some patients. I 'll send up a nurse from the hospital on my way. I don't think the delirium will return before mid-day; can you watch him till then, Anna?" — and he asked with a seeming doubt either of my willingness or my ability, perhaps a mingling of both.

I did not like to recount my serious failures with Miss Axtell, but I answered, —

"I will try."

Before he went, he took me in to the place of my watching. The gentleman was asleep. The housekeeper was quite willing to relinquish her office. The good physician gave me orders concerning the febrifuge to be administered in case of increase of febrile symptoms, and saying that "it would n't be long ere some one came to relieve me," he bent over the sleeping patient for an instant, and the next was gone.

I think a half-hour must have fled in silence, when Jeffy stole in, his eyes opening as Chloe's had done not many days agone, when the vision of myself was painted thereon. I upheld a cautionary index, and he was still as a mouse, but like a mouse he proceeded to investigate; he opened a bureau-drawer the least way, and pushing his arm in where my laces were wont to dwell, he drew out, with exultant delight, the wig before mentioned.

"What *do* you s'pose *he* wants with this thing?" whispered Jeffy; and he pointed to the soft, fair masses of curling hair that rested against the pillow.

Jeffy was a spoiled boy, — "my doing," everybody said, and it may have been truly. He was Chloe's son, and had inherited her ways and affectionate heart, and for these I forgave him much.

I said, "Hush!"—whereupon he lifted up the wig and deposited it upon the top of his tangled circlets of hair before I could stay him.

I reached out my hand for it, not venturing on words, for fear of disturbing the patient; but Jeffy, with unpardonable wilfulness, danced out of my circuit, and at the same instant the sick man turned his head, and beheld Jeffy in the possession of his property. Jeffy looked very

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repentant, said in low, deprecatory tones, "I 'm sorry," and, depositing the wig in the drawer, hastened to escape, which I know he would not have done but for the disabled condition of the invalid, who could only look his wrath. I had so hoped that he would sleep until some one came; but this unfortunate Jeffy had dissipated my hope, and left me in pitiable dilemma.

In the vain endeavor to restore the scattered influence of Morpheus, I flew to one of the aids of the mystic god, and beseeching its assistance, I prepared to administer the draught. I could not find a spoon on the instant. When I did, I made a mistake in dropping the opiate, and was obliged to commence anew, and all the while that handsome face, with large, pleading eyes in it, held me in painful duress. When I turned towards him and held the glass to his lips, I trembled, as I had not done, even in the church, when Abraham Axtell and I stood before the opened entrance into earth. All the words that I that day had heard in the tower were ringing like clarions in the air, and they shook me with their vibrant forces.

"Am *I* in heaven?"

It was the same voice that had said to Miss Axtell, "Will you send me out again?" that spake these words.

Was he going into delirium again? I was desirous of keeping him upon our planet, and I said, —

"Oh, no, — they don't need morphine in heaven."

"They need *you* there, though. You must go *now*," he said; and he made an effort to take the glass from my hand.

"I have never been in heaven," I said.

"Then they deceive, they deceive, and there is n't any heaven! Oh, what if after all there should n't be such a place?"

He lifted up his one usable hand in agony.

"We wait until we die, before going there," I said; "I am alive, don't you see?"

"Alive, and not dead? you! whom I killed eighteen years ago, have you come to reproach me now? Oh, I have suffered, even to atonement, for it! You would pardon, if you only knew what I have suffered for you."

Surely delirium had returned. I urged the poor man to take the contents of the glass.

He promised, upon condition of my forgiveness, — forgiveness for having killed me, who never had been killed, who was surely alive. Jeffy had come in again, and had listened to the pleading.

"Why don't you tell him yes, Miss Anna? He does n't know a word he 's sayin'. It 'll keep him quiet like; he 's like a baby," he whispered, with a covert pull at my dress by way of impressment.

And so, guided by Chloe's boy, I said, "I forgive."

"Why don't you go, if you forgive me? I don't like to keep you here, when you belong up there"; and he pointed his words by the aid of his available hand.

I knew then *why* Miss Axtell had loved this man: it was simply one of those cruel, compulsory offerings up of self, that allure one, in open sight of torture, on to the altar. Oh, poor woman! why hath thy Maker so forsaken thee? And in mute wonder at this most wondrous wrong, that crept into mortal life when the serpent went out through Eden and left an opening in the Garden, I forgot for the while my present responsibility, in compassionate pity for the pale, beautiful lady in Redleaf, into whose heart this man had come, — unwillingly, I knew, when I looked into his face, and yet, *having come, must grow into its Eden, even unto the time that Eternity shadows;* and I sent out the arms of my spirit, and twined them invisibly around her, who truly had spoken when she said, "I want you," with such hungry tones. God, the Infinite, has given me comprehension of such women, has given me His own loving pity, — in little human grains, it is true, but they come from "the shining

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shore." "Miss Axtell does want me," I thought; "she is right, — I am gladness to her."

"Will you go?" came from the invalid.

"A woman, loving thus, never comes alone into a friend's heart," something said; "you must receive her shadow"; and I looked at the person who had said, "Will you go?"

There are various words used in the dictionary of life, descriptive of men such as him now before me. They mostly are formed in syllables numbering four and five, which all integrate in the one word *irresistible:* how pitifully I abhor that word! — every letter has a serpent-coil in it. "Love thy neighbor even as thyself." It is good that these words came just here to wall themselves before the torrent that might not have been stayed until I had laid the mountain of my thought upon the sycophantic syllabication that the world loves to "lip" unto the world,—the false world, that, blinded, blinds to blinder blindness those that fain would behold. There is a crying out in the earth for a place of torment; there are sins for which we want what God hath prepared for the wicked.

"Are you going?" — and this time there was plaintive moaning in the accents.

"You must take him in, too," my spirit whispered; and I acted the "I will" that formed in the mental court where my soul sat enthroned,—my own judge.

"Oh, no, I am not going away," I said; "I am come to stay with you, until some one else comes."

A certain resignment of opposition seemed to be effected. I knew it would be so, — it is in all such natures, — and he seemed intent upon making atonement for his imaginary wrong, since I would stay.

"Mary, I did n't mean to kill you," he said; "I would n't have destroyed your young life; oh! I would n't;—but I did! I did!"

"You make some strange mistake; you ought not to talk," I urged, surprised at this second time being called Mary.

"Yes, I guess 't was a mistake,—you 're right, all a mistake, — I did n't mean to kill you; but I did *him*, though. Oh! I wanted to destroy him, — *he had n't any pity, he would n't yield.* But it 's *you*, Mary, *you* ought n't to hear me say such things of *him*."

"I am not Mary, I am Miss Percival; and you may tell me."

"I beg pardon, I had no right to call you Mary; but it is there, now, on your tomb-stone in the old church-yard,—Mary Percival, — there is n't any Miss there. Do they call you Miss Percival in heaven?" — and he began to sing, deep, stirring songs of rhythmic melody, that catch up individual existences and bear them to congregated continents, where mountains sing and seas respond, amid the *encore* of starry spheres.

O Music! if we could but divine thee, dear divinity, thou mightst be less divine! then let us be content to be divinized in thee! — and I was. I let him sing, knowing that it was in delirium; and for the moment my wonder ceased concerning Miss Axtell's love for Herbert.

This while, Jeffy stood speechless, transfused into melody. Whence came this love of Africans for harmonious measure? Oh, I remember: the scroll of song whereon were written the accents of the joyed morning-stars, when they grew jubilant that earth stood create, was let fall by an angel upon Afric's soil. No one of the children of the land was found of wisdom sufficient to read the hieroglyphs; therefore the sacred roll was divided among the souls in the nation: unto each was given one note from the divine whole.

"Jeffy must have received a semibreve as his portion," I thought, for he was rapt in ecstasy.

"Oh, sing again!" he said, unconsciously, when, exhausted, the invalid reached the shore of Silence, — where he did not long linger, for he changed his song to lament that he could not reach his ship,

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that would sail before he could recover; and he made an effort to rise. He fell back, fainting.

It seemed a great blessing that at this moment the housekeeper introduced the person Doctor Percival had sent.

That night, and for many after, it seemed, my father looked extremely anxious. I did not see the patient again until the eventful twenty-fifth of March was past.

Two days only was I permitted for my visit. Would Miss Axtell expect me? or had she, it might be, forgotten that she had asked my presence?

My father had not forgotten the obligation of the ring of gold; he made allusion to it in the moment of parting, and I felt it tightening about me more and more as the miles of sea and land rolled back over our separation; and a question, asked long ago and unanswered yet, was repeated in my mental realm,—"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" and I said, "I will not try."

It was evening when I arrived at the parsonage. Sophie was full of sweet sisterly joy on seeing me, and of surprise when I told her what had occurred in our father's house. It was so unprecedented, this taking in a stranger whose name and home were unknown; for I could not tell Sophie my conviction that father had discovered who the patient was.

"Miss Axtell is almost well." Sophie gave the information before I found time to ask. "She pleases to be quite charming to me. I hope she will be equally gracious to you." And so I hoped.

From out the ark of the round year God sends some day-doves of summer into the barren spring-time, to sing of coming joys and peck the buds into opening. One of His sending brooded over Redleaf when I walked forth in its morning-time to redeem my promise.

"Miss Percival! I 'm so glad!"

Katie showed me into the room that once I had been so much afraid of. She did not long leave me there.

"Miss Lettie would like to see you in her room."

Sophie was right. She is almost well.

"Come!" was the sole word that met my entering in; then followed two small acts, supposed to be conventionalities. Is n't it good that all suppositions are *not* based upon truth? I thought it good then. I hope I may away on to the dawning of the new life.

This was my first seeing of Miss Axtell in her self-light. She said,—

"This is the only day that I have been down in time for breakfast,"—she, who looked as if the fair Dead-Sea fruits had been all of sustenance that had dropped through the leaden waves for her; and an emotion of awe swept past me, borne upon the renewal of the consciousness that I had been made essential to her.

"I knew that you would come," she continued. "Oh! I have great confidence in you; you must never disappoint me,—will you?"—and, playfully, she motioned me to the footstool where she had appointed me a place on the first night when she told me of her mother, dead.

I assured her that I should. I must begin that moment by mentioning the time of my visit's duration.

"How long?"—and there was import in the tone of her voice.

"I must be at home to-morrow morning."

"No reprieve?"

I answered, "None,"—and turned the circlet of obligation upon my finger.

"I am glad you told me; I like limits; I wish to know the precise moment when my rainbows will disband. It 's very nice, meeting Fate half-way; there 's consolation in knowing that it will have as far to go as you on the return voyage."

I smiled; a little inward ripple of gladness sent muscle-waves to my lips. She noticed it, and her tone changed.

"I see, I see, my good little Anemone! You don't know how exultant it is to stand alone, above the forest of your fellows,—

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to lift up your highest bough of feeling,— to meet the Northland's fiercest courser that thinks to lay you low. Did you ever turn to see the expression with which the last leap of wind is met, the peculiar suavity of the bowing of the boughs, that says as plainly as ever did speaking leaves, '*You have left me myself*'? You don't understand these things, you small wind-flower, that have grown sheltered from all storms!"

"One would think not, Miss Axtell, but"—— and I paused until she bade me "Go on."

"Perhaps it is vanity,—I hope not,— but it seems to me that I have a mirror of all Nature set into the frame of my soul. It is n't a part of myself; it is a mental telescope, that resolves the actions of all the people around me into myriads of motives, atomies of inducement, that I see woven and webbed around them, by the sight-power given. Besides, I am not an anemone,— oh, no! I am something more substantial."

"I see, very"; and before I could divine her intent, she had lifted up my face in both her hands and held my eyes in her own intensity of gaze, as, oh, long ago! I remember my mother to have done, when she doubted my perfect truth.

Miss Axtell was engaged in looking over old treasured letters, bits of memory-memoranda, when I arrived. She had laid them aside to greet me, somewhat hastily, and a rustling commotion testified their feeling at their summary disposal. Now she sat framed in by the yellow-and-white foam, that had settled to motionlessness,—an island in the midst of waves of memory.

"Did you bring my treasures?" were the first words, after investigating my truth.

"They are safely here."

I gave the package.

She made no mention of former occurrences. She trusted me implicitly, with that far-deep of confidence that says, "Explanation would be useless; your spirit recognizes mine." She only said, drooping her regal head with the slightest dip into motion,—

"I want to tell you a story; it is of people who are, some in heaven and some upon the earth;—a story with which you must have something to do for me, because I cannot do it for myself. I did not intend telling so soon, but my disbanded rainbow lies in the future."

Before commencing, she wandered up and down the room a little, stopped before the dressing-bureau, brushed back the hair, with many repetitions of stroke, from the temples wherein so much of worship had been gathered, smoothed down the swollen arches of veinery that fretted across either temple's dome, looked one moment into the censers of incense that burned always with emotionary fires, flashed out a little superabundant flame into the cold quicksilver, turned the key, fastening our two selves in, examined the integrity of the latch leading into the dressing-room beyond, threw up the window-sash,—the same one that Mr. Axtell had lifted to look out into the night for her,—asked, "should I be cold, if she left it open?" looked contentment at my negative answer, rolled the lounge out to where her easy-chair was still vibrating in memory of her late presence, made me its occupant, reached out for the package over which I had been guardian, pinioned it between her two beautiful hands, laid it down one moment to wrap a shawl around me, then, resuming it, sat where she had when she said, "I want to tell you a story," and perhaps she was praying. I may never know, but it was many moments before she made answer to my slight touch, "Yes, child, I have not forgotten," and with face hidden from me she told me her story.

MISS AXTELL'S STORY.

"ALICE AXTELL was my sister. Eighteen years ago last August-time she was here.

"There has been beauty in the Axtell

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race; in her it was radiant. It would have been truth to say, 'She is beautiful.'

"I said that it was August-time, — the twenty-seventh day of the month. Alice and I had been out in the little bay outside of Redcliff beach, with your sister. You don't remember her: she was like you. Doctor Percival had given Mary a boat, taught her to row it, and she had that afternoon given Alice a first lesson in the art. The day went down hot and sultry; we lingered on the cooler beach until near evening. We saw clouds lying dark along the western horizon, and that voiceless lightnings played in them. Then we came home. The air was tiresome, the walk seemed endless; still Alice and Mary lingered at the gate of your father's house to say their last words. The midsummer weariness was over us both, as we reached home. We came up to this room, — our room then. Alice said, —

"'I think I shall go to bed, I 'm so tired.'

"She closed the blinds. As she did so, a crash of thunder came.

"'We 're going to have a thunder-shower, after all,' she said; 'how quickly it is coming up! Come and see.'

"I looked a moment out. Jet masses of vapor were curling up amid the stars, blotting out, one by one, their brightness from the sky. Alice was always timid in thunder-storms. She shuddered, as a second flash pealed out its thunder, and crept up to me. I put my arms around her, and rested my cheek against her head. She was trembling violently.

"'Lie down, Allie; let me close the other blinds; don't look out any longer.'

"Our mother came in.

"'I came to see if the windows were all down,' she said; 'it will rain in a moment'; and she hurried away, and I heard her closing, one after another, the windows that had been all day open.

"Alice lay for a long time quietly. The storm uprose with fearful might; it shook the house in its passing grasp, and I sat by this table, listening to the music wrought out of the thunderous echoes.

"'Could n't we have a window open?' Alice asked; 'I feel stifled in here'; and she went across the room and lifted the sash before I was aware.

"I looked around, when I heard the noise. The same instant there came a blinding, dazzling light; then, that awful vacuous rattle in the throat of thunder that tells it comes in the name of Death the destroyer.

"'Oh, Allie, come away!' I screamed.

"In obedience to my wish, she leaned towards me; but, oh, her face! I caught her, ere she fell, even. I sent out the wings of my voice, but no one heard me, no one came. I could not lift her in my arms, so I laid her upon the floor, and ran down.

"'Go to Alice, — the lightning!' was all I could say, and it was enough. I heard groans before I gained the street.

"My pale, silent sister was stronger than the storm which flapped its wings around me and threatened to take me to its eyry; but it did not; it permitted me to gain Doctor Percival's door. I was dazzled with the lightning, only my brain was distinct with 'its skeleton of woe,' when I found myself in your father's house.

"I could not see the faces that were there. I asked for Doctor Percival. Some one answered, 'He is not come home. What has happened?' and Mary ran forward in alarm.

"'It is lightning! Oh, come!' was all that I could utter; and with me there went out into the pouring rain every soul that was there when I went in.

"'She is dead; there is nothing to be done.'

"Three hours after the stroke, these words came. Then I looked up. Alice, with her little white face of perfect beauty, lay upon that bed. Thunder-storms would never more make her tremble, never awake to fear the spirit gone. It was Doctor Percival from whom these fateful words came. I had had so much

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hope! In very desperation of feeling, I strove to look up to his face. My eyes were arrested before they reached him.

"'By what?' did you ask?"

Her long silence had incited me to question, and she turned her face to me, and slowly said, —

"By the Lightning of Life.

"Two sisters, in one night, — one unto Death, the other unto Life. Beside Doctor Percival was standing one, I do not know what he was like, I cannot tell you; but, believe me, it is solemnly true, that, that instant, this human being flashed into my heart and soul. I saw, and felt, and have heard the rolling thunder that followed the flash to this very hour. It was very hard, over my Alice. If I had only been she, how much, how much happier it would have been! — and yet it must have been wiser. She could not have endured to the end. She would have failed in the bitterness of the trial.

"My Alice! I am devoutly thankful that you are safe in heaven!" — and for a moment the hands were lifted up from the treasured packet; they closed over it, and she went on.

"Alice was wrapped up in earth. In the moment when the first fold of the clod-mantle, that trails about us all at the last, fell protectingly over her, I was in that condition of superlative misery that cries out for something to the very welkin that sends down such harsh hardness; and I hurried my eyes out of the open grave, only to find them again arrested by the same soul that had stood beside Doctor Percival and Alice in her death. They said something to me, kinder than ever came out of the blue vault, and yet they awoke the fever of resistance. I would have no thought but that of Alice. What right had any other to come in then and there?

"September came. Its days brought my sorrow to me ever anew. The early dew baptized it; the great sun laid his hot hand upon its brow and named it Death, in the name of the Mighty God; and the evening stars looked down on me, rocking Alice in my soul, and singing lamentful lullabies to her, sleeping, till such time as Lethean vapors curled through the horizon of my mind, and hid its formless shadows of suffering.

"Mary Percival was Alice's best friend; as such, she came to comfort and to mourn with me. One day, it was the latest of September's thirty, Mary lured me on to the sea-shore, and into her small boat once more. Little echoes of gladness sprang up from the sea; voices from Alice's silence floated on the unbroken waves.

"'You look a little like yourself again; I 'm so glad to see it!' Mary said. 'There comes Mr. McKey. I wonder what brings him here.'

