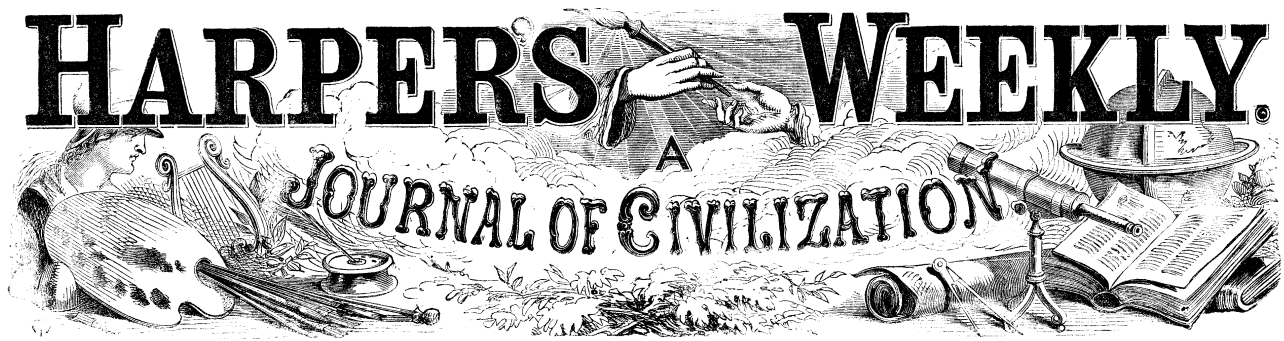


HARPERS' WEEKLY.

A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

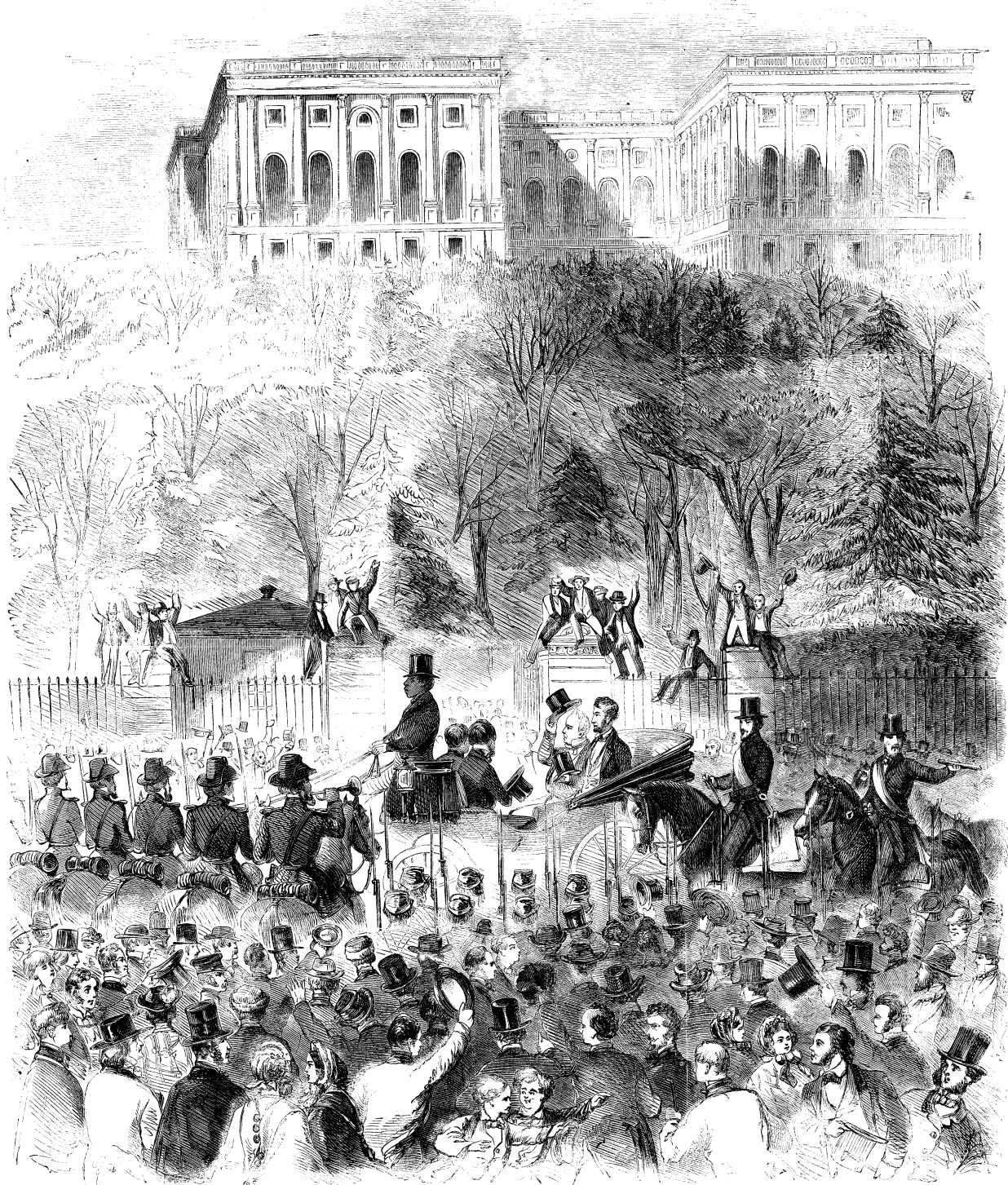


VOL. V.—No. 220.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

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THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION AT WASHINGTON PASSING THE GATE OF THE CAPITOL GROUNDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

OFFICERS in the ARMY and NAVY serving in the SOUTH are respectfully informed that the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* will be glad to receive sketches of FORTS and SCENES OF INTEREST at the present crisis, and to pay liberally for such as they may use. Any OFFICER in either service can obtain the *Weekly* gratuitously for six months by sending his address to this office.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

TWO NIGHTS IN THE SENATE.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

I SPENT the evening of Saturday, March 2, and the night intervening between March 3 and 4 in the Reporters' gallery of the Senate of the United States. The Senate adjourned at 1 A.M. on Sunday morning 3d, and met again at 7 P.M. on the same day, and sat continuously till 7 A.M. on Monday morning, March 4. The business before it was the following Resolution, which had previously passed the House of Representatives by a two-thirds vote:

"That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State."

It had been for some time evident that the Senate would not adopt, even by a majority, the Crittenden Resolutions, or the Resolutions of the Peace Congress, or the Clark Resolutions, or Senator Doolittle's Resolution denying the right of secession. It was obvious, on Friday, March 1, that the utmost that could be extorted from Senators was the passage of the resolution above given. Even that was doubtful. Very few Senators were willing to place themselves on the record as affirming the right of Congress to interfere with slavery in the States. But at least three-fourths of the Senate were anxious to see it defeated—the Republicans because it smacked of compromise, the Southern Secessionists because it had a tendency to strengthen the Union sentiment in their States. These Senators, marshaled by SUMNER of Massachusetts on the one side, and MASON of Virginia on the other, sought to defeat a vote by proposing a multiplicity of amendments, and consuming time by debate and divisions by ayes and noes.

Against this combination of Republicans and Secessionists stood Senator STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, of Illinois. I don't think he had any genuine supporters in the Senate, with the exception of Senators Crittenden, Bigler, and Johnson of Tennessee. But he entered the lists on Saturday morning with the air of a man who is going to fight in earnest. And even in such bodies as the United States Senate pluck is apt to tell.

After a skirmish with SUMNER, in which the Massachusetts Senator had rather the best of the fight, the second reading passed, by 39 to 5. Its further progress was then arrested by a five hours' speech, delivered, if not composed, by General JOSEPH LANE, of Oregon. When I think of that speech, and when I remember that General Lane was at one time a probable candidate for the Presidency, I can not find words to express my thanks to Divine Providence for our escape. True, the speech had its advantage. It gave a rest to the wearied reporters for the press, and enabled Senators to write their letters undisturbed. When it was done, ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, rose to reply. Mr. Johnson is a self-made man. In his youth he was a tailor's apprentice, and he learned his letters from his wife. He is a natural orator, and as brave a man as lives. Of the author of General Lane's speech attacked, with sarcasm and sneer, the Homestead Bill with which Senator Johnson's name is connected: Johnson's reply was one of the most eloquent bursts ever heard in the Senate. I remember, he said in substance, when, after years of painful struggles, with the young wife I had brought from my native place in North Carolina, and the little family which had grown up around us, I was enabled to purchase a small plot of ground in Tennessee and build a cabin upon it which I could call my own. I remember the feeling of triumph and exultation with which we looked upon the poor little shed, and knew that at last we had a HOME OF OUR OWN. And then, long years ago, I made up my mind that, if ever I had the power, every poor man, struggling as I was, should be enabled to obtain a home—should have one spot of earth, however small, one cabin, however rude and scanty, which, in the light of heaven and the face of man, he should be able to call his own.

An ominous rustle in the galleries followed this speech, and a growl from Senator Mason. Senator Johnson continued, laying stress after scientific skill on the back of poor General Lane, and finally closing with a magnificent eulogium on the Union. On this the pent-up feelings of the spectators could no longer be restrained. A tremendous cheer arose. Senator Mason instantly moved that the galleries be cleared. A few hisses were heard—then a stentorian voice shouted, "THREE CHEERS FOR THE UNION!" They were given with a will. Not only did the men's gallery shout, but the ladies screamed and waved their handkerchiefs. Never since the first meeting of the Senate did that body endure such an insult. For some moments the din was overpowering.

"The sergeant-at-arms will clear the galleries!" commanded the Chair, fiercely.

It was easier said than done. There were at least fifteen hundred excited men in the galleries. For some moments it was a question whether the Senate would clear the galleries, or the galleries the Senate. Senator TRUMBULL, as the respected

Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations is called by those who know and love him best, nearly fainted. Senator KENDRICK splintered even more than usual. Senator DOUGLAS roared at the sergeant-at-arms. That functionary called the Capitol Police to his aid, and went forth to do or die. Happily, after the third cheer, the turbulent denizens of the galleries, obedient to American instincts, obeyed the command of the Senate, and retired sullenly. The doors were locked, and Senators were appeased.

Night had fallen, and the Senate, after some opposition from Senator MASON, resumed the debate on the Resolution. Senator PUGH moved to strike out the words "authorize or" on the ground that they were bad grammar.

I am enough of a grammarian to perceive by Senator Pugh's speech that he is himself no friend to Lindley Murray. Whether his amendment would have improved the grammar of the Resolution I really know too little to say. Mr. Pugh is the youngest member of the Senate in more senses than one. He has an invincible tendency to get upon his legs—which are short of their kind, like those of Mr. Douglas. But if his legs be short, his tongue is long. He generally says whatever the President would let him say. Next that he has any thing to say. He seldom has. Perhaps the most useful office he ever performed in the Senate was to read extracts for Senator Douglas during his great speech on the Leconte question. On this occasion words of sense proceeded from his mouth, and Senators listened. This unexpected attention turned his head, and he has talked constantly ever since. On Saturday night he very nearly killed the Resolution which is printed above. Had his amendment been adopted the Resolution must have gone back to the House, which had adjourned to Monday at 10 A.M., and it could not have passed. Out of 38 members present, 19 voted for it; and VICE-PRESIDENT BRECKINRIDGE—an opponent of all settlements—giving a casting vote in the affirmative, the amendment was carried.

Then DOUGLAS rose, and in his deep, bass voice, eloquently appealed to the Senate to reconsider the vote. CRITTENDEN seconded the appeal. CLINGMAN, of North Carolina—once a strong Douglas man, now, poor fellow! a secessionist in a Union State—declared that he would change his vote. So the reconsideration was carried, amidst gasping of teeth by the extreme Republicans and Secessionists; and, after some debate, the grammatical amendment was defeated. Senator PUGH then moved the Crittenden Resolutions as a second amendment. Every one knew that they could not pass. But the design was, as I stated above, to defeat action on the main resolution.

Senator WILKINSON, of Minnesota, got the floor, and proceeded to flagellate the Secessionists and the South generally. He was followed, in the same strain, by Senator CRITTENDEN of Michigan. Both were eloquent, severe, and rather abusive. Both denied the right of secession, and railed angrily at the seizure of Government property at the South by the Secessionists. Both were for the forcible maintenance of the Union. Both were answered by WIGFALL, of Texas.

A French gentleman, of large public experience, who heard this debate, remarked that Wilkinson and Chandler were fair types of Northern, while Wigfall was a fair type of Southern statesmen. Without going so far as this, one must admit that there are superficial grounds for the assertion. Western men like Chandler and Wilkinson—and they are nearly all alike—are very unpleasant orators to listen to. Their language is not well chosen, and their delivery most offensive. Trained to address out-of-door audiences, they never overcome the habit of bawling; their tones alternate between a *conco* and a roar. Their gesticulation is abominable. When they become excited, the hearer's anxiety for the safety of their blood-vessels absorbs every other feeling. To no one, I think, was this more evident than to me. Like Jefferson Davis and William H. Seward speak in ordinary tones, yet are heard throughout the Senate Chamber. But these Western Ciceros always seem to be addressing some one who is three miles off. They appear to consider themselves oratorical Columbiads, warranted not to burst with any charge. Their matter, too, is generally ill-digested. They take an hour to say what could be better said in ten minutes. The noise of their own voice disturbs their memory, and they repeat themselves endlessly. On a paralytic with an audience gathered over several miles of ground, they are doubtless the right men in the right place; in the United States Senate they are so faulty in respect of gesture, tone, delivery, and arrangement of matter, that even when they are right they seem wrong.

Senator WIGFALL, of Texas, is the exact opposite of these speakers. He is a finished orator—probably the most charming in the Senate. His voice is clear, melodious, and sufficiently powerful to be heard every where. He speaks grammatically, elegantly, and without effort. He never loses his temper. His delivery is perfect, and his action suitable. When to these merits I add that he is witty and smart, I have said every thing that can be said in his favor. For he has the misfortune of being almost always illogical, incorrect, and often absurd. He is a duelist, and carries his life in his hand. When he was a young man he went to practice law in Ashmore's district, in his native State—South Carolina. He wrote articles for the county paper, and made enemies. One of them challenged him. They fought, and Wigfall winged his man. Another took the challenge, and was winged likewise. The leading men of the county notified the young stranger that he did not suit their temper, and must go. Wigfall replied that he preferred to stay. "I will shoot a regiment of you," he said, "but I won't go." He shot eight altogether, I believe, including the brother of the late Preston S. Brooks, who shot him too; the two belligerents lay seven or eight weeks side by side, on their beds, in a tavern on an island in the Savannah River. The end of the war was, that Brooks died, and Wigfall, not

withstanding his bravado, left the State, and migrated to Texas.

His reply to Wilkinson and Chandler was extremely smart. Mr. Chandler had abused Governor Floyd as a common thief and a scoundrel. Wigfall twitted him with offering insults for which he would not respond in the field. "I will make a bargain with the Senator," he said. "If he will write a letter to Governor Floyd saying, 'Governor Floyd, you are a scoundrel, and I am a gentleman. Hezekiah!—no, I mean 'Jeremiah!—no, I beg pardon, 'Zechariah Chandler, I will covenant that Governor Floyd's friends shall pay the whole amount which he is accused of stealing from the United States Treasury.'" The Northern trains had just arrived, and the gallery was full of Northern spectators. Waving his hand gracefully to them, Wigfall continued: "The difficulty between you and us, gentlemen, is, that you will not send the right sort of people here. Why will you not send either Christians or gentlemen? Either people who will not insult us with gross words, or people who will admit their personal responsibility for their language?" Chandler had said that he wanted to see whether we had a government; that if we had none he would leave the country; he would go to some country where they had one; he would go and live among the Comanches. Wigfall replied: "The Senator says that under certain conditions he will go and live among the Comanches. God forbid! The Comanches have already suffered much—too much—from contact with the white man!" His wit and repartee overwhelmed his Northern opponents, even in the opinion of Northern hearers; though, on the main questions at issue between them, he was obviously wrong and they were right. So much for a good delivery and well-chosen language.

An hour or more after midnight the Senate adjourned to meet on Sunday evening. When it met, Senator CRITTENDEN had the floor, and delivered a three hours' speech in favor of compromise. Senator Crittenden will go down to posterity as a good man. He is pure, honest, and patriotic. He has served his country many years with credit. His weak point is in the back-bone. When Lincoln was elected, Crittenden, like a good citizen, was for unconditional submission. But Breckinridge and others laid upon the old man a burden which he failed to shake off. He yielded, and has ever since repented the act in sackcloth and ashes. The Secessionists had to sit up with him at night to prevent his denouncing the "Crittenden Compromise"; and, in fact, when the vote was taken, on Sunday, he voted against it. His speech was patriotic; but it was very long. Senators on both sides listened with respectful attention; but for all practical purposes the speech might as well have never been delivered.

When he ended, filibustering was renewed. Senator MASON declared that the resolution was a *placebo*, a sort of "bread-pill," such as doctors give to patients who are imaginary invalids. Senator DOUGLAS instantly retorted that the South was, in fact, an imaginary invalid, and needed precisely such a bread-pill. It was dangerous ground. The Republicans listened to "take act" of the admission of the Senator from Illinois, and he was forced to qualify it by adding that, in his opinion, some Republicans might be tempted to interfere with slavery in the States. This riding of two horses, you see, has its inconveniences. But Douglas has so much pluck that a fall doesn't hurt him.

