

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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The Great Southern Movement.

The Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY beg to draw attention to the following list of Illustrations of the PENDING REVOLUTION, which have been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY within the past few weeks:

In this Number,
A PORTRAIT OF MAJOR ANDERSON;
THE ENTRY INTO FORT SUMTER;
THE OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTONIANS;
SEVERAL PICTURES OF FORT MOULTRIE.

In last Number,
THE GEORGIA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

In previous Numbers,
A MAP AND PROFILE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE FORTS, ETC.;
THE CHARLESTON DELEGATION IN CONGRESS;
THE CHARLESTON MARINE SCHOOL, FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS;
THE STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA;
THE GRAVE OF OCEOLA;
FORT SUMTER, FROM SULLIVAN'S ISLAND;
PALMETTO—THE NEW AND OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE AT CHARLESTON;
THE OLD POWDER MAGAZINE;
THE PALMETTO FLAG AND COCKADE;
TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN;
FORT MOULTRIE—CHARLESTON IN THE DISTANCE.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that in No. 204 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

Great Expectations,

was commenced. MR. DICKENS'S Story will be richly illustrated by JOHN McLENNAN, Esq.

It is printed from the Manuscript and proof-sheets of the Author.

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MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER.

We are indebted to Mrs. Anderson, wife of Major Anderson, for the likeness from which the accompanying portrait of that gallant officer has been copied. It may be safely said that he, above all other men, is in every one's thoughts and conversation at the present time.

Major Anderson is a Kentuckian; he was born in that State in September, 1805. At the age of fifteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and graduated in 1825. He joined the army with the rank of Second-Lieutenant of the Second and subsequently of the Third Artillery. In 1832 he was Inspector-General of the Illinois Volunteers, in the Black Hawk War; Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect being a captain of those volunteers. In 1833 he received his commission as First-Lieutenant, and became Instructor and Inspector at West Point. This post he held for four years, during which period he collected the material for his work on Artillery, the standard text-book on the subject.

In 1838, for gallantry in the Florida War, he was made Brevet-Captain, and soon afterward joined General Scott's military family as aid-de-camp. The relations of Major Anderson with the gallant old chief were so friendly and agreeable that one can well imagine the interest felt by the latter in the Major's present movements. In October, 1841, so slow is promotion in our army, Anderson received his commission as captain in his regiment.

In March, 1847, he was with the Third Regiment of Artillery in the army of General Scott, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz—being one of the officers to whom was intrusted, by General Bankhead, the command of the batteries. This duty he performed with signal skill and gallantry, and he continued with the army until its triumphal entry into the city of Mexico, in September following. During the operations in the valley of Mexico, he was attached to the brigade of General Garland, which formed a part of General Worth's division. In the attack on El Molino del Rey, on the 8th of September, where he was wounded very severely, his conduct was the theme of especial praise on the

part of his superior officers. Captain Burke, his immediate commander, in his dispatch of September 9, says: "Captain Robert Anderson (acting field-officer) behaved with great heroism on this occasion. Even after receiving a severe and painful wound, he continued at the head of the column, regardless of pain and self-preservation, and setting a handsome example to his men of coolness, energy, and courage." General Garland speaks of him as being, with "some few others, the very first to enter the strong position of El Molino;" and adds, that "Brevet-Major Buchanan, Fourth Infantry; Captain Anderson, Third Artillery, and Lieutenant Sedgwick, Second Artillery, appear to have been particularly distinguished for their gallant defense of the captured works." In addition to this testimony to his bearing on that occasion we have that of General Worth, who particularly directed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to the part he had taken in the action. "For gallant and meritorious conduct in the Battle of Molino del Rey" he was promoted to the brevet rank of Major, dating from September 8, 1847. October 5, 1857, he was promoted to the position of Major of the First Artillery, which he now holds.

All last summer Major Anderson was occupied as a member of the Commission appointed to inspect the United States Military Academy at West Point—a Commission, by-the-way, whose report singularly confirms certain strictures passed on the dict of the cadets in this journal last summer. It was only six weeks ago that he took the command at Fort Moultrie.

Of Major Anderson's physique a writer, who seems to know him well, says:

"In personal appearance he is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well-set and soldierly; his hair is thin and turning to iron gray; his complexion swarthy; his eye dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance determination and an exaction of what was due to him. In intercourse he is very courteous, and his rich voice and abundant gesticulations go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified."

It is universally conceded by all who know Major Anderson, that he is a man who will die at his post rather than surrender. The following letter, written by him on Christmas Day to a friend in Baltimore, shows that he is as modest as he is brave:

"FORT MOULTRIE, S. C.,
December 25.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the trouble you were kind enough to take in correcting some of the rumors about me. You are right in the opinion that I could not, and would not, say any thing contradictory of them. My plan always has been to try to do my duty honestly and fully; and to trust that, in the good sense of justice of the people, they would give me credit for good intentions, even if my judgment should turn out not to have been good.

"I must confess that I regret that the papers are making so much of my position here. I do not deserve the least credit for what I am doing—nothing more than any one else would do in my position—and, perhaps, not half so well as many others would do. I receive, nearly by every mail, letters of sympathy, and many of them from strangers.



MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER, S. C.—[FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. ANDERSON.]

"I hope that it will not be long before something will occur to give me a chance of being relieved from my present position.

"Thanking you for your kind remembrance of me, I am, yours truly,

ROBERT ANDERSON."

All the officers of the command at Fort Sumter have seen service. Captain Truman Seymour, one of the most gallant officers in the service, is also renowned as a traveler; his successful ascent of Popocatepetl—the highest mountain in North America—has been frequently mentioned. Lieutenant Talbot crossed the Rocky Mountains with Fremont's first expedition; Lieutenant Davis was at Buena Vista, and Captain Foster was badly wounded at Molino del Rey.

A SEAT IN THE CITY CARS.

Five o'clock!—getting late!—never mind it a bit, I've a seat in the car, and here I will sit! Till my seat is announced. I will, I declare!—I have paid the half dime—it is no more than fair.

I've been standing all day in the store and the street; No rest for my limbs or the soles of my feet: I am tired to death—would not budge for a king, For an emperor, duke, or any such thing.

If a woman comes in, why, they shouldn't try For a seat in the cars, when the evening is nigh. "Be home before sunset," I tell Rosalie (She's a wife for a pattern, she gets home at three).

They say, to be sure, "I can just as well stand!" But they put up a week little bit of a hand. In pursuit of a strap that they find is too high, Stifle down on their toes, and give up with a sigh.

Then they seem so unsteady, and waver about When the car with a jerk let a passenger out. There's one getting in!—I won't look up at all, But stare out of doors: she looks very small.

Standing up in the crowd among those great men, Her back is this way!—I'll look on again. 'Tis a very nice back, and above and upon it, With a curl peeping out, is a black velvet bonnet.

"Dear me!"—this is bad, then!—Up goes the hand—No bigger than Rosalie's!—she can stand. I don't feel quite so tired; I said I'd sit still In spite of temptations to come and I will.

Well, I'm glad it isn't Rosalie—she's not very strong; A wee little woman, she couldn't stand long. But stop! let me think; what if this one should be To some other man what Rosalie is to me?

And how would I feel if some lady here Should allow her to stand in the draught of the door? I'm not tired a bit; I am fresh as can be— "Here, Madam, a seat!"—"Oh, Fred!"—Rosalie!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

MAJOR ANDERSON.

SOME journals have so far forgotten themselves as to censure Major Anderson for his removal from the defenseless work called Fort Moultrie to the strong fortification known as Fort Sumter. While chivalrous voices even in the Cotton States are loudly proclaiming that the gallant Kentuckian could not have acted otherwise than he has done, Governor Floyd, of Virginia, has carried his pique so far as to resign his post in the Cabinet in consequence of Major Anderson's proceeding.

We tender to President Buchanan our respectful sympathies on the loss he has sustained in the resignation of Governor Floyd. It is a bereavement which he will feel sensibly if, during the brief remainder of his administration, he should have occasion to sell or to buy new sites for military forts. Judging from the past, Governor Floyd's resignation will not diminish the safety of the property of the Government; though it may militate against the prospective profits of the contractors with the War Department. As we learn from the message which Governor Floyd condescended to transmit to Congress, the late Secretary of War was a man of such exuberant patriotism that he could not contemplate the attitude of an army contractor without emotion, and was ready to issue his own acceptances rather than see the firm which supplied food to the troops put to any temporary inconvenience. The loss of such a patriot can not but be viewed with anguish; still, this is a country of remarkable recuperative powers, and the ingratitude of republics is proverbial. Mr. Buchanan must nerve himself to the trial: we once lost the City of Washington, and recovered from it; may we not hope to survive the retirement of Floyd?

If Major Anderson, laden with the responsibility of holding the United States forts at Charleston, had remained at Fort Moultrie, which he could not defend, leaving Fort Sumter, which commanded it, to be seized any day by the Revolutionists, he would have proved himself a very poor soldier. By acting as he did he proved himself a good soldier, and, in all human probability, he saved the lives of the seventy odd men under his command.

The journals which accuse him of double-dealing forget that he made no contract with any one save with the United States, and that contract was to hold the United States forts in the harbor of Charleston. That contract he has fulfilled. In forty-five minutes he can destroy Fort Moultrie; in forty-five weeks the South Carolinians can not take Fort Sumter.

The silly talkers who dare to couple his name

with the word coward are men who dare not meet him face to face and impugn his conduct. He has proved his courage over and over again in Florida, under Taylor in Mexico, and again under Scott in the same country. Southern army officers unanimously concede that the United States has produced no more gallant soldier than Major Robert Anderson. It is to be hoped that he may not have to add to the long list of his gallant exploits a successful defense of Fort Sumter with an insufficient force against an overwhelming body of insurgents. Still, if he be attacked, it will be better to be with him than against him.

THE COTTON MOVEMENT.

Is one of the late cotton circulars, prepared for the information of the trade in this country and abroad, mention was made of a shipment of 57,000 bales to Memphis, Tennessee. So far as our recollection goes the event is unprecedented. Some cotton has, for many years, been shipped north to Memphis, whence it has traveled by rail to the Northern factories. But the amount has always been so small that the historiographers of the cotton trade could afford to disregard it till the end of the year. Last year the total amount so shipped was set down at about 800,000 bales—an unusually large quantity for the year. This year it is probable that the receipts at Memphis will amount to several hundred thousand more—perhaps a million bales.

The reasons are very simple. On the fall in cotton which followed the first outbreak of revolution in the South the planters held back their crops. By doing so they very gravely embarrassed the factors, who failed in consequence. Hence, the receipts at the Southern ports to date are more than 500,000 bales short of those to same date last year. From the tone of the letters from the South the planters do not seem disposed to send on their crop, at the present time, to Mobile, or New Orleans, or Savannah. They must either hold it, and draw upon their resources for supplies for themselves and their negroes, or they must ship to Memphis. They are generally adopting the latter alternative.

Many planters expect to make Memphis their principal receiving port, from the belief that between this and March 4 all the principal seaports of the Southern States will be blockaded. In this event, of course, planters would have to elect between shipping to Memphis or keeping their cotton. In the present state of science cotton has not been found to be a nutritious article of diet, and it is therefore presumed that the planters will decide to ship to the North.

Thus the ill wind of which we are all complaining is likely to enrich Memphis, and Tennessee generally, to an extent which is not dreamed of by short-sighted politicians. That sagacious statesman, Andrew Johnson, may have seen it afar; the merchants of Memphis see it clearly enough.

THE CHRISTIAN PRISONERS IN CHINA.

We learn that Captain Brabazon, Mr. De Norman, Mr. Boulby, and others—nineteen in all, French and English, who were taken prisoners by the Chinese on the approach to Peking—have perished in consequence of the severity of their sufferings in captivity. They were tied with cords so tightly bound across the wrists, ankles, and fingers that mortification ensued, insect life was engendered, and the wretched prisoners perished in agonizing torments.

We also learn, by telegraph from St. Petersburg, that the Allies have concluded peace and evacuated Peking.

We are unacquainted with the vengeance exacted from the Chinese for the maltreatment of their prisoners. It is to be hoped that it was calculated to impress upon the Chinese the value of Christian life. If it was not, Lord Elgin's expedition has been in vain, and the work will have to be done over again. His own reception in England, in this event, will not be enviable.

The brutal massacre of these Englishmen and Frenchmen is consistent with the uniform tenor of Chinese behavior toward foreigners of every race; and if their barbarous conduct has escaped condign punishment, an opportunity has been lost which might have secured the safety of Christians in China for many years to come.

THE LOUNGER.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

It is not yet Twelfth-Night, and until then one may fairly wish a Happy New Year! The wish recurs often, and the oftener the older one gets. In any case, it comes once a year; and it always comes with the same kindly feeling, the same doubts, the same wistful peering into the future and tender remembrance of the past.

There is one rather remarkable fact made more apparent every time it is heard—not, good Sir, that you and I are a shade more silvery upon the head; nor yet, dear Madame, that you begin to see your

daughter doing and feeling what you have not laid entirely aside—no, a very different fact from either of those, the decay of the New-Year's call!

Oh yes, there is plenty of calling. Fred, Tom, and Bob, the first of expectation, hactically begin in thin boots and kid gloves, and they push zealously on; but the veteran of seven or eight and twenty knows that he simply can not do it. He may make a few calls, but he can not go through that list which fired his ambition seven or eight years ago.

No; the city has so spread, has so crossed the river and included Brooklyn and Jersey City, that you must either relinquish calling altogether or send your card. And, true enough, when pleasure has become a painful duty, it is time to try it no more. When your joints will not readily give, nor your instep quickly spring in the polka, it is time to perceive and acknowledge that your dancing days have gone by; and when the city has so stretched itself that you can not hope to stretch with it to the doors of all your friends as easily and cozily as in the days that are no more, it is time for you to stay at home, and allow that New-Year's has one charm the less.

You may stay at home, and think of the good Dutch days, when Wall Street was the northern boundary of the city, and on Broad Street the cable ends and stoops rebuilt the Old World in the New. You may dream of the time when the Brooklyn passenger blew a horn at the ferry-house to summon the boatman, and the high-capped Dutch girls looked like full moons out of the windows. Then a man had time enough and not too many friends for New-Year's visits. Then he could sit for a solid quarter of an hour and chat and smile and toast and wonder, while the young vanguard looked at him with wide eyes, whether the city would ever really extend beyond the fence, and what queer descendants would people the streets in eighteen hundred sixty-one.

MARIE ZAKRZEWSKA.

SOME time since, more than a year ago, the *Lounger* spoke of a most pleasant and readable History of the City of New York, compiled by Miss Mary L. Booth, who has since been signally successful in the translation of several French works; among which *About's* novel of "Germaine" is an admirable specimen of her skill. The name of this lady is now associated with another little book, edited by Mrs. Dall, whose forcible, temperate, judicious, and unflagging exertions in behalf of "Woman's right to labor," have given her a distinguished place among those who really wish to open practical methods to women to keep themselves. It is not the technical "Women's Rights" spirit, but the broad claim of a common welfare of the sexes which is the motive of Mrs. Dall's devotion.

But we have to talk now of something with which her name and that of Miss Booth are but incidentally associated as friends of Miss Marie Zakrzeska (pronounced Zak-shef-ska), who is already known to many, and prized as a physician peculiarly qualified, by natural gifts and the most heroic and extensive study, for the treatment of women's diseases. She is still a young woman, but her career has been so profoundly interesting and unusual, that her friends have persuaded her to suffer it to be published; which has been done in the form of a letter to her friend Miss Booth, edited by Mrs. Dall, and offered by her as a "Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor," which is the title of the little neat book of only 167 pages.

How wise her friends were to persuade her the work itself proves. In no novel of highly-wrought French life has Miss Booth ever translated a chapter so curiously fascinating as this autobiography of a young German woman making her way in the world, not only against the ordinary, but the extraordinary, difficulties which beset women who, with talent, character, education, and ambition, would honestly earn an honest living by a career commensurate with their gifts and cultivation. From her earliest years accustomed to the spectacle and care of the sick, with a clouded childhood, in which her love for her mother and her consuming desire to devote herself to a similar profession for her mother was a highly accomplished midwife—she fought with the wild besis of prejudice and skepticism at her Ephesus, which happened to be Berlin, and after eliciting the warmest sympathy and co-operation of the most accomplished men of medical science in Berlin—after teaching and practicing in the Royal Hospital in that city, with unqualified success, of which her credentials to those who do not know her, and personal experience to those who do, are the proof—she was at last the victim of a relentless jealousy, and finally came to this country with a younger sister. Here they lived two German girls who could not speak the language, and whose scant purse upon arriving was soon exhausted; protected by Marie's indomitable resolution, her knowledge of the world gained in the toughest way, and by the employments which her quick perception showed would be profitable. When one of these failed, she turned to another; and, almost without a friend, she was gradually and constantly improving her own and her sister's condition. At length, by constantly looking and asking for herself, she made the acquaintance of Miss Sedgwick, always the friend of the friendless, and Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, whose interesting story was printed in the *Weekly* several months since. Miss Blackwell introduced Marie to the college at Cleveland, in which she had herself studied. The stranger found other friends there; and after completing her course, returned to New York, where at last, in company with Miss Blackwell, she had the satisfaction of seeing the Woman's Infirmary, for the treatment by women of diseases peculiar to women, formally opened. She remained in it for two years, and then removed to Boston, where she is now the Resident Physician of the Female College.

The sobriety and sincerity of her story, its total

freedom from offensive egotism, while it is necessarily all about herself, are most striking. Calm, firm, and capable, she has conquered every obstacle, and secured the heartiest recognition of her ability and skill. In saying so, the *Lounger* but pays a tribute of personal knowledge. Yet there is an undertone of profound sadness in the autobiography, of which she herself gives the best possible explanation:

"I remember that in January, 1845 [Marie was then sixteen years old], my mother attended thirty-five women in childbirth—the list of names is still in my possession—and visited from sixteen to twenty-five daily, with my assistance. I do not think that during the month we were in bed for one whole night. Two-thirds of these patients were unable to pay a cent. During those years I learned all of life that it was possible for a human being to learn. I saw nobleness in dens, and meanness in palaces; virtue among prostitutes, and vice among so-called respectable women. I learned to judge human nature correctly: to see goodness where the world found nothing but faults, and also to see faults where the world could see nothing but virtue. The experience thus gained cost me the bloom of youth; yet I would not exchange it for a life of everlasting juvenescence."