"I looked up, and saw, slowly walking on to the point at which Mary was securing her boat, the possessor of the existence that had come into mine. There was no way for me to flee, except seaward; and of two suicides I chose the pleasanter, and I stayed.

"'Who is it, Mary?' I had time to question, and she to answer.

"'It is Bernard McKey; he has come to study medicine in papa's office; he came the night Alice died.'

"He was too near to permit of questioning more, and so I stood upon the seashore and saw my fate coming close.

"Mary simply said, 'Good evening,' to him, followed by the requisite introductory words that form the basis of acquaintance.

"'I think Miss Axtell and I scarcely need an introduction,' he said; nevertheless he looked the pleasure it had strewed into his field, and guarded it, as a careful husbandman would choicest seed.

"He asked the style of question which monosyllables can never answer, to which responding, one has to offer somewhat of herself; and all the time of that sombre autumn, there grew from out the chasm of the lightning-stroke luxuriant foliage. I gave it all the resistance of my nature, yet I knew, as the consumptive knows, that I should be conquered by my conqueror. It was only the

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old story of the captive polishing chains to wear them away; and yet Mr. McKey was simply very civil and intentionally kind, where he might have been courteously indifferent. Abraham was away when Bernard McKey came to Redleaf. For more than twelve months this terrible something had been working its power into my soul. Yet we were not lovers," — and Miss Axtell made the *pronunciamiento* as if she held the race mentioned in utmost veneration. "Day by day brought to me new reasons why Bernard McKey must be unto me only a medical student in Doctor Percival's office, and the stars sealed all that the day had done; whilst no night of sky was without a wandering comet, whereon was inscribed, in letters that flashed every way, the sentence that came with the lightning-stroke; even storms drowned it not; winter's cold did not freeze it. Verily, little friend, *I know that God had put it into Creation for me, and yet there seemed His own law written against it*"; and Miss Axtell's tones grew very soft and tremulously low, as she said, —

"Mr. McKey had faults that could not, existing in action, make any woman happy: do you think happiness was meant for woman?"

She waited my answer in the same way that she had done when she was ill and asked if I liked bitters concealed. She waited as long without reply. The pause grew oppressive, and I spanned it by an assurance of individual possessive happiness.

"Anemones never know which way the wind blows, until it comes down close to the ground," she said; "but souls which are on bleak mountain-summits *must* watch whirlwinds, poised in space, and note their airy march. So I saw, clearly cut into the rock of the future, my own face, with all the lines and carvings wrought into it that the life of Bernard McKey would chisel out, and I only waited. I might have waited on forever, for Mr. McKey had not cast one pebbly word that must send up wavy ripples from deep spirit-waters; he only wandered, as any other might have done, upon the shore of my life, along its quiet, dewy sands, above its chalk-cliffs, and by the side of its green, sloping shores. He never questioned why rose and fell the waves; he never went down where 'tide, the moon-slave, sleeps,' to find the foundations of my heart's mainland. I had only seen him standing at times, as one sees a person upon a ship's deck, peering off over Earth's blue ocean-cheek, simply in mute, solemn wonder at what may be beyond, without one wish to speed the ship on.

"It might have been forever thus, but Abraham came home. He is my brother, you know. If he made me suffer, he has been made to suffer with me. Bernard McKey was Doctor Percival's favorite. He made him his friend, and was everything to him that friend could be. I cannot tell you my story without mention of my brother, he has been so woven into every part of it. An unaccountable fancy for the study of medicine developed itself in his erratic nature soon after he came home; and he relinquished his brilliant prospects and devoted himself to the little white office near Doctor Percival's house, with Bernard McKey for his hourly companion. The two had scarce a thought in common: one was impulsive, prone to throw himself on the stream of circumstance, to waft with the wind, and blossom with the spring; the other was the great mountain-pine, distilling the same aroma in all atmospheres, extending fibrous roots against Nature's granite, whenceever it comes up. How could the two harmonize? They could not, and a time of trial came. We knew, before it came, why Doctor Percival's little white office held Abraham so many hours in the day. It was because the Mountain-Pine found in the moss of Redleaf the sweet Trailing-Arbutus."

She asked me if I knew the flower; and when I answered her with my words of love of it, she said, "she had always thought it was one of Eden's own bits of blossomry, that, missing man from the

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hallowed grounds, crept out to know his fate, and, finding him so forlornly unblest, had sacrificed its emerald leaves, left in the Garden, and, creeping into mosses, lived, waiting for man's redemption. We used to call Mary 'The Arbutus,' and it was pleasant to see the great rough branches of Abraham's nature drooping down, more and more, toward the pink-and-white pale flower that looked into the sky, from a level as lofty as the Pine's highest crown. Abraham goes out to search for the type of Mary every spring"; and rising, she brought to me the waxen buds that were yet unopened.

I took them in my hands, with the same feeling that I would have done a tress of Mary's hair, or a fragment that she had handled. I think Miss Axtell divined this feeling; for she cautiously opened the door leading into her brother's room, and finding that he was not there, she bade me "come and see." It was Mary's portrait that once more I looked upon; framed in a wreath of the trailing-arbutus, it was hanging just where he could look at it at night, as I my strange tower-key.

We went back. Miss Axtell closed the sash; she was looking weary and pale. I was afraid she would suffer harm from the continued recital. She said "No," to my fear, — that "it must all be spoken now, once, and that forever," — and I listened unto the story's end.

"One year had passed since Alice's death before Abraham's coming. Another had almost fled before the eventful time when I began to feel the weight of my cross. I know not how it came to Abraham's knowledge that Bernard McKey felt in his soul my presence. I only know that he came home one night, with a storm of rage whitening his lips and furrowing his forehead. He came up here, where I was sitting. I had watched his figure coming through tree-openings from Doctor Percival's house, and mingled with the memories of the fair young girl whom I had seen dead by lightning were fears for Mary Percival. For several days she had been ill, and I knew that Abraham felt anxious; therefore I did not wonder at his hasty coming in and instant seeking of me. He came quite close. He wound his face in between me and the darkening sky; he whispered hoarsely, —

"'Do you care for him?'

"'What is it, Abraham?' I asked, startled by his words and manner, but with not the faintest idea of the meaning entering in with his words.

"'Bernard McKey, is he anything to you?'

"'You 've no right to question me thus,' I said.

"'And you will not answer me?'

"'I will not, Abraham.'

"The next morning Abraham was gone. He had not told me of his intended absence. He had only left a note, stating the time of his return.

"It was a week ere he came. Mary had not improved in his absence, yet no one deemed her very ill.

"I dreaded Abraham's coming home, because he had left me in silent anger; but how could I have replied to his question otherwise than I did? No one, not Mr. McKey himself, had asked me; and should I give him, my brother, my answer first?

"Lazily the village-clock swung out the hours that summer's afternoon. The stroke of three awakened me. I had not seen Mary that day.

"'I would go and see her,' I decided.

"'She was sleeping, the dear child,' Chloe said. 'She would come and tell me when she was awake, if I would wait.'

"I said that I would stay awhile, and I wandered out under the shade of the great whispering trees, to wait the waking hour.

"I remember the events of that afternoon, as Mary and Martha must have remembered the day on which Lazarus came up from the grave unto them.

"The air was still, save a humming in the very tree-tops that must have been only echoes tangled there, breezes that once blew past. The long grape-arbor at the end of the lawn looked viny and

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cool. I walked up and down under the green archway, until Chloe's words summoned me.

"Mary was 'better,' she said; 'a few days, and she should feel quite strong, she hoped'; but she looked weary, and I only waited a little while, until her father and mother came in, and then I went.

"Mr. McKey was sitting in the door of the little white office. He came out to meet me ere I had reached the street, — asked if I was on my way home.

"I said 'Yes,' with the lazy sort of languor born of the indolence of the hour.

"'Have you energy enough for a walk to the sea-shore?' he asked.

"It had been my wish that very day. I had not been there since Mary's illness. I hesitated in giving an answer. Abraham would be home at sunset.

"'Don't go, if it is only to please me,' he said.

"'I am going to please myself,' I answered; 'only I wish to be at home on Abraham's coming.'

"That afternoon, Bernard McKey for the first time told me of himself, and what the two years in Redleaf had done for him. One month more, and he should leave it. He put into words the memory of that first look across the dead. He talked to me, until the sea lost its sunlight-sheen, — until I no longer heard its beat of incoming tide,—until I forgot the hour for Abraham's coming. It was he who reminded me of it. Once more we paced the sands, already sown with our many footsteps, that the advancing waters would soon overwhelm. After that we went village-ward. The gloaming had come down when we reached home.

"'Abraham must have been an hour here,' I thought, as alone I went in.

"He met me in the hall.

"'Where have you been, Lettie?' was his greeting.

"'On the sands.'

"'Not alone?'

"'No, Abraham; Bernard McKey has been with me.'

"'By what right?' he demanded, with that mighty power of voice that is laid up within him for especial occasions.

"'By the right that I gave him, by the right that is his to walk with me,' I said; for I grew defiant, and felt a renewal of strength, enough to tell Abraham the truth.

"Don't start so, Anemone," she said to me. "You think defiance unwomanly, and so do I; but it was for once only, and I felt that my brother had no right to question me.

"But one word came from his lips, as he confronted me there, with folded arms; it was, —

"'When?'

"'This very afternoon, Abraham.'

"Mother came out at the moment. She saw the cloud on Abraham's brow even in the dim light. She asked, 'What is it?' and Abraham answered us both at the same time.

"He had been to the home of Bernard McKey. He proved to my mother's utmost satisfaction that her daughter had no right to care for one like Bernard McKey. He did not know the right that came on that night almost two years before. He saw that his proofs were idle to me; but he said 'he had another, one that I would accept, for I was an Axtell.'

"'Yes, Abraham, I am an Axtell, and I shall prove my right to the name, come what will'; and without waiting to hear more, I glided into the darkness up-stairs.

"For a long time I heard mother and Abraham talking together; it seemed as if they would never cease. At last, mother sent up to know if I was not coming to take my tea. I had forgotten its absence till then. I went down. A half-hour later, during which time a momentous mist of silence hung over the house, I heard steps approaching. You know that it was summer time, and the windows were all thrown open, after the heat of the day. I had been wondering where every one was gone. I recognized both of the comers, as their footsteps fell upon the walk, but I heard no words. Oh, would there had been none to come! I heard

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Abraham go on up the stairs, and knew that he was searching for me. I knew who had come in with him, and I arose from my concealment in the unlighted library, and went into the parlor. It was Mr. McKey who sat there.

"'What is it?' I asked, — for a gnome of ill was walking up and down in my brain, as we had walked on the sands so few hours before.

"'What is it? I don't know,' he said. 'Your brother asked me to come over for a few minutes.'

"Evidently Abraham had not shown him one coal of the fire that burned under his cool seeming. That is the way with these mountain pine-trees: one never knows how deep into volcanic fires their roots are plunged.

"'Something has happened,' I whispered. 'Whatever comes, bear it bravely.'

"He laughed, a low, rippling laugh, like the breaking up of ever so many songs all at once; and the notes had not floated down to rest, when mother and Abraham came in. Mr. McKey arose to greet my mother. She stood proudly erect, her regal head unbending, her eyes straight on, into an endless future, in which he must have no part,—that I saw. Whatever he discerned there, he, too, stood before her and my brother. Abraham handed me a letter, saying, 'Read that, for your proof.'

"And I read. The letter bore the signature of Bernard McKey. The date was the night of Alice's death. The words descriptive of the scene chiselled into my brain were on that fair paper-surface; and there were others, words which only one man may write to one woman. I read it on to the end.

"'You are right, Abraham,' I said, 'and I thank you for my proof'; and without one word for the pale, handsome face that stood beseechingly between me and the great future, through which I gazed, I went forth alone into the starry night. Anywhere, to be alone with God, leaving that trio of souls in there; and as I fled past the windows, I heard my mother speak terrible words to one that was, yes, even then, myself. Some angel must have come down the starry way to guide me; for, without seeking it, without consciousness of whither I fled, I found myself near the old church, where, from the day of my solemn baptism within its walls, I had gone up to the weekly worship. I crept up close to the door. In the shadow there no one would see me; and so, upon the hard stones, I writhed through the anguish of the fire and iceberg that made war in my heart.

"Then came unto me the old inheritance, the gift of towering pride; and I said unto myself, 'No one shall think I sorrow; no one shall know that *an Axtell* has sipped from a poisoned cup; no one shall see a leaf of myrtle in my garden of life'; and from off the friendly granite steps that had received me in my hour of bitterness, I went back to my home.

"What could have happened there, that I had not been missed? Father was absent from Redleaf. Bernard McKey was coming down the walk. I hid in the shrubbery, and let him pass. Oh, would that I had spoken to him, then, there! It would have saved so much misery on the round globe!

"But I did not. I stood breathless until he entered Doctor Percival's house; then I waited a moment to determine my own course; I wanted to gain my room undiscovered. I saw the same figure come out; I knew it by the light that the open door threw around it; and a moment later, in the still air,—I knew the sound, it was the unlocking of the little white office. Then I stole in, and fled to my refuge. No one had discovered my absence.

"The night went by. I did not sleep. I did not weep,—oh, no! it was not a case for tears; there are some sorrows that cannot be counted out in drops; a flood comes, a great freshet rises in the soul, and whirls spirit, mind, and body on, on, until the Mighty Hand comes down and lifts the poor wreck out of the flood, and dries it in the sun of His absorption.

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"It was morning at last. Slowly up the ascent, to heights of glory, walked the stars, waving toward earth, as they went, their wafting of golden light, and sending messages of love to the dark, round world, over which they had kept such solemn watch,—sending them down, borne by rays of early morning; and still I sat beside the window, where all through the night I had suffered. My mother and Abraham had sought to see me, but I had answered, with calm words, that I chose to be alone; and they had left me there, and gone to their nightly rest."

Miss Axtell hid her face a little while; then, lifting it up, she went to the window so often mentioned, beckoned me thither, pointed to the house where my life had commenced, to a door opening out on the eastern side, and said,—

"I wish you to look at that door one moment; out of it came my doom that midsummer's morning. Light had just gained ascendency over darkness, when I saw Chloe come out. I knew instantly that something had happened there. The poor creature crept out of the house,—I saw her go,—and kneeling down behind that great maple-tree, she lifted up her arms to heaven, and I heard, or thought I heard her, moaning. Then, whilst I watched, she got up, looked over at our house, from window to window; once more she raised her hands, as if invoking some power for help, and went in.

"I brushed back the hair that my fingers had idly threaded in unrest, looked one moment, in the dim twilight of morning, to see what changes my warfare had wrought, then, cautiously, breathlessly, for fear of awakening some one, I went out. The night-dew lay heavy on the lawn. I heeded it not. I knew that trouble had come to Doctor Percival's house. I went to the door that Chloe had opened. No one seemed awake; deep stillness brooded over and in the dwelling. Could I have been mistaken? Whilst I stood in doubt whether to go or stay, there came a long, sobbing moan, that peopled the dwelling with woe.

"It came from Mary's room. Thither I went. There stood Doctor and Mrs. Percival beside Mary, and she — was dead.

"I shudder now, as I did then, though eighteen years have rolled their wheels of misery between,—shudder, as I look in memory into that room again, and see your father standing in the awful grief that has no voice, see your mother lifting up her words of moaning, up where I so late had watched the feet of stars walking into heaven. I don't know how long it was, I had lost the noting of time, but I remember growing into rigidness. I remember Bernard McKey's wild, wretched face in the room; I remember hearing him ask if it was all over. I remember Abraham's coming in; *I felt*, when through his life the east-wind went, withering it up within him. I do not know how I went home. I asked no questions. Mary was dead; she had gone whither Alice went. It seemed little consolation to me to ask when or how she died.

"Father came home that day. Mother forgot me for Abraham: love of him was her life. Father did not know, no one had told him, the events of the night before; he thought me sorrowing for Mary, and so I was; my grief seemed weak and small before this reality of sorrow.

"It was late in the day, and I was trying to get some sleep, when Chloe sent a request to see me. I had not seen her since I knew why she had hid her suffering behind the tree in the morning. I saw that she had something to say beside telling me of Mary; for she looked cautiously around the room, as if fearing other ears might be there to hear.

"'Oh! oh! Miss Lettie,' she said, 'I stayed with Miss Mary last night. I must have gone to sleep when she went away; but I 'm afraid, I 'm afraid it was n't the sickness that killed her.'

"'What then? what was it, Chloe?' I asked, whilst the tears fell fast from her eyes.

"'Doctor Percival gave her some medicine just afore he went to bed, and she

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said she was "very sick"; she said so a good many times, Miss Lettie, afore I went to sleep.'

"'You don't think it was the medicine that killed her?'—for a horrible thought had come in to me.

"'I hope not, but I 'm afraid'; and with a still lower, whispering tone, and another frightened look about the room, Chloe took from under her shawl a small cup. She held it up close to me, and her voice penetrated with its meaning all the folds of my thought,—'Chloe 's afraid Miss Mary drank her death in here.'

"'Give it to me,' I said; and I snatched at the cup. Catching it from her, I looked into it. The draught had been taken; the sediment only lay dried upon it.

"'You think so, Chloe? How could it have been? You say Doctor Percival gave it to her?'

"She said that 'Mr. Abraham had been in to see her a little while,—only a few moments. Something was the matter with him. Miss Mary talked, just a few words; what they were she did not hear,—she was in the next room,—only, when he went away, she heard her say, "Don't do it; you may be wrong, and then you 'll be sorry as long as you live"; and then Mr. Abraham shut the door heavy-like and was gone. Afterwards Doctor Percival came up,—said Miss Mary must sleep, she had more fever; asked her so many kind questions, and was just going down to go to the office for something to give her, when he met Master McKey coming in. I heard my master ask him to go for it. And I does n't know anything more, Miss Lettie. I came to tell you.'

"I asked her 'if she had told any one else? if any one had seen the cup?'

"She said, 'No'; and I made her promise me that she would never mention it, never speak of it to any living soul.

"She promised, and she has kept her promise faithfully to this day."

I thought, at this pause in the story, of Chloe's hiding chloroform from me.

"I had myself seen Bernard McKey go out to the office that night. Had he given poison to Mary Percival? And with the question the hot answer came, 'Never!—he did not do it!'

"Chloe went, leaving the cup with me.

"I knew that I must see Bernard. How? The household were absorbed in Abraham. His condition perilled his reason. Doctor Percival came over every hour to see him, and I was sure that his hair whitened from time to time. It was terrible to hear Abraham declaring that he had killed Mary,—that he might have granted her request. And as often as his eyes fell upon me, his words changed to, 'It was for you that I did it,—for my sister!' And whilst all sorrowed and watched him, I sought my opportunity. 'It would never come to me,' I thought, 'I must go to it'; and under cover of looking upon the face of Mary, I went out to seek Bernard.

"We met before I reached the house; we should have passed in silence, had I not spoken. It was the same hour as that in which we had come from the sands the night before. What a horrible lifetime had intervened! I said that 'I had some words for him.' He stood still in the air that throbbed in waves over me. He was speechlessly calm just then.