An altercation between him and Mason arose. Douglas declared that he had overheard a conversation between Mason and Pugh on the subject of the defeat of the resolution by indirection. Mason sneered at people who repeated to the Senate "scraps of private conversation" which they overheard, and wound up in his inimitably insolent manner with the *adage* *De gustibus*, etc. Douglas replied that he would not be so easily deceived, and accused him of unparliamentary behavior. Mason took two steps hastily forward, and for an instant, the prospect looked warlike. But stopping midway, after a pause of some moments, the haughty Senator from Virginia condescended to utter a half-apology. He was "backed down."

Let me take this opportunity of saying that, with all his faults, Senator MASON is perhaps the nearest approach, in the present Senate, to the *beau ideal* of a Senator. He seldom makes long speeches. What he has to say he says in good language, with a good manner, and in a parliamentary way. When he has done he does not go over the ground again, but sits down. This art of sitting down is the highest accomplishment of parliamentary science, and one which our Northern men find it very difficult to acquire. Mr. Mason never rises needlessly, and never says foolish things. He speaks always to the Senate, never to the galleries. In parliamentary tactics he is unrivaled. His defects are obvious. His manner and tone are unbearably insolent. He talks like a Pacha addressing eunuchs. Just now, his temper is embittered by his Secessionist friends, which are not shared by the people of his State. He sees himself toppling over from the height of political power to insignificant obscurity. He dies hard.

On the Republican side, speeches were made on this Sunday night and Monday morning by Senators TRUMBULL and WADE, and on the other side by Wigfall again. What I have said of Wilkinson and Chandler will apply to Trumbull and Wade. The former was obviously bent on being heard in Georgetown. Neither had prepared their speeches beforehand; and consequently, repetitions were incessant. "Old Ben Wade," as his familiar call him, made some good points in opposition to Senator Douglas, who forgot his good manners in an attack upon him. But there was nothing new in either of the speeches. The calm dignity naturally expected in a Senatorial address, the terse assertion of principle and its logical application to current events, were wanting—or at all events were drowned in profuse verbiage.

The leader of the Senate, under the Republican regime, will be PRESIDENT, of Maine, the Chair-

man of the Committee on Finance. He seldom speaks to the Senate. He is a cold, hard-faced man, with a gray *cheval-de-frise* round his jaws; inflexible as the laws of the universe; cool as a mountain-top; and brave as a lion. Next to him in influence, perhaps, may be ranked PRESTON KIRKE, of New York. He, too, is rarely heard in the Senate. His voice is a shrill falsetto, which, coming from a man built like a run-punchon, sounds queer enough. But he is very sound in council, and perfectly brave. His temper is merry, and the normal condition of his face is a broad grin. CLARK, of New Hampshire, is a bold contrast to Mr. Kirke, yet also a leader. He is a thin, tall man, of salow complexion, with lantern jaws and black moustache. His voice is keen, his sentences crisp. When he speaks, it seems that a sharp knife is falling at the end of each period. SUMNER, of Massachusetts, Mr. Mason's successor as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, acted, during the debate which I witnessed, as whipper in. He watched warily, and was ever ready to avail himself of all Parliamentary expedients to defeat the resolution. His voice is very good, and his elocution admirable. Wright he has little, as he is known to be an abolitionist; and though he is probably the most learned man in the Senate, he is not an efficient Senator or debater. Probably the most efficient Republican Senator in debate will be found to be DOOLITTLE, of Wisconsin. His peculiar merits are, first, that he speaks clearly, sensibly, and quietly; and, secondly, that he knows how and when to sit down. This most difficult of all arts—the art of sitting down—seems to have mastered. 'Tis probably a natural gift. At any rate he possesses it, and consequently he is always heard with attention.

Hour after hour had slipped away; it was six o'clock in the morning, and no vote had been taken on the Resolution. In six hours more the inauguration was to take place. Senators began to look jaded. Half of them were asleep on the sofas, and some in their seats. The galleries had thinned out. Repeated motions for a recess were made.

But DOUGLAS, with bull dog tenacity, stuck to his point. At the bare mention of the word recess, his "I object, Mr. President," rose clearly above the din. His patience was beyond all praise. No sign of impatience assailed him even at the most wearisome of the long speeches which he consumed the precious hours of the vanishing sea. But the instant the floor was vacant he pressed, his point. To personal attacks, and they were many, his sole reply was—Let us vote. And so at last, half an hour or so before daylight, the ayes and noes were called for, and the Resolution passed by 24 to 12—just the necessary two-thirds.

If it saves us the Border States, let us remember that the credit is due to STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, of Illinois.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FO AMH.

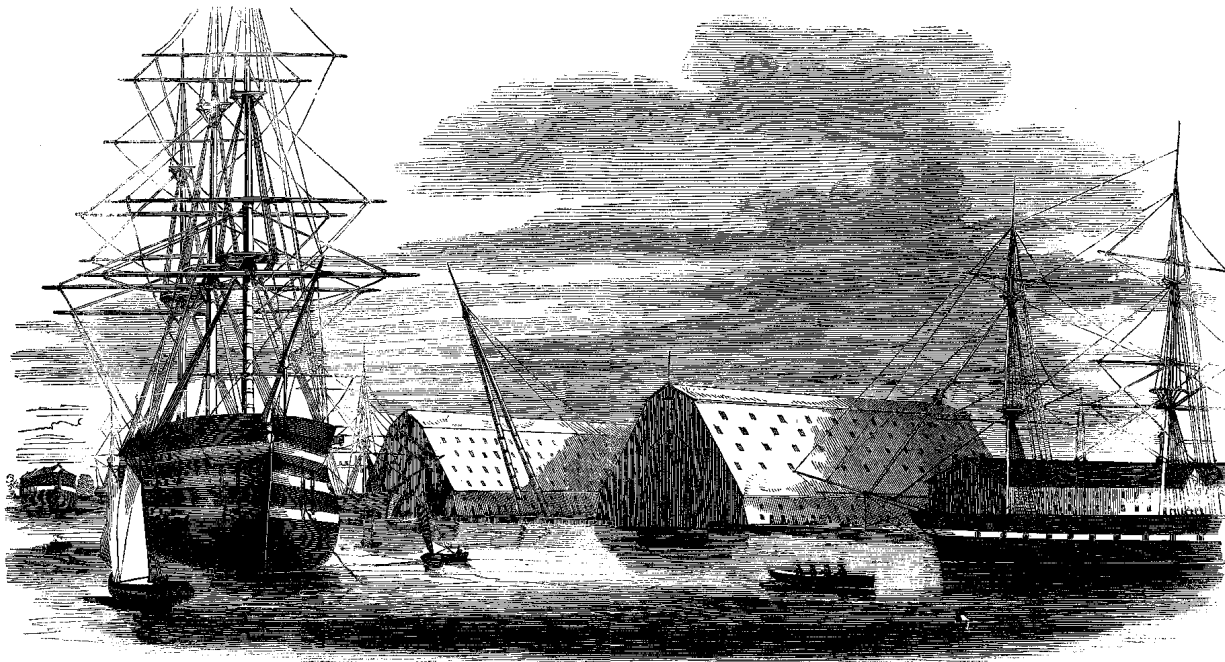
EVERY four years the fourth of two months in the twelve is a very important day in this country—the Fourth of March and the Fourth of July. The one is the yearly anniversary of our national origin, the other the quadrennial anniversary of our national renewal. This year it was peculiarly interesting, because of the unusual excitement in the country. Fortunately for our national honor and the character of our civilization, there was no trouble of any kind during the usual ceremonies. The sixteenth President of the United States was inaugurated under a soft sky and in the peaceful presence of thousands of his fellow-citizens. While he stood before them and read his address, the words were speeding all over the land as they fell from his mouth. Along the telegraphic wires they thrilled into millions of hearts, and it is safe to say that no words have ever been uttered in the world upon which hung more minds anxiously attentive than upon those.

It was curious to watch the scene in New York. From noon, the hour at which it was understood that the ceremony would begin, the face of every man was lighted with the consciousness that the great fundamental crisis through which our system passes every four years had arrived, and the whole Government was changing hands. It was the more momentous because not only the officers but the policy of the Government was also changing. And still more solemn because of the import and fact which not even a Lounger could be blind and deaf, that there was such serious difficulty lying at the very threshold of the new Administration.

Yet people's faces were singularly cheerful. Any thing positive is always satisfactory. "Let us know the worst," is the instinctive wish of every man in the uncertainty of a great crisis. Any thing is preferable to wallowing and mauling in uncertainty. The condition of the prisoners in the French jails in '98, when they wandered from dawn till dark, and from dark to day, whether they were going to be guillotined or not, was a hundred-fold more pitiable than that of those who were summoned to the axe. Upon the whole, King Danocles was probably the most uncomfortable person in history.

The throngs at the newspaper offices were more earnest than any crowds lately seen. They were perfectly good-humored, but the squeezing was suffocating. When a few sheets came up wet from the press the universal "Hi!" of the boys within announced to the jammed candidates outside that there was a prize for somebody. Many an eager gentleman dashed gallantly into the stream, and after moving with the solid current a few steps, was caught and held fast for a quarter of an hour, perfectly motionless, and then struggled and strained, and with much cost of tumbled linen and ruffled broadcloth, emerged again into the street newspaperless as he went in.

Then, when he was lucky enough, after patient waiting, to get a copy of the address, he leaned up



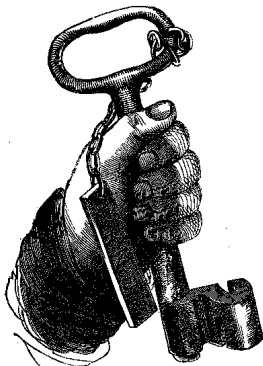
THE NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER.

ONE of the officers of Major ANDERSON'S command in FORT SUMTER has kindly placed at our disposal some more sketches of the interior of that work, and we publish the accompanying engravings from them. They explain themselves, and we need say no more than refer to their titles.

THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

THE recent excitement in Virginia on the secession question renders the accompanying picture of the Norfolk Navy-yard appropriate at the present time. Viewed in conjunction with our recent pictures of Fort Monroe, it completes a series of pictures of Norfolk which is valuable and interesting.



THE KEY OF THE FORT MOULTRIE MAGAZINE.—THE MAJOR'S SOUVENIR.

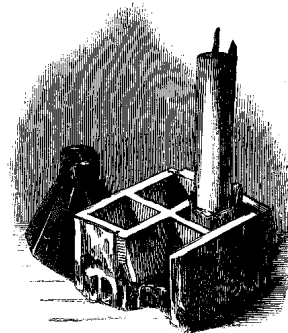


MAJOR ANDERSON'S QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF HIS COMMAND.]

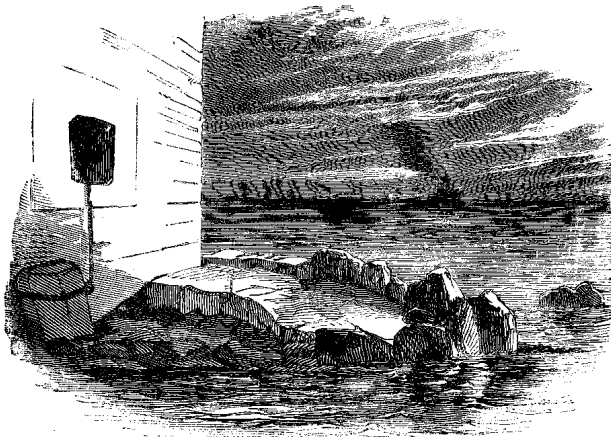
nia, the largest line-of-battle ship in the world. She is shown in the fore-ground of our picture.

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SABINE" OFF FORT PICKENS.

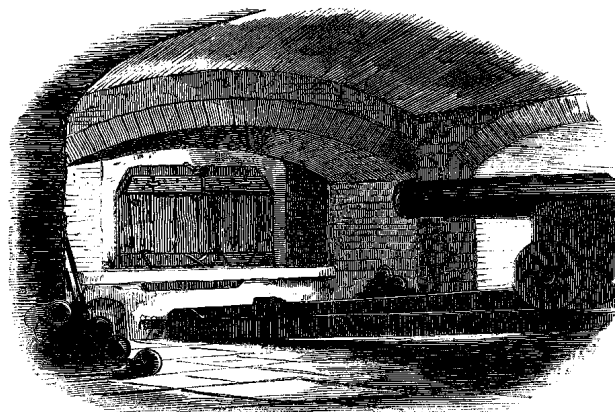
WE publish on page 165, from a sketch furnished us by a United States officer serving in Pensacola Harbor, a picture of the United States frigate *Sabine*, now lying off that harbor. The *Sabine* is an old vessel, built in the old style, but is still well considered by naval men. She was the flag-ship of the Paraguay expedition, and was at that time illustrated in our columns. She is now lying off Fort Pickens, so as to be ready to give aid to that fort in case it is attacked. Her commander is one of the most gallant officers in the Navy, and has expressed very fierce indignation at the treachery



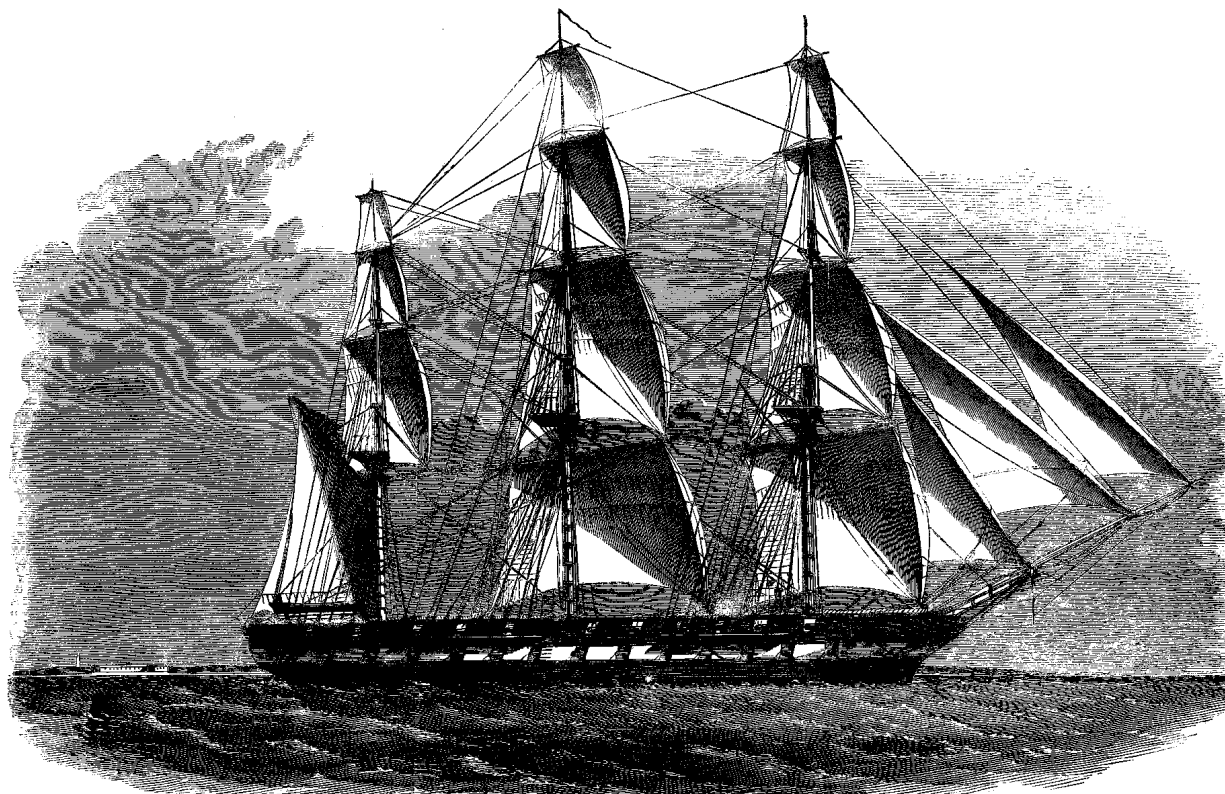
MAJOR ANDERSON'S CANDLESTICK.



AN EMBRASURE AT SUMTER—OUTSIDE.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



AN EMBRASURE AT SUMTER—INSIDE.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SABINE," OFF FORT PICKENS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY A UNITED STATES OFFICER.]

of those officers who have resigned United States property into the hands of the Secessionists.

THE INAUGURATION.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was duly inaugurated at Washington on 4th March. We devote a large portion of our space in this number to the illustration of this important event. On pages 168 and 169 will be found a large view of the INAUGURATION CEREMONY; on page 161 a picture of the INAUGURAL PROCESSION; and on this page an en-

graving depicting the ENTRANCE OF THE TWO PRESIDENTS INTO THE SENATE CHAMBER.