Don't you suppose that what such a woman's life must be of commanding and significant interest? You feel the electric force of her nature through her story. What listless ladies dream of and wish they dared to do, Marie Zakrzeska has done. There are heroines without halo; and one such life is worth a torrent of talk about woman's sphere.

BROTHER JONATHAN AND TOM BROWN.

SCHOOL-BOYS are freemasons. The moment they meet they understand each other. Mr. Tom Hughes knew this when he wrote "School Days at Rugby"—a book which belongs to school-boys in America as in England, and which is always sure of a post of honor upon his shelf and in his heart. Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold sent many pilgrims from this side of the sea to the home of the beloved and famous schoolmaster; but Hughes's story has probably sent a larger and more enthusiastic throng. The Life of the Master was a book for men; but that of the pupil for boys. And if there is any pleasure truer and more satisfactory than that which springs from the interest and sympathy and love of boys, it has not yet been mentioned.

It seems that not long ago there was an event at Rugby School in which we all have a peculiar interest. Upon the 22d of November of the year just ended, after the "calling over" of Rugby School in the afternoon, Dr. Temple, the Headmaster, entered the room with a company of ladies and gentlemen, and followed by a man bearing a superb banner. The Doctor, in a few words, after alluding to the peculiar good-will now existing between England and America, as shown and sealed by the late visit of the Prince, introduced to the school Mr. James Goddes Day, a young gentleman of Norwich, in Connecticut, who, so far as appears, is the first representative of the American school-boy (he is, we believe, a graduate of Yale) who has, in that capacity, visited Rugby School.

Following the Doctor Mr. Day made a little speech upon presenting the banner—a speech remarkable in the annals of American oratory for its brevity and point; saying just what is to be said, and nothing more or less. The report of the speech in the *Rugby Advertiser* of November 24, is as follows:

"Gentlemen of Rugby, with your permission, in the name of Master Willie Mills, of Norwich, Connecticut, of the United States of America, I present you with this standard, as a token of the interest which he and many others in our country feel in your noble school (Cheers). I need not tell you how we know it. 'Tom Brown's School Days' is a household book in America as well as in England (Great applause), and since I have seen Rugby I do not wonder that Mr. Hughes loved it and was proud of it, and wrote of it as lovingly and as proudly as he did (Great cheering). I hope that you will accept this and in the same spirit in which it is given—as an unpretending offering of good-will from a young American to his cousin in the Mother Country (Cheers). And now allow me, in his name and in my own, to promise you a warm, hospitable greeting should any of you cross the Atlantic. May this [pointing to the banner] remind you of the welcome that awaits you; and may it be a pledge that you are ready and willing to sing as heartily as any of you 'God save the Queen' (Immense cheering), and shout as lustily as any of you 'Finest Rugby!' (Renewed applause). 'Mr. Day having ended, three cheers were called for upon his account, and three for the donor of the banner, Master Willie Mills, all of which were given in the well-known hearty manner of the Rugby scholars. The cheering having subsided, Mr. Day said it was Master Mills's desire that the school-house undertake the custody of the banner."

The standard is described as made of crimson velvet, emblazoned magnificently with the arms of the school; the letters L. S. upon each side; the colors of England and America entwined in the corners, and mounted with a rich gold bullion fringe.

The incident is in every way graceful and interesting. There is an instinctive and indefeasible loyalty in the American heart toward England. The Revolution was but an event of our history. It did not disturb that deep consciousness that, as we have the same language, so we have the same traditions and literature in the past, and the same great hopes in the future.

A HINT TO WATKINS.

WATKINS is anxious to know what the *Lounger* thinks of his pursuing a regular course of study. He says that he is no longer young, but that he has taste and means, and would like to turn his attention to some department of literature.

Watkins asks the *Lounger* for the same advice which De Quincey supposed a young man to ask him, and in reply to which he wrote some very sensible letters, which every young man might read with profit. The great point, of course, is to make up your mind what you will try to master, or master as much as possible. No man can read

many books; he may know their titles. No man either can know many things; he may appear to know and smatter about them. This assumption of knowledge you can really test at any moment. For instance, we are all in high debate about the meaning of the Constitution of the United States. People make the most furious and positive statements. Now try the next man whom you hear declaiming most loudly, and ask him when he read the Constitution last—and you will very probably discover that he never read the Constitution at all—or if he has, that he knows it very imperfectly.

It is precisely so with those who only seem to know in literature.

Beginning modestly then, and understanding how limited your studies must necessarily be, determine first of all whether you will undertake science or pure literature, or whether you will dabble a little in each. If you think of the latter plan you had better relinquish it, because you can't dabble in science—you must know something of it or be worse than ignorant, that is, ridiculous; but you can not know it without making it your chief aim; and it would be foolish to make it your chief aim, unless you are strongly attracted to the study; or, in other words, unless you have a talent for it.

Pure Literature includes all that is not natural science or mathematics, and in all the languages of the leading nations.

Here, again, you must elect your special department—as philosophy, history, or what you will—unless your intention be mere desultory reading; in which case it is no matter when, where, or how you begin.

From this hint, dear Watkins, you can see how to direct yourself. If you wish to do nothing in particular, do it. But if you would accomplish something, determine what it shall be.

DOGS AND THEIR DAY.

It is remarkable that a nation which values dogs as the English nation does should have had no famous dog-festivals corresponding to their horse-races. But at length they are moving, and the dogs are to have their day. At the Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show some of the sporting noblemen interested themselves in the collection of dogs for comparison and exhibition. There were three hundred picked dogs. One Scotch terrier weighed less than three pounds, although he was more than two years old; and he had killed a huge rat the day before he was brought to Birmingham. He was valued at fifty guineas, or about two hundred and fifty of our dollars. Another little pig, of a ravishing figure, was valued, for his insatiable services as a lap-dog, at a thousand guineas, or five thousand dollars, which shows a perfectly dizzy height of civilization.

Yet the show of the noble dogs must have been very fine. Earl Grosvenor contributed blood-hounds, "a very grand class." Earl Grosvenor and Viscount Curzon were the prize-winners with the fox-hounds. Rough-coated deer-hounds were there also, but harriers and beagles few. The Earl of Derby, the Earl of Litchfield, and other gentlemen whom, as they are not earls, it is unnecessary to mention, took the pointer prizes. Lord A. Paget and Mr. Brailford were strong in retrievers. The spaniels and English and Irish setters were noted. Earl Spencer exhibited the "most magnificent" of Clumber spaniels. There were two German blood-hounds, much admired; and the mastiff, the bulldog, the Newfoundland, the many terriers, the ringleted King Charles, the sheep-dog, and the Italian and other greyhounds, were all represented. Among the representatives of foreign breeds, the Alpine mastiffs, the St. Bernards, the rough Russian terriers, Maltese lion-dogs, and Esquimaux fox-dogs are mentioned with praise.

If some sagacious Barum would go and do likewise, and give us a complete exhibition of the various dogs, it would be more successful than the Opera.

INDISCRIMINATE LOOT.

The late accounts of the capture of Peking by the French and English allied armies, announce that when the Emperor's Summer Palace was taken, "indiscriminate loot was allowed for two days." What is "loot," does some ingenious youth inquire? "Loot, gentle youth, is pillage, sacking, robbery. When the Indians surprised Deerfield in Massachusetts and Schenectady in New York, they slew all they could, and indiscriminate loot was allowed as long as they chose to stand to it. In like manner, when the Allies captured the Emperor of China's Summer Palace, or rather received it from the authorities who surrendered, they ransacked every apartment, breaking up the valuable articles that were too large to carry away, and ruining the most costly and precious merchandise. How the red American savages would have looked on with admiring eyes and watering mouths! How gladly they would have been instructed by the processes of a civilized warfare in the grand possibilities of indiscriminate loot! In many men's faces the human countenance is but a thin and transparent mask over the wild beast. In the countenances of professional pugilists the tiger is very near the surface. In soldiers and men whose profession is to fight other men, the brute is necessarily not far away. It is perhaps the fault of our education in this country, where we don't fight much, that we had supposed modern warfare to be ameliorated by some amenities. That the strong arm must be used upon occasion—that there must be wars and battles, is not an open question among nations, however civilized or Christian. It is conceded. But that some kind of honor is to be preserved, that the best in men shall be unchained only to the degree which is absolutely necessary—that we had supposed to be also conceded.

But it is not so. The good old times of giving up a conquered place to wholesome fire and slaughter, of "putting all the inhabitants to the sword," which the valiant heroes of history were so forward in doing, appears, indeed, to have been somewhat

bettered upon the present occasion. There were three hundred eunuchs and thirty or forty men in charge of the palace and gardens, of whom only two were killed, upon some show of resistance which they unluckily made; but beyond this there was nothing but ravage and ransacking and destruction of property—in a word, indiscriminate loot.

Now a French-English Chinese war is not very creditable to either nation in any point of view. The English have no business to try to force opinion into China, and that is the real secret of the origin of these wars. If they make a treaty, fair and square, the Chinese ought, of course, to observe it. But will you mention any such treaty made by England with what she calls barbarous powers? Would you not describe the English foreign policy toward such powers a bullying policy? But granting that the Chinese, failing to observe their treaty, must be reasoned with from the mouths of forty-pounders—what is the object? The object clearly is to subdue them, and make them feel the superiority of the conquerors. Yes; but would you not facilitate this conviction if you showed your superiority in your discipline as well as in your fighting? Allowing that the Chinese are only accessible to the military argument, would it not be immensely enforced by proving to them not only that your power is irresistible, but under perfect control?

"Indiscriminate loot" shows that the General is afraid of his army. The treasure taken by all modern armies belongs to the nation, not to the soldiers; and if you are obliged to whet their zeal or purchase their good conduct by loot, you do more than what Sir Hlop Grant said he had done, take upon yourself "a serious responsibility." For you have done what you can at such a moment to brutalize your army. What a melancholy position for an English gentleman of the nineteenth century—that of issuing an order to a rabble of armed men for "indiscriminate loot!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A STINGING HEAD-RESS.
We read in one of the Magazines of Fashion as follows: "Pretty little caps are worn of a round form encased with a 'ruche.' Now, from what we recollect of our French, a ruche is a hive, and we can hardly imagine that as being about the most beaming travel-worned that a lady could wear. We know that many of the beautiful sex carry their love of the fashions to a degree of madness; but still to encase one's face with a hive would be decidedly so certain a method of getting 'a bee in one's bonnet' that we can not believe any woman in her senses would think of lending her countenance to it. It is a time that belongs to live in the neighborhood of flowers, such as gallantry delights in poetically supposing bloom perennially on lovely woman's features; nevertheless, it is doubtful whether the most fastidious beauty would like to expose the roses and tulips of her countenance to the risk of being stung, even if she could be sure that from the honeyed result she would be distilled for her the very 'sweetest of bonnets.'"

ATTENTIVE BY A NEGRO.—There were two learned negroes in Kentucky, of whom one was named after the great founder of the Roman Empire, and the other bore the name of his assassin. Brutus, smoking a cigar, was accosted by Julius Caesar.

"What—your smoke?" asked the latter nigger.

"I do," said Brutus, offering his friend a whiff.

"Et cetera, Brutus?" was the exclamation of Caesar.

THE SPREAD OF FASHION.
(An Extract from a beautiful and fashionable Young Lady's Letter.)
"I must tell you, dear, that I have got such a capital Crinoline! I wish I could send you the pattern. It is a perfect love—the most angelic thing I ever saw—so light, and graceful, and easy, and so comfortable that one feels as though one was swimming through the air with it. Of course it is thoroughly French. I got mine at Boulogne, in the Grande Rue. It is beautifully made, and with an elegant trim, and it enables a lady to send her Crinoline to the wash with the same ease as she would an ordinary petticoat. The body is deeply gored all the way down on both sides, etc., etc."

(And so the letter runs on for twenty lines more, but we think we have printed quite enough to warn the gentlemen to prepare themselves for a very severe winter.)

CALLING NAMES.
Where are the old familiar names? John and Jane and Mary and James? We never hear a Susan now. And it's not Bill, but Freddie, who follows the plow. You'll not travel far by Second Class rail. But you are sure to encounter some Florence pale. With much aspiration toward fashion in dress, but with never a trace of loveliness! Our landress's infants have no great charms. Yet they have an Eugénie in name. While Victor Albert swings on a gate, And manches his bacon in village state.

"'T would be hard to say there is any blame, There is no monopoly in a name; But it strikes one sometimes as rather absurd That contrast between the child and the word."

And what will it be when years have flown? And these snail-named damsels are women grown? When Evelyn Ada must polish the grates, While Edith Ann is walking the planks!

Think of it then, ye sensible mothers, Be sure you arrange fine names for the others; For though not today, nor perhaps next Sunday, It will happen as sure as my name's Mrs. Grundy.

VULGAR SUPERSTITIONS.
That it is not "the thing" to run in any public thoroughfare, even although you may be really in a hurry, and (of course) find that the streets are so crowded that it is impossible to creep along as slowly as an olderman would walk after a dinner at the Mansion House.

That when you call on a swell couple you ought to leave your card through a man and wife, you know, are looked upon as one.

That calling servants by their surnames gives them a high opinion of the eyes of one's acquaintances, and invests "Bottoms" with the bearing of a butler.

That it betrays a vulgar mind to be seen carrying a parcel, more particularly supposing it to be wrapped up in a newspaper.

That far worse than seeing maples or walking under ladders is it to be caught drinking a glass of beer at dinner, or the vulgar cabbage by any other than its direct synonym of "greens."

A TITLE FOR A NEW SATURDAY—"I'll warn you."

GHOSTS WE NEVER WISH TO SEE.

The Ghost of all our good intentions. And still less, should we like to see every day of our lives, the Ghost of a leg of mutton.

The only Ghost we do care about seeing is the Ghost in Richardson's show.

NEGATIVE ADVICE.
Never "for form's sake" write your name across a bill, unless you are prepared to meet the certain consequence. Never expect to reach a great position by your story of there being sickness in your house, except you emphasize it pointedly with a hearty kick.

Never flirt with a young widow who calls you by your Christian name the second time you meet her, unless you have quite made your mind up to the worst.

WHY AND BECAUSE.
Why does a joint never come up cold at a sea-side lodging-house?—Because the rules of such places is, "Cut and never come again!"

Why does a pint of milk at 3d. go twice as far in New York as a quart in the country for the same money?—Because water is the cheapest mode of carriage.

Why do young ladies lose themselves to tight that they can neither swallow easily nor digest properly?—Because they hear so much stress laid upon "Grace before meat."

THE HOME-FARM.
An abundant growth of wild oats is, often, only a proof of the richness of the soil. The ground may always be got into order, if you will take care to sow it with root-crops. The deeper you plant 'em the better; but when they are once in the ground, let 'em take their chance, and don't always be pulling them up to see if they are sprouting.

Avoid the dangerous practice of bringing your husband under the harrow. Don't be in a hurry to grub up your husband's weeds. It is a dangerous experiment, sometimes.

The worst sign of a neglected home-farm is bachelor's buttons on a married man's shirt.

WHAT IS WOMAN'S MISSION?

This momentous question being asked the other evening, Spoonsey said: "As Woman was the law—infernal law! In the time of the last twelvemonth, she was the law—the law to be—aw—a sort of upstart servant, and see about one's diamonds, and one's—aw—furnishings, and things." In fact, said Mrs. Spooner, "Woman's Mission simply is to polish the spoons!"

VASTITY.—What no man, nor woman either, by any accident, ever possesses, but what is always very largely developed in every body else.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.—Oyster Patty.

GASTRONOMICAL PARADOX.—Buck venison is the best for venison-pasty, although the pasty must be made of dough.

ZOOLOGICAL EMBLEM.—The hedgehog is well known to be accustomed to stick itself up into a ball. This is remarkable in the case of the last twelvemonth, who is kept able; for not only does it eat black-birds, but it sits in a domestic state, it becomes very playful, and its favorite game is cricket.

THE ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.—The half is sometimes more than the whole. That is the case when the half of half-and-half is Entire, and the other half only Swipes.

INVALID CHURCHMAN.—"Why, Soverely, what's the matter?" You don't look quite so lively as you did. What have you been taking?" "Nothing but my meals for the last fortnight, Mr. Hobbleday." "Ah, I thought you seemed off your physick."

HINT TO ELECTRICITY-ENGINEERS.—If you want to secure a vote by treating an elector, ask him to dinner, and give him canvas-backed duck.

QUEER QUERIES.

Is it not affection in husbands of short stature to say that they were married in the Temple of Hy-men? What relation to our white-bird is the blue noise of the French?

Did you ever see a lame dog helped over a stile? What are the odds that the first owner of a milk walk was a Kerd?

Was he a great walker that he earned the name of the Colosseum of Roads?

What proof is there extant that King James the First wrote *Junius*, and that the phrase "as cool as an cucumber" was applied first to a Scold?

A WHOLESOME BEVERAGE.—The leaves of Deadly Nightshade, infused in boiling hot water, make a fine tea. It may be sweetened with sugar of lead. This has one great advantage over common tea, which, according to some medical authorities, is a rose poison.

NEGATIVE ADVICE.—Never, unless you speak French fluently, enter a shop in Paris where you see the notice, "Here they Spike the English."

HOMOPATHY.—Like cures like. One irritation relieves another. That is the reason why, from a natural curative instinct, people scratch themselves when they itch. For this purpose, however, they do not use a millilith part of the tip of the finger-nail.

OUR COURT CIRCULAR.—We have not the slightest regret in stating that the King of Naples is still confined to his castle, in which he has been laid up now for some time. He is suffering from a violent blood dent to him by one Garibaldi on his crown. His recovery is extremely uncertain, but we should say, on the recovery of his throne.

CAUTION!

If you value your peace of mind, kind reader, pray don't read this riddle:

Q. When does an old woman who is driving a donkey like a shed resemble another who is giving an alarm of murder?

A. When she cries "Ass-as-in!"

THE DANGER OF JESTING.—"When is a brick a tile?" asked Brown, Senior, of Smith, Junior. "Give it up!" When it's a projectile." So saying he threw a brick-bat and broke a window. His precursor forgave him the mischief he had done, but fogged him for punning.

