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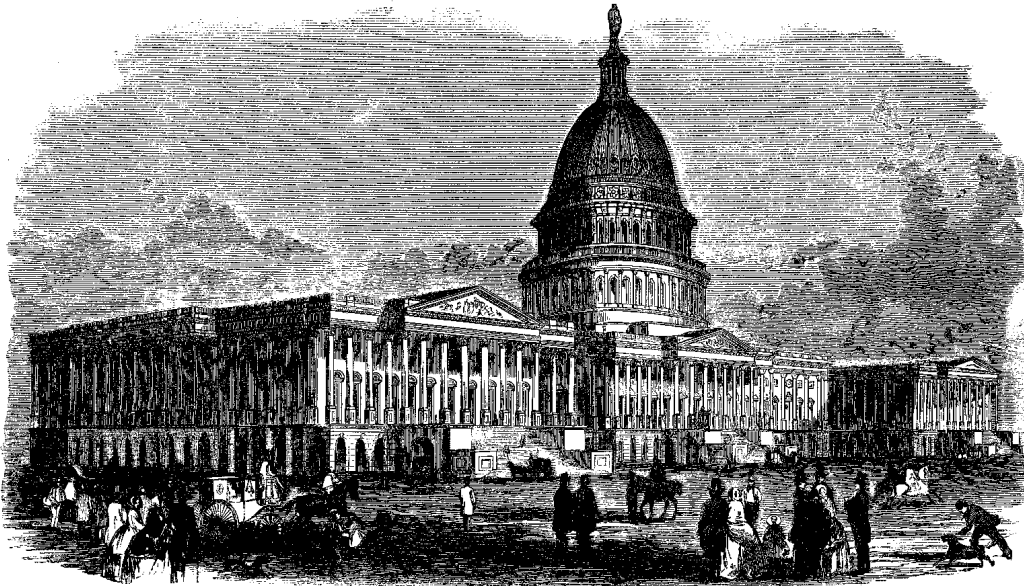
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In view of the momentous discussions which are now going on at the Federal Capital, we publish herewith a general view of Washington City, and a picture of the Capitol.

The City of Washington stands at the head of tide-water on the River Potomac—235 miles from the Ocean. It is 60 years old. When the Independence of the United States was established, New York was the Federal Capital. The subject of a permanent seat of Government engaged the early attention of Congress, and for some time a majority was in favor of a site on the Susquehanna. But after a time, the Southern members being unanimously for the border of the Potomac, and the Northern States deeming the location of the Federal seat of Government of less consequence than the assumption of the war debts of the States, it was agreed to accept the ten square miles of land now constituting the District of Columbia, and meanwhile the Government was transferred to Philadelphia. The corner-stone of the Capitol was laid by General Washington in 1793; the Government was removed to Washington in 1800.

In those days it was a dreary place. Mrs. Adams wrote that she was obliged to have fires going all summer to keep off the chills; and some members of Congress were so disgusted with the spot that they were with difficulty persuaded to attend during the session. The environs have changed, too. In those days Georgetown carried on a brisk trade with London and Liverpool, and Bladensburg was a considerable exporter of tobacco. Now neither place boasts much of its foreign trade. It is said that General Washington, whose plans for the embellishment of the Federal City time is slowly executing, really believed that it would not only be the noblest town on the Continent in respect of architectural glories, but that it would be the site of a large and increasing commerce—the sea-port of the nation. He did not share the fears which induced so many

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON AND THE CAPITOL.



THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

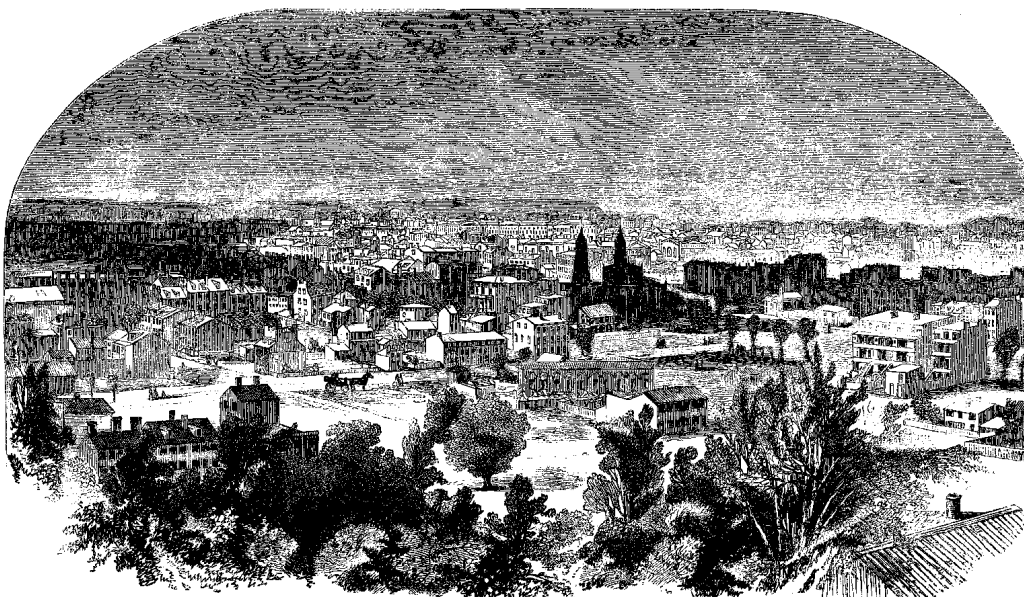
other statesmen to dread locating the Government in a commercial city. Time, however, and the energy of the people of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, have prevented the accomplishment of this destiny. Washington is not, and never will be, a place of any trade. It is a political city. In many respects it is the pleasantest city in the United States. Society is more refined there than in New York, Boston, or Southern cities. All the intellect of the country, and not a little of the beauty and fashion, congregate there every winter. There are other topics of conversation in Washington than dollars and per centage;

and with all the tedium and corruption of politics, a relief from the never-changing commercial tone of thought which pervades society in such cities as New York is always acceptable.