The procession began to form about nine o'clock on Pennsylvania Avenue. The centre of attraction was Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln was staying, and by 10 A.M. the Avenue at that point was blocked up. The day was fine and every body was in the street. Over twenty-five thousand strangers were in the city, many of whom had slept the night previous in the Capitol and in the streets—it being absolutely impossible to find rooms or beds any where.

According to custom, the Inaugural ceremonies should have begun at noon. But at that hour Mr.

Buchanan was still in his chamber at the Capitol signing bills. It was not till ten minutes past twelve that he left the Capitol. He drove rapidly to the White House, entered an open barouche with servants in livery, and proceeded to Willard's. There the President-elect, and Senators Pearce and Baker of the Committee of Arrangements, entered the carriage, and a few minutes before one the procession began to move. The order of procession was as follows:

Aids. Marshal-in-Chief. Aids. A National Flag with appropriate emblems. The President of the United States, with the President-Elect and Suite, with Marshals on their left, and the

Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia (Colonel William Selden) and his Deputies on their right.

The Committee of Arrangements of the Senate. Ex-Presidents of the United States. The Republican Association.

The Judiciary.

The Clergy.

Foreign Ministers.

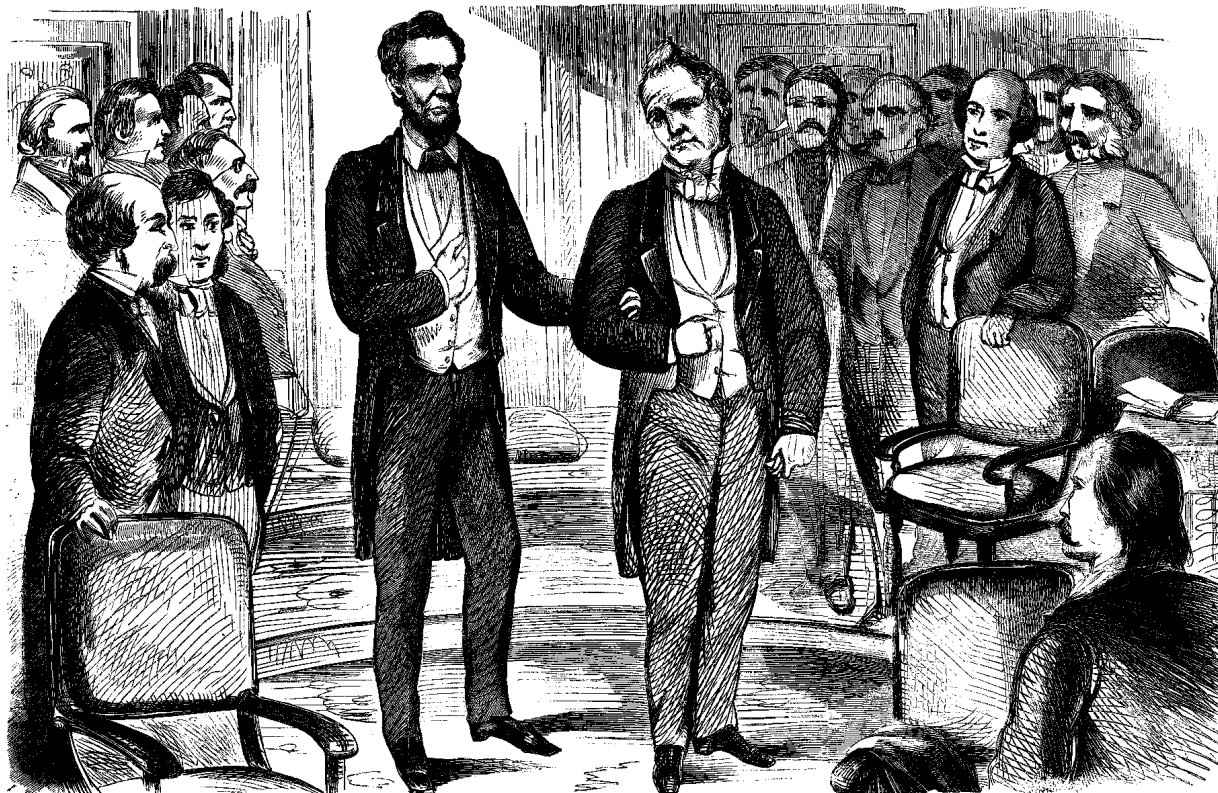
The Corps Diplomatique.

Members-elect, Members and re-Members of Congress, and ex-Members of the Cabinet.

The Peace Congress.

Heads of Bureaus.

Governors and ex-Governors of States and Territories, and Members of the Legislatures of the same.



PRESIDENTS BUCHANAN AND LINCOLN ENTERING THE SENATE CHAMBER BEFORE THE INAUGURATION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

Officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Militia, in full uniform.
Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, and subsequent periods.
The Corporate Authorities of Washington and Georgetown.
Other Political and Military Associations from the District and other parts of the United States.
All organized Civil Societies.
Professors, Schoolmasters, and Students within the District of Columbia; Citizens of the District, and of States and Territories.

The arrangements, as a rule, were bad, the throng pressing upon the Presidential carriage so as to compel it to stop frequently. But the sight was very brilliant, and the crowd around the striking feature of the procession was a van labeled Constitution, upon which thirty-four young girls in white were seated. Our artist has selected for his picture the moment at which the procession passed the gate of the Capitol grounds.

Arriving at the private door leading, through a covered way, to the Capitol, the carriage stopped and the two Presidents alighted. It was about half past one when they entered the Senate arm-in-arm, as shown in our picture. A newspaper correspondent says:

"Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln entered, arm-in-arm, the former pale, sad, nervous; the latter's face slightly flushed, with compressed lips. For a few minutes, while the oath was administered to Senator Pearce, they sat in front of the President's desk. Mr. Buchanan smiled audibly, and frequently. Mr. Lincoln was grave and impassive as an Indian martyr."

After a few moments of rest, the procession formed again and proceeded to the platform on the portico of the Capitol. There, the Supreme Court, the Senate, House of Representatives, Foreign Ministers, and a vast crowd of privileged persons quickly filled every seat; while the people—to the number of some 25,000—were gathered in a dense mass below. President Lincoln was introduced to the people by Senator Baker, of Oregon, and forthwith, in a clear, strong voice, proceeded to read his inaugural, which was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause.

At the close of the reading the oath was administered by Chief Justice Taney; and after receiving the congratulations of his friends, the President, leaning on the arm of President Buchanan, retired within the building, and thence drove to the White House.

THE WORK OF A WIND.

A NIGHT in December on a prairie in Wisconsin. Within doors, Nettie and Martha alone, in the light of a flaming wood-fire. Without, a wind, sweeping wild driving the air full of whirling crystals. Clear; but perhaps the keenest, coldest night of the season—of any season.

Nettie and Martha are sisters. The roof that shelters fell to their hands by inheritance only a year ago; for when the mother died the father, alone, and being old and broken with care, laid him down to sleep by her side, as he had done for more than forty years. The house is humble, but the farm is good. A brother—from home now—gathers gray and golden grains by vexing the smooth, rich prairie—enough to keep them in food and comforts from summer to summer.

Nettie is little, playful, and waxen. Martha is older, grave, and plain. More; as she sits in her chair—not a high-backed one—her shoulders scarcely reach to its summit; and she seems to be little like a child. A pair of crutches stand against the corner.

Nettie, who, at seventeen, is not too old for kittens, and birds, and other bright and playful creatures, sits like a Turk—a very sweet little feminine Turk, to be sure—the centre of a herd of feline juveniles, in the middle of the floor. With most audacious independence of winter weather and all its suggestions, Nettie veers to-night a light summer chintz—white ground and purple spot—a pure, bright little thing of a print, which, clinging close to her perfect figure, sweeps them upon the carpet in billows of foam, flecked with purple verbeas. Not less than half a dozen kittens, the wildest of all imaginable sprites, in soft fur dresses of salmon and white, and coal color, are skipping about Miss Nettie in somewhat eccentric orbits, while Mistress Tabby sits gravely in the corner in matronly contemplation; reeling, doubtless, in memories of those days long since when she, too, made great havoc of balls of yarn, and gave fruitless chase to the tip of her tail. In the frolic Nettie's muslin collar loses its shape and falls to the floor, whereas the coal-color kitten whisks it off to a corner, and deposits it under a chair as gravely as men do trophies of banners.

"Ah, you robber! you shall have little peace with your plunder!" and Nettie proceeds to dislodge the enemy by sundry and vigorous discharges of balls of yarn.

Martha looks up from her book and speaks. Her voice is as sweet and musical as Nettie's, though graver, and she says,

"Have we ever known so wild a wind as this, Nettie?"

"Never, sis. It has whistled and roared, and whirled the snow into heaps, and filled the air with feathers and broken branches of trees, and shaken the house all day," says Nettie, letting fly another ball of yarn at the redoubtable coal-color kitten, unconquered, under the chair.

"I feel anxious. Perhaps brother has been on the lake to-day."

"Oh no! No boat would venture out in such a gale, and in winter too."

"I suppose not. But what time did this wind begin, and how, Nettie?"

"Let me think. Why, it came in a sudden gust at about ten this morning. But brother may not have reached the lake; we only look for him this week. There is no cause for uneasiness, Martha."

And yet the apprehension, once started, checks Nettie's exuberance of spirits and changes her mood. The astonished kittens, finding no response

to their bravest sallies, retire in evident disgust, wondering much at the fickleness of young women in general; and the "coal-color" under the chair sees Nettie, with utter surprise, come cooily to its fortress and like the collar twist round the neck of the kitten, her head on her hand, thinking of brother; of father and mother, under the snow; of the friend at the foot of mountains in New England whose letters, fraught with golden words, failed to come last week and even the week before. "The mails are so irregular here at the West!"

In brushing the miles upon miles of prairie through the livelong day, the icy wind had grown mad with the fury of freedom, and tossed snow into the air with its invisible eddies; so that, now, could they have lived in the biting air, would have breathed ice notes. The whole atmosphere seemed powdered with diamond dust, floating crystals; and though the sky was cloudless the horizon was destitute of outline, earth and sky meeting in mist.

Now that night has come, and the moon is marching up the arc of the heavens, the wild wind is no less ruthless in its sweep, but tosses the snow, sways the few lone trees, and drives the frost into crevices, plating the heads of nails with a coat of white, and curling mounds of snow within the threshold of closed doors.

And now a curious phenomenon is being unfolded. A path of light, of golden tint, streams up from the horizon, and, intersecting the moon, forms a spear-point about it. Another belts the heavens, so crossing the first that the moon stands against the sky as a clear brilliant pearl in a cross of gold. On the right and left segments of rainbows unfold in as brilliant colors as the rainbow of day puts on; and near the zenith an arc of color, bending outward, matches another which is forming below. It is one of those rare and magnificent pictures of the prairie, painted by frost-mist in the air, which the lifetime of man finds repeated. The warmth and beauty of color in the gravity of night and the incense of winter.

A sleigh, drawn by a pair of stout black horses, in which is a vigorous man and a fragile girl, had been winding all day among the forest trees which skirt the prairie like a broad brown fringe. The trees prevented the wind, and the cold was quite endurable. But at nightfall they shot out from under their covert upon the white bosom of the wild prairie, and the blast came to sweep upon them with its sting. Now, while light and warmth glow within, where are Nettie and Martha, and the moon is putting on its garments of violet, crimson, green, and gold, the wild night wind has chilled and stiffened the riders in the sleigh, and the horses are floundering weakly through the snow. The man has taken one after another of his garments and wrapped them about his companion, and stands, stalwart and strong, in the sleigh, directing and urging the willing but falling horses. The wind, eddying and whirling, has piled the snow into hills. Something is quite impossible to force a passage through till the hands of the driver have broken the drift with his spade.

The keen wind bites his face and his hands, penetrates the meshes of his clothing, and would chill him but for the labor. The drifts grow deeper, the cold more intense; the strong horses reel and move slowly on. A little while ago the girl complained bitterly of cold. She thought she was freezing. But now she is quite warm—does not suffer at all. The man hears this with a shudder. He has parted with his last coat; he can do no more.

"Take this coat, George; I don't need it now," she says, in a faint, cheerful voice.

"For God's sake keep it on!"

"Why, George, I do not suffer at all." And still the horses move painfully on, and still the wind sweeps its icy fingers mercilessly over the prairie with its whirling-sheets of snow.

"I am sleepy, George; wake me up when we reach a house. You must go in and warm, or you will freeze."

The horses stop; the snow is high before. George opens the sleigh by the face and kisses the lips. She is sleeping. A few minutes more, and the sleep will have been merged in that dreamless sleep whence there is no waking. Once more, with the energy of despair, George strikes his spade into the mound of snow. The wind catches the white cubes, and they roll speedily to leeward. In the fitful energy of his exertions, perspiration starts despite the icy wind. But his strength is waning, and the drift is high. And what beyond? Only drifts—drifts—iterations of those he has battled for so many hours. It were as easy to die here as only a little beyond. No; he will make one other effort. The way is partially cleared; the whip is put to the steeds; they advance, plunge, rise, plunge again, and fall with sheer exhaustion.

And now a light glimmers in the distance. Hope springs and nerves the strong man. He grasps his companion, and hurries on to struggle with the snow and the distance as well as he may.

"Oh, Martha! come to the window," says Nettie; "the prettiest sight you ever saw! A great cross of gold, and rainbows all about the moon! Beautiful! beautiful!"

The sister reaches for her crutches; but little Nettie is like and strong, and before the crippled woman has moved Nettie has borne her in her arms to the window. Looking on the exceeding wonder and beauty they are silent long.

"Queen of Night!" says Martha, in audible reverie.

"Where she walks she leaves golden footprints," adds Nettie.

"Her chambers hung with crimson, and orange, and blue."

"With a canopy of purple and violet."

"And a carpet of rainbow under her feet," says Nettie. "Wonderful are thy words, O—"

The form of a man, with a heavy burden in his arms, appears like an apparition before the window—the face terribly haggard, the step tottering. Nettie rushes to the door; but the man has fallen, and two bodies lie lifeless before her.

It is a mystery that two such girls, one helpless, the other slight, could have brought those bodies within the door; but it is done. Martha thinks it is brother with the bride he was to bring from the East to their new home. The drift is not so high, like, the form is like, the hair is like. It is not he. Nettie is not deceived.

The girl is sleeping, and will not wake. It is frail little May, come to Wisconsin with brother for life, and not for this icy death.

The man wakes and lives. It is Nettie's betrothed, from the brown house by the river-side within sight of mountains in New England.

He will stay with Nettie and Martha on the prairie farm; for brother will not come back any more. No boat could live on the lake that day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Friday, March 1, in the Senate, among the preliminary business was the passage of the joint resolution allowing the Committee on Finance to grant a loan and a loan from Nicaragua, amended so as to strike out the grant of land. The bill to reimburse his expenses in defending himself in the suits brought against him by some of the men was also passed. The report of the Select Committee on the Peace Conference proposition and the Crittenden resolution was also read. The report of the Select Committee on the Peace Conference proposition and the Crittenden resolution was also read. The report of the Select Committee on the Peace Conference proposition and the Crittenden resolution was also read.

In the House, the first business of importance in order was the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and the first proposition of that report to be considered was the act for the admission of New Mexico as a State. Mr. Corwin, deeming debate unnecessary, demanded the previous question. Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania, moved to lay the proposition on the table, which was agreed to—114 to 71. The amendment to the Fugitive Slave Law, more clearly defining the duties of judges and civil officers, was next in order. This was adopted, after ineffectual attempts to table it—92 to 82. The next and last of the series was an amendment to the act providing for the rendition of fugitives from the States, intended to prevent conflict with the Governors of States. This was rejected—126 to 47; the objection being that it was a direct interference with the States' rights, and that it would interfere with the business, the question being between the proceedings of the Peace Conference and Territorial matters, the House took a recess at seven o'clock. On resuming, Mr. McClelland proposed that the report of the Peace Conference be referred to a Committee, but objections were made. Another proposition to admit failed. Territorial business came up, and the bills providing for the organization of Nevada and Dakota were passed. Nothing else of consequence was done.

On Saturday, March 2, the Senate devoted the day to the discussion of the subject of compromise, and adjourned at 1 P. M. on 3d, without effecting any thing, to meet at 1 P. M. same day. In the House all the appropriation bills were passed, and the bills were laid. The resolution by Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, for accepting the resignations of those officers of the Navy who resigned for the purpose of serving in the Peace Conference, was passed after considerable opposition—96 to 69. No other business of consequence was transacted. The House adjourned at 4 P. M.

On Sunday, 3d, the Senate met at 7 P. M., and after a debate which lasted till 1 A. M. on Monday, adopted the Corwin resolution, which will be found elsewhere.

On Monday, 4th, the House met at 10 A. M., but no business of consequence was transacted. In the Senate, Senator Fitch, of Indiana, spoke against time to kill a gens' charter. At noon the session terminated.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

At 12.30 P. M. on 4th, Mr. Lincoln, the new President, delivered the following inaugural address:

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.—In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to declare my belief in the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office.