NOTES ON NURSING.

BY A CLOWN.

Now the baby to Pantalone, crying "Catchee, catchee!" Snatch it away from him, and hit him with it over the shins, knocking him down. Squat upon the ground with the baby in your lap, and begin feeding it out of a large pan with a great spoon-handle. Ram the ladle into the mouth of the baby, and scrape the lips with the edge of it, then lick them clean. Now wash the baby by putting a glass of water on the table, and with the bottle and a swabbing stick face with a mop. Comb his hair with a rake; then put the baby into a mangle and roll it out flat. Set the baby in its cradle, and tread it well down. Make the baby cry; then take it out of bed to quiet it, and give it Pantalone to hold while you administer poppy-soup. Smear the sirup over its face. Take it away again, catch hold of its ankles, and wringing it round your head by its legs, throw Pantalone off the stage with the baby, and throw it after him.

SPORT IN SEASON.—On Valentine's Day birds may peck, but men go popping on the first of September.

THE POWER OF SORCERY.—Of all examples of descriptive writing, the most successful is certainly a wedding-pipe. Bell-ringing distinctly announces the essential act of the marriage ceremony, which may be said to consist in ringing a bell; unless, indeed, the bride is a gipsy.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—That inveterate punster, Jones, hearing that his friend Harpud had suddenly had his gas cut off, exclaimed, "Ah yes, I suppose they did it by a coup de Main."

A BAD ATTEMPT BY A BEGINNER.—Q. When is a ship's sail most fit to be sold in a linen-draper's shop?—A. When it is torn to ribbons.

SENSITIVITY.—A young gentleman of our acquaintance, whose genius is perhaps exceeded by his gallantry, declares his only reason for not living in the country is the fear lest it should make him get into rude health.

SPRITUALISM.—Surprise has been expressed at the fact that spiritual communications convey to sort of instructive information. The fact is accounted for by the supposition that the mediums are inspired by raw spirits.

QUESTION 1.—To any Debating Society that may want a subject for discussion, we should recommend the question, as to whether a dishonest tailor may be deemed a vegetarian on the ground that he lives almost entirely upon cabbage.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

At a Spiritualist Society, which was held in town last summer, as many as six professed testifiers avowed that they felt under the influence of spirits.

Of twelve hundred young gentlemen who last year traveled on the Continent, no fewer than a dozen did not seize the opportunity to try and get up a mistake.

One hundred and eleven members of the Peace Society have since last April been incessantly dealing with their pasty-cook, on the ground that they believed he dealt in warlike stores, because of the inscription in his window, "Balls Supplied."

Prods are extant, in the shape of linen-draper's bills, that since Michaelmas ten thousand so-called thought-rimmed women have been weak enough to purchase things they had no use for, simply because that they were tickled "Great Bargains."

Of a hundred single men who last season received cards for what the gentle call "At home," and the vulgar "tea-fights," ninety pleaded "sudden illness" or "previous engagement;" and of the ten heroes who virtuously went, only two had courage to pass between the staircase.

In the course of the last twelvemonth, no less than a couple of advertising vans were discovered being driven on the right side of the road.

Of two million young ladies who last year were asked to sing, it is a fact that sixteen did so without making an apology for having a bad cold.

A DITTY BY A DOCTOR.

Written in the Prospect of a nice Unhealthy Winter.

Hurrah! 'tis drear December,
It snows and blows like fun;
Aloud is influenza
As sure as any gun:
The fog is growing yellow;
There's jaundice in the air;
And ague, cramp, and colic,
To earth will soon repair.
Chorus—All among the bottles
Who would not be gay?
While phlegm for some throats
Is wanted more each day!

The spring is not a bad time,
When hoop-aching it brings;
The summer is a glad time,
With fever on its wings.
If autumn be not sickly,
Our profits are not small;
But in winter the more thickly
Complaints around us fall.
Chorus—So, all among the bottles, etc.

CAUTION TO ELEGANT FEMALITES.—Buildings are protected from the effects of lightning by means of conductors, which are long iron rods or wires. The safest place for you in a thunder-storm is that of which the conductor is tall and wiry.

HOW TO GET A GOOD FRAME CHEAP.

Live temperately, be abstemious, cultivate early hours, rise with the lark instead of going to bed after one, take plenty of exercise, don't be afraid of lots of cold water, make a practice of always being cheerful, avoid debt, draughts, bad company, hills, and wet feet, and you will soon get a good frame cheap, and it shall be a frame, moreover, worth more than its weight in gold, such as shall incline the very picture of health.

RURAL RAFFERTIES.

'Tis sweet at dewy eve to rove
When softly sighs the western breeze,
And wandering 'mid the sunlit grove
To take a pinch of snuff and success.
'Tis sweet to see in daisied field
The flocks and herds their pleasure take;
But sweeter are the joys they yield
In tender chop and juicy steak.
'Tis sweet to hear the murmurous sound
That from the vocal woods doth rise,
To mark the pigeons wheeling round,
And think how nice they'd be in pie.
When nightingales pour from their throats
Their gushing melody, 'tis sweet;
Yet sweeter 'tis to catch the notes
That issue from Threepence Street.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPES (FOR WIVES).

Honey Soap.—Take of smiles, soft answers, tolerance, temper, and tact, equal parts. Mix well, and place ready for use to your husband's hand. The above will be found an invaluable recipe for removing all roughness and irritation—for giving smoothness and softness—and for obviating all the unpleasant effects of domestic friction.

An Excellent Remedy for Croup and Croup.—Patience, placidity, and pleasant looks.

To Render Temperance Inconceivable.—Steep them in common sense, self-respect, and consideration for others.

The Best Wash for the Face.—Milk of human kindness.

RECIPES FOR A PLEASANT DINNER-PARTY.

A round table, holding eight;
A ready welcome and little state;
One dish set on a time,
As plain as you please, but always prime;
Beer for asking for and in power;
Servants who don't require a tutor;
Talking grounds and dumbly to be found;
Warm plates and hot potatoes.

SARAH.—"Down with your dust." Pay; put down your money! The phrase originated with moral writers, who are accustomed to describe money as dust and dirt, and as thus implying a contempt of riches, it is much used by the serious.

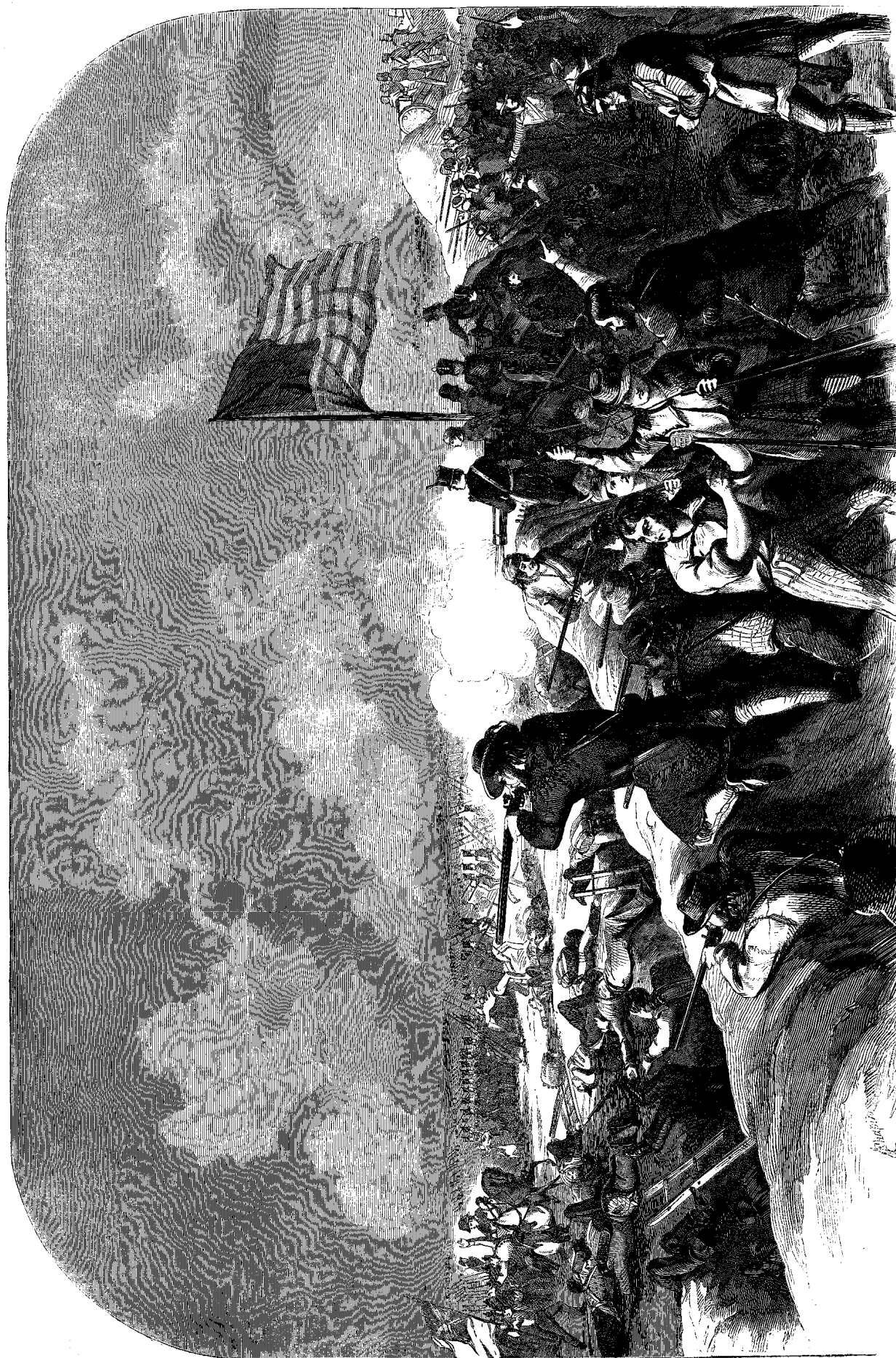
A NEW ANSWER TO AN OLD QUESTION.—Where was Moses when he put the candle out? Not necessarily in the dark. Moses may have been a Puseyite Sceriatian, and have put out the candle in broad daylight, which his master the parson was burning.

AN INEVITABLE CERTAINTY OF CATCHING A COLD.—Being asked to sing.

CHINESE POETRY.

It took a three-hours' fight,
It cost four hundred men,
To change the Forts Taken
Into the Forts Taken.

THE PORTRAITURE OF THE TIMES.—We expect to see, some day, a very successful and certainly a wedding-pipe, at which will be held out the following refutational announcement: "A GLASS OF ALE AND A SANDWICH, AND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, FOR FORTIFICATION!"



THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, FOUGHT JANUARY 8, 1812.—[SEE PAGE THIRTY-ONE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XI.

My mind grew very uneasy on the subject of the pale young gentleman. The more I thought of the fight, and recalled the pale young gentleman on his back in various stages of puff and in crimsoned countenance, the more certain it appeared that something would be done to me. I felt that the pale young gentleman's blood was on my head, and that the Law would avenge it. Without having any definite idea of the penalties I had incurred, it was clear to me that village boys could not go stalking about the country, ravaging the houses of gentlefolks and pitching into the studious youth of England, without laying themselves open to severe punishment. For some days I even kept close at home, and looked out at the kitchen-door with the greatest caution and trepidation before going on an errand, lest the officers of the County Jail should pounce upon me. The pale young gentleman's nose had stained my trousers, and I tried to wash out that evidence of my guilt in the dead of night. I had cut my knuckles against the pale young gentleman's teeth, and I twisted my imagination into a thousand tangles, as I devised incredible ways of accounting for that damnable circumstance when I should be haled before the Judges.

When the day came round for my return to the scene of the deed of violence, my terrors reached their height. Whether myrmidons of Justice, specially sent down from London, would be lying in ambush behind the gate? Whether Miss Havisham, preferring to take personal vengeance for an outrage done to her house, might rise in those grave-clothes of hers, draw a pistol, and shoot me dead? Whether suborned boys—a numerous band of mercenaries—might be engaged to fall upon me in the brewery, and knock me about until I was no more? It was high testimony to my confidence in the spirit of the pale young gentleman, that I never imagined him necessary to these retaliations; they always came into my mind as the acts of injudicious relatives of his, goaded on by the state of his visage and an indignant sympathy with the family features.

However, go to Miss Havisham's I must, and go I did. And behold! nothing came of the late struggle. It was not alluded to in any way, and no pale young gentleman was to be discovered on the premises. I found the same gate open, and I explored the garden, and even looked in at the windows of the detached house; but my view was suddenly stopped by the closed shutters within, and all was lifeless and deserted. Only in the corner where the combat had taken place could I detect any evidence of the young gentleman's existence. There were traces of his gore in that spot, and I covered them with garden-mould from the eye of man.

On the broad landing between Miss Havisham's own room and that other room in which the long table was laid out, I saw a garden-chair—a light chair on wheels, that you pushed from behind. It had been placed there since my last visit, and I entered, that same day, on a regular occupation of pushing Miss Havisham in this chair (when she was tired of walking with her hand upon my shoulder) round her own room, and across the landing, and round the other room. Over and over and over again, we would make these journeys, and sometimes they would last as long as three hours at a stretch. I insensibly fall into a general mention of these journeys as numerous, because it was at once settled that I should return every alternate day at noon for these purposes, and because I am now going to sum up a period of at least eight or ten months.

As we began to be more used to one another, Miss Havisham talked more to me, and asked me such questions as what had I learned and what was I going to be? I told her I was going to be apprenticed to Joe, I believed; and I enlarged upon my knowing nothing and wanting to know every thing, in the hope that she might offer some help toward that desirable end. But she did not; on the contrary, she seemed to like my being ignorant. Neither did she ever give me any money—or any thing but my daily dinner—nor ever stipulate that I should be paid for my services.

Estella was always about, and always let me in and out, but never told me I might kiss her again. Sometimes, she would coldly tolerate me; sometimes, she would condescend to me; sometimes, she would be quite familiar with me; sometimes, she would tell me energetically that she hated me. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, or when we were alone, "Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?" And when I said yes (for indeed she did), would seem to enjoy it greedily in secret. Also, when we played at cards Miss Havisham would look on, with a mischievous relish of Estella's moods, whatever they were. And sometimes, when her moods were so many and so contradictory of one another that I was puzzled what to say or do, Miss Havisham would embrace her with lavish fondness, murmuring something in her ear that sounded like "Break their hearts my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!"

There was a song Joe used to hum fragments of at the forge, of which the burden was Old Clem. This was not a very ceremonious way of rendering homage to a patron saint; but I believe Old Clem stood in that relation toward smiths. It was a song that imitated the measure of beating upon iron, and was a mere lyrical excuse for the introduction of Old Clem's respected name. Thus, you were to hammer boys round—Old Clem! With a thump and a sound—Old Clem! Beat it out, beat it out—Old Clem! With a clink for the stout—Old Clem! Blow the fire, blow the fire—Old Clem! Roaring dryer, soaring higher—Old Clem! One day soon after the appearance of the chair, Miss Havisham suddenly saying to me, with the impatient movement of her fingers, "There, there, there! Sing!" I was surprised into crooning this ditty as I pushed her over the floor. It happened so to catch her fancy, that she took it up in a low brooding voice as if she were singing in her sleep. After that, it became customary with us to have it as we moved about, and Estella would often join in it; though the whole strain was so subdued, even when there were three of us, that it made less noise in the grim old house than the lightest breath of wind.

What could I become with these surroundings? How could my character fail to be influenced by them? Is it to be wondered at if my thoughts were dazed, as my eyes were, when I came out into the natural light from the misty yellow rooms?

Perhaps I might have told Joe about the pale young gentleman, if I had not previously been betrayed into those enormous inventions to which I have confessed. Under the circumstances, I felt that Joe could hardly fail to discern in the pale young gentleman an appropriate passenger to be put into the black velvet coach; therefore I said nothing of him. Besides, that shrinking

pommel him all over. In these dialogues my sister spoke of me as if she were morally wretched one of my teeth out at every reference; while Pumblechook himself, self-constituted my patron, would sit supervising me with a depreciatory eye, like the architect of my fortunes who thought himself engaged on a very unremunerative job.

In these discussions Joe bore no part. But he was often talked at, while they were in progress, by reason of Mrs. Joe's perceiving that he was not favorable to my being taken from the forge. I was fully old enough now to be apprenticed to Joe; and when Joe sat with the poker on his knees thoughtfully raking out the ashes between the lower bars, my sister would so distinctly construe that innocent action into opposition on his part, that she would dive at him, take the poker out of his hands, shake him, and put it away. There was a most irritating note to every one of these debates. All in a moment, with nothing to lead up to it, my sister would stop herself in a yawn, and would swoop upon me, with "Come! There's enough of you! You get along to bed; you've given trouble enough for one night, I hope!" As if I had besought them as a favor to bother my life out.

Well! We went on in this way for a long time, and it seemed likely that we should continue to go on in this way for a long time, when one day Miss Havisham stopped short as she and I were walking, she leaning on my shoulder; and said, with some displeasure, "You are growing tall, Pip!"

I thought it best to hint, through the medium of a meditative look, that this might be occasioned by circumstances over which I had no control.

She said no more at the time; but she presently stopped and looked at me again; and presently again; and after that looked frowning and moody. On the next day of my attendance



"WHICH I MEANTERSAY, PIP."

from having Miss Havisham and Estella dissembled, which had come upon me in the beginning, grew much more potent as time went on. I reposed complete confidence in no one but Biddy; but I told poor Biddy every thing. Why it came natural to me to do so, and why Biddy had a deep concern in every thing I told her, I did not know then, though I think I know now. Shade of poor Biddy, forgive me!