As a city, Washington is chiefly famous for its "distances." Miles in Washington are as acres in other cities. Every thing is at least half a league from every thing else; and the consumption of shoe-leather by those who can not hire vehicles is enormous. The idea of General Washington was that the Capitol should be the centre of the city, and that avenues should radiate from it at equidistant points. To complete his plan, Wash-

Hobson, Latrobe, and Bulfinch, under the latter of whom the old Capitol was completed. In the last war with England the two wings were ruthlessly destroyed by the invaders. After the peace the work was resumed, and the old Capitol was completed in 1825. The length of this building was 352 feet 4 inches by 121 feet deep. Since then the present extensions, north and south, have been added, and the total length of the building is now 745 feet eight inches. The corner-stone of the south extension was laid by President Fillmore on 4th July, 1851, and an eloquent oration was delivered on the occasion by Daniel Webster. When these extensions

the Capitol is one of the noblest and most commodious public edifices in the world. We published a view of it, together with an account of some of the interior work of the extensions, in No. 58 of this Journal. It contains a number of excellent pictures, illustrative of the past history of the country, by Trumbull and other artists; also some beautiful statuary by Crawford and others; but still the work of decoration may be said to be hardly begun. Most of the niches for statues and the spaces for paintings are still vacant. If the Union can be preserved, and the country continue as prosperous as it is, in the course of a generation the Capitol will be,



THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, FROM THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

in an artistic point of view, as worthy of the country as it is now in respect of size and architectural perfection.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

AND

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the ensuing year will contain new Stories

By **Thackeray and the Author of "Adam Bede,"**

and that in Number 204 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

DISUNION CAUSED BY THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

WE present the following important communication to our readers without comment. The writer is known as a gentleman of intelligence and integrity.

A VIEW BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

In the fall of 1858 the writer met in Paris the late Mr. AARON LEGGETT, formerly a wealthy merchant in this city, and a member of the Society of Friends. We conversed frequently on the political prospects of our country as affected by the agitation of the Slavery question. Mr. L. said that, when he was a young man, he was an active and zealous member of a Manumission Society, and that he continued to cherish in after life a very compassionate feeling for the poor negroes. At the time of the general emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies Mr. Leggett's business called him to the city of Mexico, and while residing there he met Deputy Commissary-General WILSON, of the British Army, an agent appointed by the British Government to make the financial arrangements connected with the payment to the West India slaveholders of their portion of the £20,000,000 voted by the British Parliament as a compensation for the forced sacrifice of their property.

Mr. LEGGETT said that, when he learned Mr. WILSON's errand, he took occasion, while he was sitting with him one day after dinner, to express his admiration of the British Government and the British people, for that noble act, the vote of £20,000,000 sterling, to procure liberty for 800,000 negroes! He gave full utterance to his feelings, and almost exhausted the vocabulary of eulogy to find the commendatory epithets which he applied to England and Englishmen.

"Mr. Wilson did not seem to sympathize with me," said Mr. L., "and when I had finished, he simply turned to me, and said, 'Do you think, Mr. Leggett, that this emancipation of the negroes will prove to be a wise measure?'"

"Certainly," I replied, said Mr. L. "How can it be otherwise?"

"The cool heads in England," said Mr. Wilson, "do not think that it will be beneficial in its effects on the interests of the people either in the colonies or in the mother country. Nor do I think so. We think that the freed negroes will do very little work; and that the West India colonies, as to their commercial value to the mother country, will be ruined."

Mr. Leggett had been carried away with the representations of the enthusiastic friends of emancipation—that free labor was more productive than slave labor; that when the negroes were free they would receive wages, and that this would stimulate them to raise sugar and coffee in greater quantities; that commerce would feel the benefit of the new impulse to agriculture; that lands would rise in value; that the income of the planters would be increased, etc.; and his ardor was at first cooled by Mr. Wilson's gloomy view of the case.

"After a little reflection, however," said Mr. L., "I continued my eulogy of the British Government and the British people; and I went on further than before in the expression of my admiration for the noblest act in history. I said that the emancipation of the negroes was the noblest act in history, and that the British Government was the noblest Government in the world."

were accustomed to represent them as always governed by mercenary considerations, and too willing to sacrifice justice, humanity, and all the virtues, to the lust of gain; but here was a case in which the cool heads that directed the action of the Government deliberately burdened their country with an immense debt, not to open new fields of wealth, but in full prospect of destroying the commercial value of their West India colonies, and of impoverishing the people there, and the proprietors in England—and all from a humane feeling, and a high sense of justice—a high sense of what is due to poor, helpless, down-trodden negro slaves. It was the noblest act recorded in history! I knew of no parallel to it any where."