"'I expected no words after my judgment,' at length he said,—for I knew not how to open my terrible theme; 'will you tell me on what evidence you judge?'

"What a trifle then seemed any merely human love in the presence of Death! I was almost angry that he should once think of it.

"'It is something of more importance than the human affection with which you play,' I said. 'It is a life, the life of Mary Percival, that last night went out,—and how? Was it by this cup?'—and I handed the cup to him.

"He looked simple amazement, as he would have done, had it been a rock or flower; he did not offer to take it,—still I held it out.

"'Will you examine the contents,' I asked, 'and report to me the result?'

"'Certainly I will, Miss Axtell,' he said; and with it he walked to the office.

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earth Abraham's arch of light. It was wonderful: a chance, a change, had killed Mary.

"Doctor Percival had that very afternoon, while we were gone, wrought changes in the little white office; hence the fatal mistake. Bernard had gone in, taken up a bottle from the very place where the article wanted had stood for two years, poured its contents into the cup, carried it in, and no hand stayed him. He was too blinded by suffering to see for himself. Doctor Percival's hand gave the draught, and Mary was dead. What should be done?

"'What shall I do? What would you have me to do?' asked Bernard.

"We were come to the church on our way. I stayed my steps, and thought of the letter that Abraham had given me; it came up for the first time since I knew of Mary's death. But I did not allude to it. I could not acknowledge, even to him, that I knew another had received the words that should have been spoken only to me; and sincerely I told him that he must go away, at once and for always,—that the deed his hand had unknowingly done must be borne in swift, solemn current through his life,—that he must live beside it until it reached the ocean to come: it could do no good to reveal it; it could arouse only new misery; it seemed better that it should be written on marble and in memory that 'God took her.'

"He took up the silence that came after my words, and filled it with an echoing question:—

"'If I go out, and bear this deed, as you say bear it, in silence and in suffering, will you,—you, to whom God has given a good inheritance, who know not the rush and roar of any evil in your soul, whose spring rises far back in ancestral natures,—will you stand between me and all this that I must bear? Will you be my rock, set here, in this village? May I come back at times, and tell you how I endure? If you will promise me this, I will go.'

"Why should he come to me? why not to the other one, to whom he told of Alice's death two years ago? He did not know that pride was the ever vernal sin of *my* race, that I had it to battle with. But I conquered, and promised I would help him, since it was all I had to do. A few more words were spoken; he was to write to me when he would come; and we parted, there, at the old church-door,—he promising to live, to try and make atonement for his sin,—I to hold his deed in keeping, alone of all the world, save Chloe, and in her I had trust. I did not see him again: he left the following day.

"You remember that I heard a rustling in the shrubbery, when Bernard fled from the office. It was my mother, watching me. She had seen and heard sufficient to convince her of what had been done. Mothers are endowed with wonderful intuitive perception. Abraham had been her one love from his childhood. Now came a strife in her nature. Bernard McKey had wronged Abraham, had taken the light out of his life, and a great longing for his punishment came up. How should it be effected? She believed that open judgment would awaken resistance in me,—that I would stand beside him then, in the face of all the world, and recompense him for his punishment,—I, an Axtell, her daughter. So she came to me with a compromise. She told me that she had heard what had been said,—that she knew the deed, had seen the cup,—that Abraham, knowing the act, would never forgive it, though done, as she acknowledged, in error; and she, my mother, to save the family, made conditions. Her knowledge should remain hers only, if Bernard McKey should remain such as he now was to me,—never to be more.

"'An easy condition,' I thought, 'since the letter Abraham gave'; and I said the two words to my mother,—

"'I promise.'

"'My daughter,' was her only answer; and she touched her child's forehead with two burning lips, and went away to watch Abraham through the night,—watch him tread the dark way, without Mary.

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"Where now was the Mountain-Pine? higher than the Arbutus?

"Our mother had her trial. When she heard Abraham reproaching himself with having brought on a return of fever by refusing Mary's wish, of having been the means of her death, I know her heart ached to say, 'It was not you, Abraham, it was Bernard McKey who killed her.' But no, she did not; family pride towered above affection, and she was true to her promise, true to the last. She died with the secret hers.

"Bernard McKey's absence was much wondered at, although it began only one month earlier than the appointed time. Doctor Percival mourned his going as if he had been his son; he spoke to me of it. Mary was buried. I remember your little face on her burial-day; it was bright, and unconscious of the sad scene"; and Miss Axtell now sought to look into it, but it was not to be seen. I think she must have forgotten, at times, that it was to Mary's sister that she was telling her story. She waited a little, until I asked her to "tell me more."

"The face of that Autumn grew rosy, wrinkled, and died upon Winter's snowy bed; and yet I lived, and Abraham, and Bernard McKey perhaps, — I knew not. The year was nearly gone since Mary died, and no ray of knowledge had come from him. Every day I re-read those words written to some fair woman-soul, until after so many readings they began to take root in my heart. I found it out one day, and I began vigorously to tear them up. It was on the evening of the same day that Abraham came home: he had been away for several weeks. He left, with intentional seeming, a paper where I should see it; he had read with almost careless eyes what mine fell upon, for he believed that Bernard McKey was forgotten by me; he had kindly forborne to mention his name, since that one night wherein all our misery grew. I found there what I believed to be his death: the name and age were his own; the place was nothing, — *he* might be anywhere. My mother saw it, and a gladness, yes, a gladness came into her face: I watched its coming up. She thought she might now tell Abraham; but no, I held her to the promise. It had but two conditions: mine was to be perpetual; hers must be so.

"After that I grew pitiful for the poor heart that must have been made sorrowful by these words that never more would come into it, and so I picked up the trembling little roots that had been cast out, put them back into the warm soil, and let them grow: they might join hers now, for together they could twine around immortal bowers; and, as they grew, a great longing came up to go out and find this woman-soul who had drawn out such words from lips sealed forever. But no chance happened: no one came to our quiet village from the remote town in which she was when these words, that now were become mine, were penned."

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MY HUNT AFTER "THE CAPTAIN."

In the dead of the night which closed upon the bloody field of Antietam, my household was startled from its slumbers by the loud summons of a telegraphic messenger. The air had been heavy all day with rumors of battle, and thousands and tens of thousands had walked the streets with throbbing hearts, in dread anticipation of the tidings any hour might bring.

We rose hastily, and presently the messenger was admitted. I took the envelope from his hand, opened it, and read: —

Hagerstown 17th

To —— —— H——

Capt H—— wounded shot through the neck thought not mortal at Keedysville

William G Leduc

Through the neck, — no bullet left in wound. Windpipe, food-pipe, carotid, jugular, half a dozen smaller, but still formidable, vessels, a great braid of nerves, each as big as a lamp-wick, spinal cord, —ought to kill at once, if at all. *Thought not* mortal, or *not thought* mortal,—which was it? The first; that is better than the second would be. — "Keedysville, a post-office, Washington Co., Maryland." Leduc? Leduc? Don't remember that name.—The boy is waiting for his money. A dollar and thirteen cents. Has nobody got thirteen cents? Don't keep that boy waiting, — how do we know what messages he has got to carry?

The boy *had* another message to carry. It was to the father of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder Dwight, informing him that his son was grievously wounded in the same battle, and was lying at Boonsborough, a town a few miles this side of Keedysville. This I learned the next morning from the civil and attentive officials at the Central Telegraph-Office.

Calling upon this gentleman, I found that he meant to leave in the quarter past two o'clock train, taking with him Dr. George H. Gay, an accomplished and energetic surgeon, equal to any difficult question or pressing emergency. I agreed to accompany them, and we met in the cars. I felt myself peculiarly fortunate in having companions whose society would be a pleasure, whose feelings would harmonize with my own, and whose assistance I might, in case of need, be glad to claim.

It is of the journey which we began together, and which I finished apart, that I mean to give my "Atlantic" readers an account. They must let me tell my story in my own way, speaking of many little matters that interested or amused me, and which a certain leisurely class of elderly persons, who sit at their firesides and never travel, will, I hope, follow with a kind of interest. For, besides the main object of my excursion, I could not help being excited by the incidental sights and occurrences of a trip which to a commercial traveller or a newspaper-reporter would seem quite commonplace and undeserving of record. There are periods in which all places and people seem to be in a conspiracy to impress us with their individuality, — in which every ordinary locality seems to assume a special significance and to claim a particular notice, — in which every person we meet is either an old acquaintance or a character; days in which the strangest coincidences are continually happening, so that they get to be the rule, and not the exception. Some might naturally think that anxiety and the weariness of a prolonged search after a near relative would have prevented my taking any interest in or paying any regard to the little matters around me. Perhaps it had just the contrary effect, and acted like a diffused stimulus upon the attention. When all the faculties are wide-awake in pursuit of a single object, or fixed in the spasm of an absorbing emotion, they are oftentimes clairvoyant in a marvellous degree

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in respect to many collateral things, as Wordsworth has so forcibly illustrated in his sonnet on the Boy of Windermere, and as Hawthorne has developed with such metaphysical accuracy in that chapter of his wondrous story where Hester walks forth to meet her punishment.

Be that as it may, — though I set out with a full and heavy heart, though many times my blood chilled with what were perhaps needless and unwise fears, though I broke through all my habits without thinking about them, which is almost as hard in certain circumstances as for one of our young fellows to leave his sweetheart and go into a Peninsular campaign, though I did not always know when I was hungry nor discover that I was thirsting, though I had a worrying ache and inward tremor underlying all the outward play of the senses and the mind, yet it is the simple truth that I did look out of the car-windows with an eye for all that passed, that I did take cognizance of strange sights and singular people, that I did act much as persons act from the ordinary promptings of curiosity, and from time to time even laugh very nearly as those do who are attacked with a convulsive sense of the ridiculous, the epilepsy of the diaphragm.

By a mutual compact, we talked little in the cars. A communicative friend is the greatest nuisance to have at one's side during a railroad-journey, especially if his conversation is stimulating and in itself agreeable. "A fast train and a 'slow' neighbor," is my motto. Many times, when I have got upon the cars, expecting to be magnetized into an hour or two of blissful reverie, my thoughts shaken up by the vibrations into all sorts of new and pleasing patterns, arranging themselves in curves and nodal points, like the grains of sand in Chladni's famous experiment, — fresh ideas coming up to the surface, as the kernels do when a measure of corn is jolted in a farmer's wagon, — all this without volition, the mechanical impulse alone keeping the thoughts in motion, as the mere act of carrying certain watches in the pocket keeps them wound up, — many times, I say, just as my brain was beginning to creep and hum with this delicious locomotive intoxication, some dear detestable friend, cordial, intelligent, social, radiant, has come up and sat down by me and opened a conversation which has broken my day-dream, unharnessed the flying horses that were whirling along my fancies and hitched on the old weary omnibus-team of every-day associations, fatigued my hearing and attention, exhausted my voice, and milked the breasts of my thought dry during the hour when they should have been filling themselves full of fresh juices. My friends spared me this trial.

So, then, I sat by the window and enjoyed the slight tipsiness produced by short, limited, rapid oscillations, which I take to be the exhilarating stage of that condition which reaches hopeless inebriety in what we know as sea-sickness. Where the horizon opened widely, it pleased me to watch the curious effect of the rapid movement of near objects contrasted with the slow motion of distant ones. Looking from a right-hand window, for instance, the fences close by glide swiftly backward, or to the right, while the distant hills not only do not appear to move backward, but look by contrast with the fences near at hand as if they were moving forward, or to the left; and thus the whole landscape becomes a mighty wheel revolving about an imaginary axis somewhere in the middle-distance.

My companions proposed to stay at one of the best-known and longest-established of the New-York caravansaries, and I accompanied them. We were particularly well lodged, and not uncivilly treated. The traveller who supposes that he is to repeat the melancholy experience of Shenstone, and have to sigh over the reflection that he has found "his warmest welcome at an inn," has something to learn at the offices of the great city-hotels. The unheralded guest who is honored by mere indifference may think himself blest with singular good-fortune.

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If the despot of the Patent-Annunciator is only mildly contemptuous in his manner, let the victim look upon it as a personal favor. The coldest welcome that a threadbare curate ever got at the door of a bishop's palace, the most icy reception that a country-cousin ever received at the city-mansion of a mushroom millionnaire, is agreeably tepid, compared to that which the Rhadamanthus who dooms you to the more or less elevated circle of his inverted Inferno vouchsafes, as you step up to enter your name on his dog's-eared register. I have less hesitation in unburdening myself of this uncomfortable statement, as on this particular trip I met with more than one exception to the rule. Officials become brutalized, I suppose, as a matter of course. One cannot expect an office-clerk to embrace tenderly every stranger who comes in with a carpet-bag, or a telegraph-operator to burst into tears over every unpleasant message he receives for transmission. Still, humanity is not always totally extinguished in these persons. I discovered a youth in the telegraph-office of the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, who was as pleasant in conversation, and as graciously responsive to inoffensive questions, as if I had been his childless opulent uncle, and my will not made.

On the road again the next morning, over the ferry, into the cars with sliding panels and fixed windows, so that in summer the whole side of the car may be made transparent. New Jersey is, to the apprehension of a traveller, a double-headed suburb rather than a State. Its dull red dust looks like the dried and powdered mud of a battle-field. Peach-trees are common, and champagne-orchards. Canal-boats, drawn by mules, swim by, feeling their way along like blind men led by dogs. I had a mighty passion come over me to be the captain of one,—to glide back and forward upon a sea never roughened by storms,—to float where I could not sink,—to navigate where there is no shipwreck,—to lie languidly on the deck and govern the huge craft by a word or the movement of a finger: there was something of railroad-intoxication in the fancy, but who has not often envied a cobbler in his stall?

The boys cry the "N'-York *Heddle*," instead of "Herald"; I remember that years ago in Philadelphia; we must be getting near the farther end of the dumb-bell suburb. A bridge has been swept away by a rise of the waters, so we must approach Philadelphia by the river. Her physiognomy is not distinguished; *nez camus*, as a Frenchman would say; no illustrious steeple, no imposing tower; the water-edge of the town looking bedraggled, like the flounce of a vulgar rich woman's dress that trails on the sidewalk. The New Ironsides lies at one of the wharves, elephantine in bulk and color, her sides narrowing as they rise, like the walls of a hock-glass.

I went straight to the house in Walnut Street where the Captain would be heard of, if anywhere in this region. His lieutenant-colonel was there, gravely wounded; his college-friend and comrade in arms, a son of the house, was there, injured in a similar way; another soldier, brother of the last, was there, prostrate with fever. A fourth bed was waiting ready for the Captain, but not one word had been heard of him, though inquiries had been made in the towns from and through which the father had brought his two sons and the lieutenant-colonel. And so my search is, like a "Ledger" story, to be continued.

I rejoined my companions in time to take the noon-train for Baltimore. Our company was gaining in number as it moved onwards. We had found upon the train from New York a lovely, lonely lady, the wife of one of our most spirited Massachusetts officers, the brave Colonel of the ——th Regiment, going to seek her wounded husband at Middletown, a place lying directly in our track. She was the light of our party while we were together on our pilgrimage, a fair, gracious woman, gentle, but courageous,

—— "ful plesant and amiable of port,
—— estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence."

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On the road from Philadelphia, I found in the same car with our party Dr. William Hunt, of Philadelphia, who had most kindly and faithfully attended the Captain, then the Lieutenant, after a wound received at Ball's Bluff, which came very near being mortal. He was going upon an errand of mercy to the wounded, and found he had in his memorandum-book the name of our lady-companion's husband, who had been commended to his particular attention.

Not long after leaving Philadelphia, we passed a solitary sentry keeping guard over a short railroad-bridge. It was the first evidence that we were approaching the perilous borders, the marches where the North and the South mingle their angry hosts, where the extremes of our so-called civilization meet in conflict, and the fierce slave-driver of the Lower Mississippi stares into the stern eyes of the forest-feller from the banks of the Aroostook. All the way along, the bridges were guarded more or less strongly. In a vast country like ours, communications play a far more complex part than in Europe, where the whole territory available for strategic purposes is so comparatively limited. Belgium, for instance, has long been the bowling-alley where kings roll cannon-balls at each other's armies; but here we are playing the game of live ninepins *without any alley.*

We were obliged to stay in Baltimore over-night, as we were too late for the train to Frederick. At the Eutaw House, where we found both comfort and courtesy, we met a number of friends, who beguiled the evening hours for us in the most agreeable manner. We devoted some time to procuring surgical and other articles, such as might be useful to our friends, or to others, if our friends should not need them. In the morning, I found myself seated at the breakfast-table next to General Wool. It did not surprise me to find the General very far from expansive. With Fort McHenry on his shoulders and Baltimore in his breeches-pocket, and the weight of a military department loading down his social safety-valves, I thought it a great deal for an officer in his trying position to select so very obliging and affable an aid as the gentleman who relieved him of the burden of attending to strangers.

We left the Eutaw House, to take the cars for Frederick. As we stood waiting on the platform, a telegraphic message was handed in silence to my companion. Sad news: the lifeless body of the son he was hastening to see was even now on its way to him in Baltimore. It was no time for empty words of consolation: I knew what he had lost, and that now was not the time to intrude upon a grief borne as men bear it, felt as women feel it.

Colonel Wilder Dwight was first made known to me as the friend of a beloved relative of my own, who was with him during a severe illness in Switzerland, and for whom while living, and for whose memory when dead, he retained the warmest affection. Since that, the story of his noble deeds of daring, of his capture and escape, and a brief visit home before he was able to rejoin his regiment, had made his name familiar to many among us, myself among the number. His memory has been honored by those who had the largest opportunity of knowing his rare promise, as a man of talents and energy of nature. His abounding vitality must have produced its impression on all who met him; there was a still fire about him which any one could see would blaze up to melt all difficulties and recast obstacles into implements in the mould of an heroic will. These elements of his character many had the chance of knowing; but I shall always associate him with the memory of that pure and noble friendship which made me feel that I knew him before I looked upon his face, and added a personal tenderness to the sense of loss which I share with the whole community.

Here, then, I parted, sorrowfully, from the companions with whom I set out on my journey.

In one of the cars, at the same station, we met General Shriver, of Frederick, a

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most loyal Unionist, whose name is synonymous with a hearty welcome to all whom he can aid by his counsel and his hospitality. He took great pains to give us all the information we needed, and expressed the hope, which was afterwards fulfilled, to the great gratification of some of us, that we should meet again, when he should return to his home.

There was nothing worthy of special note in the trip to Frederick, except our passing a squad of Rebel prisoners, whom I missed seeing, as they flashed by, but who were said to be a most forlorn-looking crowd of scarecrows. Arrived at the Monocacy River, about three miles this side of Frederick, we came to a halt, for the railroad-bridge had been blown up by the Rebels, and its iron pillars and arches were lying in the bed of the river. The unfortunate wretch who fired the train was killed by the explosion, and lay buried hard by, his hands sticking out of the shallow grave into which he had been huddled. This was the story they told us, but whether true or no I must leave to the correspondents of "Notes and Queries" to settle.