Meanwhile counsils went on in the kitchen at home, fraught with almost insupportable aggravation to my exasperated spirit. That ass, Pumblechook, used often to come over of a night for the purpose of discussing my prospects with my sister; and I really do believe (to this hour with less penitence than I ought to feel) that if these hands could have taken a linch-pin out of his chaise-cart they would have done it. The miserable man was a man of that confined stolidity of mind that he could not discuss my prospects without having me before him—as it were, to operate upon—and he would drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was quiet in a corner, and standing me before the fire as if I was going to be cooked, would begin by saying, "Now, mum, here is this boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be forever grateful upon them which so did do. Now, mum, with respect to this boy!" And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way—which, from my earliest remembrance, as already hinted, I have in my soul denied the right of any fellow-creature to do—and would hold me before him by the sleeve; a spectacle of imbecility only to be equaled by himself.

Then he and my sister would pair off in such nonsensical speculations about Miss Havisham, and about what she would do with me and for me, that I used to want—quite painfully—to burst into spiteful tears, fly at Pumblechook, and

when our usual exercise was over, and I had handed her at her dressing-table, she staid me with a movement of her impatient fingers:

"Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours."

"Joe Gargery, ma'am."

"Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"You had better be apprenticed at once. Would Gargery come here with you, and bring your indentures, do you think?"

I signified that I had no doubt he would take it as an honor to be asked.

"Then let him come."

"At any particular time, Miss Havisham?"

"There, there! I know nothing about times. Let him come soon, and come alone with you."

When I got home at night, and delivered this message for Joe, my sister "went on the Ramage, as Joe expressed it, in a more alarming degree than at any previous period. She asked me and Joe whether we supposed she was doormats under our feet, and how we dared to use her so, and what company we graciously thought she was fit for? When she had exhausted a torrent of such inquiries, she threw a candlestick at Joe, burst into a loud sobbing, got out the dust-pan—which was always a very bad sign—put on her coarse apron, and began cleaning up to a terrible extent. Not satisfied with dry cleaning, she took to a pail and scrubbing-brush, and cleaned us out of house and home, so that we stood shivering in the back-yard. It was ten o'clock at night before we ventured to creep in again, and then she asked Joe why he hadn't married a Negress slave at once? Joe offered no answer, poor fellow! but stood feeling his whisker and looking dejectedly at me, as if he thought it really might have been a better speculation.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a trial to my feelings, on the next day but one, to see Joe arraying himself in his Sunday clothes to accompany me to Miss Havisham's. However, as he thought his court-suit necessary to the occasion, it was not for me to tell him that he looked far better in his working dress; the rather, because I knew he made himself so dreadfully uncomfortable, entirely on my account, and that it was for me he pulled up his shirt-collar so very high behind that it made the hair on the crown of his head stand up like a tuft of feathers.

At breakfast-time my sister declared her intention of going to town with us, and being left at Uncle Pumblechook's, and called for "when we had done with our fine ladies"—a way of putting the case, from which Joe appeared inclined to augur the worst. The forge was shut up for the day, and Joe inscribed in chalk upon the door (as it was his custom to do on the very rare occasions when he was not at work) the monosyllable *HOT*, accompanied by a sketch of an arrow supposed to be flying in the direction he had taken.

We walked to town, my sister leading the way in a very large beaver bonnet, and carrying a basket like the Great Seal of England in plaited straw, a pair of patters, and an umbrella, though it was a fine bright day. I am not quite clear whether these articles were carried penitentially or ostentatiously; but I rather think they were displayed as articles of property—much as Cleopatra, or any other sovereign lady on the Ramage, might exhibit her wealth in a pagant or procession.

When we came to Pumblechook's my sister bounced in and left us. As it was almost noon Joe and I held straight on to Miss Havisham's house. Estella opened the gate as usual, and the moment she appeared Joe took his hat off and stood weighing it by the brim in both hands—as if he had some urgent reason in his mind for being particular to half a quarter of an ounce.

Estella took no notice of either of us, but led us the way that I knew so well. I followed next to her, and Joe came last. When I looked back at Joe in the long passage he was still weighing his hat with the greatest care, and was coming after us in long strides on the tips of his toes.

Estella told me we were both to go in, so I took Joe by the coat-cuff and conducted him into Miss Havisham's presence. She was seated at her dressing-table, and looked round at us immediately.

"Oh!" said she to Joe. "You are the husband of the sister of this boy?"

I could hardly have imagined dear old Joe looking so unlike himself or so like some extraordinary bird; standing, as he did, speechless, with his tuft of feathers ruffled, and his mouth open, as if he wanted a worm.

"You are the husband," repeated Miss Havisham, "of the sister of this boy?"

It was very aggravating, but throughout the interview Joe persisted in addressing Me instead of Miss Havisham.

"Which I meantersay, Pip," Joe now observed in a manner that was at once expressive of forcible argumentation, strict confidence, and great politeness, "as I hup and married your sister, and I were at the time what you might call (if you was any ways inclined) a single man."

"Well!" said Miss Havisham. "And you have reared the boy, with the intention of taking him for your apprentice; is that so, Mr. Gargery?"

"You know, Pip," replied Joe, "as you and me were ever friends, and it were look'd for'd to betwixt us, as being calculat'd to lead to larks. Not but what, Pip, if you had ever made objections to the business—such as its being open to black and sut, or such-like—not but what they would have been attended to; don't you see?"

"Has the boy," said Miss Havisham, "ever made any objection? Does he like the trade?"

"Which it is well known to yourself, Pip," returned Joe, strengthening his former mixture of argumentation, confidence, and politeness, "that it were the wish of your own hart." (I saw the idea suddenly break upon him that he would adapt his epitaph to the occasion, before he went on to say) "And there were no objection on your part, and, Pip, it were the great wish of your hart!"

It was quite in vain for me to endeavor to make him sensible that he ought to speak to Miss Havisham. The more I made faces and gestures to him to do it, the more confidential, argumentative, and polite he persisted in being to Me.

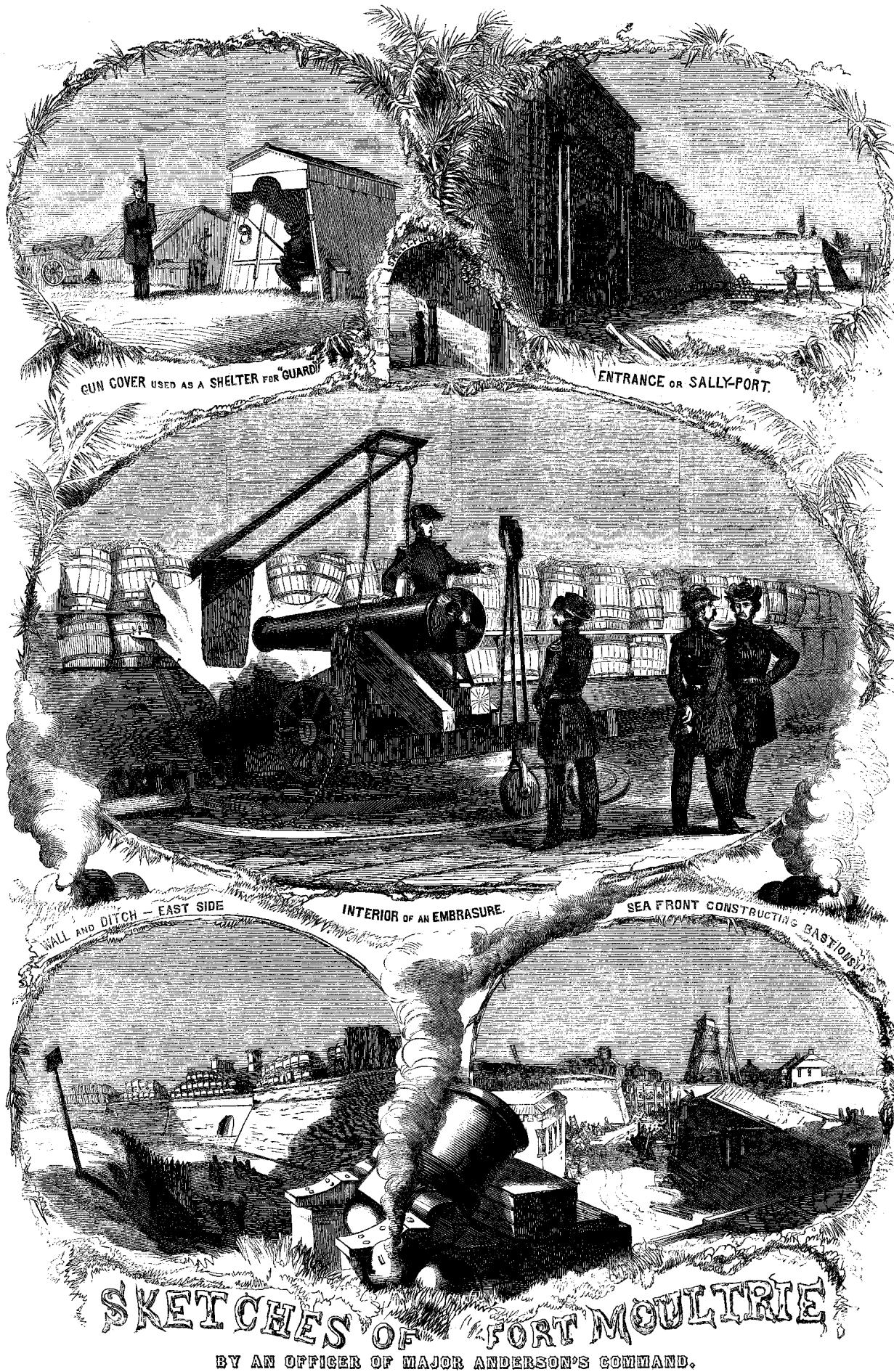
"Have you brought his indentures with you?" asked Miss Havisham.

"Well, Pip, you know," replied Joe, as if that were a little unreasonable, "you yourself see me put 'em in my 'at, and therefore you know they are here." With which he took them out, and gave them, not to Miss Havisham, but to me. I am afraid I was ashamed of the dear, good fellow—I *was* ashamed of him—when I saw that Estella stood at the back of Miss Havisham's chair, and that her eyes laughed mischievously. I took the indentures out of his hand and gave them to Miss Havisham.

"You expected," said Miss Havisham, as she looked them over, "no premium with the boy?"

"Joe!" I remonstrated, for he made no answer at all. "Why don't you?"

"Pip," returned Joe, cutting me short as if he were hurt, "which I meantersay that were not a question requiring an answer betwixt yourself and me, and which you know the answer to be full well No. You know it to be No, Pip, and wherefore should I say it?"





ENTRY OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND INTO FORT SUMTER ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1860.

THE REVOLUTION AT CHARLESTON.

We are enabled, through the kindness of an officer of Major Anderson's command, and others, to present our readers with a series of pictures of Fort Moultrie, which was evacuated by the United States troops on the night of Christmas; also of the occupation of Castle Pinckney by the Charlestonians; and of the entry of Major Anderson and his force into Fort Sumter. The relative bearing and general appearance of these various works have already been fully illustrated in the *Weekly*.

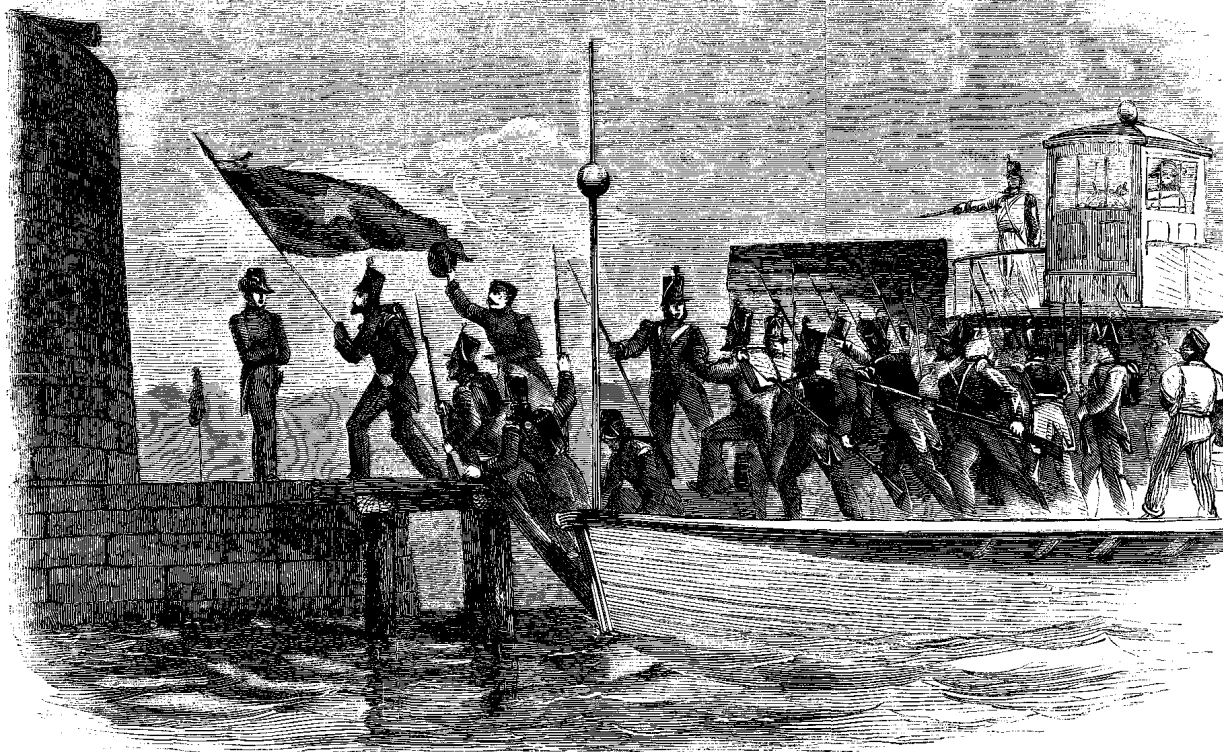
The pictures of Fort Moultrie explain themselves. At the time the sketches were taken it is not probable that the officers had any intention of evacuating the work; if their chief had formed the resolution, he kept it to himself. It will be seen that, notwithstanding the weakness of the place, our gallant troops had prepared for a desperate struggle.

The evacuation took place, as was said, on the night of 25-26th December. Major Anderson had dined with the Charleston authorities, and returned to Fort Moultrie about 9 A.M. One story says that the Major deceived his friends by pretending

sleep, and that accordingly the watch kept on his movements by the *Nina* was that night relaxed. At any rate, to use the language of a Charleston contemporary, "the evacuation commenced on Tuesday evening. The men were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, with knapsacks packed, at a moment's notice; but up to the moment of their leaving had no idea of abandoning the post. They were reviewed on parade, and were then ordered to two schooners, lying in the vicinity, where they embarked, taking with them all the necessaries, stores, etc., requisite in their evacuation. Several trips were made during the

night, and a great part of the provisions and camp furniture were transported under cover of night. The brightness of the moon, however, afforded but slight concealment to their movements; and in one of the trips, Lieutenant Davis in command, a schooner full of soldiers and baggage passed directly under the bow of the guard-boat *Nina*. The officer who made the statement expressed himself to be ignorant whether the watch on board the *Nina* discovered the movement or not—at all events, he said they did not signify any cognizance of the fact."

Next day the Charlestonians were greatly ex-



OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTON MILITIA, DECEMBER 26, 1860.

cited at the news. They had calculated, it seems, on taking Fort Sumter without resistance; and as it commands Fort Moultrie, they would have reduced that work, and taken Major Anderson and his command prisoners whenever they chose. The Major was a little too smart for them, however. With the small force he has he could Fort Sumter against a very large body of assailants, and in the event of an attack, can shell Charleston with his heavy bombs. However, to console themselves, the people of Charleston resolved to occupy Castle Pinckney, a fort of minor importance. The Charleston *Mercury* gives the following account of the movement:

"The Rifle battalion, under command of Colonel J. J. Pettigrew, assembled promptly upon the Citadel green. They were substantially equipped in winter uniform, with blankets, knapsacks, and revolvers. The battalion numbered some 100 men, and consisted of detachments from the Mather Guards, the Carolina Light Infantry, and the Washington Light Infantry. Shortly after four o'clock the word was given, and the companies advanced in double-quick time, without music, toward the Cooper River. Some of them, we believe, excepting the officers, were aware of their destination. They embarked on the steamer *Nina*, which immediately headed for Castle Pinckney, and the sunrise soon became confirmed that the destination of the command was to take possession of that fortress. On reaching the fort, a number of men were observed on the wharf, one of whom, in advance of the others, was observed holding what appeared to be a paper in his hand. This was said to have been the riot act. As soon as the *Nina* touched the wharf, the storming party who had been detailed for that duty sprang ashore, and rushed round to the rear of the fortress, where the gate is situated. This was found closed, and a cry for storming ladders was soon answered by a detachment bearing a dozen or more of them. These were instantly planted, and under cover of the rifles of the battalion, the walls were escaladed and the gates thrown open.

"On entering the fort it was found to be tenanted only by an officer of engineers and a small party of laborers—none of whom made any resistance. The engineer officer was informed that he was at liberty to leave, and remove his personal effects, and in a few minutes he set out in a boat belonging to the fort, accompanied by four other men. From the direction in which he steered, it is supposed that he went to Fort Moultrie.

"The flag of the *Nina*, consisting of a white star on a red ground, was then hoisted amidst loud cheers; and when our reporter left a strong guard had been mounted, and preparations for garrisoning the fortress were well advanced."

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

What a pleasant little dinner we had that day! It was laid out in a little summer-house of the inn garden. All overgrown with a fine old fig-tree, through whose leaves the summer wind played deliciously, while a tiny rivulet rippled close by, and served to cool our "Achten tholer"—an amount of luxury that made Tintenfleck quite wild with laughter.

"Is it cold enough?" she asked, archly, in her peasant-dialect, each time the old man laid down his glass.

As I came gradually to pick up the occasional meaning of her words—a process which her expressive pantomime greatly aided—I was struck by the marvelous acuteness of a mind so totally without culture, and I could not help asking Väterchen why he had never attempted to instruct her.

"What can I do?" said he, despondently; "there are no books in the only language she knows, and the only language she will condescend to speak. She can understand Italian, and I have read stories for her, and some to, out of Leopardi, but though she will listen in all eagerness till they are finished, no sooner over than she breaks out into some wild Calabrian song, and asks me if it is not worth all the fine things I have been giving her, thrice told."

"Could you not teach her to write?"