I do not consider it necessary for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

NO GROUND FOR APPREHENSION AS TO THE SOUTH.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that, by the accession of a Republican administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published declarations of his most ardent supporters, that I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with a full knowledge that I had made this and many other declarations, and had never repudiated them. And more than that, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments, and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the country is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the new incoming administration. I add, too, that all the rights which have been consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States, when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause in our Constitution as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who adopted it for the restraining of the fugitive slave, and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution, and in this provision as well as any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves, whose cases come within the terms of this clause, "shall be delivered up," their oath is unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort to construe this clause so that it would not be unanimous, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath? There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be construed as a national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of little consequence to him or to others by whom he is held, whether he is delivered up by one or any one, he content that this shall only go unkept on a mere-

ly unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept? Again, in any law upon this subject, could not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the efficient execution of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?" The official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypocritical rules; and while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unopposed, than to violate any or to trust to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

THE SECESSION QUESTION.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have in succession administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. It has been the scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task, for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formally attempted. I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. No party is implied if not expressed in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that government proper never had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument. Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of a contract merely, can it, as a contract, be possibly unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak—but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

NO STATE CAN LAWFULLY SECEDE.

Proceeding from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself.

The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the thirteen States expressly pledged and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1782; and finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was to form a more perfect Union. But the maintenance of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawful possible, the Union is less than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of its vitality.

It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that no resolutions and ordinances to that effect are legally valid; and that acts of violence within any State or States, in violation of the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

THE UNION SHALL BE MAINTAINED.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, and I shall perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none, unless it is forced upon the national authority. The power conferred to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property belonging to the Union, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion—no using of force against or among the people who are united.

Where hostility to the United States shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal office, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people that office. While the strict legal right may exist of the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, it is not to do so would be so irritating and so nearly impracticable withal that I deem it better to forego for the time the use of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union.

So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection.

AN APPEAL TO UNION-LOVERS.

The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper; and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be directed according to the requirements actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections. That there are persons, in one section or another, who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do so, I will neither affirm nor deny. But if there be such I need address no word to them.

To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak? Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its cherished memories, and its hopes, would it not be well to ascertain why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step without there is any portion of the file you fly from the Union no real existence? Will you, while the certain file you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from? Will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake? All progress to be achieved in the Union if all Constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied.

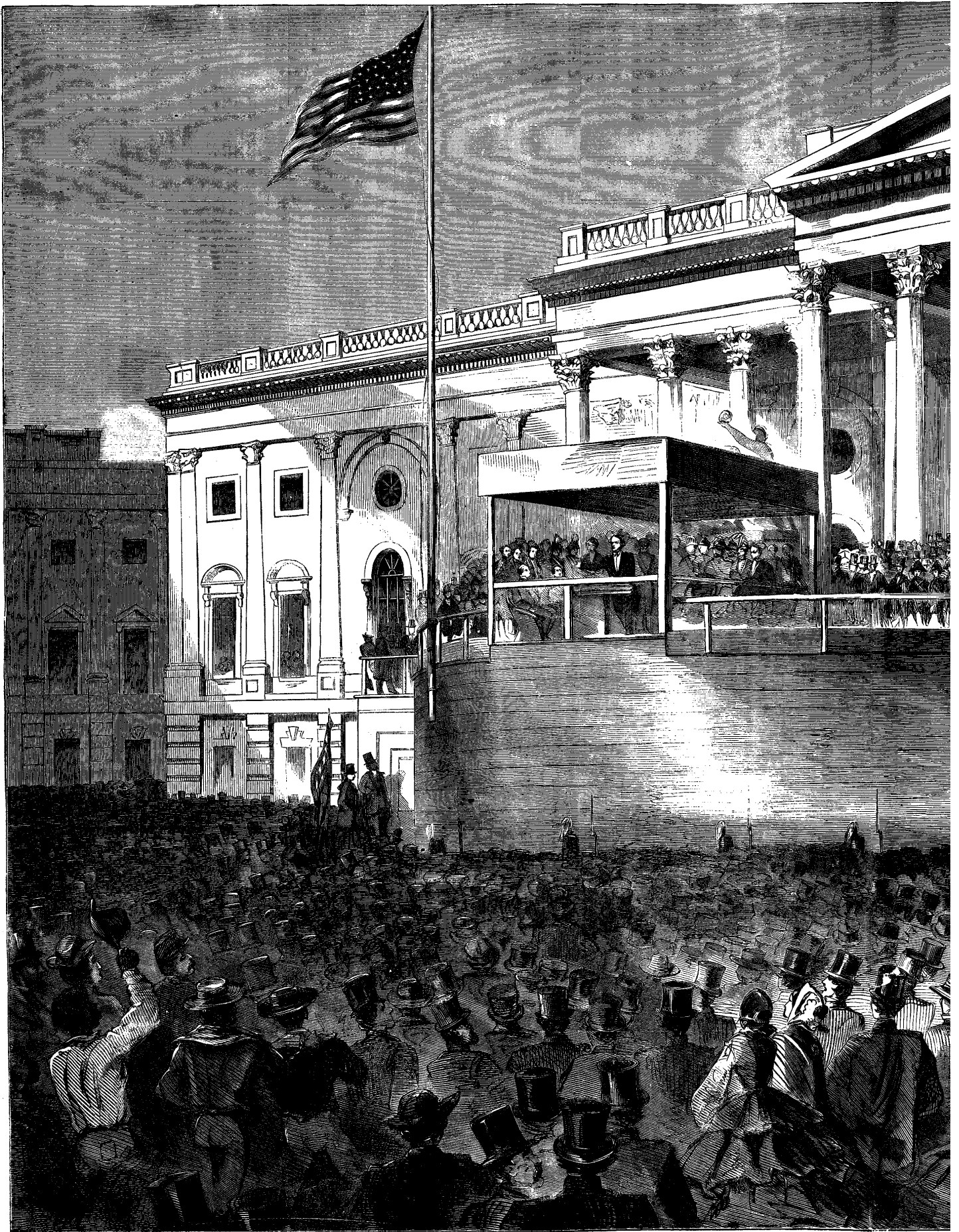
MAJORITIES MUST GOVERN.

If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution; certainly would, if such right were a vital one. But such is not the case.

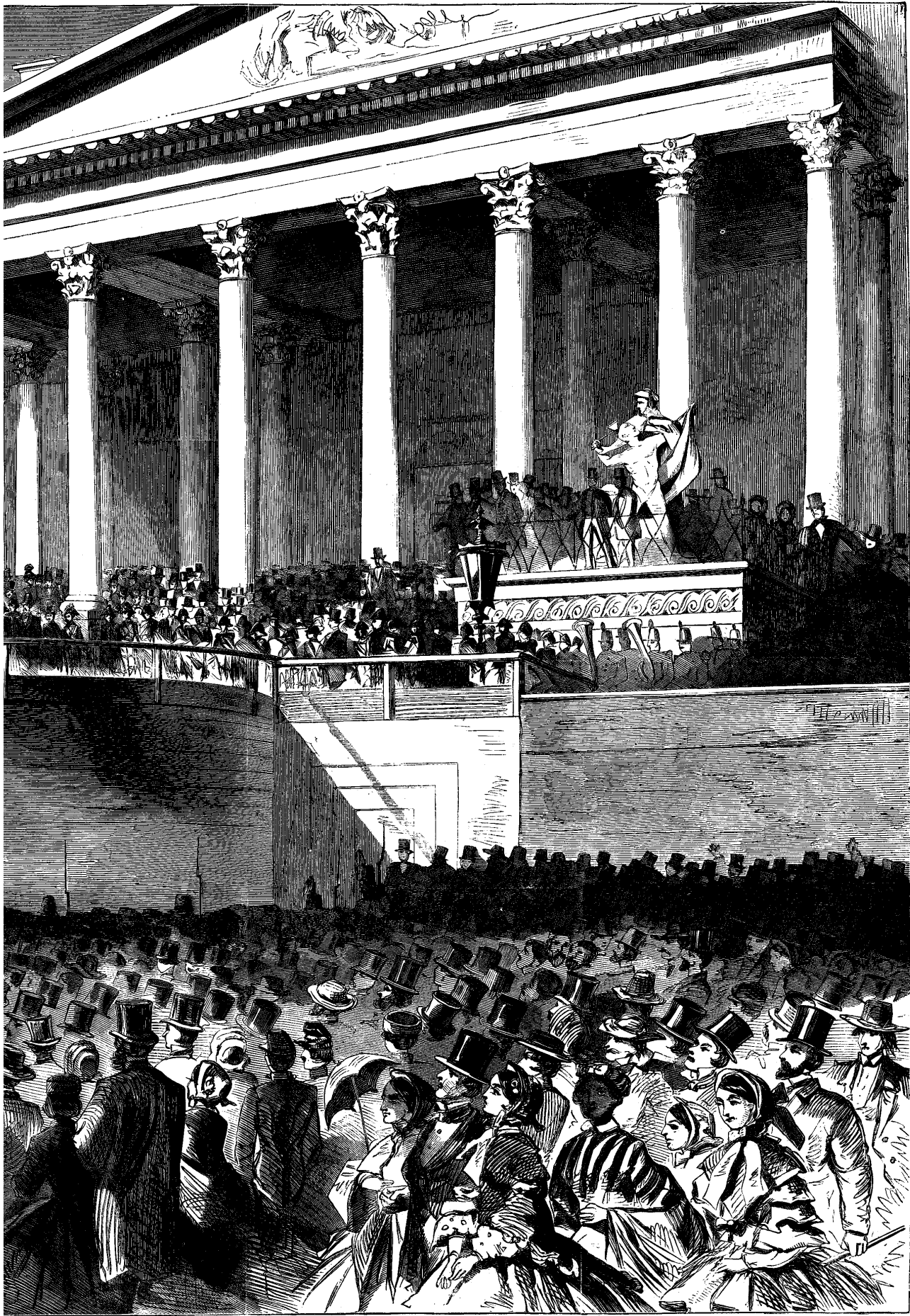
All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly secured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions, in the Constitution, that no controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in the administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by National or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities.

If the minority will not acquiesce the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no alternative for continuing the government but acquiescence on the one side or the other. If a minority in such a case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will rule and divide them, for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority. For instance, if only a portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it, all who cherish the Union sentiment are now being educated for the precedent of doing this. In these perfect identity of ruler,

The Liberal Government, recently triumphant in Mexico, has begun the work of Church reform by suppressing thirteen out of twenty-two nunneries in the capital, and ordering their estates to be put to some practical use. These proceedings led to a slight fanatical outbreak on the part of the lowest class of the population, instigated by the priests, but the affair was easily suppressed, with little bloodshed. From the returns of the votes at the recent Presidential election, it appears that Juarez has a plurality over his competitors, Lerdo and Ortega, but as an absolute majority is requisite, the choice of President will devolve on Congress.



THE INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, 1



AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1861.—[FROM A DRAWING MADE ON THE SPOT.]

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

"Yes, make the fire burn brighter, Maud, for when Nettie returns from her ride she will be very cold, I know. Ah! many a sleigh-ride have I taken on a Christmas-Eve when I was young. How pleased the children will be with the toy which we have arranged so nicely on the table over their little stockings, and Nettie, too, when she finds out that we have so shyly invited all her friends here for to-morrow evening to surprise her! Ah me! it is just four years since I did the same for Mabel, then eighteen, Nettie's age, and a sad evening it was for her, poor child! If I were a bit superstitious I would never have done so again; and a shade of thought settled upon Mrs. Frost's peaceful face.

"Why do you look so sad, Aunt Jeanette? Surely you have no cause for sighing for Cousin Mabel; for with such a noble husband as hers, and such a sweet, darling child as little Eddie Annesly, she must be happy."

"You are right, Maud, it would be strange if my Mabel were not contented. The trouble whose remembrance clouded my brow was transitory, for it pleased God to deliver my darling out of her sorrow, as I believe He will deliver us all if we bide His time."

"What was her trouble?" asked little Maud Ross, timidly.

"Listen, child, and I will tell you. It will show you how much Mabel's husband deserves the esteem you bear him. I will begin at the time when I first came to — to live, and Mabel was then your age. I was much pleased with the place, and the inhabitants too; but the first friend I made was Mrs. Wilson, my next door neighbor, and through her daughter Kate, a young girl of Mabel's age, the latter soon became acquainted with all the young people in —, and was before long, what her beauty entitled her to be, the belle of the place.

"Among her first acquaintances among the gentlemen of — were the brothers Dallas and Edward Annesly. Dallas was a lawyer in good practice, but Edward was only a clerk in his uncle's store. But Edward was the gayest of the two, and often seen among the pleasure-seekers of his brother. Many considered him the handsomest too; but I always admired most the more intellectual though less regular beauty of Dallas's thoughtful countenance, and, as I soon perceived, my little Mabel agreed with me in this. Edward came oftenest to visit Mabel, and frequently escorted her to the evening parties, which were not few, and also took her out many times in the light sleigh, drawn by a spirited horse, which he always drove when he came for her.

"She met Edward some time before she became acquainted with his brother; but after that Dallas sought after my child almost as much as Edward. I say almost, for he did not seek her as frequently as his brother; for, as I said before, he did not often participate in the amusements so familiar to Edward.

"But Mabel did not guess how deep an interest Edward felt in her, or she never would have encouraged him as she did. To her he was only a dear friend, and Dallas's brother.

"Well, the winter passed in this way, and spring and summer too, both brothers continuing to pay her every attention that affection could dictate, when, one afternoon late in September, when Mabel and I were walking in the garden, Edward entered our little gate, and hastily approached us.

"I have come to bid you good-by," he said, smiling, "I go to A — to-night."

"You seem very glad to leave us," said Mabel, playfully.

"I am only sorry on that account," he answered, "although I trust to be here again ere long; for if my mission does not fail, I shall return with brighter prospects, and free to do as I have long desired."

"Mabel was unconscious of his meaning, but the passionate glance that accompanied these words spoke volumes to me. He went that night, his errand being to obtain a lucrative situation in A — offered him by an old friend, provided he should prove capable of holding it.

"During his absence Dallas was much oftener with Mabel than formerly, and I thought that I perceived a gleam of deeper happiness in those soft eyes, while her manner grew quieter, gentler, and more loving each day. But I was always jealous of my child's confidence, and could not endure the idea of being excluded from sharing her every thought. It was this feeling that caused me to say to her in a sharp tone, one evening when she returned from a prolonged drive with him, 'Mabel Frost, are you betrothed to Dallas Annesly and keeping it from me?'"

"She stood directly before me in the door-way, with her dark eyes fixed on me, and the red blood mounting to her brow. She looked very gentle and lovely I know, but being angry, I had the heart to repeat the question.

"Why, mother?" she faltered, coming closer to me and half concealing her face in the curtain of the window beside which I sat.

"Why, indeed? I had not heard him as he assisted her to alight from the vehicle, to address her by a familiar title of endearment, which sounded thrillingly musical when uttered in the deep tones of that melodious voice; and, moreover, had I not seen him as he bent over her to disengage the curl that had caught upon his button as he lifted her to the ground, to press a hasty, and, it seemed to me, a tremulous kiss upon the rosy lips that now pouted half rebelliously at my question?"

"Oh, mother," she whispered, "he never did before, but—but—he always talks so to me."

"And could I blame him for yielding to such a temptation? Or her? Ah me, all I know the more of love upon the heart of woman. Dear little Mabel! I stroked the soft curls of the dear head now resting on my knee and said no more.

"Soon after this Edward returned, but his mission was not accomplished; he had failed to secure the situation in A —.

"The brothers often met at our house after this, but each appeared annoyed by the continual presence of the other.

"When has Dallas been here?" Edward would often ask; and though Dallas never asked a similar question he looked troubled when he found his brother with Mabel.

"But this did not continue long, for soon followed that mournful period when I daily saw with an aching heart that Mabel's eyes bore traces of constant weeping, that her light step grew languid, and her merry voice more and more sad and low, for Dallas ceased to come at all.

"Weeks passed after this got to be a settled fact, and I no longer doubted that my child was forsaken, before she regained any thing like her former cheerfulness. Had Mabel possessed one particle of that art which is termed 'a woman's tact' this would not have lasted long. A few words of tender reproof, a reproachful glance, or a look of loving inquiry, would have melted the stern resolve that he had made, and brought him once more to her side; but she was only a simple, loving child; so she suffered on in proud silence.

"About the last of November we learned from Edward that his brother was going to A —, to enter as partner in a long-established firm in that city, where he would have fair prospect of rising to a higher standing in his profession.

"My daughter grew very pale at this announcement, but there was a feverish excitement in her manner after this that I did not misinterpret. She expected that he would at least come to bid her adieu, and she was not disappointed. Had she been of a less excitable temperament, I should not have remained present during this interview; but I feared that her feelings would overcome her if he did not bid her in the presence of a third person. His visit, short as it was, was formal and constrained; but when he bid us adieu, after cordially pressing my hand, he turned to Mabel, who stood trembling by my side, and for a moment it seemed as though he were about to clasp her in his arms, but quickly mastering his emotion, he took her hand for an instant in his own, and abruptly hastened away.

"Days passed on, and I grew to curse him in my heart as the destroyer of my child's happiness, for Mabel could not conceal from me that her heart was breaking.