There was a great confusion of carriages and wagons at the stopping-place of the train, so that it was a long time before I could get anything that would carry us. At last I was lucky enough to light on a sturdy wagon, drawn by a pair of serviceable bays, and driven by James Grayden, with whom I was destined to have a somewhat continued acquaintance. We took up a little girl who had been in Baltimore during the late Rebel inroad. It made me think of the time when my own mother, at that time six years old, was hurried off from Boston, then occupied by the British soldiers, to Newburyport, and heard the people saying that "the red-coats were coming, killing and murdering everybody as they went along." Frederick looked cheerful for a place that had so recently been in an enemy's hands. Here and there a house or shop was shut up, but the national colors were waving in all directions, and the general aspect was peaceful and contented. I saw no bullet-marks or other sign of the fighting which had gone on in the streets. My lady-companion was taken in charge by a daughter of that hospitable family to which we had been commended by its head, and I proceeded to inquire for wounded officers at the various temporary hospitals.

At the United States Hotel, where many were lying, I heard mention of an officer in an upper chamber, and, going there, found Lieutenant Abbott, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, lying ill with what looked like typhoid fever. While there, who should come in but the ubiquitous Lieutenant Wilkins, of the same Twentieth, often confounded with his namesake who visited the Flying Island, and with some reason, for he must have a pair of wings under his military upper garment, or he could never be in so many places at once. He was going to Boston in charge of the lamented Dr. Revere's body. From his lips I learned something of the mishaps of the regiment. My Captain's wound he spoke of as less grave than at first thought; but he mentioned incidentally having heard a story recently that he was *killed*, — a fiction, doubtless, — a mistake, — a palpable absurdity, — not to be remembered or made any account of. Oh, no! but what dull ache is this in that obscurely sensitive region, somewhere below the heart, where the nervous centre called the *semilunar ganglion* lies unconscious of itself until a great grief or a mastering anxiety reaches it through all the non-conductors which isolate it from ordinary impressions? I talked awhile with Lieutenant Abbott, who lay prostrate, feeble, but soldier-like and uncomplaining, carefully waited upon by a most excellent lady, a captain's wife, New-England-born, loyal as the Liberty on a golden ten-dollar piece, and of lofty bearing enough to have sat for that goddess's portrait. She had stayed in Frederick through the Rebel inroad, and kept the star-spangled banner where it would be safe, to unroll it as the last Rebel hoofs clattered off from the pavement of the town.

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Near by Lieutenant Abbott was an unhappy gentleman, occupying a small chamber, and filling it with his troubles. When he gets well and plump, I know he will forgive me, if I confess that I could not help smiling in the midst of my sympathy for him. He had been a well-favored man, he said, sweeping his hand in a semicircle, which implied that his acute-angled countenance had once filled the goodly curve he described. He was now a perfect Don Quixote to look upon. Weakness had made him querulous, as it does all of us, and he piped his grievances to me in a thin voice with that finish of detail which chronic invalidism alone can command. He was starving, — he could not get what he wanted to eat. He was in need of stimulants, and he held up a pitiful two-ounce phial containing three thimblefuls of brandy, — his whole stock of that encouraging article. Him I consoled to the best of my ability, and afterwards, in some slight measure, supplied his wants. Feed this poor gentleman up, as these good people soon will, and I should not know him, nor he himself. We are all egotists in sickness and debility. An animal has been defined as "a stomach ministered to by organs"; and the greatest man comes very near this simple formula after a month or two of fever and starvation.

James Grayden and his team pleased me well enough, and so I made a bargain with him to take us, the lady and myself, on our further journey as far as Middletown. As we were about starting from the front of the United States Hotel, two gentlemen presented themselves and expressed a wish to be allowed to share our conveyance. I looked at them and convinced myself that they were neither Rebels in disguise, nor deserters, nor camp-followers, nor miscreants, but plain, honest men on a proper errand. The first of them I will pass over briefly. He was a young man, of mild and modest demeanor, chaplain to a Pennsylvania regiment, which he was going to rejoin. He belonged to the Moravian Church, of which I had the misfortune to know little more than what I had learned from Southey's "Life of Wesley," and from the exquisite hymns we have borrowed from its rhapsodists. The other stranger was a New-Englander of respectable appearance, with a grave, hard, honest, hay-bearded face, who had come to serve the sick and wounded on the battle-field and in its immediate neighborhood. There is no reason why I should not mention his name, but I shall content myself with calling him the Philanthropist.

So we set forth, the sturdy wagon, the serviceable bays, with James Grayden their driver, the gentle lady, whose serene patience bore up through all delays and discomforts, the Chaplain, the Philanthropist, and myself, the teller of this story.

And now, as we emerged from Frederick, we struck at once upon the trail from the great battle-field. The road was filled with straggling and wounded soldiers. All who could travel on foot — multitudes with slight wounds of the upper limbs, the head or face — were told to take up their beds — a light burden, or none at all — and walk. Just as the battle-field sucks everything into its red vortex for the conflict, so does it drive everything off in long, diverging rays after the fierce centripetal forces have met and neutralized each other. For more than a week there had been sharp fighting all along this road. Through the streets of Frederick, through Crampton's Gap, over South Mountain, sweeping at last the hills and the woods that skirt the windings of the Antietam, the long battle had travelled, like one of those tornadoes which tear their path through our fields and villages. The slain of higher condition, "embalmed" and iron-cased, were sliding off on the railways to their far homes; the dead of the rank-and-file were being gathered up and committed hastily to the earth; the gravely wounded were cared for hard by the scene of conflict, or pushed a little way along to the neighboring villages; while those who could walk were meeting us, as I have said, at every step in the road. It was a pitiable sight,

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truly pitiable, yet so vast, so far beyond the possibility of relief, that many single sorrows of small dimensions have wrought upon my feelings more than the sight of this great caravan of maimed pilgrims. The companionship of so many seemed to make a joint-stock of their suffering; it was next to impossible to individualize it, and so bring it home as one can do with a single broken limb or aching wound. Then they were all of the male sex, and in the freshness or the prime of their strength. Though they tramped so wearily along, yet there was rest and kind nursing in store for them. These wounds they bore would be the medals they would show their children and grandchildren by-and-by. Who would not rather wear his decorations beneath his uniform than on it?

Yet among them were figures which arrested our attention and sympathy. Delicate boys, with more spirit than strength, flushed with fever or pale with exhaustion or haggard with suffering, dragged their weary limbs along as if each step would exhaust their slender store of strength. At the road-side sat or lay others, quite spent with their journey. Here and there was a house at which the wayfarers would stop, in the hope, I fear often vain, of getting refreshment; and in one place was a clear, cool spring, where the little bands of the long procession halted for a few moments, as the trains that traverse the desert rest by its fountains. My companions had brought a few peaches along with them, which the Philanthropist bestowed upon the tired and thirsty soldiers with a satisfaction which we all shared. I had with me a small flask of strong waters, to be used as a medicine in case of inward grief. From this, also, he dispensed relief, without hesitation, to a poor fellow who looked as if he needed it. I rather admired the simplicity with which he applied my limited means of solace to the first-comer who wanted it more than I; a genuine benevolent impulse does not stand on ceremony, and had I perished of colic for want of a stimulus that night, I should not have reproached my friend the Philanthropist any more than I grudged my other ardent friend the two dollars and more which it cost me to send the charitable message he left in my hands.

It was a lovely country through which we were riding. The hill-sides rolled away into the distance, slanting up fair and broad to the sun, as one sees them in the open parts of the Berkshire valley, at Lanesborough, for instance, or in the many-hued mountain-chalice at the bottom of which the Shaker houses of Lebanon have shaped themselves like a sediment of cubical crystals. The wheat was all garnered, and the land ploughed for a new crop. There was Indian-corn standing, but I saw no pumpkins warming their yellow carapaces in the sunshine like so many turtles; only in a single instance did I notice some wretched little miniature specimens in form and hue not unlike those colossal oranges of our cornfields. The rail-fences were somewhat disturbed, and the cinders of extinguished fires showed the use to which they had been applied. The houses along the road were not for the most part neatly kept; the garden-fences were poorly built of laths or long slats, and very rarely of trim aspect. The men of this region seemed to ride in the saddle very generally, rather than drive. They looked sober and stern, less curious and lively than Yankees, and I fancied that a type of features familiar to us in the countenance of the late John Tyler, our accidental President, was frequently met with. The women were still more distinguishable from our New-England pattern. Soft, sallow, succulent, delicately finished about the mouth and firmly shaped about the chin, dark-eyed, full-throated, they looked as if they had been grown in a land of olives. There was a little toss in their movement, full of muliebrity. I fancied there was something more of the duck and less of the chicken about them, as compared with the daughters of our leaner soil; but these are mere impressions caught from stray glances, and if there is any offence

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in them, my fair readers may consider them all retracted.

At intervals, a dead horse lay by the road-side, or in the fields, unburied, not grateful to gods or men. I saw no bird of prey, no ill-omened fowl, on my way to the carnival of death, or at the place where it was held. The vulture of story, the crow of Talavera, the "twa corbies" of the ghastly ballad, are all from Nature, doubtless; but no black wing was spread over these animal ruins, and no call to the banquet pierced through the heavy-laden and sickening air.

Full in the middle of the road, caring little for whom or what they met, came long strings of army-wagons, returning empty from the front after supplies. James Grayden stated it as his conviction that they had a little rather run into a fellow than not. I liked the looks of these equipages and their drivers; they meant business. Drawn by mules mostly, six, I think, to a wagon, powdered well with dust, wagon, beast, and driver, they came jogging along the road, turning neither to right nor left,—some driven by bearded, solemn white men, some by careless, saucy-looking negroes, of a blackness like that of anthracite or obsidian. There seemed to be nothing about them, dead or alive, that was not serviceable. Sometimes a mule would give out on the road; then he was left where he lay, until by-and-by he would think better of it, and get up, when the first public wagon that came along would hitch him on, and restore him to the sphere of duty.

It was evening when we got to Middletown. The gentle lady who had graced our homely conveyance with her company here left us. She found her husband, the gallant Colonel, in very comfortable quarters, well cared for, very weak from the effects of the fearful operation he had been compelled to undergo, but showing the same calm courage to endure as he had shown manly energy to act. It was a meeting full of heroism and tenderness, of which I heard more than there is need to tell. Health to the brave soldier, and peace to the household over which so fair a spirit presides!

Dr. Thompson, the very active and intelligent surgical director of the hospitals of the place, took me in charge. He carried me to the house of a worthy and benevolent clergyman of the German Reformed Church, where I was to take tea and pass the night. What became of the Moravian chaplain I did not know; but my friend the Philanthropist had evidently made up his mind to adhere to my fortunes. He followed me, therefore, to the house of the "Dominie," as a newspaper-correspondent calls my kind host, and partook of the fare there furnished me. He withdrew with me to the apartment assigned for my slumbers, and slept sweetly on the same pillow where I waked and tossed. Nay, I do affirm that he did, unconsciously, I believe, encroach on that moiety of the couch which I had flattered myself was to be my own through the watches of the night, and that I was in serious doubt at one time whether I should not be gradually, but irresistibly, expelled from the bed which I had supposed destined for my sole possession. As Ruth clave unto Naomi, so my friend the Philanthropist clave unto me. "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge." A really kind, good man, full of zeal, determined to help somebody, and absorbed in his one thought, he doubted nobody's willingness to serve him, going, as he was, on a purely benevolent errand. When he reads this, as I hope he will, let him be assured of my esteem and respect; and if he gained any accommodation from being in my company, let me tell him that I learned a lesson from his active benevolence. I could, however, have wished to hear him laugh once before we parted, perhaps forever. He did not, to the best of my recollection, even smile during the whole period that we were in company. I am afraid that a lightsome disposition and a relish for humor are not so common in those whose benevolence takes an active turn as in people of sentiment who are always ready with their tears and abounding

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in passionate expressions of sympathy. Working philanthropy is a practical specialty, requiring not a mere impulse, but a talent, with its peculiar sagacity for finding its objects, a tact for selecting its agencies, an organizing and arranging faculty, a steady set of nerves, and a constitution such as Sallust describes in Catiline, patient of cold, of hunger, and of watching. Philanthropists are commonly grave, occasionally grim, and not very rarely morose. Their expansive social force is imprisoned as a working power, to show itself only through its legitimate pistons and cranks. The tighter the boiler, the less it whistles and sings at its work. When Dr. Waterhouse, in 1780, travelled with Howard, on his tour among the Dutch prisons and hospitals, he found his temper and manners very different from what would have been expected.

My benevolent companion having already made a preliminary exploration of the hospitals of the place, before sharing my bed with him, as above mentioned, I joined him in a second tour through them. The authorities of Middletown are evidently leagued with the surgeons of that place, for such a break-neck succession of pitfalls and chasms I have never seen in the streets of a civilized town. It was getting late in the evening when we began our rounds. The principal collections of the wounded were in the churches. Boards were laid over the tops of the pews, on these some straw was spread, and on this the wounded lay, with little or no covering other than such scanty clothes as they had on. There were wounds of all degrees of severity, but I heard no groans or murmurs. Most of the sufferers were hurt in the limbs, some had undergone amputation, and all had, I presume, received such attention as was required. Still, it was but a rough and dreary kind of comfort that the extemporized hospitals suggested. I could not help thinking the patients must be cold; but they were used to camp-life, and did not complain. The men who watched were not of the soft-handed variety of the race. One of them was smoking his pipe as he went from bed to bed. I saw one poor fellow who had been shot through the breast; his breathing was labored, and he was tossing, anxious and restless. The men were debating about the opiate he was to take, and I was thankful that I happened there at the right moment to see that he was well narcotized for the night. Was it possible that my Captain could be lying on the straw in one of these places? Certainly *possible*, but not probable; but as the lantern was held over each bed, it was with a kind of thrill that I looked upon the features it illuminated. Many times, as I went from hospital to hospital in my wanderings, I started as some faint resemblance — the shade of a young man's hair, the outline of his half-turned face—recalled the presence I was in search of. The face would turn towards me and the momentary illusion would pass away, but still the fancy clung to me. There was no figure huddled up on its rude couch, none stretched at the road-side, none toiling languidly along the dusty pike, none passing in car or in ambulance, that I did not scrutinize, as if it might be that for which I was making my pilgrimage to the battle-field.

"There are two wounded Secesh," said my companion. I walked to the bedside of the first, who was an officer, a lieutenant, if I remember right, from North Carolina. He was of good family, son of a judge in one of the higher courts of his State, educated, pleasant, gentle, intelligent. One moment's intercourse with such an enemy, lying helpless and wounded among strangers, takes away all personal bitterness towards those with whom we or our children have been but a few hours before in deadly strife. The basest lie which the murderous contrivers of this Rebellion have told is that which tries to make out a difference of race in the men of the North and South. It would be worth a year of battles to abolish this delusion, though the great sponge of war that wiped it out were moistened with the best blood of the land. My Rebel was of slight, scholastic habit, and spoke

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as one accustomed to tread carefully among the parts of speech. It made my heart ache to see him, a man finished in the humanities and Christian culture, whom the sin of his forefathers and the crime of his rulers had set in barbarous conflict against others of like training with his own, — a man who, but for the curse that it is laid on our generation to expiate, would have been a fellow-worker with them in the beneficent task of shaping the intelligence and lifting the moral standard of a peaceful and united people.

On Sunday morning, the twenty-first, having engaged James Grayden and his team, I set out with the Chaplain and the Philanthropist for Keedysville. Our track lay through the South-Mountain Gap and led us first to the town of Boonsborough, where, it will be remembered, Colonel Dwight had been brought after the battle. We saw the positions occupied in the Battle of South Mountain, and many traces of the conflict. In one situation a group of young trees was marked with shot, hardly one having escaped. As we walked by the side of the wagon, the Philanthropist left us for a while and climbed a hill, where along the line of a fence he found traces of the most desperate fighting. A ride of some three hours brought us to Boonsborough, where I roused the unfortunate army-surgeon who had charge of the hospitals, and who was trying to get a little sleep after his fatigues and watchings. He bore this cross very creditably, and helped me to explore all places where my soldier might be lying among the crowds of wounded. After the useless search, I resumed my journey, fortified with a note of introduction to Dr. Letterman, also with a bale of oakum which I was to carry to that gentleman, this substance being employed as a substitute for lint. We were obliged also to procure a pass to Keedysville from the Provost-Marshal of Boonsborough. As we came near the place, we learned that General McClellan's headquarters had been removed from this village some miles farther to the front.

On entering the small settlement of Keedysville, a familiar face and figure blocked the way, like one of Bunyan's giants. The tall form and benevolent countenance, set off by long, flowing hair, belonged to the excellent Mayor Frank B. Fay, of Chelsea, who, like my Philanthropist, only still more promptly, had come to succor the wounded of the great battle. It was wonderful to see how his single personality pervaded this torpid little village; he seemed to be the centre of all its activities. All my questions he answered clearly and decisively, as one who knew everything that was going on in the place. But the one question I had come five hundred miles to ask, — *Where is Captain H.?* — he could not answer. There were some thousands of wounded in the place, he told me, scattered about everywhere. It would be a long job to hunt up my Captain; the only way would be to go to every house and ask for him. Just then, a medical officer came up.

"Do you know anything of Captain H., of the Massachusetts Twentieth?"

"Oh, yes; he is staying in that house. I saw him there, doing very well."

A chorus of hallelujahs arose in my soul, but I kept them to myself. Now, then, for our twice-wounded volunteer, our young centurion whose double-barred shoulder-straps we have never yet looked upon. Let us observe the proprieties, however; no swelling upward of the mother, — no *hysterica passio*, — we do not like scenes. A calm salutation, — then swallow and hold hard. That is about the programme.

A cottage of squared logs, filled in with plaster, and white-washed. A little yard before it, with a gate swinging. The door of the cottage ajar, — no one visible as yet. I push open the door and enter. An old woman, *Margaret Kitzmuller* her name proves to be, is the first person I see.

"Captain H. here?"

"Oh, no, Sir, — left yesterday morning for Hagerstown — in a milk-cart."

The Kitzmuller is a beady-eyed, cheery-

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looking ancient woman, answers questions with a rising inflection, and gives a good account of the Captain, who got into the vehicle without assistance, and was in excellent spirits. — Of course he had struck for Hagerstown as the terminus of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and was on his way to Philadelphia *viâ* Chambersburg and Harrisburg, if he were not already in the hospitable home of Walnut Street, where his friends were expecting him.