"I tried that. I bought a slate, and I made a bargain with her, that she should have a scarlet knot for her hair when she could ask me for it in written words. Well, all seemed to go on prosperously for a few days, till, through half the alphabet very successfully, till we came to the letter H. This made her laugh immediately, it was so like a scaffold we had in the circus for certain exercises; and no sooner had I marked down the letter than she snatched the pencil from me and drew the figure of a man on each bar of the letter. From that hour forth, as though her wayward humor had been only imprisoned, she burst forth into every imaginable absurdity at our lessons. Every ridiculous event of our daily life she drew, and with a rapidity almost incredible. I was not very apt, you may imagine, in acquiring the few accomplishments they thought to give me, and she caricatured me under all my difficulties.

"Si, si," broke she in at this; for with a wonderful acuteness she could trace something of a speaker's meaning where every word was unknown to her. As she spoke she arose and fled down the garden at top speed.

"Why has she gone?" she said, dispirited at your telling me all these things about her?" asked I.

"Surely that; she loves to be noticed. Nothing really seems to pain her so much as when she is passed over unremarked. When such an event would occur in the circus, I have seen her sob through her sleep all the night after. I half suspect now that she is piqued at the little notice you have bestowed upon her. All the better if it be so."

"But here she comes again."

With the same speed she now came back to us, holding her slate over her head, and show-

ing that she rightly interpreted what the old man had said of her.

"Now for my turn!" said Väterchen, with a smile. "She is never weary of drawing me in every absurd and impossible posture."

"What is it to be, Tintenfleck?" asked he.

"How am I to figure this time?"

She shook her head without replying, and making a sign that she was not to be questioned or interrupted, she nestled down at the foot of the fig-tree, and began to draw.

The old man now drew near me, and proceeded to give me further details of her strange temper and ways. I could mark that throughout all he said a tone of intense anxiety and care prevailed, and that he felt her disposition was exactly that which exposed her to the greatest perils for her future. There was a young artist who used to follow her through all the South Tyrol, affecting to be madly in love with her, but of whose sincerity and honor Väterchen professed to have great misgivings. He gave her lessons in drawing, and what was less to be liked, he made several studies of herself. "The artless way," said the old man, "she would come and repeat to me all his raptures about her, was at first a sort of comfort to me. I felt reassured by her confidence, and also by the little impression his praises seemed to make, but I saw later on that I was mistaken. She grew each day more covetous of these flatteries, and it was no longer laughingly, but in earnest seriousness she would tell me that the 'Fornarina' in some gallery had not such eyes as hers, and that some great statue that all the world admired was far inferior to her in shape. If I dared to rebuke her vanity, or to ridicule her pretensions, all my influence would have been gone forever. She would have left us, gone who knows whither, and been lost, so that had nothing for it but to seem to credit all she said and yet hold the matter lightly, and I said beauty has no value except when associated with rank and station. If queens and princesses be handsome, they are more fitted to adorn this high estate, but for humble folk it is as great a mockery as these tinsel gems we wear in the circus."

"Max says not," said she to me one evening, after one of my usual lectures. "Max says there are queens would give their crowns to have my hair, ay, or even one of the dimples in my cheek."

"Max is a villain," said I, before I could control my words.

"Max is a vero signor!" said she, haughtily, "and not like one of us; and more, too, I'll go and tell him what you have called him." She bounded away from me at this, and I saw her no more till nightfall.

"What has happened to you, poor child?" said I, as I saw her lying on the floor of her room, her forehead bleeding, and her dress all dragged and torn. She would not speak to me for a long while, but by much entreating and caressing I won upon her to tell me what had befallen her. She had gone to the top of the "Glücksberg" and thrown herself down. It was a fearful height, and only was she saved by being caught by the brambles and tangled foliage of the cliff; and all this for 'one harsh word of mine,' she said. But I knew better; the struggle was deeper in her heart than she was aware of, and Max had gone suddenly away, and we saw no more of him."

"Did she grieve after him?"

"I scarcely can say she did. She fretted, but I think it was for her own loneliness and the want of that daily flattery she had grown so fond of. She became overbearing, and even insolent, too, with all her equals, and though for many a day she had been the spoiled child of the troop, many began to weary of her waywardness. I don't know how all this might have turned out, when, just as suddenly, she changed, and became every thing that she used to be."

When the old man had got thus far the girl arose, and, without saying a word, laid the slate before us. Väterchen, not very quick-sighted, could not at once understand the picture, but I caught it at once, and laughed immoderately. She had taken the scene where I had presented Väterchen and herself to the ladies at the tea-table, and with an intense humor sketched out all the varying emotions of the incident. The offended dignity of the old lady, the surprise and mortification of Miss Herbert, and my own unconscious pretension as I pointed to the "friends" who accompanied me, were drawn with the spirit of high caricature. Nor did she spare Väterchen or herself; they were drawn, perhaps, with a more exaggerated satire than all the rest.

The old man no sooner comprehended the subject than he drew his hand across it, and turned to her with words of anger and reproach. I meant, of course, to interfere in her behalf, but it was needless; she fled, laughing, into the garden, and before many minutes were over we heard her merry voice, with the tinkle of a guitar to assist it.

"There it is," said Väterchen, moodily. "What are you to do with a temperament like that?"

That was a question I was in no wise prepared to answer. Tintenfleck's temperament seemed to be the very converse of my own. I was over-sensitive to pain, and every thing in life. She appeared to be just as impulsively bent on risking all. My head was always calculating eventualities; hers, it struck me, never worried itself about difficulties till in the midst of them. Now, Jean Paul tells us that when a man detects any exaggerated bias in his character, instead of endeavoring, by daily watching, to correct it, he will be far more successful if he ally himself with some one of a diametrically opposite humor. If he be rash, for instance, let him

seek companionship with the sluggish. If his tendency bear to over-imagination, let him frequent the society of realists. Why, therefore, should not I and Tintenfleck be mutually beneficial? Take the two different kinds of wood in a bow: one will supply resistance, the other flexibility. It was a pleasant notion, and I resolved to test it.

"Väterchen," said I, "call me to-morrow, when you get ready for the road. I will keep you company as far as Constance."

"Ah, Sir," said he, with a sigh, "you will be well weary of us before half the journey is over; but you shall be obeyed."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Next morning, just as day was breaking, we set out on foot on our road to Constance. There was a pinkish-gray streak of light on the horizon, sure sign of a fine day, and the bright stars twinkled still in the clear half-sombre sky, and all was calm and noiseless—nothing to be heard but the tramp of our own feet on the hard causeway.

With the cowardly caution of one who feels the water with his foot before he springs in to swim, I was glad that I made my first experiences of companionship with these humble friends while it was yet dark and none could see us. The old leaven of snobbery was unsubdued in my heart, and as I turned to look at poor old Väterchen, and then at the tinsel finery of Catinka, I bethought me of the little consideration the world extends to such as these and their belongings. "Vagabonds all!" would say some rich banker, as he rolled by in his massive traveling-carriage, creaking with imperials and jingling with bells. "Vagabonds all!" would mutter the Jew peddler as he looked down from the banquet of the diligence. How slight is the sympathy of the realist for the poor creature whose life-labor is to please! How prone to regard him as useless, or, even worse, forgetting the while how a wiser than he has made many things in this beautiful world of ours that they should merely minister to enjoyment, gladden the eye and ear, and make our pilgrimage less weary! What would be the crimson jay? where the scarlet bastard? where the gorgeous peacock, with the nosegay on his tail? where the rose, and the honey-suckle, and the purple foxglove, mingling with the wild thorns in our hedgerows, if the universe were of their creation, and this great globe but one big workshop? You never insist that the daisy and the daffodil should be pot-herbs; and why are there not to be wild flowers in humanity as in the fields? Is it not a great pride to you, who live under a looking-glass and care for, and with your name attached to a cleft-stick at your side—is it not a great pride to know that you are not like one of us poor dog-roses? Be satisfied, then, with that glory; we only ask to live! Shame on me for that "only!" As if there could be any thing more delightful than life. Life, with all its capacities for love, and friendship, and heroism, and self-devotion, for generous actions and noble aspirations! Life to feel life; to know that we are in a sphere specially constructed for the exercise of our senses and the play of our faculties; free to choose the road we would take, and with a glorious reward if our choice be the right one!

"Vagabonds!" Yes," thought I, "there was once on a time such a vagabond, and he strolled along from village to village making of his flute a livelihood; a poor performer, too, he tells us he was, but he could touch the hearts of these simple villagers with his tones as he could move the hearts of thousands more learned than they with his marvelous and careful art. I have no words to say the ecstasy this thought gave me. Many a proud traveler doubtless swept past the poor wayfarer as he went, dusty and footsore, and who was, nevertheless, journeying onward to a great immortality; to be a name remembered with blessings by generations when the haughty man that scorned him was forgotten forever.

"And so now," thought I, "some splendid Russian or some Saxon Czarina will crush by and not be conscious that the thin and weary-looking man, with the girl's bundle on his stick and the red umbrella under his arm, that is this Potts! Ay, Sir, you fancy that to be threadbare and footsore is to be vulgar-minded and ignoble, and you never so much as suspect that the heart inside that poor plaid waistcoat is throbbing with ambitions high as a Kaiser's, and that the brain within that battered Jim Crow is the realm of thoughts profound as Bacon's and high-soaring as Milton's."

If I make my reader a sharer in these musings of mine, it is because they occupied me for some miles of the way. Väterchen was not talkative, and loved to smoke on uninterrupted. I fancy that, in his way, he was as great a dreamer as myself. Catinka would have talked incessantly if any one had listened, or could understand her. As it was, she recited legends and sang songs for herself, as happy as ever a blackbird was to listen to his own melody; and though I paid no especial attention to her music, still did the sounds float through all my thoughts, bathing them with a soothing flood; just as the air we breathe is often loaded with a sweet and perfumed breath, that steals into our blood ere we know it. On the whole, we journeyed along very pleasantly, and what between the fresh morning air, the brisk exercise, and the novelty of the situation, I felt in a train of spirits that made me delighted with every thing. "This, after all," thought I, "is more like the original plan I sketched out for myself. This is the true mode to see life and the world. The student of Nature never begins his studies with the more complicated organizations; he

sets out with what is simplest in structure, and least intricate in function; he begins with the extreme link of the chain: so, too, I start with the investigation of those whose lives of petty cares and small ambitions must render any of appreciation. This poor Mollasse Väterchen, for instance. To see is to know him; and the girl, how absurd to connect such a guileless child of nature as that with those stereotyped notions of feminine craft and subtlety!" I then went on to imagine such future biographer of mine engaged on this portion of my life, puzzled for materials, puzzled, still more, to catch the clew to my meaning in it. "At this time," will he say, "Potts, by one of those strange caprices which often were the mainpring of his actions, resolved to lead a gipsy life. His ardent love of nature, his heartfelt enjoyment of scenery, and, more than even these, a certain breadth and generosity of character, disposed him to sympathize with those who have few to pity and fewer to succor them. With these wild children of the roadside he lived for months, joyfully sharing the burdens they carried, and taking his part in their privations. It was here he first met Catinka." I stopped at this sentence, and slowly repeated to myself, "'It was here he first met Catinka!' What will he have next to record?" thought I. "Is Potts now to claim sympathy as the victim of a passion that regarded not station, nor class, nor fortune; that despised the cold conventionalities of a selfish world, and asked only a heart for a heart? Is he to be remembered as the faithful believer in his own theory—Love, above all? Are we to hear of him clasping rapturously to his bosom the poor forlorn girl?" So intensely were my feelings engaged in my speculations, that, at this critical pass, I threw my arms around Catinka's neck and kissed her. A rebuke, not very cruel, not in the least angry or peevish, brought me quickly to myself, and as Väterchen was fortunately in front and saw nothing of what passed, I speedily made my peace. I do not know how it happened, but in that same peace-making I had passed my arm round her waist and there it remained—an army of occupation after the treaty was signed—and we went along, side by side, very amicably—very happily.

We are often told that a small competence—the just enough to live on—is the bane of all enterprise; that men thus placed are removed from the stimulus of necessity, and yet not lifted into the higher atmosphere of ambitions. Exactly in the same way do I believe that equality is the grave of love. The passion thrives on difficulty, and requires sacrifice. You must bid defiance to mankind as your choice, or you are a mere fortune-hunter. Show the world the blushing peasant girl you have made your wife, and say, "Yes, I have had courage to do this." Or else strive for a princess—a Russian princess. Better, far better, however, the humble-hearted child of nature and the fields, the simple, trusting, confiding girl, who regarded her lover as a sort of demi-god, would, while she clung to him—

"You pressed me so hard!" murmured Catinka, half rebukingly, but with a sort of pouting expression that became her marvellous.

"I was thinking of something that interested me, dearest," said I; but I'm not sure that I made my meaning very clear to her, and yet there was a roguish look in her black eye that puzzled me greatly. I began to like her, or, if you prefer the phrase, to fall in love with her. I knew it—I felt it just the way that a man who has once had the ague never mistakes when he is going to have a return of the fever. In the same way exactly did I recognize all the premonitory symptoms; the glidings, the heaving, the increased action of the heart, the heat, Potts! and reflect a bit; are you describing love, or a tertian?

How will the biographer conduct himself here? Whether will he have to say, "Potts resisted manfully this fatal attachment: had he yielded to the seductions of this early passion, it is more than probable we should never have seen him this, that, and 'other, nor would the world have been enriched with—Heaven knows what!" or shall he record, "Potts loved, loved her as only such a nature as his ever loves. He felt keenly all that, in a mere worldly point of view, he must sacrifice; but it was exactly in that love and that sacrifice was born the poet, the wondrous child of song, who has given us the most glorious lyrics of our language. He had the manliness to share his fortune with this poor girl. 'It was,' he tells us himself, in one of those little touching passages in his diary, which place him immeasurably above the mock sentimentality of Jean-Jacques—it was on the road to Constance, of a bright and breezy summer morning, that I told her of my love. We were walking along, our arms around each other, as might two happy, guileless children. I was very young in what is called the world, but I had a boundless confidence in myself; my theory was, 'If I be strengthened by the deep devotion of one loving heart, I have no fears of failure.' Beautiful words, and worthy of all memory! And then he goes on: 'I drew her gently over to a grassy bench on the roadside, and taking my purse from my pocket, poured out before her his humble contents, in all something less than twenty sovereigns, but to her eyes a very Ptolemaic wealth.'"

"What if I were to try this experiment?" thought I; "what if I were, so to say, to anticipate my own biography?" The notion pleased me much. There was something novel in it, too. It was making the experiment in the "corpore vile" of accident, to see what might come of it.

"Come here, Catinka," said I, pointing to a moss-covered rock at the roadside, with a little

well at its base—"come here, and let me have a drink of this nice clear water."

She assented with a smile and a nod, detaching at the same time a little cup from the flask which she wore at her side, in vivandière fashion. "And we'll fill my flask, too," said she, showing that it was empty, with a sort of childish gleam. She now knelt beside the stream, and washed the cup. What is it, wonder, that gives the charm to running water, and imparts a sort of glad feeling to its contemplation? Is it that its ceaseless flow suggests that "forever" which contrasts so powerfully with all short-lived pleasures? I can not tell, but I was still musing over the difficulty, when, having twice offered me the cup without my noticing it, she at last raised it to my lips. And I drank—oh, what a draught it was! so clear, so cold, so pure; and all the time my eyes were resting on hers, looking, as it were, into another world, the deepest and most unfathomable of all.

"Sit down here beside me on this stone, Catinka, and help me to count these pieces of money; they have got so mingled together that I scarcely know what is left me." She seemed delighted with the project, and sat down at once, and I, throwing myself at her feet, poured the contents of my purse into her lap.

"Madonna mia!" was all she could utter, as she beheld the gold. Aladdin in the cave never felt a more overwhelming rapture than did she at sight of these immense riches. "But where did it come from?" cried she, wildly. "Have you got mines of gold and silver? Have you got gems, too—rubies and pearls? Oh, say if there be pearls; I love them so! And are you really a great prince, the son of a king; and are you wandering the world this way to seek adventures, or in search, mayhap, of that lovely princess you are in love with? With wildest curiosity she asked these and a hundred other questions, for it was only now and then that I could trace her meaning, which expressive pantomime did much to explain.

I tried to convince her that what she deemed a treasure was a mere pittance, which a week or two would exhaust; that I was no prince, nor had I a kingly father; "and last of all," said I, "I am not in pursuit of a princess. But I'll tell you what I am in search of, Catinka: one trusting, faithful, loving heart; one that will so unites itself to mine as to have no joys, or sorrows, or cares, but mine; one content to go wherever I go, live however I live, and no matter what my faults may be, or how meanly others think of me, will ever regard me with eyes of love and devotion."

I had held her hand while I uttered this, gazing up into her eyes with ecstasy, for I saw how their liquid depth appeared to move as though about to overflow, when at last she spoke, and said,

"And there are no pearls!"

"Poor child!" thought I, "she can not understand one word I have been saying. Listen to me, Catinka," said I, with a slow utterance. "Would you give me your heart for all this treasure?"

"Si, si!" cried she, eagerly.

"And love me always—forever?"

"Si," said she, again; but I fancied with less of energy than before.

And when it was spent and gone, and nothing remaining of it, "What would you do?" "Send you to my mother, mio caro," said she, pressing my hand to her lips, as though in earnest of the blandishments she would bestow upon me.

Now, I can not affect to say that all this was very reassuring. This poor simple child of the mountains showed a spirit as sordid and as calculating as though she were baptized in May-Fair. It was a terrible shock to me to see this; a dire overthrow to a very fine edifice that I was just putting the roof on. "What a Kate Herbert have made me!" said I, with a slow utterance. "Would she have declared herself so venal and so worldly?—and why not? May it not be, perhaps, simply, that a mere question of good-breeding, the usages of a polite world, might have made all the difference, and that she would have felt what poor Catinka felt and owned to. If this were true, the advantages were all on the side of sincerity. With honesty as the basis, what may not one build up of character? Where there is candor there are at least no disappointments. This poor simple child, untainted in the wires of a scheming world, where all is false, unreal, and deceptive, has the courage to say that her heart can be bought. She is ready in her innocence, too, to sell it, just as the Indians sell a great territory for a few glass beads or bright buttons. And why should not I make the acquisition in the very spirit of a new settler? It was I discovered this lone island of the sea; it was I first landed on this unknown shore; why not claim a sovereignty so securely established? I put the question artistically before me: Given, a young girl, totally new to life and its seductions, deeply impressed with the value of wealth, to find the measure of venality in a well brought-up young lady, educated at Clapham, and finished at Bonlogne-sur-Mer. I expressed it thus: $D - Y = T + X$, or an unknown quantity.