"When I had finished," added Mr. L., "Mr. W. again turned to me, and said, 'Mr. Leggett, do you really believe that the men who control the action of the British government were led by such motives as you ascribe to them, to sacrifice the commercial interests of their country?'"

"I replied," said Mr. L., "that if the men who controlled the action of the British government really believed that the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies would end in the commercial ruin of the islands, I could not conceive of any other motive for their conduct than the noble one which I had assigned."

"Well," said Mr. W., "you may believe this, but I do not. I believe that the action of the British government is made to promote, as far as possible, the INTERESTS of the English Aristocracy."

Mr. L. then asked, "What interest of the English Aristocracy will be promoted by the ruin of the British West India Islands?"

Mr. Wilson said that the abolition of slavery in the British colonies would naturally create an enthusiastic anti-slavery sentiment in England and America, and that in America this would in process of time create a hostility between the free States and the slave States, which would end in a dissolution of the American Union, and the consequent failure of the grand experiment of democratic government; and that the ruin of Democracy in America would be the perpetuation of Aristocracy in England.—I do not undertake to give the language of Mr. Leggett, but the following paraphrase conveys, in my own language, the impression made upon my mind of the course of reasoning by which Mr. W. came to his conclusion.

"The English Aristocracy have ruled England for ages. Their position is more enviable than that of any similar class in any other country on the globe. They rule the wealthiest empire in the world. Their landed estates embrace a large portion of all the lands in the kingdom; and these estates are entailed in their families. The House of Lords is composed exclusively of the Aristocracy; and they have such influence in the elections that the members of the House of Commons are to a great extent the near relatives of the Lords. Offices of honor and power, and lucrative offices with great income, in the Church, the Army, the Navy, the Colonies, at Foreign courts, and in all the departments of Home government, are in their gift, and can be bestowed at their pleasure, upon their relatives and friends. They have inherited these privileges from their ancestors, and their great aim, their ruling desire, is to retain them in their families, and to transmit them to their posterity. Their control of the public press, and of all the fountains of popular opinion and sentiment in England, has enabled them to impress the minds of the great body of the middle classes there with the belief that the English Aristocracy, with its powers and privileges, is essential to the prosperity and glory of the English nation."

"Recently, however, this belief has been seriously shaken by the success of democratic institutions in America. Englishmen are getting now to be well acquainted with America; and they see there a people of the same race with themselves, speaking the same language, reading the same books, holding the same religious opinions, loving the same pursuits; in short, like themselves in every respect except that they have no aristocracy; and yet, under their democratic institutions, Americans are advancing even more rapidly than Englishmen, in commerce and the arts, in the diffusion of knowledge among the people, in population, wealth, and all the elements of national greatness; and intelligent men of the middle classes in England are beginning to think that Aristocracy, with its heavy taxation for the support of sinecure offices, may not be so essential as they have heretofore supposed to the prosperity of England; and that the English people would perhaps make more rapid progress if they should throw off this burden, by republicanizing or Americanizing their institutions. The great danger to the English Aristocracy lies in the minds of the English people; for, if it should take root and spread, it might end in a revolution in which they would lose all their privileges. Hence they study every thing in America and in England with the deepest interest in its bearings on this matter."

"The English Aristocracy know that the English people are a liberty-loving, a liberty-venerating people. They saw with what ease numerous-signed petitions for the Abolition of Slavery could be obtained in districts and among classes where there was no interest to check the current of the popular feeling. They knew that they could have found no difficulty in disposing of such petitions in Parliament without granting them, for they could have continued to receive them respectfully, and postpone action upon them endlessly, if their interest had required it. But after a time they, doubtless, reasoned with themselves, thus:

"What will be the effect of encouraging and finally granting these petitions? If Slavery shall be abolished in the British colonies, by comparison with the losses which nobody in England will then have any interest in opposing the wildest and most enthusiastic expressions of anti-slavery sentiment. Englishmen will love to refer with pride and boasting to the large sum sacrificed

by their government, with their concurrence, on the altar of liberty, justice, and humanity. They will then look to America, and they will see Slavery still there, for Southern slaveholders in America, of course, will never ruin themselves and their country by imitating Britain in abolishing it. Englishmen can then be easily excited, on account of American Slavery, to look down with scorn upon Americans and American institutions; and if any popular orator, or writer, in England shall propose to deprive the Aristocracy of their powers and privileges, and to fortify his argument, shall refer to the prosperity of America under democratic institutions, he will be met with this scorn, and defeated in his purpose."

"This will be the effect in England of the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies; but the most important effect will be the effect in America. America is divided almost equally between free States and Slave States;—between States in which the negroes are so few that no harm results from their emancipation, and States in which Slavery is so deeply rooted that it can not be safely abolished without ruin to all classes of the population. In the free States, a fierce anti-slavery sentiment, a bitter hatred of Slavery and Slaveholders, can be excited almost as easily as in England, and, in process of time, by constantly fanning the flame, such a hostility can be kindled between the people of the two great sections that it will lead to the destruction of the American Union, and the failure of the grand experiment of democratic government by men of the Anglo-Saxon race. And this failure of Democracy in America will be a new lease, and a long lease, to the English Aristocracy of their powers and privileges. In short, Mr. Leggett, 'I believe that the English Aristocracy lent their influence to the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies that they may use it as a wedge for the division of the American Union. They did it to promote their own interest, to perpetuate their own privileges, by the destruction of the Union and prosperity of democratic America, and to secure their object, they care no more for a debt of £20,000,000 sterling and the commercial ruin of the British West India Islands than for the ashes on that cigar that you are smoking.'"