I might follow on his track or return upon my own; the distance was the same to Philadelphia through Harrisburg as through Baltimore. But it was very difficult, Mr. Fay told me, to procure any kind of conveyance to Hagerstown, and on the other hand I had James Grayden and his wagon to carry me back to Frederick. It was not likely that I should overtake the object of my pursuit with nearly thirty-six hours start, even if I could procure a conveyance that day. In the mean time James was getting impatient to be on his return, according to the direction of his employers. So I decided to go back with him.

But there was the great battle-field only about three miles from Keedysville, and it was impossible to go without seeing that. James Grayden's directions were peremptory, but it was a case for the higher law. I must make a good offer for an extra couple of hours, such as would satisfy the owners of the wagon, and enforce it by a personal motive. I did this handsomely, and succeeded without difficulty. To add brilliancy to my enterprise, I invited the Chaplain and the Philanthropist to take a free passage with me.

We followed the road through the village for a space, then turned off to the right, and wandered somewhat vaguely, for want of precise directions, over the hills. Inquiring as we went, we forded a wide creek in which soldiers were washing their clothes, the name of which we did not then know, but which must have been the Antietam. At one point we met a party, women among them, bringing off various trophies they had picked up on the battle-field. Still wandering along, we were at last pointed to a hill in the distance, a part of the summit of which was covered with Indian-corn. There, we were told, some of the fiercest fighting of the day had been done. The fences were taken down so as to make a passage across the fields, and the tracks worn within the last few days looked like old roads. We passed a fresh grave under a tree near the road. A board was nailed to the tree, bearing the name, as well as I could make it out, of Gardiner, of a New-Hampshire regiment.

On coming near the brow of the hill, we met a party carrying picks and spades. "How many?" "Only one." The dead were nearly all buried, then, in this region of the field of strife. We stopped the wagon, and, getting out, began to look around us. Hard by was a large pile of muskets, scores, if not hundreds, which had been picked up and were guarded for the Government. A long ridge of fresh gravel rose before us. A board stuck up in front of it bore this inscription, the first part of which was, I believe, not correct: — "The Rebel General Anderson and 80 Rebels are buried in this hole." Other smaller ridges were marked with the number of dead lying under them. The whole ground was strewed with fragments of clothing, haversacks, canteens, cap-boxes, bullets, cartridge-boxes, cartridges, scraps of paper, portions of bread and meat. I saw two soldiers' caps that looked as though their owners had been shot through the head. In several places I noticed dark red patches where a pool of blood had curdled and caked, as some poor fellow poured his life out on the sod. I then wandered about in the cornfield. It surprised me to notice, that, though there was every mark of hard fighting having taken place here, the Indian-corn was not generally trodden down. One of our cornfields is a kind of forest, and even when fighting, men avoid the tall stalks as if they were trees. At the edge of this cornfield lay a gray horse, said to have belonged to a Rebel colonel, who was killed near the same place. Not far off

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were two dead artillery-horses in their harness. Another had been attended to by a burying-party, who had thrown some earth over him; but his last bed-clothes were too short, and his legs stuck out stark and stiff from beneath the gravel coverlet. It was a great pity that we had no intelligent guide to explain to us the position of that portion of the two armies which fought over this ground. There was a shallow trench before we came to the cornfield, too narrow for a road, as I should think, too elevated for a water-course, and which seemed to have been used as a rifle-pit; at any rate, there had been hard fighting in and about it. This and the cornfield may serve to identify the part of the ground we visited, if any who fought there should ever look over this paper. The opposing tides of battle must have blended their waves at this point, for portions of gray uniform were mingled with the "garments rolled in blood" torn from our own dead and wounded soldiers. I picked up a Rebel canteen, and one of our own, — but there was something repulsive about the trodden and stained relics of the stale battle-field. It was like the table of some hideous orgy left uncleared, and one turned away disgusted from its broken fragments and muddy heel-taps. A bullet or two, a button, a brass plate from a soldier's belt, served well enough for mementos of my visit, with a letter which I picked up, directed to Richmond, Virginia, its seal unbroken. "N. C. Cleaveland County. E. Wright to J. Wright." On the other side, "A few lines from W. L. Vaughn," who has just been writing for the wife to her husband, and continues on his own account. The postscript, "tell John that nancy's folks are all well and has a verry good Little Crop of corn a growing." I wonder, if, by one of those strange chances of which I have seen so many, this number or leaf of the "Atlantic" will not sooner or later find its way to Cleveland County, North Carolina, and E. Wright, widow of James Wright, and Nancy's folks get from these sentences the last glimpse of husband and friend as he threw up his arms and fell in the bloody cornfield of Antietam? I will keep this stained letter for them until peace comes back, if it comes in my time, and my pleasant North-Carolina Rebel of the Middletown Hospital will, perhaps, look these poor people up, and tell them where to send for it.

On the battle-field I parted with my two companions, the Chaplain and the Philanthropist. They were going to the front, the one to find his regiment, the other to look for those who needed his assistance. We exchanged cards and farewells, I mounted the wagon, the horses' heads were turned homewards, my two companions went their way, and I saw them no more. On my way back, I fell into talk with James Grayden. Born in England, Lancashire; in this country since he was four years old. Had nothing to care for but an old mother; did n't know what he should do, if he lost her. Though so long in this country, he had all the simplicity and childlike light-heartedness which belong to the Old World's people. He laughed at the smallest pleasantry, and showed his great white English teeth; he took a joke without retorting by an impertinence; he had a very limited curiosity about all that was going on; he had small store of information; he lived chiefly in his horses, it seemed to me. His quiet animal nature acted as a pleasing anodyne to my recurring fits of anxiety, and I liked his frequent "'Deed I don' know, Sir," better than I have sometimes relished the large discourse of professors and other very wise men.

I have not much to say of the road which we were travelling for the second time. Reaching Middletown, my first call was on the wounded Colonel and his lady. She gave me a most touching account of all the suffering he had gone through with his shattered limb before he succeeded in finding a shelter, showing the terrible want of proper means of transportation of the wounded after the battle. It occurred to me, while at this house, that I was more or less famished, and for the first time in my life I begged for a meal, which the kind family with

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whom the Colonel was staying most graciously furnished me.

After tea, there came in a stout army-surgeon, a Highlander by birth, educated in Edinburgh, with whom I had pleasant, not unstimulating talk. He had been brought very close to that immane and nefandous Burke-and-Hare business which made the blood of civilization run cold in the year 1828, and told me, in a very calm way, with an occasional pinch from the mull, to refresh his memory, some of the details of those frightful murders, never rivalled in horror until the wretch Dumollard, who kept a private cemetery for his victims, was dragged into the light of day. He had a good deal to say, too, about the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, and the famous preparations, mercurial and the rest, which I remember well having seen there,—the "*sudabit multum*,—" and others,—also of our New-York Professor Carnochan's handiwork, a specimen of which I once admired at the New York College. But the Doctor was not in a happy frame of mind, and seemed willing to forget the present in the past: things went wrong, somehow, and the time was out of joint with him.

Dr. Thompson, kind, cheerful, companionable, offered me half his own wide bed, in the house of Dr. Baer, for my second night in Middletown. Here I lay awake again another night. Close to the house stood an ambulance in which was a wounded Rebel officer, attended by one of their own surgeons. He was calling out in a loud voice, all night long, as it seemed to me, "Doctor! Doctor! Driver! Water!" in loud, complaining tones, I have no doubt of real suffering, but in strange contrast with the silent patience which was the almost universal rule.

The courteous Dr. Thompson will let me tell here an odd coincidence, trivial, but having its interest as one of a series. The Doctor and myself lay in the bed, and a lieutenant, a friend of his, slept on the sofa. At night, I placed my match-box, a Scotch one, of the Macpherson-plaid pattern, which I bought years ago, on the bureau, just where I could put my hand upon it. I was the last of the three to rise in the morning, and on looking for my pretty match-box, I found it was gone. This was rather awkward, — not on account of the loss, but of the unavoidable fact that one of my fellow-lodgers must have taken it. I must try to find out what it meant.

"By the way, Doctor, have you seen anything of a little plaid-pattern match-box?"

The Doctor put his hand to his pocket, and, to his own huge surprise and my great gratification, pulled out *two* match-boxes exactly alike, both printed with the Macpherson plaid. One was his, the other mine, which he had seen lying round, and naturally took for his own, thrusting it into his pocket, where it found its twin-brother from the same workshop. In memory of which event we exchanged boxes, like two Homeric heroes.

This curious coincidence illustrates well enough some supposed cases of *plagiarism*, of which I will mention one where my name figured. When a little poem called "The Two Streams" was first printed, a writer in the New York "Evening Post" virtually accused the author of it of borrowing the thought from a baccalaureate sermon of President Hopkins, of Williamstown, and printed a quotation from that discourse, which, as I thought, a thief or catchpoll might well consider as establishing a fair presumption that it was so borrowed. I was at the same time wholly unconscious of ever having met with the discourse or the sentence which the verses were most like, nor do I believe I ever had seen or heard either. Some time after this, happening to meet my eloquent cousin, Wendell Phillips, I mentioned the fact to him, and he told me that *he* had once used the special image said to be borrowed, in a discourse delivered at Williamstown. On relating this to my friend Mr. Buchanan Read, he informed me that *he*, too, had used the image,—perhaps referring to his poem called "The Twins." He thought Tennyson had used it also. The parting of the streams on the Alps

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is poetically elaborated in a passage attributed to "M. Loisne," printed in the Boston "Evening Transcript" for October 23d, 1859. Captain, afterwards Sir Francis Head, speaks of the showers parting on the Cordilleras, one portion going to the Atlantic, one to the Pacific. I found the image running loose in my mind, without a halter. It suggested itself as an illustration of the will, and I worked the poem out by the aid of Mitchell's School Atlas. — The spores of a great many ideas are floating about in the atmosphere. We no more know where all the growths of our mind came from than where the lichens which eat the names off from the gravestones borrowed the germs that gave them birth. The two match-boxes were just alike, but neither was a plagiarism.

In the morning I took to the same wagon once more, but, instead of James Grayden, I was to have for my driver a young man who spelt his name "Phillip Ottenheimer," and whose features at once showed him to be an Israelite. I found him agreeable enough, and disposed to talk. So I asked him many questions about his religion, and got some answers that sound strangely in Christian ears. He was from Wittenberg, and had been educated in strict Jewish fashion. From his childhood he had read Hebrew, but was not much of a scholar otherwise. A young person of his race lost caste utterly by marrying a Christian. The Founder of our religion was considered by the Israelites to have been "a right smart man, and a great doctor." But the horror with which the reading of the New Testament by any young person of their faith would be regarded was as great, I judged by his language, as that of one of our straitest sectaries would be, if he found his son or daughter perusing the "Age of Reason."

In approaching Frederick, the singular beauty of its clustered spires struck me very much, so that I was not surprised to find "Fair-View" laid down about this point on a railroad-map. I wish some wandering photographer would take a picture of the place, a stereoscopic one, if possible, to show how gracefully, how charmingly, its group of steeples nestles among the Maryland hills. The town had a poetical look from a distance, as if seers and dreamers might dwell there. The first sign I read, on entering its long street, might perhaps be considered as confirming my remote impression. It bore these words: "Miss Ogle, Past, Present, and Future." On arriving, I visited Lieutenant Abbott, and the attenuated unhappy gentleman, his neighbor, sharing between them as my parting gift what I had left of the balsam known to the Pharmacopœia as *Spiritus Vini Gallici*. I took advantage of General Shriver's always open door to write a letter home, but had not time to partake of his offered hospitality. The railroad-bridge over the Monocacy had been rebuilt since I passed through Frederick, and we trundled along over the track toward Baltimore.

It was a disappointment, on reaching the Eutaw House, where I had ordered all communications to be addressed, to find no telegraphic message from Philadelphia or Boston, stating that Captain H. had arrived at the former place, "wound doing well in good spirits expects to leave soon for Boston." After all, it was no great matter; the Captain was, no doubt, snugly lodged before this in the house called Beautiful, at * * * * Walnut Street, where that "grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion" had already welcomed him, smiling, though "the water stood in her eyes," and had "called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family."

The friends I had met at the Eutaw House had all gone but one, the lady of an officer from Boston, who was most amiable and agreeable, and whose benevolence, as I afterwards learned, soon reached the invalids I had left suffering at Frederick. General Wool still walked the corridors, inexpansive, with Fort McHenry on his shoulders, and Baltimore in his breeches-pocket, and his courteous aid again pressed

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upon me his kind offices. About the doors of the hotel the news-boys cried the papers in plaintive, wailing tones, as different from the sharp accents of their Boston counterparts as a sigh from the southwest is from a northeastern breeze. To understand what they said was, of course, impossible to any but an educated ear, and if I made out "Stŏarr" and "Clipp'rr," it was because I knew beforehand what must be the burden of their advertising coranach.

I set out for Philadelphia on the morrow, Tuesday the twenty-third, there beyond question to meet my Captain, once more united to his brave wounded companions under that roof which covers a household of as noble hearts as ever throbbed with human sympathies. Back River, Bush River, Gunpowder Creek, — lives there the man with soul so dead that his memory has cerements to wrap up these senseless names in the same envelopes with their meaningless localities? But the Susquehanna, — the broad, the beautiful, the historical, the poetical Susquehanna, — the river of Wyoming and of Gertrude, dividing the shores where

"ave those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town," —

did not my heart renew its allegiance to the poet who has made it lovely to the imagination as well as to the eye, and so identified his fame with the noble stream that it "rolls mingling with his fame forever"? The prosaic traveller perhaps remembers it better from the fact that a great sea-monster, in the shape of a steamboat, takes him, sitting in the car, on its back, and swims across with him like Arion's dolphin, — also that mercenary men on board offer him canvas-backs in the season, and ducks of lower degree at other periods.

At Philadelphia again at last! Drive fast, O colored man and brother, to the house called Beautiful, where my Captain lies sore wounded, waiting for the sound of the chariot-wheels which bring to his bedside the face and the voice nearer than any save one to his heart in this his hour of pain and weakness! Up a long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off at right angles into another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off again at another right angle into still another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. The natives of this city pretend to know one street from another by some individual differences of aspect; but the best way for a stranger to distinguish the streets he has been in from others is to make a cross or other mark on the white shutters.

This corner-house is the one. Ring softly, — for the Lieutenant-Colonel lies there with a dreadfully wounded arm, and two sons of the family, one wounded like the Colonel, one fighting with death in the fog of a typhoid fever, will start with fresh pangs at the least sound you can make. I entered the house, but no cheerful smile met me. The sufferers were each of them thought to be in a critical condition. The fourth bed, waiting its tenant day after day, was still empty. *Not a word from my Captain.*

Then, foolish, fond body that I was, my heart sank within me. Had he been taken ill on the road, perhaps been attacked with those formidable symptoms which sometimes come on suddenly after wounds that seemed to be doing well enough, and was his life ebbing away in some lonely cottage, nay, in some cold barn or shed, or at the way-side, unknown, uncared for? Somewhere between Philadelphia and Hagerstown, if not at the latter town, he must be, at any rate. I must sweep the hundred and eighty miles between these places as one would sweep a chamber where a precious pearl had been dropped. I must have a companion in my search, partly to help me look about, and partly because I was getting nervous and felt lonely. *Charley* said he would go with me, — Charley, my Captain's beloved friend, gentle, but full of spirit and liveliness, cultivated, social, affectionate, a good talker, a most agreeable letter-writer, observing, with large relish of life, and keen sense of humor.

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He was not well enough to go, some of the timid ones said; but he answered by packing his carpet-bag, and in an hour or two we were on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad in full blast for Harrisburg.

I should have been a forlorn creature but for the presence of my companion. In his delightful company I half forgot my anxieties, which, exaggerated as they may seem now, were not unnatural after what I had seen of the confusion and distress that had followed the great battle, nay, which seem almost justified by the recent statement that "high officers" were buried after that battle whose names were never ascertained. I noticed little matters, as usual. The road was filled in between the rails with cracked stones, such as are used for Macadamizing streets. They keep the dust down, I suppose, for I could not think of any other use for them. By-and-by the glorious valley which stretches along through Chester and Lancaster Counties opened upon us. Much as I had heard of the fertile regions of Pennsylvania, the vast scale and the uniform luxuriance of this region astonished me. The grazing pastures were so green, the fields were under such perfect culture, the cattle looked so sleek, the houses were so comfortable, the barns so ample, the fences so well kept, that I did not wonder, when I was told that this region was called the England of Pennsylvania. The people whom we saw were, like the cattle, well-nourished; the young women looked round and wholesome.

"*Grass makes girls,*" I said to my companion, and left him to work out my Orphic saying, thinking to myself, that, as guano makes grass, it was a legitimate conclusion that Ichaboe must be a nursery of female loveliness.

As the train stopped at the different stations, I inquired at each if they had any wounded officers. None as yet; the red rays of the battle-field had not streamed off so far as this. Evening found us in the cars; they lighted candles in spring-candlesticks; odd enough I thought it in the land of oil-wells and unmeasured floods of kerosene. Some fellows turned up the back of a seat so as to make it horizontal, and began gambling or pretending to gamble; it looked as if they were trying to pluck a young countryman; but appearances are deceptive, and no deeper stake than "drinks for the crowd" seemed at last to be involved. But remembering that murder has tried of late years to establish itself as an institution in the cars, I was less tolerant of the doings of these "sportsmen" who tried to turn our public conveyance into a travelling Frascati. They acted as if they were used to it, and nobody seemed to pay much attention to their manœuvres.

We arrived at Harrisburg in the course of the evening, and attempted to find our way to the Jones House, to which we had been commended. By some mistake, intentional on the part of somebody, as it may have been, or purely accidental, we went to the Herr House instead. I entered my name in the book, with that of my companion. A plain, middle-aged man stepped up, read it to himself in low tones, and coupled to it a literary title by which I have been sometimes known. He proved to be a graduate of Brown University, and had heard a certain Phi Beta Kappa poem delivered there a good many years ago. I remembered it, too; Professor Goddard, whose sudden and singular death left such lasting regret, was the Orator. I recollect that while I was speaking a drum went by the church, and how I was disgusted to see all the heads near the windows thrust out of them, as if the building were on fire. *Cedat armis toga.* The clerk in the office, a mild, pensive, unassuming young man, was very polite in his manners, and did all he could to make us comfortable. He was of a literary turn, and knew one of his guests in his character of author. At tea, a mild old gentleman, with white hair and beard, sat next us. He, too, had come hunting after his son, a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment. Of these, father and son, more presently.

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After tea we went to look up Dr. Wilson, chief medical officer of the hospitals in the place, who was staying at the Brady House. A magnificent old toddy-mixer, Bardolphian in hue and stern of aspect, as all grog-dispensers must be, accustomed as they are to dive through the features of men to the bottom of their souls and pockets to see whether they are solvent to the amount of sixpence, answered my question by a wave of one hand, the other being engaged in carrying a dram to his lips. His superb indifference gratified my artistic feeling more than it wounded my personal sensibilities. Anything really superior in its line claims my homage, and this man was the ideal bar-tender, above all vulgar passions, untouched by commonplace sympathies, himself a lover of the liquid happiness he dispenses, and filled with a fine scorn of all those lesser felicities conferred by love or fame or wealth or any of the roundabout agencies for which his fiery elixir is the cheap, all-powerful substitute.