"What strange marks are you drawing there?" cried she, as I made these figures on the slate.

"A caprice," said I, in some confusion.

"No," said she; "I know better. It was a charm. Tell truth—it was a charm."

"A charm, dearest; but for what?"

"I know," said she, shaking her head and laughing, with a sort of wicked drolletry.

"You know! Impossible, child."

"Yes," said she, with great gravity, while she swept her hand across the slate and erased all the figures. "Yes, I know, and I'll not permit it."

"But what, in Heaven's name, is trotting through your head, Catinka? You have not the vaguest idea of what those signs meant."

"Yes," she said, even more solemnly than before. "I know it all. You mean to steal away my heart in spite of me, and you are going to do it with a charm."

"And what success shall I have, Catinka?"

"Oh, do not ask me," said she, in a tone of touching misery. "I feel it very very sore here." And she pressed her hand to her side.

"Ah me," sighed she, "if there were only pearls!"

The ecstasy her first few words gave me was terribly routed by this vile conclusion, and I started up abruptly, and in an angry voice, said, "Let us go on; Väterchen will fear we are lost."

"And all this gold; what shall I do with it?" cried she.

"What you will. Throw it into the well if you like," said I, angrily; for in good sooth I was out of temper with her, and myself, and all mankind.

"Nay," said she, mildly, "it is yours; but I will carry it for you if it weary you."

I might have felt rebuked by the submissive gentleness of her words; indeed, I know not how it was that they did not so move me, and I walked on in front of her, heedless of her entreaties that I should wait till she came up beside me.

When she did join me she wanted to talk immensely. She had all manner of questions to ask about where my treasure came from; how often I went back there to replenish it; was I quite sure that it could never be exhausted, and such like. But I was in no gracious mood for such inquiries, and telling her that I wished to follow my own thoughts without interruption, I walked along in silence.

I can not tell the weight I felt at my heart. I am not speaking figuratively. No; it was exactly as though a great mass of heavy metal filled my chest, forced out my ribs, and pressed down my diaphragm; and though I held my hands to my sides with all my force, the pressure still remained.

"What a bitter mockery it is," thought I, "if the only false thing in all the world should be the human heart! There are diamonds that will resist fire, gold that will stand the crucible; but the moment you come to man and his affections, all is hollow and illusory!"

Why do we give the name worldliness to traits of selfish advancement and sordid gain, when a young creature like this, estranged from all the commerce of mankind, who knows nothing of that bargain-and-barter system which we call civilization, reared and nurtured like a young fawn in her native woods, should, as heart as venal as any hackneyed beauty of three London seasons?

Let no man tell me now that it is our vicious system of female training, our false social organization, our spurious morality, laxity of family ties, and the rest of it. I am firmly persuaded that a young squaw of the Choctaws has as many anxieties about her "parti" as any belle of Belgravia, even though the settlements be only paid in sharks' teeth and human topees.

And what an absurdity it is our whole code on this subject! A man is actually expected to court, solicit, and even worship the object that he is after all called upon to pay for. You do not smirk at the salmon in your fishmonger's window, or ogle the lamb at your butcher's; you go in boldly and say, "How much the pound?" If you sighed outside for a week you'd get it never the cheaper. Why not, then, make an honest market of what is so salable? What a saving of time to know that the splendid creature yonder, with the quiescent air, can only be won by the most unflinching and the most unrelenting of labor—take the prison rate if you like—and see if I be not right. Let the population who now heave sighs pound oyster-shells, let those who pick parquetry pick oakum, and we need no income-tax!

"I'll not sing any more," broke in Catinka. "I don't think you have been listening to me."

"Listening to you!" said I, contemptuously; "certainly not. When I want a siren, I take a pit ticket and go to the Opera; seven-and-sixpence is the price of Circe, and dear at the money. With this rude rebuff I waved her off, and walked along once more alone."

At a sudden bend of the road we found Väterchen seated under a tree waiting for us, and evidently not a little uneasy at our long absence.

"What is this?" said he, angrily, to Catinka. "Why have you remained so long behind?"

"We sat down to rest at a well," said she, "and then he took out a great bag of money to count, and there was so much in it, so many pieces of bright gold, that one could not help

turning them over and over, and gazing at them."

"And worshipping them too, girl!" cried he, indignantly, while he turned on me a look of sorrow and reproach. I returned his stare haughtily, and he arose and drew me to one side.

"Am I, then, once more mistaken in my judgment of men? Have you, too, duped me?" said he, in a voice that shook with agitation. "Was it for this you offered us the solace of your companionship? Was it for this you condescended to journey with us, and deigned to be our host and entertainer?"

The appeal came at an evil moment: a vile, contemptible skepticism was at work within me. The rasp and the file of Doubt were eating away at my heart, and I deemed "all men liars."

"And is it to me—Potts—you address such words as these, you consummate old humbug? What is there about me that denotes dupe or fool?"

The old man shook his head, and made a gesture to imply he had not understood me; and now I remembered that I had uttered this rude speech in English, and not in German. With the memory of this fact came also the consciousness of its own meaning. What if I should have wronged him? What if the poor old fellow be honest and upright? What if he be really striving to keep this girl in the path of virtue? I came close to him, and fixed my eyes steadfastly on his face. He looked at me fearlessly, as an honest man might look. He never tried to turn away, nor did he make the slightest effort to evade me. He seemed to understand all the import of my scrutiny, for he said at last,

"Well, are you satisfied?"

"I am, Väterchen," said I, "fully satisfied. Let us be friends." And I took his hand and shook it heartily.

"You think me honest?" asked he.

"I do think so."

"And I am not more honest than she is. No," said he, resolutely, "Tintenfleck is true-hearted."

"What of me?" cried she, coming up and leaning her arm on the old man's shoulder—"what of me?"

"I have said that you are honest, and would not deceive."

"Not you, Väterchen—not you," said she, kissing him. And then, as she turned away, she gave me a look so full of meaning, and so strange, withal, that if I were to speak for an hour I could not explain it. It seemed to mean sorrow and reproach and wounded pride, with a dash of pity, and above all and every thing, defiance; ay, that was its chief character, and I bethought I winced under it.

"Let us stop out briskly," said Väterchen.

"Constance is a good eleven miles off yet."

"He looks tired already," said she, with a glance at me.

"I? I'm as fresh as when I started," said I. And I made an effort to appear brisk and lively, which only ended in making them laugh heartily.

THE FAMILY AT FENHOUSE.

I was to be a governess; but I could not obtain a situation. My poor mother had been insane for many years before her death; one of my brothers was deaf and dumb, another was deformed, while none of us showed either health or vigor. In a word, there was no escaping the fact that we had the seeds of some terrible disease sown thickly among us, and that, as a family, we were unhealthy and unsafe. I was the eldest and the strongest, both in mind and body, but that was my waywardness, not my health. My dream of a tall and stout, with the spasmodic affection which you see in my face, as nervous as I am now, and nearly as thin; short-sighted, which made my manners doubly awkward, and they would always have been awkward from my nervousness and ungainly figure; and with an unnaturally acute hearing, often followed by attacks of unconsciousness, which sometimes lasted many hours, and rendered me, for the time, dead to all outward life.

Unpromising as our family condition was, when my father died and left us destitute, it was absolutely necessary that those of us at all capable should get something to do, and that the rest should be cared for by charity. The last we found more easy to be accomplished than the first. Many kind hands were stretched forward to help the helpless of us, but few to strengthen the weak. However, after a time, they were all settled in some way or other, and were at least secured from starvation, while I, who had been considered the most hopeful, was still unprovided for, looking vainly for a situation either as governess or companion. Both were equally difficult to procure. On the one side my manners and appearance were against me; on the other, my family history. As I could not deny my inheritance of disease and insanity, mothers, naturally enough, would not trust me with their children, and I was not sufficiently attractive for a companion. People who can afford companions want something pliant, bright, animated, pleasant. No one would look at my unlovely face, or hear the harsh tones of my voice—I know how harsh they are—and pay me to be an ornament or pleasure to their lives. So, as I tell you, I was refused by every one, until I began to despair of success, and without blaming any, to understand that the world was too hard for me, and that I had no portion in it.

As my last venture, I answered an advertisement in the *Times* for a companion to a lady in delicate health, living in the country. My letter was replied to in a bold manly hand, and a meeting arranged. I was to go down that next day by train to a place about twenty miles from Lon-

don, and find my way from a certain railway station named, two miles across the country—conveyances not to be had—to a village called Fenhouse Green. A mile farther would bring me to Fenhouse itself, "the seat of Mr. and Mrs. Brand."

The note was couched in a curiously sharp, peremptory style, and pompously worded. I remember, too, that it was written on a broad sheet of coarse letter-paper, and sealed with what looked at first sight to be a large coat of arms, but which, when examined, proved to be only a make-believe. With my habit of making up histories out of every incident that came before me, I decided that the writer was a military man, wealthy and high-born, and that, about to leave on foreign service, he wished to place his young and beautiful wife in careful hands, so as to insure her pleasant companionship during his absence. I made quite a romance out of that peremptory letter with its broad margin and imposing seal.

"They will never take me when they have seen me!" I sighed, as I settled myself in the third-class carriage, which I shared with three soldiers' wives and a couple of Irish laborers, and I wished that I could have exchanged my fate and person with the meanest among them. Though they were poor, they were not under a curse, as I was; though man had not uplifted them, Fortune had not crushed them as she had crushed me. I was weeping bitterly behind my veil, overpowered with my own sadness and despair, and almost decided on not going farther to meet only with fresh disappointment, when the train stopped at my station, and I let myself drift down the tide of circumstance, and once more dared my chance.

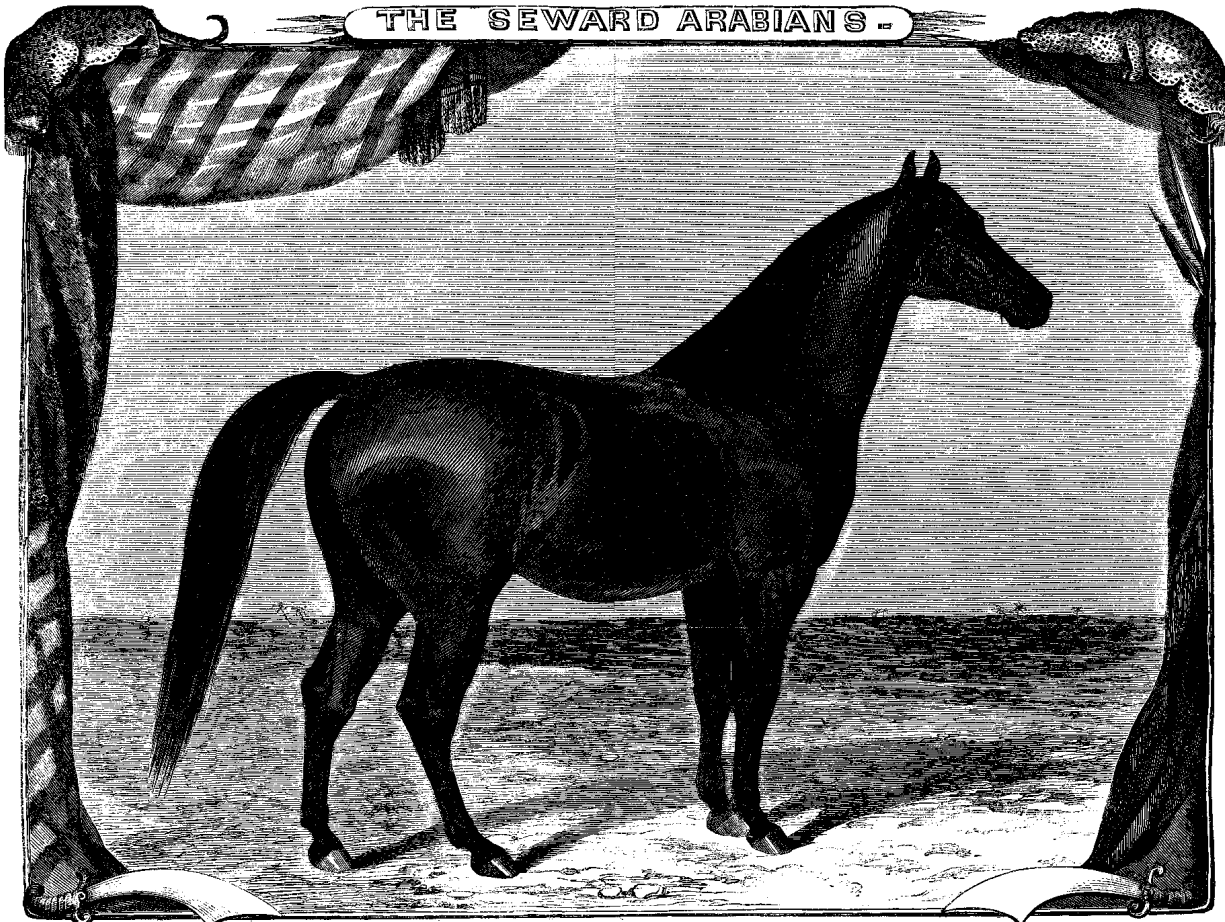
Asking my way to Fenhouse Green, much to the astonishment, apparently, of the solitary station-master, I struck into a rugged by-road, which he said would take me there. The two miles' walk seemed as if it would never end. The road was lonely, and the country desolate, ugly, and monotonous; nothing but a broad ragged waste, without a tree or an autumn flower to break the dead dreariness of the scene. I did not meet a living creature until I came to an unwholesome-looking collection of cottages, covered with foul eruptions of fungi and mildew starting out like a leprosy upon the walls. Where the village green should have been was a swamp, matted with convolvulus. It was a place to remember in one's dreams, from the neglect, desolation, the hopeless poverty and feverish squallor of all about.

It was this village of which the writer had spoken so pompously as his property, and of which I had imagined all that was charming and picturesque; it did not argue much for what had to come; and I began to feel that I had painted too brightly, and perhaps had ranked my chance too low. The place frightened me. I went through, glad to escape the stupid wonder of the pallid women and children who came crowding to the doors as though a stranger were a rare and not too welcome sight among them. Indeed, some seemed to have a kind of warning terror in their looks when they pointed in the direction of the House, as they called it; and one old witch, lifting her stick, cried, "Surely, surely, not there believe!" in a tone which froze my blood. However, it was too late now to recede; so, full of an indescribable terror, I went on my way until I arrived at Fenhouse, where my future was to lie.

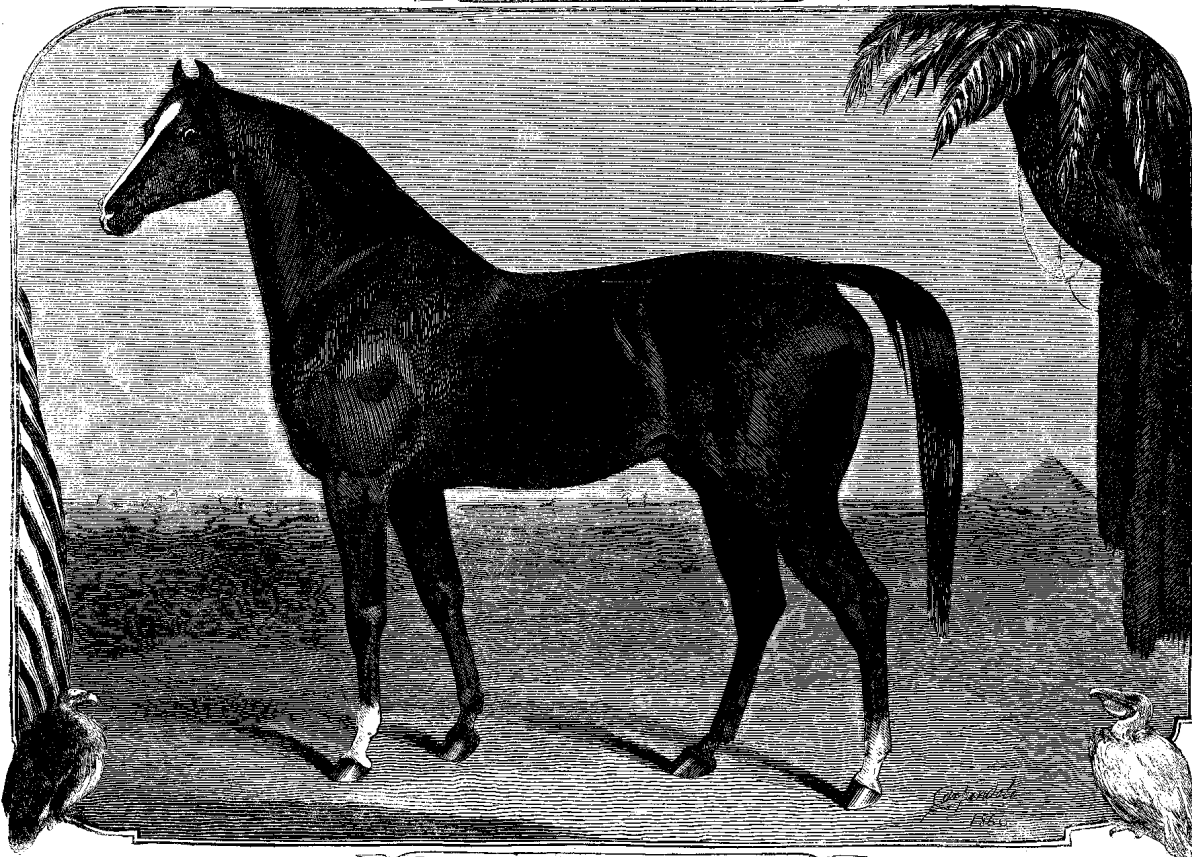
It was a lonely house, standing back from the road, completely shut in, in front, by a tangled shrubbery; while at the rear stretched a bare, dark wood with a trailing undergrowth of brambles and thorns. The gate hung broken, supported by one hinge only; the garden was a mass of weeds and rubbish; the flower-beds overgrown with grass and nettles; and what had once been rose-trees and flowering shrubs, left to wither and die, stifled by bindweed and coarser growths. The house was of moderate size, two-storied, and roomy, but so neglected and uncared for, that it looked more bleakly desolate than any thing I had ever seen. My dream of a beautiful wife had vanished, and I felt as if about to be ushered into the presence of some fantastic horror or deadly crime. The wet leaves plashed beneath my feet, and sent up their clouds of autumn odor—the odor of death; unsightly insects and loathsome reptiles glided before me with a strange familiarity, which rendered them yet more loathly; not a bird twittered through the naked branches of the trees. The whole place had a dead, weird, haunted look; and, shivering with dread at I knew not what, I rang the rusty bell, hanging lonely out of the chipped and broken socket. The peal startled me, and brought out a small terrier, which came running round me, barking furiously and shrilly. The door was opened by a ragged, slipshod servant-girl, and I was shown into a poorly-furnished room, which seemed to be a kind of library; to judge, at least, by the open book-case, thinly stocked with shabby books. The room was close and musty; the fire in the grate was heaped up carefully toward the middle, and the sides blocked in by bricks. It was a mean fire—a stinky, shabby fire.