In the above sketch, I repeat, I do not profess to give the language of Mr. L., but have endeavored, in my own language, to convey the impression made upon my mind of the course of reasoning by which Mr. W. came to his conclusion. The words in italics, however, are very nearly the words used by Mr. Leggett.

What struck me as particularly noteworthy in Mr. Leggett's narrative was, that before the experiment of negro emancipation in the British West Indies had been fully tried, and while the friends and supporters of the measure professed to believe that its effect would be happy upon those immediately connected with it, both in the islands and in England, an agent of the British government, who must have had uncommon opportunities for forming a sound judgment in the eyes and ears of those who were the object of the action of the government knew, when they gave their sanction to the measure, that there was every reason to expect that it would be calamitous to the negroes, to the planters, and to the British people, and knew too that they could easily have prevented it, but that they still supported and encouraged it, because it would promote the interests of the English Aristocracy, by enabling them to excite, in the free States of America, such an anti-slavery feeling, as would lead to a division of the American Union, and the destruction of the great Democratic Republic."

A constant attendance at the meetings of religious and philanthropic societies, and especially of anti-slavery meetings, during a residence of four years in London, thoroughly satisfied me that anti-slavery meetings and excitements are got up in England, not for the purpose of a removal, or an amelioration, of the evils of Slavery in any part of the world, but chiefly, if not exclusively, with a view to keep up in the hearts of the English people a hatred of the people and institutions of America. And, as to our own country, all who are acquainted with the history of the anti-slavery movement here know that prior to the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies, the American anti-slavery movement was eminently kind, considerate, rational, and Christian; that it had already happily effected the gradual but total abolition of slavery in all the Northern States, and was at the time very active in the border Slave States, especially among the slaveholders, who, after individually emancipating scores of thousands of their own slaves, united with each other in anti-slavery societies to promote the gradual, but eventually total, abolition of slavery by law in their respective States, with fair prospects of success in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and with some hope even in North Carolina and Tennessee—the emancipation of the slaves in most of these States to go hand in hand with their removal to other lands. It is also well known that immediately after the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies, anti-slavery societies of a totally different character were formed in New England, and that these societies were based on the principle of bitter hatred to all slaveholders, and a fierce denunciation of the measures which had been adopted, with great consideration and wisdom, by Southern slaveholders, for the welfare of their slaves, and the elevation of the negro race. It is known that the supporters of these New England anti-slavery societies established newspapers, issued tracts, employed lecturers, and devised plans, evidently intended to irritate Southern men, and provoke to acts which would irritate Northern men, and provoke retaliatory acts, and thus, by continued angry action and reaction, ripen a hostility between the North and the South, which would naturally end in a dissolution of the American Union. This system of hostility has been kept up now for five years, and, with what effect, let the present state of the country answer.

How much of the large amount of money expended by American Abolitionists in support of this organized system of hostility to the Constitution of the United States has been contributed in England we know not, but we do know that, while conservative Americans have often been publicly and wantonly insulted in England in connection with the Slavery question, and without apology where apology was due from members of the Aristocracy, other Americans, whose chief claim to notice was the zeal and success with which they had attacked a fundamental law of their country and promoted bitter strife between the people of its two great sections, have been invited to the homes of the English nobility, flattered, honored, and encouraged on their return to America to renew their warfare upon the people and institutions of the South. These facts are readily explained on the theory of Deputy Commissary-General Wilson that the aim of the English Aristocracy is to perpetuate their own power and privileges by destroying the great American democratic republic, and they can not, we think, be satisfactorily explained on any other theory.

SIDNEY E. MORSE.

THE LOUNGER.

COMFORT FOR RACHEL.

THE bright and beautiful Thanksgiving is passed. The year of wonderful opulence and prosperity is completed, and every body but his Honor the Mayor was in a grateful frame of mind. If that worshipful functionary does not feel grateful and happy, it is nobody's fault, it is only his misfortune. Gratitude is a much more agreeable emotion than discontent, and happiness than indignation. But the ways of his Honor are not as other men's ways, and the excellent Rachel Wood, it seems, refuses to be comforted.

Still the Lounger proposes to make an effort at consolation by contrast. It is too late, of course, to help any body's state of mind as it was upon Thursday week, but something may be done toward a present restoration of a cheerful tone of the system.

The honorable municipal chief magistrate is recommended to consider the plight of Mr. John Johns upon the late Thanksgiving festival. The H. M. C. M. had, beyond doubt, his savory roast turkey, his delectable side dishes, his smoking plum-pudding, mince-pie, and pumpkin-pie. He had, without question, all that makes dinner delightful; and a man who has a delightful dinner on Thanksgiving-day, has he not fulfilled the conditions?