Dr. Wilson was in bed, though it was early in the evening, not having slept for I don't know how many nights.

"Take my card up to him, if you please."

"This way, Sir."

A man who has not slept for a fortnight or so is not expected to be as affable, when attacked in his bed, as a French princess of old time at her morning-receptions. Dr. Wilson turned toward me, as I entered, without effusion, but without rudeness. His thick, dark moustache was chopped off square at the lower edge of the upper lip, which implied a decisive, if not a peremptory, style of character.

I am Doctor So-and-So, of Hub-town, looking after my wounded son. (I gave my name and said *Boston*, of course, in reality.)

Dr. Wilson leaned on his elbow and looked up in my face, his features growing cordial. Then he put out his hand, and good-humoredly excused his reception of me. The day before, as he told me, he had dismissed from the service a medical man hailing from ********, Pennsylvania, bearing my last name, preceded by the same two initials; and he supposed, when my card came up, it was this individual who was disturbing his slumbers. The coincidence was so unlikely *a priori*, unless some forlorn parent without antecedents had named a child after me, that I could not help cross-questioning the Doctor, who assured me deliberately that the fact was just as he had said, even to the somewhat unusual initials. Dr. Wilson very kindly furnished me all the information in his power, gave me directions for telegraphing to Chambersburg, and showed every disposition to serve me.

On returning to the Herr House, we found the mild, white-haired old gentleman in a very happy state. He had just discovered his son, in a comfortable condition, at the United States Hotel. He thought that he could probably give us some information which would prove interesting. To the United States Hotel we repaired, then, in company with our kind-hearted old friend, who evidently wanted to see me as happy as himself. He went up-stairs to his son's chamber, and presently came down to conduct us there.

Lieutenant P——, of the Pennsylvania ——th, was a very fresh, bright-looking young man, lying in bed from the effects of a recent injury received in action. A grape-shot, after passing through a post and a board, had struck him in the hip, bruising, but not penetrating or breaking. He had good news for me.

That very afternoon, a party of wounded officers had passed through Harrisburg, going East. He had conversed in the bar-room of this hotel with one of them, who was wounded about the shoulder, (it might be the lower part of the neck,) and had his arm in a sling. He belonged to the Twentieth Massachusetts; the Lieutenant saw that he was a Captain, by the two bars on his shoulder-strap. His name was my family-name; he was tall and youthful, like my Cap-

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tain. At four o'clock he left in the train for Philadelphia. Closely questioned, the Lieutenant's evidence was as round, complete, and lucid as a Japanese sphere of rock-crystal.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS! The Lord's name be praised! The dead pain in the semilunar ganglion (which I must remind my reader is a kind of stupid, unreasoning brain, beneath the pit of the stomach, common to man and beast, which aches in the supreme moments of life, as when the dam loses her young ones, or the wild horse is lassoed) stopped short. There was a feeling as if I had slipped off a tight boot, or cut a strangling garter, — only it was all over my system. What more could I ask to assure me of the Captain's safety? As soon as the telegraph-office opens tomorrow morning, we will send a message to our friends in Philadelphia, and get a reply, doubtless, which will settle the whole matter.

The hopeful morrow dawned at last, and the message was sent accordingly. In due time, the following reply was received: —

"Phil Sept 24 I think the report you have heard that W [the Captain] has gone East must be an error we have not seen or heard of him here M L H"

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI! He *could* not have passed through Philadelphia without visiting the house called Beautiful, where he had been so tenderly cared for after his wound at Ball's Bluff, and where those whom he loved were lying in grave peril of life or limb. Yet he *did* pass through Harrisburg, going East, going to Philadelphia, on his way home. Ah, this is it! He must have taken the late night-train from Philadelphia for New York, in his impatience to reach home. There is such a train, not down in the guide-book, but we were assured of the fact at the Harrisburg depot. By-and-by came the reply from Dr. Wilson's telegraphic message: nothing had been heard of the Captain at Chambersburg. Still later, another message came from our Philadelphia friend, saying that he was seen on *Friday* last at the house of Mrs. K——, a well-known Union lady, in Hagerstown. Now this could not be true, for he did not leave Keedysville until *Saturday;* but the name of the lady furnished a clue by which we could probably track him. A telegram was at once sent to Mrs. K——, asking information. It was transmitted immediately, but when the answer would be received was uncertain, as the Government almost monopolized the line. I was, on the whole, so well satisfied that the Captain had gone East, that, unless something were heard to the contrary, I proposed following him in the late train, leaving a little after midnight for Philadelphia.

This same morning we visited several of the temporary hospitals, churches and school-houses, where the wounded were lying. In one of these, after looking round as usual, I asked aloud, "Any Massachusetts men here?" Two bright faces lifted themselves from their pillows and welcomed me by name. The one nearest me was private John B. Noyes, of Company B, Massachusetts Thirteenth, son of my old college class-tutor, now the reverend and learned Professor of Hebrew, etc., in Harvard University. His neighbor was Corporal Armstrong, of the same Company. Both were slightly wounded, doing well. I learned then and since from Mr. Noyes that they and their comrades were completely overwhelmed by the attentions of the good people of Harrisburg, — that the ladies brought them fruits and flowers, and smiles, better than either, — and that the little boys of the place were almost fighting for the privilege of doing their errands. I am afraid there will be a good many hearts pierced in this war that will have no bullet-mark to show.

There were some heavy hours to get rid of, and we thought a visit to Camp Curtin might lighten some of them. A rickety wagon carried us to the camp, in company with a young woman from Troy, who had a basket of good things with her for a sick brother. "Poor boy! he will

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be sure to die," she said. The rustic sentries uncrossed their muskets and let us in. The camp was on a fair plain, girdled with hills, spacious, well-kept apparently, but did not present any peculiar attraction for us. The visit would have been a dull one, had we not happened to get sight of a singular-looking set of human beings in the distance. They were clad in stuff of different hues, gray and brown being the leading shades, but both subdued by a neutral tint, such as is wont to harmonize the variegated apparel of travel-stained vagabonds. They looked slouchy, listless, torpid, — an ill-conditioned crew, at first sight, made up of such fellows as an old woman would drive away from her hen-roost with a broomstick. Yet these were estrays from the fiery army which has given our generals so much trouble, — "Secesh prisoners," as a bystander told us. A talk with them might be profitable and entertaining. But they were tabooed to the common visitor, and it was necessary to get inside of the line which separated us from them.

A solid, square captain was standing near by, to whom we were referred. Look a man calmly through the very centre of his pupils and ask him for anything with a tone implying entire conviction that he will grant it, and he will very commonly consent to the thing asked, were it to commit *hari-kari*. The Captain acceded to my postulate, and accepted my friend as a corollary. As one string of my own ancestors was of Batavian origin, I may be permitted to say that my new friend was of the Dutch type, like the Amsterdam galiots, broad in the beam, capacious in the hold, and calculated to carry a heavy cargo rather than to make fast time. He must have been in politics at some time or other, for he made orations to all the "Secesh," in which he explained to them that the United States considered and treated them like children, and enforced upon them the ridiculous impossibility of the Rebels' attempting to do anything against such a power as that of the National Government.

Much as his discourse edified them and enlightened me, it interfered somewhat with my little plans of entering into frank and friendly talk with some of these poor fellows, for whom I could not help feeling a kind of human sympathy, though I am as venomous a hater of the Rebellion as one is like to find under the stars and stripes. It is fair to take a man prisoner. It is fair to make speeches to a man. But to take a man prisoner and then make speeches to him while in durance is *not* fair.

I began a few pleasant conversations, which would have come to something but for the reason assigned.

One old fellow had a long beard, a drooping eyelid, and a black clay pipe in his mouth. He was a Scotchman from Ayr, *dour* enough, and little disposed to be communicative, though I tried him with the "Twa Briggs," and, like all Scotchmen, he was a reader of "Burrns." He professed to feel no interest in the cause for which he was fighting, and was in the army, I judged, only from compulsion. There was a wild-haired, unsoaped boy, with pretty, foolish features enough, who looked as if he might be about seventeen, as he said he was. I give my questions and his answers literally.

"What State do you come from?"

"Georgy."

"What part of Georgia?"

"*Midway.*"

—[How odd that is! My father was settled for seven years as pastor over the church at Midway, Georgia, and this youth is very probably a grandson or great-grandson of one of his parishioners.]—

"Where did you go to church, when you were at home?"

"Never went inside 'f a church b't once in m' life."

"What did you do before you became a soldier?"

"Nothin'."

"What do you mean to do when you get back?"

"Nothin'."

Who could have any other feeling than

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pity for this poor human weed, this dwarfed and etiolated soul, doomed by neglect to an existence but one degree above that of the idiot?

With the group was a lieutenant, buttoned close in his gray coat,—one button gone, perhaps to make a breastpin for some fair traitorous bosom. A short, stocky man, undistinguishable from one of the "subject race" by any obvious meanderings of the *sangre azul* on his exposed surfaces. He did not say much, possibly because he was convinced by the statements and arguments of the Dutch captain. He had on strong, iron-heeled shoes, of English make, which he said cost him seventeen dollars in Richmond.

I put the question, in a quiet, friendly way, to several of the prisoners, what they were fighting for. One answered, "For our homes." Two or three others said they did not know, and manifested great indifference to the whole matter, at which another of their number, a sturdy fellow, took offence, and muttered opinions strongly derogatory to those who would not stand up for the cause they had been fighting for. A feeble, attenuated old man, who wore the Rebel uniform, if such it could be called, stood by without showing any sign of intelligence. It was cutting very close to the bone to carve such a shred of humanity from the body-politic to make a soldier of.

We were just leaving, when a face attracted me, and I stopped the party. "That is the true Southern type," I said to my companion. A young fellow, a little over twenty, rather tall, slight, with a perfectly smooth, boyish cheek, delicate, somewhat high features, and a fine, almost feminine mouth, stood at the opening of his tent, and as we turned towards him fidgeted a little nervously with one hand at the loose canvas, while he seemed at the same time not unwilling to talk. He was from Mississippi, he said, had been at Georgetown College, and was so far imbued with letters that even the name of the literary humility before him was not new to his ears. Of course I found it easy to come into magnetic relation with him, and to ask him without incivility what *he* was fighting for. "Because I like the excitement of it," he answered.—I know those fighters with women's mouths and boys' cheeks; one such from the circle of my own friends, sixteen years old, slipped away from his nursery and dashed in under an assumed name among the red-legged Zouaves, in whose company he got an ornamental bullet-mark in one of the earliest conflicts of the war.

"Did you ever see a genuine Yankee?" said my Philadelphia friend to the young Mississippian.

"I have shot at a good many of them," he replied, modestly, his woman's mouth stirring a little, with a pleasant, dangerous smile.

The Dutch captain here put his foot into the conversation, as his ancestors used to put theirs into the scale, when they were buying furs of the Indians by weight,—so much for the weight of a hand, so much for the weight of a foot. It deranged the balance of our intercourse; there was no use in throwing a fly where a paving-stone had just splashed into the water, and I nodded a good-bye to the boy-fighter, thinking how much pleasanter it was for my friend the Captain to address him with unanswerable arguments and crushing statements in his own tent than it would be to meet him on some remote picket and offer his fair proportions to the quick eye of a youngster who would draw a bead on him before he had time to say *dunder and blixum*.

We drove back to the town. No message. After dinner still no message. Dr. Cuyler, Chief Army-Hospital Inspector, is in town, they say. Let us hunt him up,—perhaps he can help us.

We found him at the Jones House. A gentleman of large proportions, but of lively temperament, his frame knit in the North, I think, but ripened in Georgia, incisive, prompt, but good-humored, wearing his broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned felt hat with the least possible tilt on one side,—a sure sign of exuberant vitality

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in a mature and dignified person like him, — business-like in his ways, and not to be interrupted while occupied with another, but giving himself up heartily to the claimant who held him for the time. He was so genial, so cordial, so encouraging, that it seemed as if the clouds, which had been thick all the morning, broke away as we came into his presence, and the sunshine of his large nature filled the air all around us. He took the matter in hand at once, as if it were his own private affair. In ten minutes he had a second telegraphic message on its way to Mrs. K—— at Hagerstown, sent through the Government channel from the State Capitol, — one so direct and urgent that I should be sure of an answer to it, whatever became of the one I had sent in the morning.

While this was going on, we hired a dilapidated barouche, driven by an odd young native, neither boy nor man, "as a codling when 't is almost an apple," who said *wery* for very, simple and sincere, who smiled faintly at our pleasantries, always with a certain reserve of suspicion, and a gleam of the shrewdness that all men get who live in the atmosphere of horses. He drove us round by the Capitol grounds, white with tents, which were disgraced in my eyes by unsoldierly scrawls in huge letters, thus: THE SEVEN BLOOMSBURY BROTHERS, DEVIL'S HOLE, and similar inscriptions. Then to the Beacon Street of Harrisburg, which looks upon the Susquehanna instead of the Common, and shows a long front of handsome houses with fair gardens. The river is pretty nearly a mile across here, but very shallow now. The codling told us that a Rebel spy had been caught trying its fords a little while ago, and was now at Camp Curtin with a heavy ball chained to his leg, — a popular story, but a lie, Dr. Wilson said. A little farther along we came to the barkless stump of the tree to which Mr. Harris, the Cecrops of the city named after him, was tied by the Indians for some unpleasant operation of scalping or roasting, when he was rescued by friendly savages, who paddled across the stream to save him. Our youngling pointed out a very respectable-looking stone house as having been "built by the Indians" about those times. Guides have queer notions occasionally.

I was at Niagara just when Dr. Rae arrived there with his companions and dogs and things from his Arctic search after the lost navigator.

"Who are those?" I said to my conductor.

"Them?" he answered. "Them 's the men that 's been out West, out to Michig'n, aft' *Sir Ben Franklin.*"

Of the other sights of Harrisburg the Brant House or Hotel, or whatever it is called, seems most worth notice. Its *façade* is imposing, with a row of stately columns, high above which a broad sign impends, like a crag over the brow of a lofty precipice. The lower floor only appeared to be open to the public. Its tessellated pavement and ample courts suggested the idea of a temple where great multitudes might kneel uncrowded at their devotions; but, from appearances about the place where the altar should be, I judged, that, if one asked the officiating priest for the cup which cheers and likewise inebriates, his prayer would not be unanswered. The edifice recalled to me a similar phenomenon I had once looked upon, — the famous Caffè Pedrocchi at Padua. It was the same thing in Italy and America: a rich man builds himself a mausoleum, and calls it a place of entertainment. The fragrance of innumerable libations and the smoke of incense-breathing cigars and pipes shall ascend day and night through the arches of his funeral monument. What are the poor dips which flare and flicker on the crowns of spikes that stand at the corners of St. Genevieve's filigree-cased sarcophagus to this perpetual offering of sacrifice?

Ten o'clock in the evening was approaching. The telegraph-office would presently close, and as yet there were no tidings from Hagerstown. Let us step over and see for ourselves. A message! A message!

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"*Captain H still here leaves seven tomorrow for Harrisburg Penna Is doing well Mrs H K——.*"

A note from Dr. Cuyler to the same effect came soon afterwards to the hotel.

We shall sleep well to-night; but let us sit awhile with nubiferous, or, if we may coin a word, nepheligenous accompaniment, such as shall gently narcotize the over-wearied brain and fold its convolutions for slumber like the leaves of a lily at nightfall. For now the over-tense nerves are all unstraining themselves, and a buzz, like that which comes over one who stops after being long jolted upon an uneasy pavement, makes the whole frame alive with a luxurious languid sense of all its inmost fibres. Our cheerfulness ran over, and the mild, pensive clerk was so magnetized by it that he came and sat down with us. He presently confided to me, with infinite *naïveté* and ingenuousness, that, judging from my personal appearance, he should not have thought me the writer that he in his generosity reckoned me to be. His conception, so far as I could reach it, involved a huge, uplifted forehead, embossed with protuberant organs of the intellectual faculties, such as all writers are supposed to possess in abounding measure. While I fell short of his ideal in this respect, he was pleased to say that he found me by no means the remote and inaccessible personage he had imagined. and that I had nothing of the dandy about me, which last compliment I had a modest consciousness of most abundantly deserving.

Sweet slumbers brought us to the morning of Thursday. The train from Hagerstown was due at 11.15 A. M. We took another ride behind the codling, who showed us the sights of yesterday over again. Being in a gracious mood of mind, I enlarged on the varying aspects of the town-pumps and other striking objects which we had once inspected, as seen by the different lights of evening and morning. After this, we visited the school-house hospital. A fine young fellow, whose arm had been shattered, was just falling into the spasms of lockjaw. The beads of sweat stood large and round on his flushed and contracted features. He was under the effect of opiates, — why not (if his case was desperate, as it seemed to be considered) stop his sufferings with chloroform? It was suggested that it might *shorten life*. "What then?" I said. "Are a dozen additional spasms worth living for?"

The time approached for the train to arrive from Hagerstown, and we went to the station. I was struck, while waiting there, with what seemed to me a great want of care for the safety of the people standing round. Just after my companion and myself had stepped off the track, I noticed a car coming quietly along at a walk, as one may say, without engine, without visible conductor, without any person heralding its approach, so silently, so insidiously, that I could not help thinking how very near it came to flattening out me and my match-box worse than the Ravel pantomimist and his snuff-box were flattened out in the play. The train was late, — fifteen minutes, half an hour late, — and I began to get nervous, lest something had happened. While I was looking for it, out started a freight-train, as if on purpose to meet the cars I was expecting, for a grand smash-up. I shivered at the thought, and asked an *employé* of the road, with whom I had formed an acquaintance a few minutes old, why there should not be a collision of the expected train with this which was just going out. He smiled an official smile, and answered that they arranged to prevent that, or words to that effect.

Twenty-four hours had not passed from that moment when a collision *did* occur, just out of the city, where I feared it, by which at least eleven persons were killed, and from forty to sixty more were maimed and crippled!

To-day there was the delay spoken of, but nothing worse. The expected train came in so quietly that I was almost startled to see it on the track. Let us walk calmly through the cars, and look around us.

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In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain; there saw I him, even my first-born, whom I had sought through many cities.

"How are you, Boy?"

"How are you, Dad?"

Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the Prime-Minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard, — nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture.

These are times in which we cannot live solely for selfish joys or griefs. I had not let fall the hand I held, when a sad, calm voice addressed me by name. I fear that at the moment I was too much absorbed in my own feelings; for certainly at any other time I should have yielded myself without stint to the sympathy which this meeting might well call forth.

"You remember my son, Cortland Saunders, whom I brought to see you once in Boston?"

"I do remember him well."