After waiting for some time, a gentleman and lady came in. She was a pale, weak, hopeless-looking woman; very tall, fair, and slender, with a narrow forehead, lustreless light-blue eyes, with no eyelashes, scanty hair, straw-colored, ill-defined eyebrows, and very thin, pale lips. She was slightly deformed, and carried her arms thrust far back from the elbow, the hands left to dangle nervelessly from the wrists. She stooped, and was dressed in a limp, faded cotton gown, even more soiled and too cold for the season. When she came in her eyes were bent toward the soiled gray carpet, and she never raised them, or made the least kind of salutation, but sat down on a chair near the window, and began to unravel a strip of muslin. The gentleman was short and thick-set, very active and determined-looking, with dark hair turning now to gray, a thick but evenly-cut mustache, joining his bushy whiskers, the large, square, heavy chin left bare; overhanging eyebrows, with small, restless, passionate eyes be-

THE SEWARD ARABIANS -



MĀNĀKE HEDROGE -



SIKLAUY - GIDRAN -

SENATOR SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

neath: in his whole face and bearing an expression of temper amounting to ferocity.

He spoke to me peremptorily and haughtily; asked me my name, age, family condition, previous history, as if he had been examining me on oath, scarcely waiting for my answers, and all the while fixing me with those small angry eyes till I felt dazed and restless, as creatures under torture. Then he said, abruptly:

"You have a strange look—a scared look, I may call it. How have you come by it?"

"I am of a nervous temperament, Sir," I answered, pulling at the ends of my gloves.

"Nothing else? Nothing hereditary?"

"Yes, Sir," said I, as steadily as I could. "There is hereditary misfortune among us."

"Father or mother?"

"Mother."

"Ah!" said the man, rubbing his mustache, and looking at me with eyes all aflame; "so much the nearer and more dangerous."

"I am not dangerous," I said, a little too humbly, perhaps; but that man was completely unbending me. "I am nervous, but I have no worse tendency."

He laughed.

"Perhaps not," he said, with a sneer that made my blood curdle; "no one ever has. Don't you know that all maniacs are philosophers, when they are not kings and queens? Shall I take you on trust, then, according to your own estimate of yourself, or discharge you at once, according to mine?"

"I think I may be trusted, Sir," I answered, looking every where but into his face.

"What do you think, Mrs. Brand?" he said, turning to the pale woman unraveling her strip of muslin, and who had not, as I thought, looked at me once yet.

"She is ugly," said she, in a dull, monotonous voice; "I don't like ugly people."

Mr. Brand laughed again.

"Never mind that, Mrs. Brand; goodness don't go by looks, does it, Miss—Miss what? Are you a name or a number?"

"Miss Erfurt."

"Oh, yes! I forgot—Jane Erfurt—I remember now; and a queer name it is, too. Does it, Miss Jane Erfurt?"

"Not always, Sir," I said, moving restlessly.

"Well, Mrs. Brand, what do you say?"

"She is ugly, and George will not like her," said the lady, in the same dull manner.

"Who the deuce cares!" shouted Mr. Brand, flaming with passion on the instant. "Let him like it or not, who cares for a stupid fool, or for what he thinks? That for his liking!" snapping his fingers insolently.

The lady's face grew a shade paler; but beyond a furtive, terrified glance at her husband she took no notice of his words. He then turned abruptly to me, and told me that I was to hold myself engaged to perform the duties of companion to Mrs. Brand, and that I was to enter on those duties early next week.

"But without the lady's consent?" said I, too weak to resist, and too nervous to accept.

She put away her muslin and rose. "Mr. Brand is master here," she said; "do what he tells you: it saves trouble."

The week after I went to Fenhouse as the companion of Mrs. Brand.

The first day's dinner was a strange affair. After we had seated ourselves to what was a very scanty supply, there lounged in a young gentleman: a heavy, full-blooded, jumpish being, with a face devoid of intelligence, but more animal than imbecile; not specially good-tempered, but not vicious—a more idle, eating and drinking clown, scarcely raised above the level of a dog or a horse, and without even their instinctive emotions. What an unwholesome, unnatural circle we made! I longed for a little healthy life among us, and turned with a feeling of envy and relief to the commonplace servant-maid, who, if not intellectual, was at the least more in accord with pure ordinary life than we.

There was ill-blood between Mr. Brand and Master George, as the boy was called; and I soon understood why. His mother's only son by a former marriage, and heir of the neglected lands lying round Fenhouse, he stood in the way of his step-father, whose influence over his wife was supreme, and who, but for the boy, would have absolute possession of every thing. He had married for money, and had been balked of half his prize. I used often to wonder that the two were not afraid to trust themselves in the hands of one so passionate and unscrupulous; but though Mrs. Brand was undisguisedly afraid of her husband, and the boy was not too stupid to understand that he was hated, and why, neither seemed to look forward to evil days. I do not think that they had mind enough to look to the future in hope or dread. Mother and son loved each other, with the mute instinctive love of dumb animals—a love in which both would be helpless to save if bad times came. They were not much together, and they seldom spoke when they met; but they sat close to each other, always in the same place and on the same chairs, and Mrs. Brand unravelled her eternal slips of muslin, while her son gathered up the threads and thrust them into a canvas bag.

I had been there a fortnight, and I never saw either of them employed in any thing else; and I never heard half a dozen words pass between them. It was a silent house at all times; and, more than this, it was a house full of hate. Save this dumb animal kind of love between the two, not a ray of even kindly feeling existed among any of us. The servant was the mark for every one's ill-temper, while I stood out as a kind of pariah among them all, not even dignified by active dislike. I was shunned, and could not understand why I was there at all. The lady never spoke to me—not even to say good-morning; she gave me no duties, but she forbade me no employment. I was free to do what I liked, provided I did not make my existence too manifest to her, and did

not speak to her husband or Master George. If by chance any thing like a conversation began—for Mr. Brand had his talkative moods in a violent, angry kind of way—she used to order me out of the room in just the same tone as she used to speak to the dog. If I remonstrated, as I did once, her only answer was, "You can go if you like; I did not hire you."

One thing especially troubled me. It troubled me because, like all morbidly imaginative people, any thing of a mystery terrified me more than an open danger; and this, of which I am going to speak, was a mystery. The boy took no notice of me at the first. He never spoke to me when he came into the room; he passed me in the fields as if he did not see me; indeed, he had always that manner to me—he did not see me—I did not exist for him. I was well content that this should be; but after I had been there a short time Mr. Brand began to make distinct mischief between us.

From British indifference Master George passed rapidly to British aggression. When he met me in the lanes and fields he made mouths at me, and once he flung stones and mud as I passed him; at table he would kick me silently, and whenever I caught his eye he made hideous grimaces, muttering in his broad, provincial accent, "Mad dog! mad dog! We hang mad dogs here-away!" His insolence and brutality increased daily, and Mr. Brand encouraged him. This was the mystery. Why should he wish this to do to me?

There was a plot underneath it all which I tormented myself to discover. Day and night the thought haunted me, till I felt growing crazed with dread and terror. I could not conceal my abhorrence of the youth—I was too nervous for that—not hide the fear with which that wicked man inspired me. I was as helpless as the poor pale woman there, and as thoroughly the victim of a stronger fate.

One night Master George had been more than usually intolerable to me. He had struck me openly before both father and mother, had insult-

ed my life rose up before me with the force and vividness of living scenes actually present to my senses. I paced my room for some time in a state of despair, wringing my hands and sobbing violently, but without tears. By degrees a little calmness came to me, and I determined to go down stairs for a book. I would get some quiet, calm, religious book, which would soothe me like a spiritual opiate, and take me out of the abyss of misery into which I had sunk. What friend, indeed, had I in the world save the Great Father above us all?

As I opened the door I fancied I heard a stealthy step along the passage. I held my breath to listen, shading the candle with my hand. I was not deceived; there was a step passing furtively over the creaking boards in the direction of Master George's room. I shrank back into the door-way. Yet there was nothing to alarm me. A quiet foot-fall at midnight might be easily accounted for: why should it affect me with mistrust and dread? and why should I feel this overpowering impulse to go toward the sound? I scarcely knew what I expected to find; but something stronger than myself seemed to impel me to the discovery of something horrible; and placing the candle on the floor, I crept noiselessly along the passage, every nerve strung to its utmost tension.

Master George slept in a room at the end of the back-stairs gallery, which ran at right angles to the passage in which my room was situated. My door faced Mr. and Mrs. Brand's; Master George's faced the kitchen stairs, and was properly the servant's room; but she had been moved to a small closet near to me, Mr. Brand not approving of her holding so large a chamber for herself, neither willing to allow the boy any thing of a better class. When I stood by my door I could see Mr. and Mrs. Brand's room; but it was only by going the whole length of the back-stairs gallery that I could get to Master George's. I could see now, however, that his door was open, for a ray of light fell along the staircase wall, and I could hear his heavy snoring breath. And I heard another sound. I heard



OUR ANGEL.

ed my misfortunes, and spoken with brutal disrespect of my family. It was a wild winter's night, and the howling wind shook the windows, and dashed the trailing ivy-leaves sharply against the panes: a fearful night, making all visions of freedom and escape impossible; a night which necessitated one to be content with one's own fireside, and forbade the idea of wandering farther. Yet it was something worse than death to me to be shut up in that mean room, with its squalid furniture and scanty fire, with such companions, and to feel that I could not escape from them—that they might ill-treat me, mock me, persecute me as they would, and I was bound to bear all without protection or means of escape. The stormy night had excited me, and I felt less than ever able to bear all the insolence and brutality heaped upon me. When Master George struck me again, and called me "mad dog," something seemed to take possession of me. My timidity and nervousness vanished, and I felt as if swept away in a very tumult of passion. I do not know now what it was that I said or did, but I remember rising passionately from my place, and pouring out a torrent of bitterness and reproach. I was almost unconscious of what I was doing, for I was literally for the moment insane; but I remember the words, "You shall die! you shall die!" rising like a scream through the room. I have not the slightest recollection of how I left the parlor, nor how I got to my own chamber, but it was past midnight when I awoke from what must have been a kind of swoon, and found myself lying on the floor.

The wind was still raging, howling through the trees outside, tearing down branches, and scattering the dead leaves like flakes of frozen snow upon the ground. Every door and window shook throughout the old house, and the wild moaning in the chimneys came, startling, like the cries of tortured beings. Confused and giddy, I rose up out of my trance, stiff with cold and scarcely conscious. But as my brain grew clearer it grew also feverish, and I knew there was no rest for me to-night. My hearing began to be distressingly acute, and every painful thought and circumstance

a man's step in the room; I heard the boards creak and the bed-clothes softly rustle; I heard an impatient kind of moan as of some one disturbed in his sleep, and then a heavy blow, a stifled groan, a man's deep-drawn breath, and the quick, sharp drip of something spilled upon the floor. Dumb from terror, I stood in the door-way of the boy's room. Pale, heavy, motionless on the bed lay the youth, his large limbs carelessly flung abroad in the unconsciousness of sleep, and his face as calm and quiet as if still dreaming. The sheets were wet with blood—red—the light of the candle glistening upon a small red stream that flowed over the side of the bed, on the floor beneath. At a little distance stood Mr. Brand, wiping a knife on a handkerchief. He turned, and our eyes met. He came up to me with an oath, caught me by the throat, and drew the knife across my hands. I remember no more until I awoke in the broad daylight and found myself in the midst of a crowd gathered round my bed.

Curious eyes stared at me; harsh voices mocked me; rough hands were laid upon me; and I heard myself branded with the burning name of Murderer. Red tracks made by a woman's naked feet—made by my feet—led from the boy's room to mine; each track plainly printed on the bare uncarpeted floor—tracks of a woman's feet, and of none other. There was no explaining away these marks and signs of guilt. Who would believe me, a half-mad lonely stranger with such a family history as mine, and, according to popular belief, at any moment liable to make a murderous attack against any one offending? Had not this unhappy youth notoriously offended, and had I not, only that very evening, openly defied and threatened him? Escape was impossible. To all the evidence heaped up against me with such art and cunning I had but an unsupported assertion, which would be set down as maniacal raving, and only deepen the case against me.

All day I lay there; all that weary sobbing winter's day; and when the night came they fastened me with cords and left me once more alone. I was so well secured—bound hand and foot, and

triple bound—that it was not thought needful to watch me; and they were all too much excited and overwrought to wish to remain through the night with a lunatic murderer, as I was called. So they went, and Mr. Brand locked the door, saying, as he turned away, "We must have no more such dangerous fits of madness, Miss Erfurt!" with a sneer on the word.

I was too hopeless and desolate to think of any plan of escape, feasible or not. The reaction had set in, and I was content to lie there in quiet, and to feel that I had done with life forever. It had not offered me so many joys that I should grieve to leave it, and for the shame—who cares for shame in the grave? No; I was content to have done with all that had weighed upon me so long and heavily. I had no one to mourn for me, no one to love me, with a broken heart and a sorrowed faith: I was alone—alone—and might well die out at once, and sleep tranquilly in my murdered grave. And I was not unhappy, thinking all these things. Perhaps my brain was slightly paralyzed, so that I could not suffer. However it might be, it was a merciful moment of calm.

It was nearly three o'clock when I heard a light hand upon the door. The key was turned softly in the lock, and, pale and terrible, like an avenging ghost, the poor bereaved mother glided into my room. She came up to my bed and silently unfurnished the cords. She said no comforting word, she gave me no kind look, no pitying human touch, but in a strange, weak, wan way, she unbound me limb by limb until I was free.

"Go," she then said, below her breath, still not looking at me. "I do not love you, and as I did not; but I know that you are innocent, and I do not want your blood on my head. My turn is to come next; but I do not mind, now he has gone. Go at once; that sleep will not last long. I made it come for you."

Without another word she turned from the room, leaving the door open. I got up as she bade me. Without energy, without hope, I quietly dressed myself, and left the house, going forth into the darkness and desolation, more because I had been bidden to do so than to escape a greater peril. I wandered through the by-roads aimlessly, nervously; not shaping my course for any goal, but simply going forward to wherever chance might lead me. A poor woman gave me some milk, and I slept, I believe, once beneath a haystack. I remember lying down there, and finding myself again after many hours. In time—I can not tell you how or when, nor how long I had been out in the fields, but it was evening, and the lamps were lighted—I was in London, reading a description of myself posted up against the walls. I saw myself described as a murderer and a maniac, and a reward offered for my apprehension; my dress, my manners, appearance, gait, voice, all were so minutely noted as to render escape impossible. Seized with terror I fled: I fled like a wild being hunted and pursued, and I have never rested since.

MR. SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSES.

We publish on page 28 fine portraits of the two Arabian horses presented to Mr. Seward by Ayoub Bey Trabulsky, assistant of the Criminal Court of the Ayalet of Sayda. They are drawn by Mr. T. C. Carpendale, who describes them as follows: Mianika is a bay horse, with black legs and feet, fifteen hands high, and seven years old. His extraordinary power of endurance can not be doubted when we look at the immense depth of leg, chest, and shoulder with which he is furnished. The head is somewhat large, the back perfectly straight; while the neck and wither are as strong as that of the bull. On the whole, he is not remarkable for beauty. His best point is the immense length from the hip to the tail, which is greater than we have ever seen in a horse of his size; and to this very important point we beg to call the attention of the horseman. For a better idea of his singular formation we would refer to the drawing from life, which is pronounced an excellent likeness.

Siklany Gidran is a sorrel colt, with face and feet white, fifteen hands high, and two years and ten months old. He is a noble specimen of the Arabian horse. Beautiful as a statue, fiery as the sun that tints his native sands, he awakens in the mind of the beholder a sense of admiration and wonder; while a glance at his graceful head and neck is sufficient to confirm all that we have heard or read of the superior beauty of the Arabian horse. If speed be the consequence of symmetry of form and stoniness of limb, we predict for this powerful colt a glorious career on the turf.

We have been permitted to see the official pedigree of these horses, drawn up at Beyrout, and duly certified at the American consulate. Both are said to be of the race called Mianika Hedroge, one of the most highly esteemed races of Arabian horses.

MY ANGEL'S VISIT.

It seemed as if our prayers were wasted. During the six years we had been married every thing else went well with us. The business, in which my husband was a partner, had prospered so much that two years since he sold his open connection with it for a round sum. The money so obtained, added to what he had previously saved—(he was elderly when I not an heiress, married him)—formed a very sufficient competency for people of a middling station, who meant to live quietly, and yet have it in our power to be hospitable to friends, and, at the same time, live respected by the poor people near, who might look to us for help when no one else could give it. Since he left the business, too, a certain sleeping interest he retained in it became of increased value, so that, though retired from active work, the fruits of work still ripened on the old tree. Alas, that our

tree of life was the one which hung fruitless. That our paradise could attract no little angel from heaven to sport in it.