Behold, then, in imagination, O Mayor, Mr. John Johns alighting from the cars upon a Western prairie at what is called a "Junction." It is half past eight o'clock in the morning. The air is chilly; there is a streaking of snow upon the half frozen mud. There is a billiard saloon, a group of small shanties, the railroad buildings, and a road of black mud. Mr. Johns steps cheerily into the bar-room, and asks when the train, which he is to take, connects at the Junction. "At two o'clock," is the extremely short reply of a youth of eighteen or nineteen, in very slouching clothes, boots run over sideways at the heel, giving his gait a very saucy character, which is fully sustained by the straight sandy hair and freckled face.

The bar-room is large, and in one corner there are the basins and the towels with which the guests of the house perform their morning ablutions. A tall, gaunt man in India rubber shoes, with a wife and small boy, who are going to some Thanksgiving family party, hear the dreadful news about the train at two o'clock, and disappear into an inner room. From that room a woman presently emerged, and, standing at the door, says in a cold, distinct voice, "Who replenishes the fire in here?" The youth in the slouching clothes replies, "I do." The voice says to him, "Won't you please replenish?" and the figure disappears.

By this time the train which brought Mr. John Johns disappears, and the dull reality begins to press upon him. He walks slowly up and down the car, pulls out his watch and compares it with the clock behind the counter. The clock seems to him unnecessarily large, and the immense pendulum swings so lazily that its slow tick distinctly says to him, "It is—a very—long—long—time—indeed—to—two—o'clock. 'Tis—only—half—past—eight—tick—tick—tick." The great face of the clock, with its enormous figures, which repeat the fact of the extremely early hour in the most offensive manner, gradually assumes the likeness of a huge unwhinking eye, staring at Mr. John Johns; and as he seats himself by the stove and turns his eyes away, he can not help hearing, "Thanks—giving—day—and—you'll—dine—here—tick—tick—tick."

Mr. Johns naturally rouses himself, and opens the door briskly and takes a turn in the fresh air. The morning is cloudy, and the road is very muddy. He picks his way along cautiously, occasionally slipping and sinking into the black ooze, while the brown and white monotonous landscape stretches away in the sullen morning, and distinctly says to him, "Won't you have some more of it?" Then, leaning upon a fence, he remembers the Thanksgivings of long ago, and this very day elsewhere. City streets, country landscapes, foreign lands, with all their various chapters in his life, sweep through his memory for a moment. Then the roar of a train arouses him. It comes puffing up to the station-house behind him, and, ringing a bell, snorts away over the prairie. It is not his train, for it is only a little past nine o'clock, and his train comes at two.

Mr. John Johns returns to the bar-room, and takes a book from his traveling-bag. The youth with the boots running down at the heel watches him curiously, and then begins to tease a dog, which snarls and snarls, but does not try to bite, evidently because it has tried biting before, and has been sorely smitten by the youth in consequence. The great clock surveys Mr. John Johns calmly, and the slow pendulum constantly remarks

to him that the time is passing very gradually indeed. Suddenly there is a bustle at the door, and two loud-talking men come in. "Can't you kill him?" "Why—why don't you?" "Oh, coz he's got a chore to do 'll take him all day." "Wa'al, I could shoot him." "Oh! darn, 'tain't that. It's cutting on him up. I can shoot him. That won't take long, no how. But kin you cut him up?" "I guess I don't want to to-day." "Wa'al, Joe he's got a chore to do 'll take him all day." "Have a glass of beer?" They go to the counter, and the sandy-haired youth pumps the ale and says to the first speaker, "Can't you get that steer killed?" Neither of them seems to know, and Mr. John Johns is puzzled to determine. The two men depart. He fails to reading. The relentless clock remarks from the wall, "Only—ten—o'clock—tick—tick—tick."

Once during the morning the tall, gaunt man in India rubbers hurries out from the "Ladies' room," and swings rapidly up to the last at the newspaper here." The youth shakes his head crisply and utters a short, blunt "No," then whistles vaguely, while the tall man scuffles back again and shuts the door.

A little later two or three young men lounge in, stare at Mr. John Johns, and begin to talk very noisily. They laugh in a loud, dry way, apparently entirely without enjoyment or raucousness. They pull at each other, and swear profusely, and brush their hair before the glass with a brush which is tied to a dirty string. Then they whisper without any tone, and Mr. John Johns thinks that it is nothing but the utter emptiness of their minds pouring out of their mouths. They dance a convulsive jig upon the floor, and one by one they gradually go out, slamming the door after them.

Mr. Johns tries not to think of the delightful hours he might be passing elsewhere. He tries to forget that it is the day peculiarly sacred to social assurance. But while he is trying the remorseless clock slowly twangs out twelve, so slowly that it seemed to grudge every stroke as bringing so much comfort to the victim by the fire, and at the same moment the youth down at the head sashes goes, rushes to the door, and standing upon the platform, beats until the whole neighborhood is filled with a frantic roar. After such a tremendous summons the dining-room door is opened. Somebody, most superfluously, says "Dinner," and Mr. John Johns proceeds to his Thanksgiving feast, expecting, from the loud invitation and the long table, that a great multitude will dine. The dining-room is entirely bare. It is ingeniously comfortable and cheerless. Nothing, certainly, but an American citizen would be capable of such destitution of every sign of domesticity. Mr. Johns advances to the end of the table and seats himself upon a high, round stool, such as accountants use. The moment he is seated a girl rushes from behind a door and mutters at his ear "Roast beef, roast pork, boiled beef." He asks for roast beef, and a plate is presently dumped before him, while two women enter without speaking and seat themselves upon the opposite side of the table. They are oppressively silent. When the girl-parrot mutters to them "Roast beef, roast pork, boiled beef," one says, "Roast beef, ma'am," and the other says, "Yes'm." Then they seem to sink down into unutterable depths of silence. Mr. John Johns, hoping to rally his own spirits a little and promote conversation, suddenly says to them, when their beef is brought, "May I give you a little potato?" But the effect is so alarming—the reply of "Thank you" comes so close upon a hysterical cry—that Mr. Johns tries no more, and he and the two women and three men, who have entered with elaborately brushed hair and dirty hands, eat their Thanksgiving dinner in solemn silence.