"In Edward's society she seemed to find a kind of solace, perhaps on account of his occasional resemblance to his brother. She did not turn away herself from society, however, but went about much the same as before; but her former sweet temper grew daily more uneven, and this increasing irritability often caused Nettie to ask me, 'What made Mabel so cross lately?'"

"Dallas often came home to visit his mother, who was a widow like myself; for A — was not far distant, and he could easily come in a sleigh in two or three hours; but he never came to our house during these visits, although I knew that Mabel expected him, for whenever she heard that he was there she would dress herself with more than usual care, and start and blush at every ring at the door-bell.

"Toward Christmas I conceived the idea of giving to Mabel, at home, on the evening of that day, a surprise-party. I kept it a secret from her until Christmas-Day, cautioning all whom I invited not to disclose it to her, so that she was much surprised when I informed her of what I had done. Her dress I had prepared myself, so that she would have but to perform her toilet and receive her guests; but I myself would be unable to appear among them, much as I would have wished to witness their pleasure, having taken a severe cold the previous day.

"I felt perfectly recompensed for my trouble by the bright smile with which she greeted my intelligence—the brightest I had seen on that young face for many days.

"I wondered at this after she left me; for although I had hoped to please her, I was totally unprepared for the delight which she evinced. Her guests were wondering on this, little Alice entered the room, and commenced prattling to me of her Christmas gifts.

"Oh, mother!" she said, at last, "I think Christmas is such a nice day. How can people cry on Christmas?"

"Who cries on Christmas?" I asked, smiling at her eagerness.

"Mabel does," she said. "I saw her cry to-day. Don't you know to-day, when nobody was down stairs but me and Mabel? Well, I saw that Mr. Annesly, that went away once, got by in a sleigh, and Mabel saw him too, and she bowed her head to him, and he did this way with his hat—look, mother—and Mabel cried then. She looked out the window a long time after he passed, trying to see his pretty horse, I guess; and then she sat by the fire and cried."

"So this was why Mabel was so pleased with my plan. She had seen him, and expected him to be among the guests that night. But I had not invited him, although I surmised that he would be at home; for I thought it best to prevent their meeting, and knew that both his brother and he could look upon it as an oversight. But now that Mabel had seen him, and, beyond a doubt, expected him to be there, I must rectify the omission as soon as possible.

"Accordingly, I sent Alice for Mabel, and told her to dispatch a note immediately to Edward, enjoining him to tell his brother, if in —, that we expected to see him that evening also. This she did with alacrity, but seemed surprised that I had not done so before.

"As evening came on I arranged her dress with great care; and very beautiful she appeared in the airy white robe and delicate wreath. But now that Mabel had arrived, and having seen that the children were in bed, I retired into the sitting-room, and, lying down upon a lounge, fell fast asleep.

"When I awoke the sound of music fell upon my ear, mingled with the light laugh of the

dancers, and I concluded that the evening was far advanced. But while listening to these sounds, I heard a footstep on the stairs, and Mabel entered the room.

"One glance at that flushed face and corrugated brow showed me that enjoyment had not been the share of my child that night. She put one hand to her head as she closed the door, and then catching the wreath from her hair, she flung it across the room.

"It annoys me so," she said, half-appealingly, in answer to my look of surprise, and then she stood for some moments pushing back the curls from her brow with both hands.

"What is the matter, child?" I asked, at last.

"Oh, mother!" she answered, in a choking voice, "he did not come. He is at home too, and had Edward said that he was too much fatigued to attend. O God forgive him!" and she relapsed into a silence which was broken at last by a tap at the door, which she answered, and then said, "Mother, it is Edward. May he come in?"

"Certainly," I said. "Oh! good-evening, Mr. Annesly."

"I am sorry to see you ill, Mrs. Frost," he rejoined; "I—I wanted to speak to you, and took the liberty of coming up."

"I did not answer. I feared what was coming; but he turned to Mabel, and, taking one of her hands in each of his, he began: 'Mabel, I have at last succeeded in obtaining in A — a situation that will give me ample means to maintain in comfort myself and another. Mabel, you must know how long I have loved you. Will you, if your mother consents, be my wife?'"

"She did not answer, my poor child, but snatching her hands from him she pressed them to her brow and uttered a low cry. Oh! such a cry of agony and despair that it thrilled through and through my brain like a sudden knell of mortal pain. I could not describe the utter amazement depicted upon his face as he gazed on her like one bereft of his senses; until she threw herself into my arms sobbing convulsively, and then he sank upon a couch at the other end of the room and buried his face in the cushions.

"After several moments of horrible suspense to all Mabel withdrew herself from my embrace, and, wiping the tears from her eyes, she paused a moment as though to conquer every vestige of emotion, and then approaching him, she laid her little hand upon his bowed head and faltered, 'Edward, I have always loved you as a brother. I—I mean as a friend; God knows that you deserve my deepest love, for you [and here her voice trembled excessively] have ever been the same to me—always kind, always mindful of my slightest wish; and I thank you, Edward, and if God had given us the power to control our own affections I would gladly give you my love.'

"Mabel," he said, rising before her, 'after this I will never trust in a human being again! O God! that you who seemed so like an angel to me should be but a heartless coquette after all! One who would lead one on with every appearance of love until he grew to worship you with all the power of his heart, and then cast him aside when he asks you to fulfill the promise your encouragement implied!'"

"This imputation seemed to sting her to the quick; and oh, Maud, you should have seen her then, as she stood erect, her slight form trembling with emotion; her long hair, partly loosened, streaming over her white shoulders; and her bosom panting convulsively out the light ball-dress, whose gay appearance seemed strangely at variance with the feelings of its wearer.

"Edward," she began, "I do not wonder that you despise me if you believe what you have just asserted; but God knows I do not deserve your reproaches, for never until to-night did I dream of your loving me. Oh, believe me, in the abandonment of my own hopeless love I never marked yours. Oh yes, mother," she continued, wildly, "rather than this should cause him to despise me, I will confess what I had not thought the rack could have wrung from me. Ed—Edward Annesly, better than you love me, better than life, better than anything on earth besides, I love your brother."

"A deep groan was the only answer, and I sprang forward just in time to catch the fainting form of my child in my arms.

"You are killing her!" I cried. "O God, that I had never heard the name of Annesly!"

"He gently placed her on the couch that he had quitted, and while I bathed her pallid brow I implored him not to repeat the unguarded confession my daughter had made in a moment of excitement.

"But he would not promise.

"She shall be happy with him," he groaned forth. "He can not help loving her. I will ask him if he does not."

"Love her?" I cried, leaning over my unconscious child. "No, he never loved her, although he used every means to win her young heart, that he might trifle with it for a few days, but to throw it aside, as he has doubtless done many another."

"Trifled with her! Dallas Annesly! Oh, Mrs. Frost, it is impossible!"

"I tell you it is true! He sought her with every appearance of devotion; he called her by every endearing name; did all but ask her to be his wife; and then, when one would have thought that would come next, he forsook her; and I have seen her drooping before me since like the sweet flower that she is!"

"Ah! do not weep. Surely you are wrong. Dallas is honor's self. See! she opens her eyes—she breathes now—and I will go to him and tell him what you say, and if he can not disprove it, henceforth we are all united."

"He did go to him, and well can I imagine what that interview must have been. Edward hot and angry, and Dallas—dear, noble Dallas!—with that white brow clouded, and those firm lips trembling, perhaps, with emotion, yet listening calmly to the passionate appeal.

"Edward," he said, when he had heard him to the end of his accusation, 'did you not tell me, three months ago, that you loved Mabel Frost? I need not tell you how much I love her. God and my own soul can alone know that. I once thought to prove it some day to her, believing that she might love me. But—and here his voice grew deeper and more thrilling—could I bring home to my mother and to you, as my wife, one whom my only brother loved with the love that you confessed to me? Could I ask you to welcome as your sister one whom I knew you loved as a man should love but his wife? Oh no! And so I tore the sweet dream from my heart, and sought forgetfulness in absence, and—found it not. Break her heart, you said? Oh! rather than bring down the lightest sorrow upon the heart of Mabel Frost I would cut out my own, and lay it, quivering with life, at her feet!"

"I need not say what followed when Dallas Annesly thus described the noble sacrifice he had made; but all who knew the strong affection that always existed between those brothers can imagine their mutual grief.

"Two weeks after Edward left home for some town farther West, where he had friends residing, and where he now lives; but before his departure he came to me, and told me what I have just related in regard to his brother's conduct.

"Soon after he had gone Dallas came, one evening, to our house, but Mabel refused to see him. Since Christmas night she had scarcely left her room, and seldom spoke to any one. Dallas did not remain long. He appeared ill at ease. But he came again on the following evening, as he did on many succeeding ones, and still Mabel would not receive him.

"At last, one clear night in January, when a young moon shed its clear rays over the snow-clad roads, I saw, from the window beside which I sat, a light cutter, drawn by a small dark horse—which I immediately recognized as belonging to Dallas—stop before our gate, and he sprang lightly from it, and entered our little garden. Mabel was lying upon the bed in the next room, apparently sleeping; and I hastened to open the door for this visitor.

"His first words, after the usual greeting, were of her.

"Will she see me?"

"There was something peculiarly touching in that tremor in the deep voice.

"I will ask her," I said, doubtfully.

"No, take her this," he said, holding forth a folded paper; "that is, with your permission."

"I did not answer; but leaving him to find his way into the parlor, I carried the note to Mabel.

"I clearly heard her quick breathing when I entered the room, and going up to the couch I laid my hand upon her shoulder. She did not start or move.

"Mabel, Dallas is here."

"Yes, mother."

"He has sent you this letter. Will you read it?"

"She grasped it eagerly, and placed it in her bosom.

"Read it now, Mabel—he is waiting," I said; and arranging the light upon a table, I went into the next room and closed the door of communication between the two apartments.

"She must have read it many times, for it was long before she joined me; but there was a glad smile on her lip, and a blush, stealing up even to her downcast eyes, when she re-opened the door and entered the room where I was.

"She did not say that she intended to go to Dallas, but I read it in her face, and silently assisted her to change the simple gown which she wore for a more becoming one, and smooth the tangled curls; but still she lingered, after this was done, and appeared so nervous and tremulous that I was obliged to accompany her to the foot of the staircase.

"I know not, Maud, the contents of that letter, nor what passed during the interview that followed; but Mabel came forth from the room leaning upon the arm of Dallas Annesly, who begged her mother's blessing upon their union.

"Did she give it? Was she unspeakably happy and thankful to her God? Oh! ye who have seen a shadow settle upon your household so dense that it seemed to threaten to overwhelm all in its blackness; so gloomy that none have thought of following their usual employment or amusements; so dark that even the youngest have ceased their sport as they looked on your saddened countenance, and have seen this dark cloud suddenly lifted from your hearts and homes, and the bright sunlight pour down with more than pristine glory, you, you can tell my feelings on that night!"

"Do not think me unmindful of my brother's disappointment and exile," he said, imagining that he read this thought in my face. "She would never have loved Edward, and 'twere cruel to sacrifice her happiness and mine to such a consideration now."

"My little Mabel sank at my feet and buried her face in my lap; and gracefully, and with manly dignity, he knelt beside her, and bowed his head with hers.

"Oh, I could have cried aloud with joy! To see those two, now alike dear to me, united in their love once more, and more safe than ever that this sorrow and separation had intervened. Well, they were married—that you know; and Edward is also married to one as beautiful, perhaps, as Mabel, whom he has forgotten—as it may be, Dallas would have forgotten her had she married Edward."

"Oh no!" cried Maud, with enthusiasm; "he never would, I am sure. He would have loved on for ever and ever. Besides, what would they be disunited? Mabel would not be Mabel if she were not Dallas's wife, nor Dallas Dallas if he were not Mabel's husband."

"They are very devoted, I am aware; but then we can not tell, you know. Every thing is liable to change in this world, and the dead and the living are alike forgotten. But listen, Maud! do

you not hear sleigh-bells?—it must be Nettie. Run and open the door, child, while I brighten up the fire!"

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XLI.

If there be any thing in our English habits upon which no difference of opinion can exist, it is our proneness to extend to a foreigner a degree of sympathy and an amount of interest that we absolutely deny to our own people. The English aristocrat, struggling all but hopelessly against the tawdry indifference, has but to displace the consonants or multiply the vowels of his name to be a fashion and a success.

I traveled in a sort of covered cart, with a mounted gendarme at either side of me. Indeed, the one faintly alleviating circumstance of my captivity was the sight of those two heavily-equipped giants, armed to the teeth, who were supposed to be essential to my safe-conduct. It was such an acknowledgment of what they had to apprehend from my well-known prowess and daring, so palpable a confession that every precaution was necessary against the daring intrepidity of a man of my stamp. At times, I almost wished they had put chains upon me. I thought how well it would read in my Memoirs; how I was "heavily manacled"—a great word that—orders being given to the escort to shoot me if I showed the slightest intention to escape. It was an intense pleasure to me to imagine myself a sort of Nana Sahib, and whenever we halted at some way-side public, and the idle loungers would draw out the carts, and stare in at me, I did my utmost to call up an expression of ogre-like ferocity and wildness, and it was with a thrill of ecstasy I saw a little child clasp its mother by the neck, and scream out to come away as it beheld me.

On the second night of our journey we halted at a little village at the foot of the Airlberg, called Stenben, where, in default of a regular prison, they lodged me in an old tower, the lower part of which was used for a stable. It stood in the very centre of the town, and from its narrow and barred windows I could catch glimpses of the little world that moved about in happy freedom beneath me. I could see the Marktplatz, from which the booths were now being taken down, and could mark that preparations for some approaching ceremony were going on, but of what nature I could not guess. A large space was neatly swept out, and at last strewn with saw-dust—signs unerring of some exhibition of legerdemain or conjuring, of which the Tyrolese are warm admirers. The arrangements were so simple, and the pretensions that they usually observed in open-air representations, for I saw seats prepared for the dignitaries of the village, and an evident design to mark the entertainment as the most distinguished protection. The crowd—now considerable—observed all the decorous bearing of citizens in presence of their authorities.

I nestled myself snugly in the deep recess of the window to watch the proceedings, nor had I long to wait; some half dozen gayly-dressed individuals having now placed their backs to the throng, and commenced those peculiar gambols which bespeak backbones of gristle and legs of pasteboard. It is a class of performance I enjoy vastly. The two fellows who lap over each other like the links of a chain, and the creature who rolls himself about like a ball, and the licensed freedoms of that man of the world—the clown—never weary me, and I believe I laugh at them with all the more zest that I have so often laughed at them before. It was plain, after a while, that a more brilliant part of the spectacle was yet to come; for a large, bluff-looking man, in cocked-hat and Jack-boots, now entered the ring, and indignantly ejected the clowns by sundry admonitions with a lash-whip, which I perceived were not merely make-believes.

"Ah, here he comes! here he is!" was now uttered in accents of eager interest, and an avenue was quickly made through the crowd for the new performer. There was delay after this, and though doubtless the crowd below could satisfy their curiosity, I was so highly perched and so straitened in my embrasure that I had to wait, with what patience I might, the new arrival. I was deep in my guesses what sort of "artist" he might prove, when I saw the head of a horse peering over the shoulders of the audience, and then the entire figure of the quadruped as he emerged into the circle, all shod and shrouded from gaze. With one dexterous sweep the groom removed all the clothing, and there stood before me my own lost treasure—Blondel himself! I wanted here known him among ten thousand. He was thinner, perhaps, certainly thinner; but in all other respects the same: his silky mane and his long tassel of a tail hung just as gracefully as of yore, and as he ambled round he moved his head with a courteous inclination, as though to acknowledge the plaudits he met with.

There was in his air the dignity that said, "I am one who has seen better days. It was not always thus with me. Applaud if you must, and if you will; but remember that I accept your plaudits with a reserve, perhaps with over-reluctance." Poor fellow, my heart bled for him! I felt as though I saw a cathedral canon cutting sonservants, and all this while, by some strange inconsistency, I had not a sympathy to bestow on the human actors in the scene. "As

for them," thought I, "they have accepted this degradation of their own free-will. If they had not shirked honest labor they need never have been clowns or pantaloons; but Blondel—Blondel, whom fate had stamped as the palfrey of some high-born maiden, or at least as the favorite steed of one who would know how to lavish care on an object of such perfection—Blondel, who had borne himself so proudly in high places, and who even in his declining fortunes had been the friend and fellow-traveler of — Yes, why should I shame to say it? Posterity will speak of Potts without the detaching malice and envious rancor of contemporaries, and when in some future age a great philanthropist or statesman shall claim the credit of some marvelous discovery, some wondrous secret by which humanity may be bettered, a learned critic will tell the world how this great invention was evidently known to Potts, how at such a line, or such a page, we shall find that Potts knew it all.

The wild-cheering of the crowd beneath cut short these speculations, and now I saw Blondel cantering gayly round the circle, with a handkerchief in his mouth. If in sportive levity it chanced to fall, he would instantly wheel about and seize it, and then, whisking his tail and shaking his long forelock, resume his course again. It was fine, too, to mark the laughing indifference he manifested toward that whip-cracking monster who stood in the centre and affected to direct his motions. Not alone did he reject his suggestions, but in a spirit of proud defiance did he canter up behind him, and alight with his fore-legs on the fellow's shoulders. I am not sure whether the spectators regarded the tableau as I did; but to me it seemed an allegorical representation of man and his master.