"He was killed on Monday, at Shepherdstown. I am carrying his body back with me on this train. He was my only child. If you could come to my house, — I can hardly call it my home now, — it would be a pleasure to me."

This young man, belonging in Philadelphia, was the author of a "New System of Latin Paradigms," a work showing extraordinary scholarship and capacity. It was this book which first made me acquainted with him, and I kept him in my memory, for there was genius in the youth. Some time afterwards he came to me with a modest request to be introduced to President Felton, and one or two others, who would aid him in a course of independent study he was proposing to himself. I was most happy to smooth the way for him, and he came repeatedly after this to see me and express his satisfaction in the opportunities for study he enjoyed at Cambridge. He was a dark, still, slender person, always with a trance-like remoteness, a mystic dreaminess of manner, such as I never saw in any other youth. Whether he heard with difficulty, or whether his mind reacted slowly on an alien thought, I could not say; but his answer would often be behind time, and then a vague, sweet smile, or a few words spoken under his breath, as if he had been trained in sick men's chambers. For such a youth, seemingly destined for the inner life of contemplation, to be a soldier seemed almost unnatural. Yet he spoke to me of his intention to offer himself to his country, and his blood must now be reckoned among the precious sacrifices which will make her soil sacred forever. Had he lived, I doubt not that he would have redeemed the rare promise of his earlier years. He has done better, for he has died that unborn generations may attain the hopes held out to our nation and to mankind.

So, then, I had been within ten miles of the place where my wounded soldier was lying, and then calmly turned my back upon him to come once more round by a journey of three or four hundred miles to the same region I had left! No mysterious attraction warned me that the heart warm with the same blood as mine was throbbing so near my own. I thought of that lovely, tender passage where Gabriel glides unconsciously by Evangeline upon the great river. Ah, me! if that railroad-crash had been a few hours earlier, we two should never have met again, after coming so close to each other!

The source of my repeated disappointments was soon made clear enough. The Captain had gone to Hagerstown, intending to take the cars at once for Philadelphia, as his three friends actually did do, and as I took it for granted he certainly would. But as he walked languidly along, some ladies saw him across the

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street, and seeing, were moved with pity, and pitying, spoke such soft words that he was tempted to accept their invitation and rest awhile beneath their hospitable roof. The mansion was old, as the dwellings of gentlefolks should be; the ladies were some of them young, and all were full of kindness; there were gentle cares, and unasked luxuries, and pleasant talk, and music-sprinklings from the piano, with a sweet voice to keep them company, — and all this after the swamps of the Chickahominy, the mud and flies of Harrison's Landing, the dragging marches, the desperate battles, the fretting wound, the jolting ambulance, the log-house, and the rickety milk-cart! Thanks, uncounted thanks to the angelic ladies whose charming attentions detained him from Saturday to Thursday, to his great advantage and my infinite bewilderment! As for his wound, how could it do otherwise than well under such hands? The bullet had gone smoothly through, dodging everything but a few nervous branches, which would come right in time and leave him as well as ever.

At ten that evening we were in Philadelphia, the Captain at the house of the friends so often referred to, and I the guest of Charley, my kind companion. The Quaker element gives an irresistible attraction to these benignant Philadelphia households. Many things reminded me that I was no longer in the land of the Pilgrims. On the table were *Kool Slaa* and *Schmeer Kase*, but the good grandmother who dispensed with such quiet, simple grace these and more familiar delicacies was literally ignorant of *Baked Beans*, and asked if it was the Lima bean which was employed in that marvellous dish of animalized leguminous farina!

Charley was pleased with my comparing the face of the small Ethiop known to his household as "Tines" to a huckleberry with features. He also approved my parallel between a certain German blonde young maiden whom we passed in the street and the "Morris White" peach. But he was so good-humored at times, that, if one scratched a lucifer, he accepted it as an illumination.

A day in Philadelphia left a very agreeable impression of the outside of that great city, which has endeared itself so much of late to all the country by its most noble and generous care of our soldiers. Measured by its sovereign hotel, the Continental, it would stand at the head of our economic civilization. It provides for the comforts and conveniences, and many of the elegances of life, more satisfactorily than any American city, perhaps than any other city anywhere. It is not a breeding-place of ideas, which makes it a more agreeable residence for average people. It is the great neutral centre of the Continent, where the fiery enthusiasms of the South and the keen fanaticisms of the North meet at their outer limits, and result in a compound that turns neither litmus red nor turmeric brown. It lives largely on its traditions, of which, leaving out Franklin and Independence Hall, the most imposing must be considered its famous water-works. In my younger days I visited Fairmount, and it was with a pious reverence that I renewed my pilgrimage to that perennial fountain. Its watery ventricles were throbbing with the same systole and diastole as when, the blood of twenty years bounding in my own heart, I looked upon their giant mechanism. But in the place of "Pratt's Garden" was an open park, and the old house where Robert Morris held his court in a former generation was changing to a public restaurant. A suspension-bridge cobwebbed itself across the Schuylkill where that audacious arch used to leap the river at a single bound,—an arch of greater span, as they loved to tell us, than was ever before constructed. The Upper Ferry Bridge was to the Schuylkill what the Colossus was to the harbor of Rhodes. It had an air of dash about it which went far towards redeeming the dead level of respectable average which flattens the physiognomy of the rectangular city. Philadelphia will never be herself again until another Robert Mills and another Lewis

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Wernwag have shaped her a new palladium. She must leap the Schuylkill again, or old men will sadly shake their heads, like the Jews at the sight of the second temple, remembering the glories of that which it replaced.

There are times when Ethiopian minstrelsy can amuse, if it does not charm, a weary soul, — and such a vacant hour there was on this same Friday evening. The "opera-house" was spacious and admirably ventilated. As I was listening to the merriment of the sooty buffoons, I happened to cast my eyes up to the ceiling, and through an open semicircular window a bright solitary star looked me calmly in the eyes. It was a strange intrusion of the vast eternities beckoning from the infinite spaces. I called the attention of one of my neighbors to it, but "Bones" was irresistibly droll, and Arcturus, or Aldebaran, or whatever the blazing luminary may have been, with all his revolving worlds, sailed uncared-for down the firmament.

On Saturday morning we took up our line of march for New York. Mr. Felton, President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, had already called upon me, with a benevolent and sagacious look on his face which implied that he knew how to do me a service and meant to do it. Sure enough, when we got to the depot, we found a couch spread for the Captain, and both of us were passed on to New York with no visits, but those of civility, from the conductor. The best thing I saw on the route was a *rustic fence*, near Elizabethtown, I think, but I am not quite sure. There was more genius in it than in any structure of the kind I have ever seen, — each length being of a special pattern, ramified, reticulated, contorted, as the limbs of the trees had grown. I trust some friend will photograph or stereograph this fence for me, to go with the view of the spires of Frederick already referred to, as mementos of my journey.

I had come to feeling that I knew most of the respectably dressed people whom I met in the cars, and had been in contact with them at some time or other. Three or four ladies and gentlemen were near us, forming a group by themselves. Presently one addressed me by name, and, on inquiry, I found him to be the gentleman who was with me in the pulpit as Orator on the occasion of another Phi Beta Kappa poem, one delivered at New Haven. The party were very courteous and friendly, and contributed in various ways to our comfort.

It sometimes seems to me as if there were only about a thousand people in the world, who keep going round and round behind the scenes and then before them, like the "army" in a beggarly stage-show. Suppose I should really wish, some time or other, to get away from this everlasting circle of revolving supernumeraries, where should I buy a ticket the like of which was not in some of their pockets, or find a seat to which some one of them was not a neighbor?

A little less than a year before, after the Ball's-Bluff accident, the Captain, then the Lieutenant, and myself had reposed for a night on our homeward journey at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, where we were lodged on the ground-floor, and fared sumptuously. We were not so peculiarly fortunate this time, the house being really very full. Farther from the flowers and nearer to the stars, — to reach the neighborhood of which last the *per ardua* of three or four flights of stairs was formidable for any mortal, wounded or well. The "vertical railway" settled that for us, however. It is a giant corkscrew forever pulling a mammoth cork, which, by some divine judgment, is no sooner drawn than it is replaced in its position. This ascending and descending stopper is hollow, carpeted, with cushioned seats, and is watched over by two condemned souls, called conductors, one of whom is said to be named Ixion, and the other Sisyphus.

I love New York, because, as in Paris, everybody that lives in it feels that it is his property, — at least, as much as it is anybody's. My Broadway, in particular, I love almost as I used to love my Boule-

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vards. I went, therefore, with peculiar interest, on the day that we rested at our grand hotel, to visit some new pleasure-grounds the citizens had been arranging for us, and which I had not yet seen. The Central Park is an expanse of wild country, well crumpled so as to form ridges which will give views and hollows that will hold water. The hips and elbows and other bones of Nature stick out here and there in the shape of rocks which give character to the scenery, and an unchangeable, unpurchasable look to a landscape that without them would have been in danger of being fattened by art and money out of all its native features. The roads were fine, the sheets of water beautiful, the bridges handsome, the swans elegant in their deportment, the grass green and as short as a fast horse's winter coat. I could not learn whether it was kept so by clipping or singeing. I was delighted with my new property, — but it cost me four dollars to get there, so far was it beyond the Pillars of Hercules of the fashionable quarter. What it will be by-and-by depends on circumstances; but at present it is as much central to New York as Brookline is central to Boston. The question is not between Mr. Olmsted's admirably arranged, but remote pleasure-ground and our Common, with its batrachian pool, but between his *Ex*centric Park and our finest suburban scenery, between its artificial reservoirs and the broad natural sheet of Jamaica Pond. I say this not invidiously, but in justice to the beauties which surround our own metropolis. To compare the situations of any dwellings in either of the great cities with those which look upon the Common, the Public Garden, the waters of the Back Bay, would be to take an unfair advantage of Fifth Avenue and Walnut Street. St. Botolph's daughter dresses in plainer clothes than her more stately sisters, but she wears an emerald on her right hand and a diamond on her left that Cybele herself need not be ashamed of.

On Monday morning, the twenty-ninth of September, we took the cars for *Home*. Vacant lots, with Irish and pigs; vegetable-gardens; straggling houses; the high bridge; villages, not enchanting; then Stamford; then NORWALK. Here, on the 6th of May, 1853, I passed close on the heels of the great disaster. But that my lids were heavy on that morning, my readers would probably have had no further trouble with me. Two of my friends saw the car in which they rode break in the middle and leave them hanging over the abyss. From Norwalk to Boston, that day's journey of two hundred miles was a long funeral-procession.

Bridgeport, waiting for Iranistan to rise from its ashes with all its phœnix-egg domes, — bubbles of wealth that broke, ready to be blown again, iridescent as ever, which is pleasant, for the world likes cheerful Mr. Barnum's success; New Haven, girt with flat marshes that look like monstrous billiard-tables, with hay-cocks lying about for balls, — romantic with West Rock and its legends, — cursed with a detestable depot, whose niggardly arrangements crowd the track so murderously close to the wall that the *peine forte et dure* must be the frequent penalty of an innocent walk on its platform, — with its neat carriages, metropolitan hotels, precious old college-dormitories, its vistas of elms and its dishevelled weeping-willows; Hartford, substantial, well-bridged, many-steepled city, — every conical spire an extinguisher of some nineteenth-century heresy; so onward, by and across the broad, shallow Connecticut, — dull red road and dark river woven in like warp and woof by the shuttle of the darting engine; then Springfield, the wide-meadowed, well-feeding, horse-loving, hot-summered, giant-treed town, — city among villages, village among cities; Worcester, with its Dædalian labyrinth of crossing railroad-bars, where the snorting Minotaurs, breathing fire and smoke and hot vapors, are stabled in their dens; Framingham, fair cup-bearer, leaf-cinctured Hebe of the deep-bosomed Queen sitting by the sea-side on the throne of the Six Nations. And now I begin to know the road, not by towns, but by single dwell-

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ings, not by miles, but by rods. The poles of the great magnet that draws in all the iron tracks through the grooves of all the mountains must be near at hand, for here are crossings, and sudden stops, and screams of alarmed engines heard all around. The tall granite obelisk comes into view far away on the left, its bevelled capstone sharp against the sky; the lofty chimneys of Charlestown and East Cambridge flaunt their smoky banners up in the thin air; and now one fair bosom of the three-hilled city, with its dome-crowned summit, reveals itself, as when many-breasted Ephesian Artemis appeared with half-open *chlamys* before her worshippers.

Fling open the window-blinds of the chamber that looks out on the waters and towards the western sun! Let the joyous light shine in upon the pictures that hang upon its walls and the shelves thick-set with the names of poets and philosophers and sacred teachers, in whose pages our boys learn that life is noble only when it is held cheap by the side of honor and of duty. Lay him in his own bed, and let him sleep off his aches and weariness. So comes down another night over this household, unbroken by any messenger of evil tidings, — a night of peaceful rest and grateful thoughts; for this our son and brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.

WAITING.

Drop, falling fruits and crispèd leaves!
  Ye tone a note of joy to me;
  Through the rough wind my soul sails free,
High over waves that Autumn heaves.

Such quickening is in Nature's death,
  Such life in every dying day, —
  The glowing year hath lost her sway,
Since Freedom waits her parting breath.

I watch the crimson maple-boughs,
  I know by heart each burning leaf,
  Yet would that like a barren reef
Stripped to the breeze those arms uprose!

Under the flowers my soldier lies!
  But come, thou chilling pall of snow,
  Lest he should hear who sleeps below
The yet unended captive cries!

Fade swiftly, then, thou lingering year!
  Test with the storms our eager powers;
  For chains are broken with the hours,
And Freedom walks upon thy bier.

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REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Eyes and Ears. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 419.

THERE is perhaps no man in America more widely known, more deeply loved, and more heartily hated than the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher. This little book, fragmentary and desultory as it is, gives us a key wherewith to unlock the mystery both of the extent of his influence and the depth of the feelings which he excites. It is but a shower of petals flung down by a frolicsome May breeze; but the beauty and brilliancy of their careless profusion furnish a hint of the real strength and substance and fruitfulness of the tree from which they sprang.

Within the compass of some four hundred pages we have about one hundred articles, most of which had previously appeared in weekly newspapers. They embrace, of course, every variety of subject, — grave and gay, practical and poetical. They are not such themes as come to a man in silence and solitude, to be wrought out with deep and deliberate conscientiousness; they are rather such as lie around one in his outgoing and his incoming, in the field and by the way-side, overlooked by the preoccupied multitude, but abundantly patent to the few who will not permit the memories or the hopes of life to thrust away its actualities, and, once pointed out, full of interest and amusement even to the absorbed and hitherto unconscious throngs. We have here no pale-browed, far-sighted philosopher, but a ruddy-faced, high-spirited man, cheerful-tempered, yet not *equilibrious*, susceptible to annoyance, capable of wrathful outbursts, with eyes to see all sweet sights, ears to hear all sweet sounds, and lips to sing their loveliness to others, and also with eyes and ears and lips just as keen to distinguish and just as bold to denounce the sights and sounds that are unlovely; — and this man, with his ringing laugh and his springing step, walks cheerily to and fro in his daily work, striking the rocks here and there by the way-side with his bright steel hammer, eliciting a shower of sparks from each, and then on to the next. It is not the serious business of his life, but its casual and almost careless experiments. He does not wait to watch effects. You may gather up the brushwood and build yourself a fire, if you like. His part of the affair is but a touch and go, — partly for love and partly for fun.

There are places where a severer taste, or perhaps only a more careful revision, would have changed somewhat. At times an exuberance of spirits carries him to the very verge of coarseness, but this is rare and exceptional. The fabric may be slightly ravelled at the ends and slightly rough at the selvedge, but in the main it is fine and smooth and lustrous as well as strong. A coarse nature carefully clipped and sheared and fashioned down to the commonplace of conventionality will often exhibit a negative refinement, while a mind of real and subtile delicacy, but of rugged and irrepressible individuality, will occasionally shoot out irregular and uncouth branches. Yet between the symmetry of the one and the spontaneity of the other the choice cannot be doubtful. We are not defending coarseness in any guise. It is always to be assailed, and never to be defended. It is always a detriment, and never an ornament. No excellence can justify it. No occasion can palliate it. But coarseness is of two kinds, — one of the surface, and one in the grain. The latter is pervading and irremediable. It touches nothing which it does not deface. It makes all things common and unclean. It grows more repulsive as the roundness of youth falls away and leaves its harsh features more sharply outlined. But the other coarseness is only the overgrowth of excellence, — the rankness of lusty life. It is vigor run wild. It is a fault, but it is local and temporal. Culture corrects it. As the mind matures, as experience accumulates, as the vision enlarges, the coarseness disappears, and the rich and healthful juices nourish instead a playful and cheerful serenity that illumines strength with a softened light, that disarms opposition and delights sympathy, that shines without dazzling and attracts without offending.

Here arises a fear lest the apologetic nature of our remarks may seem to indicate

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a much greater need of apology than actually exists. We have been led into this line of remark, not so much by a perusal of the book under consideration, in which, indeed, there is very little, if anything, to offend, as by the nature of the objections which we have most frequently heard against this author's productions, both written and spoken. We do not even confine ourselves to defence, but go farther, and question whether the allegations of coarseness may not oftener be the fault of the plaintiff than of the defendant. Is there not a conventional standard of refinement which measures things by its own arbitrary self, and finds material for displeasure in what is really but a sincere and almost unconscious rendering of things as they exist? There are facts which modern fastidiousness justly enough commands to be wrapped around with graceful drapery before they shall have audience. But do we not commit a trespass against virtue, when we demand the same soft disguises to drape facts whose disguise is the worst immorality, whose naked hideousness is the only decency, which must be seen disgusting to warrant their being seen at all? So Mr. Beecher has been censured for irreverence, when what was called his irreverence has seemed to us but the tenderness engendered of close connection. Cannot one live so near to God as that His greatness shall be merged in His goodness? What would be irreverence, if it came from the head, may be but love springing up warm from the heart.

One of the strongest characteristics of Mr. Beecher's mind, the one that has, perhaps, the strongest influence in producing his power over men, is his quick insight into common things, his quick sympathy with common minds. He knows common dangers. He understands common interests. He is sensitive to common sorrows. He appreciates common joys. Without necessarily being practical himself, he is full of practical suggestions. He is a leveller; but he levels up, not down. He continually seeks to lift men from the plane of mere toil and thrift to the loftier levels of aspiration. He would disinthrall them from what is low, and introduce them to the freedom of the heights. He would bring them out of the dungeons of the senses into the domains of taste and principles. He believes in man, and he battles for men. With him, humanity is chief: science, art, wealth are its handmaidens. Yet, writing for ordinary people, he never falls into the sin of declaiming against extraordinary ones. No part of his power over the poor is obtained by inveighing against the rich, as no part of his power over the rich is obtained by pandering to their prejudices or their passions. He builds up no influence for himself on the ruins of another man's influence. The elevation which he aims to produce is real, not factitious,—absolute, not relative. It is the elevation to be obtained by ascending the mountain, not by digging it away so that the valley seems no longer low by contrast.