There was a long time afterward before the train arrived, during which Mr. John Johns walked upon the platform and smoked a meditative cigar. Presently he heard the far-off whistle, and stepping into the bar-room he looked with calm contempt upon the huge clock that implacably stared at him, and in very measured tones remarked: "It's—now—two—o'clock—and—you—can—go—good—bye—John—Johns—come—again—next—year—tick—tick—tick."

Now, in perusing this little story of real life, why should not Rachel Wood be comforted? If he can not have every thing his own way, let him reflect that there are other unhappy individuals—perhaps even more unhappy than he. And if he can only see the matter in this light, although it were but with a single eye, there can be no doubt that Mr. John Johns will willingly have lost his Thanksgiving dinner.

A TRIP TO COVENTRY.

"ARTHUR" writes to the *Lounger* that he has been threatened by a set of young men with whom he associates that, if he continues to hold or at least express in public certain opinions upon certain subjects, they will send him to Coventry. What shall I do? asks Arthur. Go to Coventry, replies the *Lounger*.

Remember that there are two sides to every communication, social, ecclesiastical, or political. Pope Leo excommunicated Martin Luther, but Luther excommunicated the Pope, and laughed at him too. And so long as you can honestly laugh, you are safe. When Sir Samuel Romilly proposed to abolish the penalty of death for stealing a pocket handkerchief, the lawyers tried to send him to Coventry for his audacity, and declared that such an innovation endangered the whole criminal law. Sir Samuel laughed and pushed on, and presently suggested the abolition of that part of the punishment for treason which consists in drawing and quartering the offender and throwing his bowels into his face, while he yet lived. Thereupon the Attorney-general eloquently asked, "Are the ancient bulwarks and safe-guards of the British Constitution to be thus wrenched from us?" But Sir Samuel only laughed, and somebody asked whether the bowels of traitors were the bulwarks of the British Constitution.

Master Arthur, think honestly and speak honestly and take the consequences. In this time and country the public common-sense soon hastens round to the defense of honesty. It may not agree with the opinion, but it does, at heart, respect the sincerity. And if it seem to you very slow in coming, and you ask yourself a hundred times whether honesty be the best policy, you will find that you can not answer your question until you have determined what policy is. If it be only your individual advantage you may well doubt.

So go to Coventry, if your friends insist upon sending you; but don't cry upon the way, for you may be sure of meeting quite as good society as you leave behind. Coventry is not a bad place. You may amuse yourself while you are there as you do in the great cities of Europe, by seeing where the famous people have lived. Any history will serve for a directory. Find the names of the great benefactors of the world, and you will have a list of the chief citizens of Coventry, yes, and the best society of all time. And as you "lean with glooms and porters on the bridge," you may remember the lovely legend of the lady who saved the lives of men by riding "clothed on with chastity," when,

"Shameless noon

Was dashed and hammered from a hundred towers," and understand the deep and exquisite significance of the story.

THE POINT.

WITH our own affairs and those of other people we shall have an exciting winter. The great point will be to follow the hint of the weather, and keep cool. That we can do easily enough as we attend to the spectacle in Italy, but we may find it more difficult in our own case. Of course every *Lounger*, wherever he goes, and whatever paper he reads, and whatever speech, or even lecture, he hears, can not escape the inevitable topic. There is but one kind of news, or interest, or conversation, and no wonder, for it is a cliche.

Yet still we ought to take the hint of the winter. Whatever is done ought to be done calmly. The people of this country at large are neither children nor simpletons. They will not be too much concerned, and they ought not to be, with theories of any kind; but they will look matters squarely in the face.

If there were a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and twenty persons should declare themselves dissatisfied, the police would watch and take care of any overt acts. But if forty thousand of the people were dissatisfied in dissatisfaction, the inevitable and reasonable question would be, "Can this be treated as a riot? What grounds of accommodation can be suggested?"

To reply that sixty ought not to submit to forty is not a pertinent answer, simply because the state of things is no longer a riot, but a revolution; and in a revolution every wise man asks, Can it be made a peaceful, or must it be a bloody change? And there can be little doubt what answer a wise man will give.

HEROISM AT HOME.

We read in the old Norse legends of the Vikings, mighty sea captains of the North, who fought with the ocean and conquered it, or fell heroically battling. The dimness of antiquity invests their forms with vastness. Romance folds them to her heart, and we wonder what were the ages, what the men, in which and among whom such heroes lived and wrought.