The hard breathing of a person close behind me now made me turn my head, and I saw the jailer, who had come with my supper. A thought flashed suddenly across me. "Go down to those mountebanks and ask if they will sell that cream-colored pony," said I. "Bargain as though you wanted him for yourself—he is old and of little value, and you may perhaps secure him for eighty or ninety florins, and if so, you shall have ten more for your pains. It is a caprice of mine, nothing more; but help me to gratify it."

He heard me out with evident astonishment, and then gravely asked if I had forgotten the circumstance that I was a prisoner, and likely to remain so for some time.

"Do as I bade you," said I, "and leave the result to me. There, lose no more time about it, for I see the performance is drawing to a close."

"Nay, nay," said he; "the best of all is yet to come. The pretty Moorish girl has not yet appeared. Ha! here she is."

As he spoke he crept up into the window beside me, not less eager for the spectacle than myself. A vigorous cheer and a loud clapping of hands below announced that the favorite was in, and long before she was visible to our eyes. "What can she do?" asked I, peevishly perhaps, for I was provoked how completely she had eclipsed poor Blondel in public favor. "What can she do? Is she a rope-dancer, or does she ride in the games of the ring?"

"There, there! Look at her—yonder she goes! and there's the young prince—they call him a prince, at least—who follows her everywhere."

I could not but smile at the poor jailer's simplicity, and would willingly have explained to him that we have outlived the age of Cinderellas. Indeed, I had half turned toward him with this object, when a perfect roar of the crowd beneath me drew off my attention from him to what was going on below. I soon saw what it was that entranced the public: it was the young girl, who now, standing on Blondel's back, was careering round the circle at full speed. It is an exercise in which neither the horse nor the rider are seen to advantage; the heavy monotonous tramp of the hoofs, cranked by the narrow limits, becomes a stilly, wooden gallop. The rider, too, more careful of her balance than intent upon graceful action, restricts herself to a few, and by no means picturesque, attitudes. With all this, the girl now before me seemed herself so intensely to enter into the enjoyment of the scene that all her gestures sprang out of a sort of irrepressible delight. Far from unsteady her foot, or limiting her action, the speed of the horse appeared to assist the changeful bendings of her graceful figure, as now, dropping on one knee, she would lean over to caress him, or now, standing erect, with folded arms and leg advanced, appear to dare him to displace her. Faultlessly graceful as she was, there was that in her own evident enjoyment that imparted a strange pleasure to the beholder, and gave to the spectacle the sort of magnetism by which pleasure finds its way from heart to heart throughout a multitude. At least, I suppose this must have been so, for in the joyous cheering of that crowd there was a ring of wild delight far different from mere applause.

Last, poor Blondel, blown and wearied, turned abruptly into the middle of the ring, and with panting sides and shaking tail came to a dead halt. The girl, with a graceful slide, seated herself on his back and patted him playfully. And to me this was by far the most graceful movement of the whole.

It was really a picture, and so natural and so easy to watch, that one forgot all about her spangles and tinsel, the golden fillet of her hair, and the tawdry rings on her sandals; and, what seemed her very heart, heard not the hoarse-mouthed enthusiasm that greeted her. At length, a tall man, well dressed and of striking appearance, pushed his way into the ring, and apparently presented her with a bouquet, at which piece of courtesy the audience, noisily

jealous, again redoubled their applause. She now looked round her with an air of triumphant pleasure, and while, with a playful gesture, she flung back the ringlets on her neck, she lifted her face full to my view, and it was Tintinck! With all this might I cried out, "Catinka! Catinka!" I know not why, but the impulse never waited to argue the question. Though I screamed my loudest, the great height at which I was placed, and the humming din of the crowd, totally drowned my words. Again and again I tried it, but to no purpose. There she sat, slowly making the round of the circus, while the stranger walked at her side, to all seeming conversing as though no busy and prying multitude stood watching and observing them. Wearied with my failure to attract notice, I turned to address the jailer, but he had already gone and I was alone. I next endeavored by a signal to call attention to me, and, at last, saw how two or three of the crowd had observed my waving handkerchief and were pointing it out to others. Doubtless they wondered how a poor captive could care for the pleasant follies of a life of whose commoner joys he was to be no sharer, and still greater was their astonishment as I flung forth a piece of money—a gold Napoleon it was—which they speedily caught up and gave to Catinka. How I watched her as she took it and showed it to the stranger! He, by his gesture, seemed angry, and made a motion as though asking her to throw it away; and then there seemed some discussion between them, and his pertinence increased; and she, too, grew passionate, and, leaping from the horse, strode haughtily across the circus and disappeared. And then arose a tumult and confusion, the mob shouting madly for the Moorish girl to come back, and many much disposed to revenge her absence on the stranger. As for him, he pushed the crowd haughtily aside and went his way, and though for a while the crowd continued to follow its wonted course of pleasure and disappointment, the performance soon concluded, and all went their several roads homeward; and when I looked out upon the empty Platz, over which the dusky shadows of the old houses were now stealing to mingle together, and instead of the scene of bustle and excitement saw a few lingering townsfolk moody and purposeless, I asked myself if the whole incidents were not a vision mind-drawn and invented. There was not one single clue by which I could brace it to reality.

Through the barred window of my cell I could see the clear blue sky, the great constellations, and there was Orion slowly sloping to the west, and actually throwing a sheet of glittering light on the low roofs of the peasants' houses. "Are there worlds up there," thought I, "human hives of work, and toil, and care, and sorrow, like our own?" And I found myself at last croning like a ballad in this wise:

I wish I knew in the stars above
What sort of a life they lead,
Whether they know the joys of love,
What are the books they read.
Can any one say if that twinkling lamp
Is revolving upon an axis?
What kind of a thing is a lunar sunset?
Do the people up there pay taxes?
Have they their fates to ebb and flow,
Salt seas to wade their shores?
And whenever out to dine they go
Are they plagued like us with bores?
When for a ball they open their houses,
How do the Siderials caper?
Who perform the parts of Strangers?
Have they a Times newspaper?
I conclude they have their own aches and ills,
And I feel a presentiment sinister,
That even they have their Holloway's pills
And a sham cure for a minister.
I feel, if I looked through a telescope,
Volcanic flames to see,
That my heart would thrill with a secret hope
Some Lumar was looking at me.
And whence does the telegraph bring them the news?
Who the great penny-a-liner?
Do they turn themselves on the fate of the Jews,
Or state of the tea-crop in China?
Do they speculate, too, how old we are,
Whether we're square or round?
I'd like to know if they really care
Whether we'll be buried or drowned?

"Here's your breakfast," said the jailer, as he stopped the course of my reverie. "And the brigadier hopes you'll be speedy with it, for you must reach Mainz by nightfall."

"Tell me," said I, eagerly, "was there a circus company here yesterday evening? Did they exhibit on the Platz there?"

"You are a deep one, you are!" muttered he, sulkily to himself, and left the cell.

CHAPTER XLII.

I bore up admirably on my journey. I felt I was doing a very heroic thing. By my personation of Harper I was securing that poor fellow's escape, and giving him ample time to get over the Austrian frontier, and many a mile away from the banks of the Double Eagle. I had read of such things in history, and I resolved I would not derogate from the proudest records of such self-devotion. Had I but remembered how long my illness had lasted, I might have easily seen that Harper could by this time have arrived at Calcutta; but, unfortunately for me, I had no gauge of time whatever, and completely forgot the long interval of my fever.

On reaching Innspruck I was sent on to an old chamber some ten miles away, called the Ambras Schloss, and being consigned to the charge of a retired artillery officer there, they seemed to have totally forgotten all about me. I lived with my old jailer just as if I were his friend; we worked together in the garden, pruned and raked and hoed and weeded; we smoked and fished, and mended our nets on wet days, and read, living exactly as might any two

people in a remote one-of-the-world spot, but at length, what from habit and the absence of any thing to suggest a change, I ceased to wish for another existence than such as I led there.

There is a sort of armory at the Ambras, chiefly of old Tyrolese weapons of an early period—maes and halberds, double-headed swords and such-like—and one of our pastimes was arranging and settling them, and cataloguing them, for which, in the ancient records of the Schloss, there was ample material. This was an occupation that amused me vastly, and I took to it with great zeal, and with such success that old Hirsch, the jailer, at last consigned the whole to my charge, along with the task of exhibiting the collection to strangers—a source from which the honest veteran derived the better part of his means of life.

At first, I scarcely liked my function as showman, but like all my other experiences in life, habit sufficed to reconcile me, and I took to the occupation as though I had been born to it. If now and then some rude or vulgar traveler would ruffle my temper by some illiterate remark or stupid question, I was well repaid by intercourse with a different stamp. They were to me such peeps at the world as a monk might have from the windows of his cloister, tempting perhaps, but always blended with the sense of the security that encompassed him and defended him from the cares of existence.

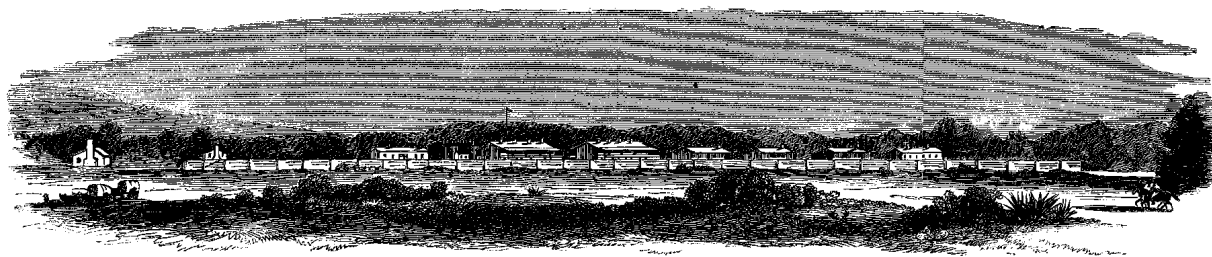
Perhaps the consciousness that I could assert my innocence and procure my freedom at any moment, for the first few months reconciled me to this strange life; but certainly after a while I ceased to care for any other existence, and never troubled my head either about past or future. I had, in fact, arrived at the great monastic elevation, in which a man, ceasing to be human, reaches the dignity of a vegetable.

I had begun, as I have said, by an act of heroism, in accepting all the penalties of another, and long after I ceased to revert to this sacrifice, the impulse it had once given still continued to move me. If Hirsch never alluded to my imputed crime to me, I was equally reserved toward him.

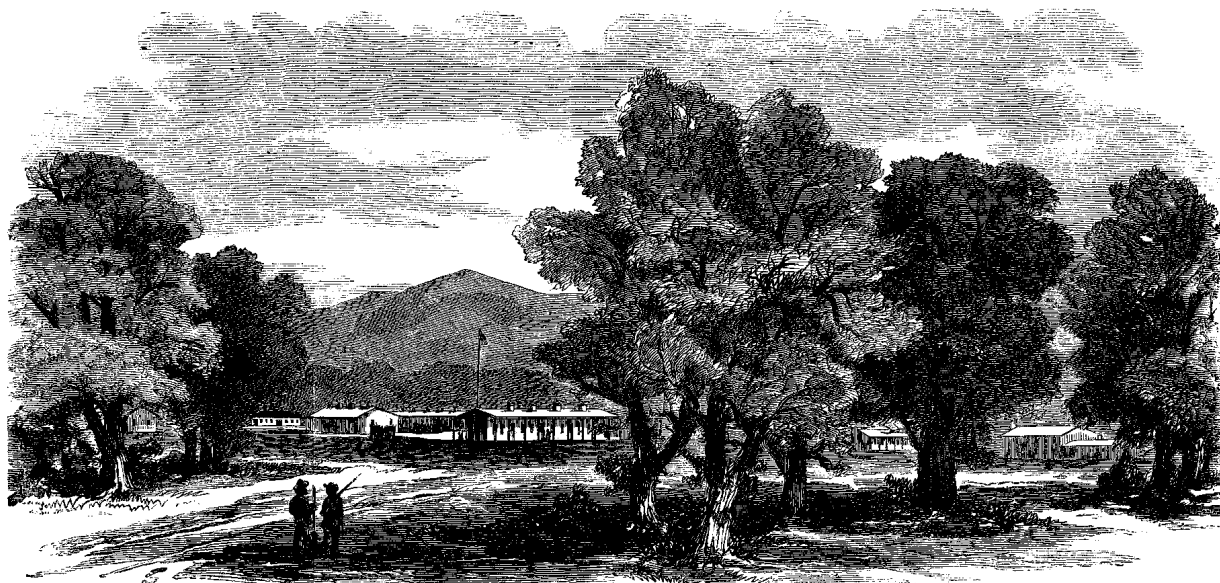
From time to time, a couple of grave, judicial-looking men would arrive and pass the forenoon in reading out certain documents to me. I never paid the slightest attention to their contents, for I asked for no change of life nor any other existence than the present one. My ear at moments would catch the strongest possible allegations as to my exalted political opinions, the dangerous associates I was bound up with, and the secret societies I belonged to. I heard once, too, and by a mere accident, how, at Stenben, I had bribed the jailer to procure me a horse, and thrown gold in handfuls from the windows of my prison to bribe the townsfolk to my rescue, and I laughed to myself to think what a deal of pleading and proof it would take to rebut all these allegations, and how little likely it was I would ever engage in such a conflict.

By long dwelling on the thought of my noble devotion, and how it would read when I was dead and gone, I had extinguished within my heart all desire for other distinction, speculating only on what strange and ingenious theories men would spin for the secret clew to my motives. "True," they would say, "Potts never cared for Harper. He was not a man to whom ——— would have attached himself under any circumstances; they were, as individuals, totally unlike and unsympathetic. How, then, explain this extraordinary act of self-sacrifice? We have prompted by the hope that the intrigues of the Austrian police system would receive the death-blow from his story, and that the mound that covered him in the church-yard would be the altar of Liberty to thousands? or was Potts one of those enthusiastic creatures only too eager to carry the load of some other pilgrim in life?"

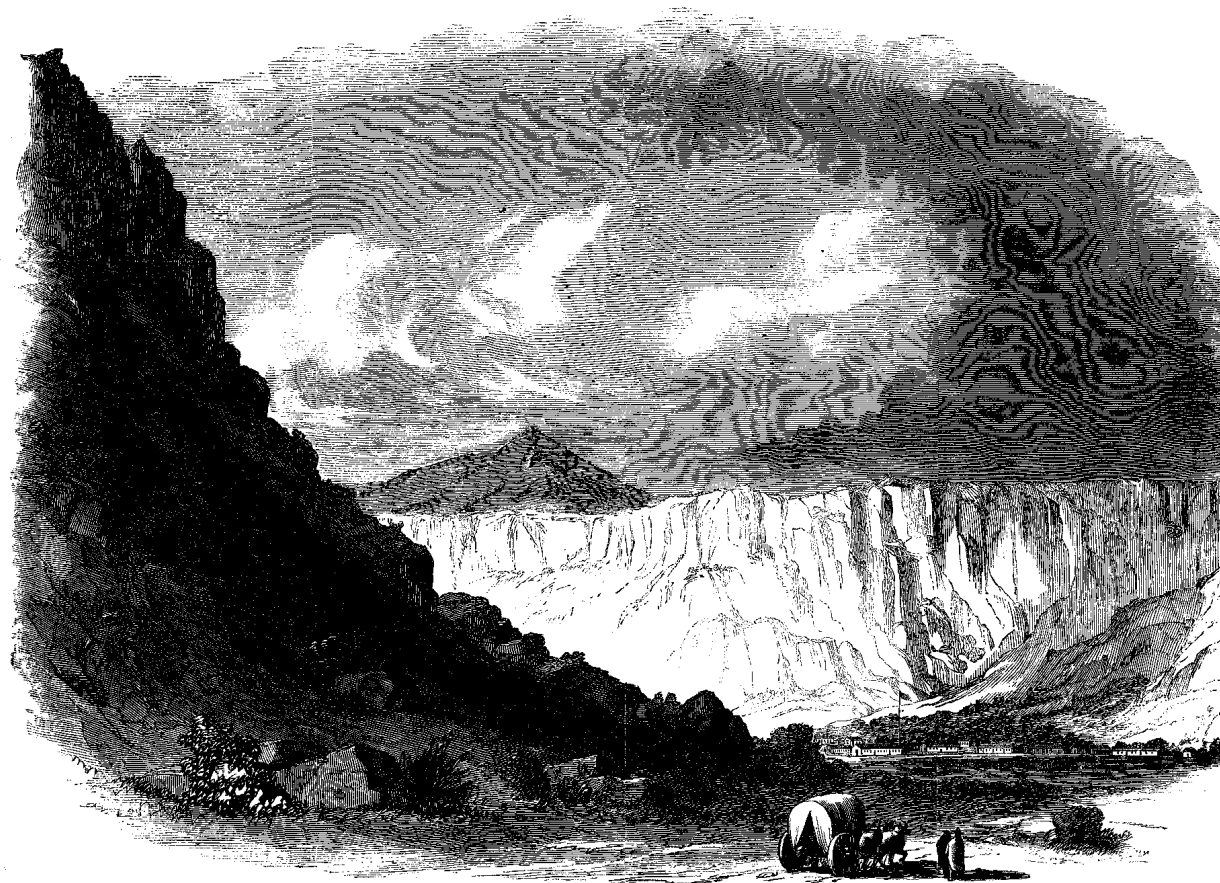
While I used thus to reason and speculate, I little knew that I had become a sort of European notoriety. Some idle English woman, however, some vagrant tourist, had put me in her book as the half-witted creature who showed the coins and curiosities at Ambras, and mentioned how, for I know not how many years, I was never heard to utter a syllable except on questions of old armor and antiquities. In consequence, I was always asked for by my traveling countrymen, and my peculiarities treated with all that playful good taste for which tourists are famous. I remember one day having refused to perform the showman to a British family. I had a headache, or was sulky, or a fit of rebellion had got hold of me, but I sauntered out into the grounds, and would not see them. In my walk through a close alley of laurels I chanced to overhear the stranger conversing with Hirsch, and making myself the subject of her inquiries; and as I listened, I heard Hirsch say that one entire room of the chateau was devoted to the papers and documents in my case, and that probably it would occupy a quick reader about twelve months to peruse them. He added, that as I made no application for a trial myself nor any of my friends showed an inclination to bestir themselves about me, the government would very probably leave me to live and die where I was. Thereupon, the Briton broke out into a worthy fit of indignant eloquence. He denounced the Hapsburgs and praised the Habeas Corpus; he raved of the power of England, our press, our public opinion, our new frigates. He said he would make Europe ring with the case. It was as bad, it was worse than Caspar Hauser's; for he was an idiot outright, and I appeared to have the enjoyment of certain faculties. He said it should appear in the Times, and be mentioned in the House; and as I listened, the strangest glow ran through me—a mild and pleasurable enthusiasm, to think that all the might, majesty, and power of Great Britain was about to interest itself in behalf of Potts!