We had bought Elmbury Hall, and were now resident there. It was not much of a hall indeed, but the park was full of fine old elms, and it had a good garden.

It was a silly notion of mine, which I could not help nursing, that the habit of looking on a vacant home would, in time, make George think it vacant. Oh how I wearied Heaven with promises, protesting that I would lead to virtue my son's earliest feet. As if I would talk over the Life-Giver with fine speeches.

At last love was pitiful. Oh morn of joy; bright after clouds—came Mary, our dawn. She came with the flowers of May—when birds are blithest. But no wild wood-note rang sweeter than Mary's cry; no flower-bud revealed dearer charms than the infant blossom that unfolded on my breast. All indited with the gladness—the world rose heavenward, as far as the straining cords that bound it apart would allow. What more could we wish? Our hearts' desire had been given to us. The little child-illnesses, that now and then cast shadows, were but passing clouds. The next breeze of health blew them aside, and the atmosphere was again clear.

We were playing in the garden with Mary on her birthday. She was then a year old. We had a small difference as to whether Mary's husband was to be a great merchant or a man of high rank. Being slightly annoyed because George persisted that the station of a rich merchant's wife was not so much amiss, I walked aside to air my heat, as I desired to show my husband how much he had offended me.

Just then a shower of feathers fell around us. Immediately a broken-winged pigeon, which a hawk or some other bird had struck, fluttered with loud screams to my feet, and nestled under my dress.

After washing it clean I laid it in the kitchen on some folded flannel. I remarked to George what a special providence it was that we had quarreled, because else we might not have noticed this poor creature which had, no doubt, been sent for us to nurse. George, too, thought the quarrel providential, as it saved me from saying a good deal of nonsense, in addition to what I did say, or perhaps it was our dinner providentially sent to us all but cooked.

I thought this cruel, and said so. George defended his proposal, and asked if it was not better to kill a half-dead pigeon than one in full life. When I could not answer for indignation he gave me Mary's wrapper to throw over the "otherdove," and recommended feeding it with some of the child's food which the nurse was preparing. To my astonishment it ate well enough.

Next morning we found the poor bird dead. I was shedding some natural tears over it when George observed, as a consolation, that there was another dove on which I could expend ministrations. Perhaps good fortune would favor it also with some kind of broken wing that would keep my hand in. I saw that George was still cross, after yesterday's quarrel, so I said nothing.

I know not how it was, but dating from this incident, a vague uneasiness took possession of me. I, at first, fancied it symptomatic of some illness establishing itself in me; but as no disease broke out, I was fain to laugh myself, as best I could, out of my alarm. Insensibly the fear that was on me connected itself with the wonder I had felt when noticing how slow Mary was to repeat words. Always the lightest movement that caught her eye drew it away, and I persuaded myself she was still too young. Day by day, however, the faint first darkness deepened, till the winter tempest came, and the terrible conviction broke on me that Mary was deaf. I saw, too, that other people had divined the secret, though no one spoke of it.

My husband was not a musician, but was fond, like nearly every body, of hearing good music. I felt an inexpressible pang, as he expatiated, according to his habit, on how he would have Mary's musical skill cultivated. It was some months after I made the discovery I have mentioned before the child's father knew the real state of matters; so that, many a time, with his words cutting me, have I listened smiling to his plans.

He spoke of this so continually that I dreaded more and more the hour when he must know the truth, and though I thought it right to tell him, I saw no chance of being able to do it otherwise than abruptly. It was not altogether in jest that he proposed a residence in Italy where the influences that foster music might affect Mary at her most impressive period of life; and where, as he averred, the capacity to train this kind of spirititude exists in its highest degree.

impressive sounds of many well-drilled young voices swelled on our ears, I saw George, with moist eyes (he was partly affected by the singing, and partly by his own eloquence), turning to little Mary, who sat playing at his feet with some toys Miss Smithers had just given her. He lifted the child up, and tried to divert her toward the singing; but after looking vacantly at the group, she struggled to be set down again to her playthings. A sudden restlessness affected her father, and he continued watching her during the remainder of the hymn. When the children had gone away he again took up Mary on his knees, and without remarking to me that he meant any thing beyond play, he made sudden noises close to and sometimes back from Mary's ear, while her eyes were turned from him. She took not the slightest notice. But as soon as he turned her toward him and smiled, an answering smile at once responded. Having thus caught her eye, he opened his lips and imitated the movements made by a person speaking. The child mimicked the action. He then went through the same movements in an exaggerated fashion, but this time did really emit the sounds which such movements properly accompany. The child mimicked the exaggerated movements, but failed to give out voice. He then put the child down to infinite tenderness.

Later on in the evening I noticed that he was watching an opportunity of communicating his discovery. He was very anxious to know what nonsense he had been saying to the school-children, and regretted the bad habit he had acquired of speaking without thinking. He could very easily conceive of a pleasant family group sitting around a fire that burns warm and cheery in a locked-up house, whose broken bell-wires have ceased to tell that a stranger is at the gates. He could think also of a fleet of ships sailing in company and obeying one set of signals; but so too a vessel might voyage alone, and not the less safely reach her haven.

I saw he was endeavoring to break the news to me. Then I perceived how silly it was to make believe that I did not know what he was trying to tell me gently. I therefore said broadly out that I knew Mary had only four senses; and though at first it was a frightful anguish to me, and could not but be always painful, yet when I said to myself that her part in life's battle would be proportioned to her means of fighting it, I considered that the heavy sorrow was not without alleviation.

Our plans thenceforth were formed in concert. We determined at every cost to exhaust the possibility of cure, before we considered her deafness as any thing but an accident which admitted of removal; for we steadily would not regard it as one of her conditions of existence. For some years our life was little else than waiting upon doctors—for the promise is to those who persevere. Promises, indeed, we had, for they fell like snow-flakes every where; but melted with the same facility. Each new aurist gave us new hope, though each in succession regretted that we had not come to him sooner. In some cases we were cruelly victimized, and the health of our darling grievously impaired. In a few instances the truth was told us as plainly as perhaps they thought we could bear it—namely, that medical science could do nothing whatever for Mary. One flagrant case in London came before the police magistrate, and at least two others might have gone; but certain difficulties in establishing legal guilt in that kind of swindling staid our hands. To mere exposure the men were callous, if indeed they did not flourish upon it, notoriously standing then in the same stead as celebrity.

At last even hope of cure died in us. What finally dispipated our delusion was the non-success of a painful and dangerous experiment she underwent in Paris. Her ears had been bored and blistered in the course of our wanderings, and all sorts of regimen prescribed and abided by without effecting improvement. In our desperation we agreed to try this Parisian remedy, which we were assured had proved successful in every case in which it had been undergone. I was not present at the operation, and dared not ask how she bore it; but it consisted in removing with a trepan a piece of the skull bone that sound might reach the brain through the opening.

To induce Mary to let her ears be examined, her father had bought for her a costly but exquisitely beautiful vase of Parian which she fancied in London. It represented an angel standing on a half-globe, and bearing, mouth upward, a cornucopia with flowers. She was fond of nursing it as a doll, though careful in handling it to keep it clean and unguined. Accustomed to stipulate for some present before each manipulation, she now desired that the letters M A R Y, which she knew to be

began to open her mind to religious truth by explaining to her, as the foundation on which belief must rest, the series of words which form the commencement of the sacred book.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

I explained the first word by pouring water into a bottle, and telling her that that was in. The second word, *the*, I judged to have no meaning worth explaining, and accordingly passed it by. The third word, *beginning*, puzzled me greatly. I thought of giving up the verse and trying an easier one; but I could not, after search, find one without difficulties. It then struck me that as I got the word in out of a bottleful of water, I would husband my resources and get the word *beginning* out of it as well. I repeated the act of pouring water into the bottle, in order that the beginning of the operation might be seen. I was a little dubious as to the accuracy of her conception of this third word, and slightly alarmed as to whether I might not have confused her previously clear idea of *in*. For I began to see that words in a sentence are like joined pieces of a water-pipe; the separate pieces are plain enough, but the meaning inside of them is all run together, and forms one idea. How, for instance, would the child pick apart the separate significance of *in* and *beginning*? However, I could not afford to dwell longer on this, for if every word were to be drained of its difficulties we should never get forward. Besides, future lessons would obviate what was left defective now.

I saw no trouble in the fourth word; for I had already given her an insight into her relationship toward a Creator. This I had done by spelling slowly the hallowed name, and pointing upward with extreme reverence, pointing also toward the church, which was visible from the windows up stairs. *Created* seemed to me harder of interpretation. After much thought I drew the figure of a blacksmith at work, and wrote down the word *making*. I then pointed to the word *created*, to signify that *making* and *creating* were similar acts. I had been told by a friend how an ingenious lady once explained and to a deaf child by tying a thread between a pen and an inkstand. The piece of thread was *and*. I therefore, on my system of extracting much meaning from few materials, tied together the bottle and water-jug which I had already used to explain *in* and *beginning*. For the word *earth* I touched the ground and swept my finger backward and forward on it.

After going over in this careful manner the sentence, whose important meaning I desired to elicit, I resolved to let it sink into her mind. For after all, it is not the quantity of instruction one gets that benefits, but that part of it which is well digested.

In the evening, when I considered the digestive process might be accomplished, I told her father what I had done. He commended my prudence in not cramming her. My difficulty as to how the child would know the difference between *in* and *beginning* he shared. He agreed in the propriety of omitting *the* from the explanation. He seemed to doubt whether I had really imparted an idea of the Supreme Being by pointing upward reverentially, inasmuch as I explained *heaven* in much the same way. Our perplexity was that we could not ascertain what real notion she formed as to meanings of words; for she always imitated with accuracy the acts and gestures either of us made use of in conveying an explanation.

The more I thought on it the less I was satisfied. Painful as it was to part with our darling, especially in her state of weakened health, brought about too by our misjudging care, our duty demanded the sacrifice, and we dared not refuse. What we terribly feared was, mischief befalling her in the course of some school-game. That unhappy opening in the skull-bone was always our most sensitive point.

When, however, we visited the school, and found her among companions like herself, saving that their wiser parents had better guarded them from cures; found her, so to speak, in a sheltered nook where the influences of many minds acting on hers could bring into play her intelligence and develop whatever germs of good were in her, we experienced a relief we had not hoped for, and thought instinctively of the wind tempered to storm lambs.

When she came to us at the end of the second year, and repeated the few words she had been taught to articulate—*papa, mamma, I am happy*—it seemed as if so great a stream of happiness could not have flowed to us through any other channel. How truly she was our angel!

She had been at school wearing on to five years when a somewhat severe illness attacked her father. Mary, informed of it by letter, begged to be allowed to nurse him. Her father afterward

back to school after nursing her father through his illness. She had spoken of nursing us both when we were old and tottering, and herself an erect woman; so that those justified premonitions of early death, which are sometimes known to have occurred to the mind of a child, had not affected her.

As a proof that the tone of her mind was healthy, I give here her reply to the Rev. Bernard Oldrack, Dr. One-way's young curate, who was generously attempting to show her that, as faith entered by hearing, a padlock on this door caused the goods to be taken away again. She repeated the beautiful story of how divine love, walking in flesh and doing good, had bidden deaf ears be opened, and a bonnet tongue be unloosed. There were some additions in her version of the story that were not uninteresting, considering who she was that told it, and among whom it was current.

She conceived that we, her father and mother, had spent much money and taken her to many places, in the hope that some one would speak to her sealed ears the command—"Ephphatha," but the proper way to speak this word was known to no man. At last, however, when all that had ever lived stood before Him—by whose blessed lips that word had been spoken—He would speak it again. They, whose tongues had through life remained unused and free from stains, like the swords in a cutler's shop that are carefully kept in sheaths, would now begin to flourish them in hymns; while the rest of the immense crowd, having abused the power of speech when on earth, would find their tongues thereby grown rusty, and would, with difficulty, draw them out like bloody swords glued in scabbards.

This was her illustration.

Her description of the process of cleansing the rusty tongues showed ingenuity, and ought, at least, to have satisfied those expounders of the compensation-laws of nature, who insist upon it that all our sum-totals of good and ill correspond, however widely the items in our accounts may vary. In this unexpected and bold manner Mr. Oldrack, seeking wool, had the scissors applied to his own back.

After remaining five weeks at home, Mary had returned to school. We were not to see her again till after Christmas, as she and her schoolmates generally would be busy rehearsing the pantomime, which their custom was to enact at this holiday-time, for the deleatation of themselves and such kind-hearted school-friends as would lend their assistance in capacity of applauding spectators. We were pleasing ourselves with the dream that, as fragile barks have reached land while strong-built vessels have gone down, perhaps the great Ship-owner above, working in His mysterious ways, would wait dear Mary over calm seas, and that she would thus sail onward after we put into port.

Our dreams were scattered by a letter from the matron. It announced that Mary's health was suddenly low, and added, that the doctor was urgent she should have the benefit of home. In the greatest alarm, and not without risk—for by this time the smouldering disease of her brain had burst into flame, and they feared she could not bear removal—we conveyed her to Elmbury with as much speed as was consistent with extreme care.

She never rallied. All night she lay in stupor, from which the alteration was to spasms of pain. She muttered various of the expressions she had been taught to articulate. "Going home," she said; "going home." In particular the word "Ephphatha," which had manifestly taken strong hold of her imagination. Early in the morning she sat up in bed, and made signs to some imaginary companions, for she took no notice of us. When I gave her the spoonful of wine-and-water ordered, she turned on me her dull heavy eye on which no change passed to indicate that she recognized me.

It had been a wild night, but with daylight the storm increased. Vehement gusts tore the old trees in the park, and beat with fury against the window of her sick-room where we were watching. But this rather afforded relief than otherwise, as our thoughts were thereby diverted from a too concentrated fixatedness on the desolation that was being wrought inside of the house. Poor Mary sank lower and lower. After a terrific attack of convulsions that lasted some minutes, and made us hold our breath in awe, her strength seemed all but drained away. Unable to sit still I was aimlessly moving about, as if impelled by an instinct to find, in bodily activity, some alleviating resources, when it struck me that to handle her old plaything—the vase she had once been so fond of—would recall her mind. I had heard of inanimate things being recognized when familiar faces were forgotten. But in my agitation I threw it down.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

We publish on the twentieth page a picture of the Battle of New Orleans, which, as every school-boy knows, was fought on January 8, 1815, just forty-six years ago. Our artist has been greatly assisted in making his drawing by an old print of the battle kindly furnished us by the Rev. Richard O. Curry, of Tennessee.

It was on the 12th December, 1814, that the British fleet, carrying 12,000 well-disciplined troops, commanded by some of Wellington's most experienced generals, anchored off the entrance to Lake Borgne, Louisiana. Jackson was at New Orleans, which place was soon in a state of terror and confusion. The population of the place was only 20,000, one half of whom were whites, and many of the latter were not implicitly trusted. There were no arms in the city, and a supply of muskets made at Pittsburgh, and daily expected, had not arrived. A body of militia from Tennessee and Kentucky were also behind time. Jackson, however, made the best arrangements he could for defense; organized all the troops at his disposal, even calling upon free men of color to join in the conflict; and proclaimed martial law, in order to provide against treachery in the city. By December 22 the English army had advanced to the head of Lake Borgne, and thence to a point on the Mississippi about fifteen miles below New Orleans. There Jackson first attacked them, coming upon them with a force about one-fourth as large as theirs, on the night of 23d. The action was indecisive; the British are said to have lost more men than the Americans; but neither party lost ground. Next morning the British received reinforcements. But instead of renewing the attack, they sent down for more artillery. This delay was of essential service to Jackson. He raised a rampart with cotton bales, mounted some pieces of heavy artillery taken out of the schooners in the Mississippi, and sent for and received reinforcements from New Orleans.

A week or more was spent in these preparations, diversified by some cannonading from the batteries opposed to each other; at length, on the night of 7th-8th January, General Packenham sent Colonel Thornton across the river to attack General Morgan, who had thrown up works on the west bank, and was defending them with some 1500 men. Early on the morning of 8th Packenham himself advanced to the attack of Jackson's position, under cover of a battery erected in the night. It has always been understood in this country that the British watchword was "Booby and Beauty;" this is denied by the British historians of the war, and it is to be hoped that their denial is well founded. The British column advanced straight at the American lines, in the teeth of a hot fire from nine large guns, and in front of the Tennessee riflemen. In the course of a very few minutes the advancing column began to waver. Officers and men fell thickly. Packenham was killed, and the other two generals wounded, one of them mortally; and after a brief, desperate attempt to rally the troops, Lambert, who succeeded to the command, gave the order to retire. Colonel Thornton had taken Morgan's position on the west side of the river, but on witnessing the defeat of the main body he too withdrew. There were some officers in the British army who were for renewing the attack; but 2000 men had fallen, and General Lambert did not care to risk any more. He fell back to Lake Borgne, and re-embarked his army, unmolested, on January 27.

Thus New Orleans was saved. Jackson's total loss was only 71 men on both sides the river. Considering the difficulties he had to contend with, the smallness of his force, his scanty supply of arms and ammunition, and the well-won prestige of the troops against whom he fought, the victory deserves to be ranked among the most glorious in the annals of war. May Americans never cease to celebrate it; and may the Union, in whose history it is so bright a page, never know any battles save against a foreign enemy!

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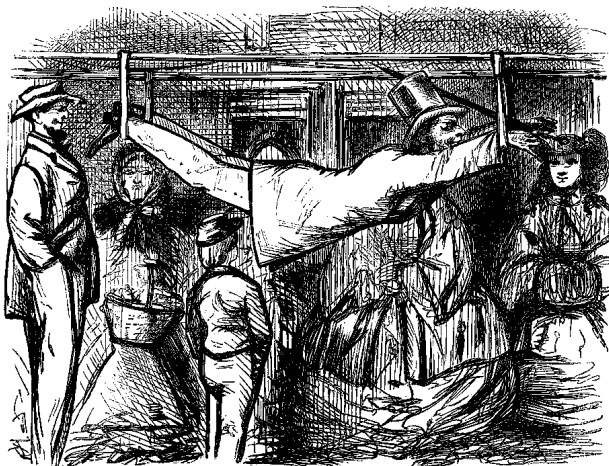
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