But heroism never changes, and a hero is always the same. The wild, wintry, terrible romance of the North constantly renews itself and its fruit. It seems homely and common when it is near to us; but read the annual stories of the battles upon our lakes in early winter, and you will not need to look to Norway and long ago for the grandest heroism.

Caught and torn by the savage gales of November, tugs, and propellers, and schooners, and sloops are dashed in pieces and whirled in wild surges upon the shore. Blinded and beaten by frozen rain, stung with the blowing snow, every moment the cold freezing their clothes into rigidity, the wrecked sailors climb and slip and vainly wander along treacherous shores, until suddenly they disappear in unseen gulf, or fall overpowered by the stiffening iron which covers them. What hearts ache for the gallant leaders—hearts that on the shore shudder with every burst of the tempest! Not a violent gale rages upon the lakes but almost all the lake towns and cities wonder who may be the victims. Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Milwaukee, and Chicago are the mothers of the Vikings, and sit mourning after the storms. Lying at the wharves there, you can see, in the early winter gale, some craft that happily escaped, mailed in thick, ribbed ice—sheathed in splendor from mast-head to the water, when the sun looks at it, and as poetic a bark as any that ever bore a fair-haired Norwegian sea-king.

The heroism is here all around us; the romance lies in the distance and the separation. There are people who can not appreciate the heroism unless it is also romantic. But he is a fortunate man who remembers that the great human qualities which are the charm of the *Iliad*, and the *Nibelungen Lied*, and the *Jouvenel Du Barry*, and all the national epics and traditions, are just as abundant now as ever, and that the newspaper paragraphs recording little incidents, which we pass by, will be national epics hereafter.

HAZING.

THE meanest practice in an English public school is fagging, and the excuse made for it is as mean as the system. "It makes a boy man," and since he must have tough whacks in his life, it is acoustically him to them early." That is what a certain painter, Tomaso by name, would call "high old logic." Your child will have to

encounter bumps and bruises in life, therefore you will push him down stairs.

There is nothing more dastardly than a practical joke, except a practical joker. To empty a pail of water upon the head of a man passing under your window—to put pins in the chair where your visitor is to sit, or to pull the chair from under him as he is about seating himself—to stretch a cord across the passage, so that the next passer may trip and fall, breaking his legs or his neck, putting a boy under the pump by the force of numbers, and a hundred other practical jokes—don't you see the exquisite humor of it? Don't you see what wits and gallant gentlemen they are who do it? Don't you see how many it is for half a dozen fellows to bully one?

This is the noble sport known as "hazing." It is American for fagging, and it is so much less than fagging as this, that in the English system one fellow subdues another to his service for a certain term, and in ours no one dares to haze alone, but goes in a squad, which is the very perfection of pure bullying.

It was high time that common sense put an end to this stupidity, and the faculty of Harvard deserve honor for the step they have taken. It is never manly to submit to injustice, is it? And the *Lounger* puts it to any collegian whether he would not think the fellow a spon and milkop who submitted quietly to such indignities. The hazers at Harvard had no right to complain of the revolver which was suddenly drawn upon them. It may have been wrong to draw it, but the first wrong to be considered was the cowardly bullying which produced it.

The American "fellow" has always despised the English fellow for fagging and for being fagged. Is not his contempt a sharpened arrow against his own hazing and being hazed?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BLACK LAUREATE.

THE last lot of Blacks (we forget their names) are so prompt with their nationality as any of the grayer songsters who have preceded them. We are delighted to learn that on the day of the safe arrival of the future (many and many a long day of his nomination) he, Edward the Seventh, the Laureate to the *Sable Melodist* sang off the following exquisite Poem, which was dubbed at night, and rapturously applauded, and encored forty-seven times, by an intelligent British audience:

I.

Home do Prince hab come,

He am not a lubber,

We hab got de Prince ob Whales,

So we need not blubber.

Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo,

Lobby lobby beer o.

Home do Prince ob Whales hab come,

Sailing in de Hero.

Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo, etc.

II.

Him want to wash him hands, boys,

Dirtly wid de rope,

So him gone to Windsor,

'Cos dere him got de soap.

Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo,

Hand and knee up antic,

'Cos de Prince ob Whales hab come,

Crossing de Atlantic.

Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo, etc.

III.

Prince Alfred tumble off de Cape,

So him had a bad knee,

Don't him wish he'd been instead

In de *Ariadne*.

Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo,

Time for getting bedward,

But one cheer before we go,

Hoorey, Alham-Edward!

Chick-a-boo, chick-a-boo, etc.

AN INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.—Never go to Sea.

THE WAY OF FOOL.—When an argument gets into such a dreadful fog that it is impossible to see one's way through it, it may be owing to the absence of the necessary links.

As the *Hero* was short of fuel, the Duke inquired of the Prince whether he should signal to the *Ariadne* for any. "I should advise you not," was the princely reply; "for they will never be such fools as to send coals to Newcastle."

EARLY RISING.—Hungary is trying to get itself into the habit of early rising. It is only to be feared, if Hungary does succeed in rising early, that it may have the effect of disturbing the rest of the Austrian dominions.

"COMPANIONS OF THE BATH."—Soap and Towels.

A man's good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortune as often affects the heads of his friends.

A lady sometimes keeps charms upon her watch-guard; but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms.