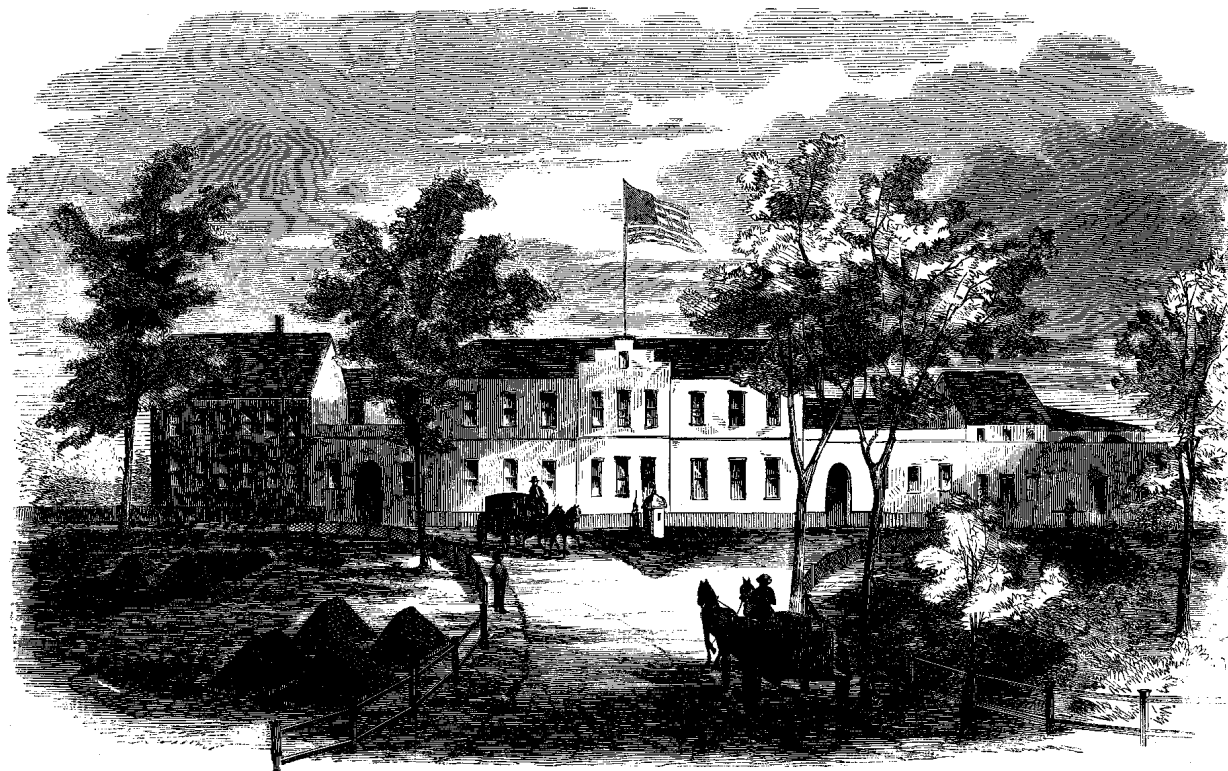
FORT WACHITA, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



FORT ARBUCKLE, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



FORT DAVIS, TEXAS, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE EIGHTH INFANTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE WASHINGTON ARSENAL.

THE FORTS IN TEXAS.

We publish on page 172, from views furnished by a draughtsman in the employ of the General Government, pictures of the three principal forts in Texas, which, according to the latest advices, have just been surrendered by General Twiggs to the secessionists. In connection with the event, we may mention that one of the last acts of the late Administration was the dismissal of General Twiggs from the army for treason.

FORT DAVIS, the head-quarters of the Eighth Infantry, is on the San Antonio and San Diego mail route. It is situated in a cañon of the Lympa Mountains, 120 miles from the City of Presidio del Norte, on the Rio Grande, and about 500 miles from San Antonio, Texas. It is in the midst of the country of the Mesquero Apaches; and the garrison at different times has done good service in checking the Comanches in their plundering expeditions into Mexico, and chastising the Apaches for their thieving propensities. The scenery here is very beautiful; the immense rocks which form the sides of the cañon tower up 500 or 600 feet. It is not known yet whether the Texan troops have made any demonstration on this post.

FORT ARBUCKLE, which is said to have been recently seized by the Texan troops, protects the northern frontier of that State from the forays of the Comanches. It is situated on the Indian Reserve, and is, or was, garrisoned by detachments from the First Cavalry and one company First Infantry regiments. It is named after the late General Arbuckle, of the army. Captain Prince commands the post; Captain Sacket, Captain Beal, First-Lieutenants Stockton, Crittenden, and Powell, Second-Lieutenants Olney and Fish compose the Staff.

FORT WACHITA, situated on the Reserve, sixty miles southeasterly from Arbuckle, at latest dates was also said to have been seized by the Texan troops. It was, or is, garrisoned by two companies First Cavalry, Captain Carr; commander, Captain Wood. It was near here, in October, 1858, that Major Earl Van Dorn encountered and utterly routed the Comanches in a pitched battle.

ARSENAL AT WASHINGTON.

In connection with the military movements now proceeding at Washington we publish herewith a view of the Arsenal at that city. It stands on the junction of the eastern branch with the Potomac, and is surrounded on three sides by water. Here are foundries, work-shops, magazines, laboratories, and every thing necessary for the manufacture of implements and materials of war. At the present time the Arsenal is a scene of great activity. In front of the Arsenal stand a collection of foreign brass cannon, some of which are trophies taken in battle at Saratoga, Yorktown, Niagara, and Vera Cruz.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BENTLEY DRUMMLE, who was so sulky a fellow that he even took up a book as if his writer had done him an injury, did not take up an ac-

quaintance in a more agreeable spirit. Heavy in figure, movement, and comprehension—in the sluggish complexion of his face, and in the large, awkward tongue that seemed to loll about in his mouth as he himself lolled about in a room—he was idle, proud, niggardly, reserved, and suspicious. He came of rich people down in Somersetshire, who had cursed this combination of qualities until they made the discovery that it was just of age and a blockhead. Thus Bentley Drummle had come to Mr. Pocket when he was a head taller than that gentleman, and half a dozen heads thicker than most gentlemen.

Startop had been spoiled by a weak mother and kept at home when he ought to have been at school; but he was devotedly attached to her, and admired her beyond measure. He had a woman's delicacy of feature, and was—"as you may see, though you never saw her," said Herbert to me—"exactly like his mother." It was but natural that I should take to him much more kindly than to Drummle, and that even in the earliest evening of our boating he and I should pull homeward abreast of one another, conversing from boat to boat, while Bentley Drummle came up in our wake alone, under the overhanging banks and among rushes. He would always creep in shore like some uncomfortable amphibious creature, even when the tide would have

sent him fast upon his way, and I always think of him as coming after us in the dark or by the back-water, when our own two boats were breaking the sunset or the moonlight in mid-stream.

Herbert was my most intimate companion and friend. I presented him with a half-share in my boat, which was the occasion of his often coming down to Hammersmith; and my possession of a half-share in his chambers often took me up to London. We used to walk between the two places at all hours, and I have an affection for the road yet (though it is not so pleasant a road as it was then), formed in the impressibility of untried youth and hope.

When I had been in Mr. Pocket's family a month or two Mr. and Mrs. Camilla turned up. Camilla was Mr. Pocket's sister. Georgiana, whom I had seen at Miss Havisham's on the same occasion, also turned up. She was a conscientious, indigestive single woman, who called her rigidity religion, and her liver love. These people hated me with the hatred of cupidity and disappointment. As a matter of course, they fawned upon me in my prosperity with the basest meanness. Toward Mr. Pocket, as a sort of grown-up infant with no notion of his own interests, they showed the complacent forbearance I had heard them express. Mrs. Pocket they held in contempt; but they allowed the poor

dear soul to have been heavily disappointed in life, because that shed a full reflected light upon themselves.

These were the surroundings among which I settled down, and applied myself to my education. I soon contracted expensive habits, and began to spend an amount of money that within a few short months I should have thought almost fabulous; but, through good and evil, I stuck to my books. There was no other merit in this than my having sense enough to feel my deficiencies. Between Mr. Pocket and Herbert I got on fast, and with one or the other always at my elbow to give me the directions I wanted, and clear obstructions out of my road, I must have been as great a dolt as Drummle if I had done less.

I had not seen Mr. Wemmick for some weeks, when I thought I would write him a note and propose to go home with him on a certain evening. He replied that it would give him much pleasure, and that he would expect me at the office at six o'clock. Thither I went, and there I found him putting the key of his safe down his back as the clock struck.

"Did you think of walking down to Walworth?" said he.

"Certainly," said I, "if you approve."
"Very much," was Wemmick's reply, "for I have had my legs under the desk all day, and shall be glad to stretch 'em. Now I'll tell you what I have got for supper, Mr. Pip. I have got a stewed steak—which is of home preparation—and a cold roast fowl—which is from the cook-shop. I think it's tender, because the master of the shop was a jurymen in some cases of ours the other day, and we let him down easy. I reminded him of that when I bought the fowl, and I said, 'Pick us out a good one, old fellow, because if we had chosen to keep you in the box another day or two we could easily have done it.' He said to that, 'Let me make you a present of the best fowl in the shop.' I let him, of course. As far as it goes, it's property and portable. You don't object to an aged parent, I hope?"

I really thought he was still speaking of the fowl, until he added, "Because I have got an aged parent at my place." I then said what politeness required.

"So you haven't dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?" he pursued, as we walked along.

"Not yet."
"He told me so this afternoon when he heard you were coming to see me. I expect you'll have an invitation to-morrow. He's going to ask your pals, too. Three of 'em, ain't there?"

Although I was not in the habit of counting Drummle as one of my intimate associates, I said "Yes."

"Well, he's going to ask the whole gang"—I hardly felt complimented by the word—"and whatever he gives you, he'll give you good. Don't look forward to variety, but you'll have excellence. And there's another rum thing in his house," proceeded Wemmick, after a moment's pause, as if the remark bestowed on the housekeeper was understood; "he never lets a door or window be fastened at night."

"Is he never robbed?"

"That's it," returned Wemmick. "He says, and gives it out publicly, 'I want to see the man who'll rob me.' Lord bless you, I have heard him a hundred times if I have heard him



"MOLLY, LET THEM SEE BOTH YOUR WRISTS. SHOW THEM. COMET"

once, say to regular crackmen in our front office, 'You know where I live; now no bolt is ever drawn there; why don't you do a stroke of business with me?' Come, can't I tempt you?" Not a man of 'em, sir, would be bold enough to try it on for love or money."

"They dread him so much," said I.
"Dread him?" said Wemmick. "Ah! I believe you, they dread him. Not but what he's awful, even in his defiance of 'em. No silver, Sir. Britannia metal, every spoon."
"So they wouldn't have much," I observed, "even if they—"

"Ah! but he would have much," said Wemmick, cutting me short, "and they know it. He'd have their lives, and the lives of scores of 'em. He'd have all he could get. And it's impossible to say what he couldn't get, if he gave his mind to it."

I was falling into meditation on my guardian's greatness, when Wemmick remarked:

"As to the absence of plate, that's only his natural depth. A river's its natural depth, and he's his natural depth. Look at his watch-chain. That's real enough."

"That's very massive," said I.

"Massive?" repeated Wemmick. "I think so. And his watch is a gold repeater, and worth a hundred pounds if it's worth a penny, Mr. Pip! There are about five hundred thieves in this town who know all about that watch; there's not a man, a woman, or a child among 'em who wouldn't identify the smallest link in that chain, and drop it as if it was red-hot if inveigled into touching it."

At first with such discourse, and afterward with conversation of a more general nature, did Mr. Wemmick and I beguile the time and the road until he gave me to understand that we had arrived in the district of Walworth.

It appeared to be a collection of back lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a mighty dull retirement. Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty; don't it?"

I highly commended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest Gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a Gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

"There's a real flag-staff, you see," said Wemmick, "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up—so—and cut off the communication."

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up and made it fast; smiling as he did so with a relish, and not merely mechanically.

"At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time," said Wemmick, "the gun fires. There he is, you see; and when you hear him go, I think you'll say he's a Stinger."

The piece of ordnance referred to was mounted in a separate fortress, lightly constructed of lattice-work. It was protected from the weather by an ingenious little tarpaulin contrivance in the nature of an umbrella.

"Then, at the back," said Wemmick, "out of sight, so as not to impede the view of fortifications—for it's a principle with me, if you have an idea, carry it out and keep it up. I don't know whether that's your opinion—"

I said, decidedly.

"At the back, there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits; then I knock together my own little farm, you see, and grow cucumbers; and you'll judge at supper what sort of a salad I can raise. So, Sir," said Wemmick, smiling again, but rather seriously too, "if you can suppose the little place besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time in point of provisions."

Then he conducted me to a bowser about a dozen yards off, but which was approached by such ingenious twists of path that it took quite a long time to get at; and in this retreat our glasses were already set forth. Our punch was cooling in an ornamental lake, on whose margin the bowser was raised. This piece of water (with an island in the middle which might have been the salad for supper) was of a circular form, and he had constructed a fountain in it, which, when you set a little tumbler going and took a cork out of a pipe, played to that extent that it made the back of your hand quite wet.

"I am my own engineer, and my own carpenter, and my own plumber, and my own gardener, and my own Jack of all Trades," said Wemmick, in acknowledging my compliments. "Well, it's a good thing, you know. It brushes the Newgate cobwebs away, and pleases the Aged. You wouldn't mind being at once introduced to the Aged, would you? It wouldn't put you out?"

I expressed the readiness I felt, and we went into the Castle. There we found, sitting by a fire, a very old man in a flannel coat; clean, cheerful, comfortable, and well cared for, but intensely deaf.

"Well, aged parent," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him in a cordial and jocular way, "how are you?"

"All right, John; all right!" replied the old man.

"Here's Mr. Pip, aged parent," said Wemmick, "and I wish you could hear his name. Nod away at him, Mr. Pip; that's what he likes. Nod away at him, Mr. Pip; that's what he likes. 'This is a fine place of my son's, Sir,' piped the old man, while I nodded as hard as I possibly could. 'This is a pretty pleasure-ground, Sir. This spot and these beautiful works upon it ought to be kept together by the Nation for my son's time, for the people's enjoyment.'"

"You're as proud of it as Punch; ain't you, aged parent?" said Wemmick, contemplating the old man with his hand face really softened; "there's a nod for you," giving him a tremendous one; "there's another for you," giving him a still more tremendous one; "you like that, don't you? If you're not tired, Mr. Pip—though I know it's tiring to strangers—tip him one more. You can't think how it pleases him."

I tipped him several more, and he was in great spirits. We left him bestirring himself to feed the fowls, and sat down to our punch in the arbor; where Wemmick told me as he smoked a pipe that it had taken him a good many years to bring the property up to its present point of perfection.

"Is it your own, Mr. Wemmick?"

"Oh yes," said Wemmick; "I have got hold of it, a bit at a time. It's a freehold, by George!"

"Is it, indeed? I hope Mr. Jaggers admires it?"

"Never seen it," said Wemmick. "Never heard of it. Never seen the Aged. Never heard of him. No; the office is one thing, and private life is another. When I go into the office I leave the Castle behind me, and when I come into the Castle I leave the office behind me. If it's not in any way disagreeable to you, you'll oblige me by doing the same. I don't wish it professionally spoken about."