For the manner of his teaching, he is not always gentle, but he is always sincere. He speaks soft words to persuade; but if that is not enough, he does not scruple to knock the muck-rake out of sordid hands with a fine, sudden stroke, if so he may make men look up from the rubbish under their feet to the flowers that bloom around them and the stars that glow above and the God that reigns over all.

Thinking of the multitudes of hard-working, weary-hearted people whom he weekly met with these words of cheer: sometimes homely advice on homely things; sometimes wise counsels in art; sometimes tender lessons from Nature; sometimes noble words from his own earnest soul; sometimes sympathy in sorrow; sometimes strength in weakness; sometimes only the indirect, but real help that comes from the mere distraction wrought by his sportiveness, and wild, winsome mirth; but all kindly, hearty, honest, sympathetic,—indignation softening, even while it surges, into pity and love, and itself finding or framing excuses for the very outrage which it lashes: thinking of this, we do not marvel that he has furrowed for himself so deep a groove in so many hearts. Nor, on the other hand, is it difficult to see, even from so genial a book as this, whence polemics are not so much banished as where there is no niche for them, should they apply, why it is that he is so fiercely opposed. When a man like Mr. Beecher encounters that which excites his moral disapprobation, there is no possibility of mistaking him. He flings himself against it with all the strength and might of his manly, uncompromising na-

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ture. There is no coquetting with the proprieties, no toning down of objurgation to meet the requirements of personal dignity, but an audacious and aggressive repugnance of the whole man to the meanness or malignity. And the very clearness of his vision gives terrible power to his vituperation. With his keen, bright eye he sees just where the vulnerable spot is, and with his firm, strong hand he sends the arrow in. The victim writhes and reels and — does not love the marksman. And as the victim has a large circle of relatives by birth and marriage, he inoculates them with his own animosity; and so, at a safe distance, Mr. Beecher is sometimes considerably torn in pieces. Yet we have no doubt that by far the greater number of these opponents would, if once fairly brought within the circle of his influence, acknowledge the truth as well as the force of his principles; and certainly it is a matter of surprise that a man with such a magnificent mastery of all the weapons of attack and defence should be so sparing and discreet in their use as is Mr. Beecher. In this book, compiled of articles thrown off upon the spur of the moment, with so much to amuse, to awaken, to suggest, and to inspire, there is hardly a sentence which can arouse antagonism or inflict pain. You may not agree with his conclusions, but you cannot resist his good-nature.

Long may he live to do yeoman's service in the cause of the beautiful and the true!

History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France from A. D. 1807 *to A. D.* 1814. By Major-General Sir W. F. P. Napier, K. C. B., etc. In Five Volumes, with Portraits and Plans. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

A new edition of the great military history of Sir William Napier, printed in the approved luxurious style which the good examples of the Cambridge University Press have made a necessity with all intelligent book-purchasers, calls at the present time for a special word of recognition. Of the merits and character of the work itself it is scarcely required that we should speak. An observer of, and participant in, the deeds which he describes, cautious, deliberate, keen-sighted, candid, and unsparing, General Napier's book has qualities seldom united in a single production. Southey wrote an eloquent history of the War in the Peninsula, perhaps as good a history as an author well-trained in compositions of the kind could be expected to produce at a distance. But that was its defect. It lacked that knowledge and judgment of a complicated series of events which could be acquired only on the field and by one possessed of consummate military training. On the other hand, we can seldom look for any laborious work of authorship from a general in active service. Men of action exhaust their energies in doing, and are usually impatient of the slow process of unwinding the tangled skein of events which at the moment they had been compelled to cut with the sword. It is by no means every campaign which furnishes the Commentaries of its Cæsar. To Sir William Napier, however, we are indebted for a work which has taken its place as a model history of modern campaigning. The protracted struggle of the Peninsular War through six full years of skilful operations, conducted by the greatest masters of military science, in a country whose topographical features called out the rarest resources of the art of war, at a time when the military system of Napoleon was at its height, summing up the experience of a quarter of a century in France of active military pursuits, — the story of sieges, marches, countermarches, lines of retreat and defence, followed by the most energetic assaults, blended with the disturbing political elements of the day at home and the contrarieties of the battle-field amidst a population foreign to both armies, — certainly presented a subject or series of subjects calculated to tax the powers of a conscientious writer to the uttermost. To furnish such a narrative was the work undertaken by General Napier. Sixteen years of unintermitted toil were given by him to the task. He spared no labor of research. Materials were placed at his disposal by the generals of both armies, by Soult and Wellington. The correspondence left behind in Spain by Joseph Bonaparte, written in three languages and partly in cipher of which the key had to be discovered, was patiently arranged, translated, and at length deciphered by Lady Napier, who also greatly assisted her husband in copying his manuscript,

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which, from the frequent changes made, was in effect transcribed three times. By such labors was the immense mass of contemporary evidence brought into order, clearly narrated, and submitted to exact scientific criticism. For it is the distinguishing characteristic of the book, that it is a critical history, constantly illuminating facts by principles and deducing the most important maxims of political and military science from the abundant material lavishly contributed by the virtues, follies, and superabundant exertions of three great nations in the heart of Europe, in the midst of the complex civilization of the nineteenth century. The ever earnest, animated style in which all this is written grows out of the subject and is supported by it, always rising naturally with the requirements of the occasion. If our officers in the field would learn how despatches should be written and a record of their exploits be prepared to catch the ear of posterity, let them give their leisure hours of the camp to the study of Napier. The public also may learn many lessons of patience and philosophy from these pages, when they turn from the book to the actual warfare writing its ineffaceable characters on so many fair fields of our own land.

The Patience of Hope. By the Author of "A Present Heaven." With an Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

As the method by which an individual soul reaches conclusions with regard to the Saviour and the conditions of salvation, "The Patience of Hope" is worthy of particular attention. It does not, however, stand alone, but belongs to a class. Its peculiarity is that it proceeds by apposite text and inference, more than by the illumination of feeling,—aiming to convince rather than to reveal, as is the manner of those whose convictions have not quite become as a star in a firmament where neither eclipse nor cloud ever comes. Evidently there was a most searching examination of the Scriptures preparatory to the work; and yet the ample quotation, often fresh and felicitous, appears to be made to sustain a preconceived opinion, or, more strictly, an emotion. This emotion is so single and absorbing that there is some gleam of it in each varying view, and every sentiment is warm with it, however the flame may lurk as beneath a crust of lava. Only from a richly gifted mind, and a heart whose longings no fulness of mortal affection has power to permanently appease, could these aspirations issue. It is the tender complaint and patient hope of one whom the earth, and all that is therein, cannot satisfy. Moreover, so pure and irrepressible is the natural desire of the heart, so does it color and constitute all the dream of Paradise, that the divinest Hope not only thrills and palpitates with Love's ripest imaginings, but puts on nuptial robes. Touchingly she pictures herself as "The Mystic Spouse,—her that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of her Beloved,—and we shall see that she, like her Lord, is wounded in her heart, her hands, and her feet." Though sowing in such still remembered pain, she yet reaps with unspeakable joy. She has now the full assurance that the mystic and immortal embrace is for her, and in the fulness of her heart cries, "When were Love's arms stretched so wide as upon the Cross?"

It is in keeping with such an aspiration that this and kindred natures should perceive in Christianity the sacred mystery from which is to be drawn, in the world to come, the full fruition of the tenderest and most vital impulse of the human heart, and therefore to be most fitly meditated and vividly anticipated in cloistered seclusion. Throughout their revelations there is a yearning for Infinite Love; and ardent receptivity is regarded as the true condition for the conception and enjoyment of religion. It is clear that they have a passion, sublimated and glorified indeed, but still a passion, for Christ. This is the mightiest impulse to that exaltation of His person against which the calm and consummate reasoner contends in vain. Truly we are fearfully and wonderfully made! The soul is touched with the strong necessity of loving; and its power becomes intense and inappeasable in proportion to the capacity of the heart; and yet some of the greatest of these have reposed so supremely in the innate and ineffable Ideal that to the uninitiated they have seemed in their serenity as pulseless as pearls. Through this sublime influence lovely women have become nuns, and have lived and died

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saints, that they might continually indulge and constantly cherish the blissful hope of being, in some spiritual form, the brides of Jesus. A long line of these, coeval with the Crucifixion, have passed on in maiden meditation, and so were fancy-free from all of mortal mould. This ecstatic dreaming is so charming, and so insatiable withal, that it seems to those who entertain it a divine vision. It is an enchantment so complete that Reason cannot penetrate its circle, and Logic has never approached it. Doubtless this fond aspiration finds freest and fairest expression in the Roman Church, — a communion that not only encourages, but enjoins, the adoration of the Virgin, in order that certain enthusiasts among men may also aspire to the skies on the wings of pure, yet passionate love.

The ready objection to this course of life is that it leads to solitude. It wins the devotee apart, and away from the influences to that universal brotherhood whereto Philanthropy fondly turns as the finest manifestation of the spirit of the Redeemer. And yet they are equally the fruits of His coming. Without the perfect Man the sublimest endurance and most marvellous aspiration of Hope would never have found development below. Now it has become a power that so pervades the bosoms of sects that they accept its soaring wing as one to which the heaven of heavens is open. This, certainly, is the greatest triumph that human nature has achieved over those who have systematically depreciated it; inasmuch as it is a heightening, not a change of heart. Verily, Love is stronger than Death; and in its complete presence or utter absence, here or hereafter, there is and will be the extreme of bliss or bale. Therefore it is in the affections to lead those sweetly and swiftly heavenward who singly seek the immortal way. So guided and inspired, it cannot but be a charming path; for those who perpetually walk therein come to look as though they were entranced with the perfume that floats from fields of asphodel. Characters so developed are beautiful exceedingly, and seem of a far higher strain than those who most generously and effectively labor for the amelioration and moral advancement of the race. They, more than any others who have riches there, illumine the grand, yet gloomy arches of the Christian Church with their ineffable whiteness. No preacher therein is so eloquent as their marble silence; for they reveal in their countenances the mystery of Redemption. Even while among the living, men looked upon them with awe, — feeling, that, though coeval in time, infinite space rolled between. They teach as no other order of teachers can, that the days and duties of life may be so cast under foot as to exalt one to be only a little lower than the angels. In fine, through them is made visible the value of the individual soul; and thus we see, as in the central idea of our author, that "that which moulds itself from within is free."

Jenkins's Vest-Pocket Lexicon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

COMPARED with "Webster's Unabridged" or "Worcester's Quarto," this little pinch of words would make "small show." It is, however, a very valuable pocket-companion; for, to use the author's own phrase, it "omits what everybody knows, contains what everybody wants to know and cannot readily find." It is really a *vade-mecum*, small, cheap, and useful to a degree no one can fully appreciate until it has been thoroughly tried. Mr. Jabez Jenkins may claim younger-brotherhood with the men who have done service in the important department of education he has chosen to enter.

A Practical Guide to the Study of the Diseases of the Eye: their Medical and Surgical Treatment. By HENRY W. WILLIAMS, M. D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 317.

IF we readily accord our gratitude to those whose skilful hands and well-instructed judgment render us physical service in our frequent need, ought we not to offer additional thanks to such as by the high tribute of their mental efforts confirm and elucidate the more mechanical processes required in doing their beneficent work?

Do those who enjoy unimpaired vision, and who have not yet experienced the sufferings arising from any of the varied forms of ocular disease, appreciate the magnitude of the blessing vouchsafed to them? We venture to answer in the negative.

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Occasionally, the traveller by railway has a more or less severe hint as to what an inflamed and painful eye may bring him to endure: those countless flying cinders which blacken his garments and draw unsightly lines upon his face with their slender charcoal-pencils do not always leave him thus comparatively unharmed. Suppose one unluckily reaches the eyeball just as the redness has faded from its sharp angles, — do we not all know how the rest of that journey is one intolerable agony, unless some fellow-traveller knows how to remove the offending substance? And even then how the blistered, delicate surface yearns for a soothing *douche* of warm water, — perhaps not to be enjoyed for hours!

From slighter troubles, through all the more serious and dangerous states arising from injury or produced by spontaneous or specifically aroused inflammation, to the wonderful operations devised to give sight, when the clear and beautiful lens has become clouded, or the delicate muscular meshes of the iris are bound down or drawn together so as to close the pupil and shut out the visible world, the learned and skilful operator comes to our aid, a veritable messenger of mercy. To be deprived of sight, — who can fully appreciate this melancholy condition, save those who have been in danger of such a fate, or have had actual experience of it, though only temporarily? Such a misfortune is universally allowed to be worse, by far, than congenital blindness. And this is not difficult to understand. The eyes that have been permitted to drink in the varied hues of the landscape, and to gaze with such delight upon the celestial revelations spread out nightly above and around them, are indeed in double darkness when all this power and privilege are swept away, it may be forever. The astronomer can truly estimate the value of healthy eyes.

In looking over again, after a thorough perusal some time since, the admirable work which forms the theme of this notice, we could not resist the impulse to call attention to the infinite uses, unbounded importance, and inestimable value of the organs of vision; and we have no fear but our postulate in regard to the manner in which we should all prize their conservators will be heartily acceded to.

This is hardly the place in which to enter into a minute professional examination of this new volume. If we advert generally to its purpose, and point out the undoubted benefits its recommendations and teaching are destined to confer, both upon those who are sufferers, — or who will be, unless they heed its warnings, — and upon the practitioners who devote either an exclusive or a general attention to the diseases of the eye, the end we have in view will be partially attained, — and fully so, if the author's convincing instructions are brought into that universal adoption which they not only eminently deserve, but must command. Let us hope that the clear style, sensible advice, and valuable information, derived from so varied an experience as that which has been enjoyed by our author, will have a wide and growing influence in the extensive field of professional ministrations demanded by this class of cases, — for, let it be remembered, and reverently be it written, "THE LIGHT OF THE BODY IS THE EYE."

The distinctive aim of the author — and which is kept constantly in view — is the simplifying both of the classification and the treatment of the diseases of the eye. We know of no volume which could more appropriately and beneficially be put into the hands of the medical student, nor any which could meet a more appreciative welcome from the busy practitioner. The former cannot, at the tender age of his professional life, digest the ponderous masses of ocular lore which adorn the shelves of the maturer student's library; and the latter, while he is glad to have these elaborate works at his command for reference, is refreshed by a perusal of a few pages of the more unpretending, but not less valuable *vade-mecum*.

While the professional reader will peruse this book with pleasure as well as profit, there are many points and paragraphs of great value to everybody. We advise every one to look over these pages, and we promise that many valuable hints will be gained in reference to the various ailments and casualties which are constantly befalling the eye. It is well in this world to become members of a Mutual-Assistance Society, and help one another out of trouble as often as we can. In order to do this, we must know how; and, in many cases, a little aid in mishaps such as are likely

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to occur to the eye may prevent a vast deal of subsequent injury and pain.

We cannot but refer to the singular good sense of the author in pressing upon his reader's attention the mischief so often wrought, hitherto, — and we fear still frequently brought about, — by *over-activity* of treatment. Especially does this find its exemplification in the care of traumatic injuries of the eye. Rashness and heroic measures in these cases are as unfortunate for the patient as are the well-meant efforts of friends, when a foreign substance has been inserted into the ear or nose, or a needle broken off in the flesh: what was at first an easily remedied matter becomes exceedingly difficult, tedious, and painful, after various pokings, pushings, and squeezings.

The author's experience in cases of cataract makes his observations upon that affection as valuable as they are clear and to the purpose. The same is true with regard to the use and abuse of spectacles.

A short account of that interesting and most important instrument, the Opthalmoscope, will command the attention of the general reader.

Finally, we notice with peculiar satisfaction the elegant dress in which the volume appears. A very marked feature of this is the agreeable tint given to the paper, so much to be preferred to the glaring snowy white which has been so long the rule with publishers everywhere. This is especially befitting a volume whose object is the alleviation of ocular distress, and we venture to say will meet with the commendation of every reader. A similar shade was adopted, some time since, by the publishers of "The Ophthalmic Hospital Reports," London, at the suggestion, we think, of its accomplished editor, Mr. Streatfeild.

Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo.

Our impression of this volume is that it contains some of the most charming essays in American literature. The authoress, who chooses to conceal her real name under the *alias* of "Gail Hamilton," is not only womanly, but a palpable individual among women. Both sex and individuality are impressed on every page.

That the book is written by a woman is apparent by a thousand signs. That it proceeds from a distinct and peculiar personality, as well as from a fertile and vigorous intellect, is no less apparent. The writer has evidently looked at life through her own eyes, and interpreted it through her own experience. Her independence becomes at times a kind of humorous tartness, and she finds fault most delightfully. No cant and pretence, however cunningly disguised by accredited maxims and accredited sentimentality, can for a moment deceive her sharp insight or her fresh sensibility. This primitive power and originality are not purchased by any sacrifice of the knowledge derived at second-hand through books, for she is evidently a thoughtful and appreciative student of the best literature; but they proceed from a nature so strong that it cannot be overcome and submerged by the mental forces and food it assimilates.

Individuality implies will, and will always tends to wilfulness. The two are harmonized in humor. Gail Hamilton is a humorist in her wilfulness, and flashes suggestive thought and wisdom even in her most daring caprices and eccentricities of individual whim. She is wild in sentences, heretical in paragraphs, thoroughly orthodox in essays. Her mind is really inclosed by the most rigid maxims of Calvinistic theology, while, within that circle, it frisks and plays in the oddest and wittiest freaks. A grave and religious earnestness is at the foundation of her individuality, and she is so assured of this fact that she can safely indulge in wilful gibes at pretension in all its most conventionally sacred forms. This bright audacity is the perfection of moral and intellectual health. No morbid nature, however elevated in its sentiments, would dare to hazard such keen and free remarks as Gail Hamilton scatters in careless profusion.

When this intellectual caprice approaches certain definite limits, it is edifying to witness the forty-parson power of ethics and eloquence she brings readily up to the rescue of the sentiments she at first seemed bent on destroying. As her style throughout is that of brilliant, animated, and cordial conversation, flexible to all the moods of the quick mind it so easily and aptly expresses, the reader is somewhat

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puzzled at times to detect the natural logic which regulates her transitions from gay to grave, from individual perceptions to general laws; but the geniality and heartiness which flood the whole book with life and meaning soon reconcile him to the peculiar processes of the intellect whose startling originality and freshness give him so much pleasure.

It would be unjust not to say that beneath all the fantastic play of her wit and humor there is constantly discernible an earnest purpose. Sense and sagacity are everywhere visible. The shrewdest judgments on ordinary life and character are as abundant as the quaint fancies with which they are often connected. But in addition to all that charms and informs, the thoughtful reader will find much that elevates and invigorates. A noble soul, contemptuous of everything mean and base, loving everything grand and magnanimous, is the real life and inspiration of the book.

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