Of course I felt my good faith to be involved in the observance of his request. The punch being very nice, we sat there drinking it and talking until it was almost nine o'clock. "Getting near gun-fire," said Wemmick then, as he laid down his pipe; "it's the Aged's treat."

Proceeding into the Castle again, we found the Aged heating the poker, with expectant eyes, as a preliminary to the performance of this great nightly ceremony. Wemmick stood with his watch in his hand, until the moment was come for him to take the red-hot poker from the Aged, and repair to the outworks. He took it and went out, and presently the Stinger went off with a Bang that shook the crazy little box of a cottage as if it must fall to pieces, and made every glass and tea-cup in it ring. Upon which the Aged—who I believe would have been blown out of his arm-chair but for holding on by the elbows—cried out, exultingly, "He's fired! I heard him!" and I nodded at the old gentleman until it is no figure of speech to declare that I absolutely could not see him.

The interval between that time and supper Wemmick devoted to showing me his collection of curiosities. They were mostly of a felonious character; comprising the pen with which a celebrated forger had been committed, a distinguished razor or two, some locks of hair, and several manuscript confessions written under condemnation—upon which Mr. Wemmick set a particular value as being, to use his own words, "every one of 'em lions, Sir." These were carelessly dispersed among small specimens of china and glass, various neat trifles made by the proprietor of the museum, and some tobacco-stoppers carved by the Aged. They were all displayed in that chamber of the Castle into which I had been first inducted, and which served not only as the general sitting-room but as the kitchen too, if I might judge from a sauce-pan on the hob, and a brazen brazier over the fire-place designed for the suspension of a roasting-jack.

There was a neat little girl in attendance who looked after the Aged in the day. When she had laid the supper-cloth the bridge was lowered to give her means of egress, and she withdrew for the night. The supper was excellent; and though the Castle was rather subject to dry-rot, inasmuch that it tasted like a bad nut, and though the pig might have been farther off, I was heartily pleased with my whole entertainment. Nor was there any drawback on my little turret bedroom beyond there being such a thin ceiling between me and the flag-staff that when I lay down on my back in bed it seemed as if I had to balance that pole on my forehead all night.

Wemmick was up betimes in the morning, and I am afraid I heard him cleaning my boots. After that he fell to gardening, and I saw him from my Gothic window pretending to employ the Aged, and nodding at him in a most devoted manner. Our breakfast was as good as the supper, and at half past eight precisely we started for Little Britain. By degrees Wemmick got dryer and harder as we went along, and his mouth tightened into a post-office again. When we got to his place of business, and he pulled out his key from his coat-collar, he looked as unconscious of his Walworth property as if the Castle and the draw-bridge and the arbor and the lake and the fountain and the Aged had all been blown into space together by the last discharge of the Stinger.

CHAPTER XXV.

It fell out, as Wemmick had told me it would, that I had an early opportunity of comparing my guardian's establishments with that of his cashier and clerk. My guardian was in his room washing his hands with his scented soap when I went into the office from Walworth, and he called me to him, and gave me the invitation for myself and friends which Wemmick had prepared me to receive. "No ceremony," he stipulated, "and no dinner dress, and say to-morrow. I asked him where we should come to (for I had no idea where he lived), and I believe it was in his general objection to make any thing like a nod away at him, and he replied, 'Come here, and I'll take you home with me.' I embrace this opportunity of remarking that he washed his clients off as if he were a surgeon or a dentist. He had a closet in his room, fitted up for the purpose, which smelled of the scented soap like a perfumer's shop. It had an unusually large

jack-towel on a roller inside the door, and he would wash his hands, and wipe them and dry the all over this towel, whenever he came in from a police-court or dismissed a client from his room. When I and my friends repaired to him at six o'clock next day, he seemed to have been engaged on a case of a darker complexion than usual, for we found him with his head butted into this closet, not only washing his hands, but laving his face and gurgling his throat. And even when he had done all that, and had gone all round the jack-towel, he took out his penknife and scraped the case out of his nails before he put his coat on.

There were some people slinking about as usual when we passed out into the street, who were evidently very anxious to speak with him; but there was something conclusive in the halo of scented soap that encircled his presence, and they gave it up for that day. As we walked along westward he was recognized ever and again by some face in the crowd of the streets, and whenever that happened he talked louder; but he never otherwise recognized any body, or took notice that any body recognized him.

He conducted us to Gerrard Street, Soho, to a house on the south side of that street. Rather a stately house of its kind, but doleful for want of painting, and with dirty windows. He took out his key and opened the door, and we all went into a stone hall, bare, gloomy, and little used. So, up a dark brown staircase into a series of three dark brown rooms on the first floor. There were carved garlands on the paneled walls, and as he stood among them giving us welcome, I knew what kind of loops I thought they looked like.

Dinner was laid in the best of these rooms; the second was his dressing-room; the third his bedroom. He told us that he held the whole house, but rarely used more of it than we saw. The table was comfortably laid—no silver in the service, of course—and at the side of his chair was a capacious dumb-waiter, with a variety of bottles on it, and four dishes of fruit for dessert. I noticed then, and throughout, that he kept every thing under his own hand, distributed every thing himself.

There was a book-case in the room, and I saw, from the backs of the books, that they were about evidence, criminal law, criminal biography, trials, acts of parliament, and such things. The furniture was all very solid and good like his watch-chain. It had an official look, however, and there was nothing merely ornamental to be seen. In a corner was a little table of papers with a shaded lamp, so that he seemed to bring the office home with him in that respect too, and to wheel it out of an evening and fall to work.

As he had scarcely seen my three companions until now, he and I had walked together—he stood on the hearth-rug after ringing the bell, and took a searching look at them. To my surprise, he seemed at once to be principally if not solely interested in Drummle.

"Pip," said he, putting his large hand on my shoulder and moving me to the window, "I don't know one from the other. Who's the spider?"

"The spider?" said I.

"The blochey, spanky, sulky fellow."

"That's Bentley Drummle," I replied; "the one with the delicate face is Startop."

Not making the least account of "the one with the delicate face," he returned, "Bentley Drummle is his name, is it? Ah! I like the look of that fellow."

He immediately began to talk to Drummle; not at all deterred by his replying in his heavy reticent way, but apparently led on by it to screw discourse forcibly out of him. I was looking at the two when there came between me and them the housekeeper, with the first dish for the table.

She was a woman of about forty, I supposed—but I may have thought her older than she was, as it is the manner of youth to do. Rather tall, of a lithe, nimble figure, extremely pale, with large blue eyes, and a quantity of streaming light hair. I can not say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter; but I know that I had been to see Macbeth at the theatre a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the cauldron.

She set the dish on, touched me quietly on the arm with a finger to notify that dinner was ready, and vanished. We took our seats at the round table, and my guardian kept Drummle on one side of him, while Startop sat on the other. It was a noble dish of fish that the housekeeper had put on the table, and we had a joint of equally choice mutton afterward, and then some equally choice birds. Sauces, wines, and the accessories we wanted, and all of the best, were given out by our host from his dumb-waiter, as when they had made the circuit of the table he always put them back again. Similarly, he dealt us clean plates, and knives and forks, for each course, and dropped those just disused into two baskets, on the ground, by his chair. No other attendant than the housekeeper appeared. She set on every dish, and I always saw in her face a face rising out of the cauldron. Years afterward I made a dreadful likeness of that woman by causing a face that had no other natural resemblance to it than it derived from flowing light hair, to pass behind a bowl of flaming spirits in a dark room.

Induced to take particular notice of the housekeeper, both by her own striking appearance and by Wemmick's preparation, I observed that whenever she was in the room, she kept her eyes attentively on my guardian, and that she would quite remove her hands from any dish she

put before him, watching as if she dreaded his calling her back, and wanted him to speak when she was might, as if he had any thing to say. I fancied that, could detect in his manner a consciousness of this, and a purpose of holding her in suspense.

Dinner went off gayly, and although my guardian seemed to follow rather than originate subjects, I knew that he somehow wrenched the weakest part of our dispositions out of us. For myself, I found that I was expressing my tendency to lavish expenditure, and to patronize Herbert, and to boast of my great prospects, before I quite knew that I had opened my eyes. It was so with all of us, but with no one more than Drummle: the development of whose inclination to gird in a grudging and suspicious way at the rest, was screwed out of him before the fish was taken off.

It was not then, but when we had got to the cheese, that our conversation turned upon our rowing feats, and that Drummle was rallied for coming up behind of a night in that slow amphibious way of his. Drummle upon this informed our host that he much preferred our room to our company, and that as to skill he was no less than the master, and that as to strength he could scatter us like chaff. By some invisible agency my guardian—it could have been no one else—wound him up to a pitch little short of ferocity about this trifle; and he fell to baring and spanning his arm to show how muscular it was, and we all fell to baring and spanning our arms in a ridiculous manner.

Now the housekeeper was at that time clearing the table, and my guardian, taking no heed of her, but with the side of his face turned from her, was leaning back in his chair biting the side of his forefinger, and showing an interest in Drummle that to me, was quite inexplicable. Suddenly he clapped his large hand on the housekeeper's as she stretched it across the table, like a trap. So suddenly and smartly, that we all stopped in our foolish contention.

"If you talk of strength," said Mr. Jaggers, "I'll show you a wrist. Molly, let them see your wrist."

Her entrapped hand was on the table, but she had already put her other hand behind her waist. "Master," she said, in a low voice, with her eyes attentively and timidly fixed upon him. "Do?"

"I'll show you a wrist," repeated Mr. Jaggers, with an immovable determination to show it. "Molly, let them see your wrist."

"Master," she again murmured. "Please!"

"Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, not looking at her, but obstinately compressing his lips, and looking at the opposite side of the room, "let them see both your wrists. Show them. Come!"

He roughly took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind her, and held the two out side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured—deeply scarred, and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out she took her eyes from Mr. Jaggers, and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession.

"There's power here," said Mr. Jaggers, tracing out the sinews with his forefinger without touching them. "Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. It's remarkable what mere force of grip there is in these hands. I have had occasion to notice many hands, but I never saw stronger in that respect, man's or woman's, than these."

While he said these words in a leisurely, critical way, she continued to look at every one of us in regular succession as we sat. The moment he ceased she looked at him again. "That'll do, Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, giving her a slight nod; "you have been admired, and can go." She withdrew her hands and went quietly out of the room, and Mr. Jaggers, putting the decanters on from his dumb-waiter, filled his glass, and passed round the wine.

"At half past nine, gentlemen," said he, "we must break up. Pray make the best use of your time. I am glad to see you all. Mr. Drummle, I drink to you."

If his object in singling out Drummle were to bring him out still more, it perfectly succeeded. In a sulky triumph, Drummle showed his morose depreciation of the rest of us in a more and more offensive degree, until he became downright intolerable. Through all his stages Mr. Jaggers followed him with the same inexplicable interest. He actually seemed to serve as a zest to Mr. Jaggers's wine.

In our boyish want of discretion I dare say we took too much to drink, and I know we talked too much and too noisily. We became particularly hot upon some boyish sneer of Drummle's, to the effect that we were too free with our money. It led to my remarking, with more zeal than politeness, that it came with a bad grace from him, to whom Startop had lent money in my presence but a week or so before.

"Well," retorted Drummle, "he'll be paid."

"I don't mean to imply that you won't," said I; "but it might make you hold your tongue about us and our money, I should think."

"You should think!" retorted Drummle.

"Oh Lord!"

"I dare say," I went on, meaning to be very severe, "that you wouldn't lend money to any of us if we wanted it."

"You do me justice," said Drummle. "I wouldn't lend one of you a sixpence. I wouldn't lend any body a sixpence."

Rather mean to borrow under those circumstances, I should say.

"You should say!" repeated Drummle. "Oh Lord!"

This was so very aggravating—the more especially as I found myself making no way against his early obtuseness—that I said, disregarding Herbert's efforts to check me:

"Come, Mr. Drummie, since we are on the subject, I'll tell you what passed between Herbert here and me when you borrowed that money."

"I don't want to know what passed between Herbert there and you," growled Drummie. And I think he added, in a lower growl, that we might go to the devil and shake ourselves."

"I'll tell you, however," said I, "whether you want to know or not. We said that as you put it in your pocket, you seemed to be immensely amused at his being such an ass as to lend it."

Drummie laughed outright, and sat laughing in our faces, with his hands in his pockets and his round shoulders raised, plainly signifying that it was quite true, and that he despised us as asses all.

Hereupon Startop took him in hand, though with a much better grace than I had shown, and exhorted him to be a little more agreeable. Startop being a lively, bright young fellow, and Drummie being the exact opposite, the latter was always disposed to resent him as a direct personal affront. He now retorted in a coarse, lumpy way, and Startop tried to turn the discussion aside with some small pleasantry that made us all laugh. Resenting this little success more than any thing, Drummie, without any threat or warning, pulled his hands out of his pockets, dropped his round shoulders, swore an oath, took up a large glass, and would infallibly have flung it at his adversary's head, but for our entertainer's dexterously seizing it at the instant when it was raised for that purpose.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jagers, very deliberately putting down the glass, and hauling out his gold repeater by its massive chain, "I am sorry to announce that it's half past nine."

On this hint we all rose to depart. Before we got to the street-door Startop was cheerily calling Drummie "old fellow," as if nothing had happened. But the old fellow was so far from responding that he would not even walk to Hammersmith on the same side of the way; so Herbert and I, who remained in town, saw them going down the street on opposite sides; Startop leading, and Drummie lagging on behind in the shadow of the houses, much as he was wont to follow in his boat.

As the door was not yet shut I thought I would leave Herbert there for a moment, and run up stairs again to say a word of apology to my guardian. I found him in his dressing-room, surrounded by his boots, already hard at it washing his hands of us.

I told him that I had come up again to say how sorry I was that any thing disagreeable should have occurred, and that I hoped he would not blame me very much.

"Pooh!" said he, slouching his face, and speaking through the water-drops; "it's nothing, Pip. I like that Spider though."

He had turned toward me now, and was shaking his head, and blowing, and toweling himself.

"I am glad you like him, Sir," said I; "but I don't."

"No, no," my guardian assented; "don't have too much to do with him. Keep as clear of him as may be. But I like the fellow, Pip; he is one of the true sort; I have not been disappointed in him. Why, if I were a fortune-teller—"

Looking up of the towel, he caught my eye. "But I am not a fortune-teller," he said, letting his head drop into a fustian of towel, and toweling away at his two ears. You know what I am. Good-night, Pip."

"Good-night, Sir."

In about a month after that the Spider's time with Mr. Pocket was up for good, and, to the great relief of all the house but Mrs. Pocket, he went home to the family hotel. He called me Blacksmith when he went away, qualified to be an indifferent hostler or a bad gamekeeper.

A BEGGAR'S LOVE.

I'm wan and thin, and verse for the wear;
My clothes are old, and tattered, and torn;
And there is not a man in all the town
That looks so thoroughly sad and forlorn.
I wander about the streets all day,
I sleep wherever I can at night;
I'm an idle, beggarly fellow, they say,
And what every one says, I suppose, is right.
She is fresh and bright as a new-blown rose,
And sweet as the twilight her pensive face
And round her undulant shape there flows
A cloud of silks and a mist of lace.
Flowers cling fondly about her head,
Drinking the sunlight that melts in her hair;
Her beauty would almost awe the deities!
Can you wonder that I—the beggar—should dare?
I love her—yes, I, with my rheumatic feet,
With my ragged, with my ragged coat;
Disually loitering along the street,
The hunger driving within my throat.
I can not help—am I not a man?
Loving this beauty that glids the earth.
The beggar is no more, with an eager heart,
In this respect, than the man of birth.

At night, when the city is rife with the roll
Of carriages speeding to some great hall,
I am on the spot, with an eager heart,
To see her flash through the crowded hall,
Feathers and roses the others wear,
Scintillant diamonds, and foam; Lucy;
While there is but a single sign for me—
The sight of that sweet angelic face.
Every day, when the clock strikes four,
She comes in her beauty down Broadway;
Sometimes she stops at some gaudy store,
And buys a ribbon, or a pair of gloves.
I know the reason—I watch her well;
I see her returning, arm in arm,
With a handsome, kid-gloved, well-dressed swell—
But I wish him no harm—I wish him no harm!

If I had his money and well-cut clothes,
And his easy, untroubled, and his free face,
Instead of this haggard mask, who knows
But I might be quite as well in her grace?
But, bah! what use in my thinking thus,
When such hopeless thoughts can I draw in a glass?
My only pleasure—poor beggarly one!
Is to stand at a corner and see her pass.

I think to say it—yes, I even I—
I ask her for alms, with tremulous lips!
But you—yes, you know not the reason why
To feel the touch of her finger-tips.
Though the coin that she drops in my hand degrades,
The kindly word that she gives redeems;
And through my wearisome night porades
She fills my vigils with pleasant dreams.

I am a beggar, I know full well—
I will die in a gutter, the people say;
But the handsome, kid-gloved, tattered swell
Will splendidly marry her some day.
Well, let him do it, with ring and with flowers;
But the self-same day that the bride is wed
The bell will toll through the noonday hours,
And tell the tale of a pauper dead.

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