It is a pleasant thing to see rows and files glowing upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a man's face break out in blossoms.

Cock-screws have sunk more people than cock-jackets will ever keep.

Laziness begins in cushions and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly that he is bound tight before he knows it.

Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh yes, the moment the day begins, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

JOON'S JOKES ON HIMSELF.—The very fingers so artistically decorated to hold the pen, him plainly at the "His fish is laid out in my coat; have become great-coat, my pantaloons are turned into trousers, and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to premature old men, I am of a bad color with very little body. I am working, nevertheless, with pen and pencil, in spite of the M.D.s, who ordered me to do nothing; but I feel it my duty to do that. I prefer writing and drawing. Besides which, for all my blood-letting-ness, there is one man coming to draw me, and another to model me, as if I were fat enough to *draw*. Luckily, I am capital at fitting out now, and not bad at being; as to walking or standing, I am as feeble almost as a baby on my pins, which, by-the-way, have dwindled into needles.

When you negotiate for a house having all the modern conveniences, you will generally find that a mortgage is one of them.

What would this world be without women?—A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even ruled!

HUNGER THE BEST SAUCE.—"Hungry as a hunter," is not a bad comparison; at least, so thought a young Oxford friend of ours, as he was riding home to Alma Mater, after a long day with the V. W. H. Twenty miles to cover, and an hour and forty minutes down the vale, would create an appetite under the ribs of death; and our young student, who was the son of a cotton-spinner, was rather remarkable, even among the "good-grubbers," as having a peculiar twist of his own. Discounting from his quivering and entering a small roadside inn, he begged his landlady to put something before him. The couching soon appeared in the shape of the remnants of a mangle, which was all that remained after her own dinner. Young Nimrod was laid at it "in the twinkling of a bull's elbow," as they say at Brixton-Nose, and never ceased playing his knife and fork till laughter remained but a *Pilou* upon one of fragmentary bones, which would have puzzled our friend Waterhouse Hawkins to rearrange. "Capital pie," quoth Nimrod; "never ate a better—quite equal to Gloomy Hinton's crusts. And any what might you have made it of, my good woman?" "Oh, Sir, there was beef and mutton, and lots of things to it." "And fish, too, I see," said the young disciple of Buckland, faintly balancing on his fork what appeared to be the vertebra of a fat-fish. "Fish, Sir! Oh! no, no, Sir—no fish. Why, deary me," continued she, anxiously examining the fragment. "Well, that is lucky! If it ain't no fish, it's Billy's small-tooth comb, and I have been a-looking for it these ten days!"

Mrs. Partington says that "when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a bean to extort her home. But now," says she, "the gals under all sorts of delectable; the task of extorting them home revolved on their dear selves." The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could deprecate the worth of the female sex. "Besides," she added, "so many men are murdered every day, that you gals must make haste and get husbands as soon as you can, or there won't be any left."

"Why so, aunt?" "Why, I see by the paper that we must have got almost twelve thousand post-offices, and nearly all of 'em discontinue a month every day."

"Pray, Doctor Skrimitz, what on airth is a horroscope?" asked Mrs. Partington.

"Why, ma'am," replied the Doctor, "you perceive that when the nocturnal hour is so far preannounced by a superabundant application of oleaginous, acedulous, piperine, mustardine, origanous components of a crassaceous-piscatory solid and its viscous and alcoholic accretions, an undue expansion of the stomachic integument ensues, which, in the progress of its convulsing influences, stigmatizes the cerebral functions, confuses the cerebro-spinal system, and gives a scope to the horrors."

"La me, how very strange!" said the old lady; "and what a wonderful thing it is to be having learning!"

"Well, Dinah," said a would-be belle to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading? Now tell me plainly, without any compliments."

"Oh no, missa, but den me kinder tink—"

"Think what, Dinah? You're bashful."

"Oh no, me no bashful, but den me kinder tink as how missa don't retain her color quite so well as colored lady."

A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always out-grew and covered up the flowers? "The weeds," he answered, "the tall mother of the Madonna, but only step-mother of the flowers."

After casting a glance at our own weaknesses, how eagerly does our vanity console itself with deploring the infirmities of our friends!

A certain man says that one of his boys knows nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things asked whether "he had ever had her ears pierced?" "No," was the reply, "but I've often had them bored."

When the Parliament began to coin money, an old cavalier, looking on one of the new pieces, read this on one side, "God be with us," on the other, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

NORRIS COWDERY.—"Pore I shoot bullet too deal-bound wid him pistol, what else I make beside road hole? Gib him up? Why, I make a riddle."

FORGESSY.—Lady Margaret asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night-cap. "Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night-cap?" "Oh! child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire!"

AFFRAY IN BOSTON.

WE publish on page 788, from a sketch by a person who was present, a picture of the riot which took place on December 3, in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the occasion of the attempt of Garrison, Redpath, Sanborn, Douglass, and other abolitionists to celebrate the anniversary of the execution of John Brown. No sooner had the abolitionists appeared in the hall than a number of citizens of Boston proceeded to organize a meeting. This was resisted by the abolitionists and a scuffle ensued; but the Union men carried their point, and organized the meeting by electing Mr. Fay chairman. A calm speech was delivered by Mr. Fay, in spite of frequent interruptions by Fred Douglass, and the following resolutions were put and carried:

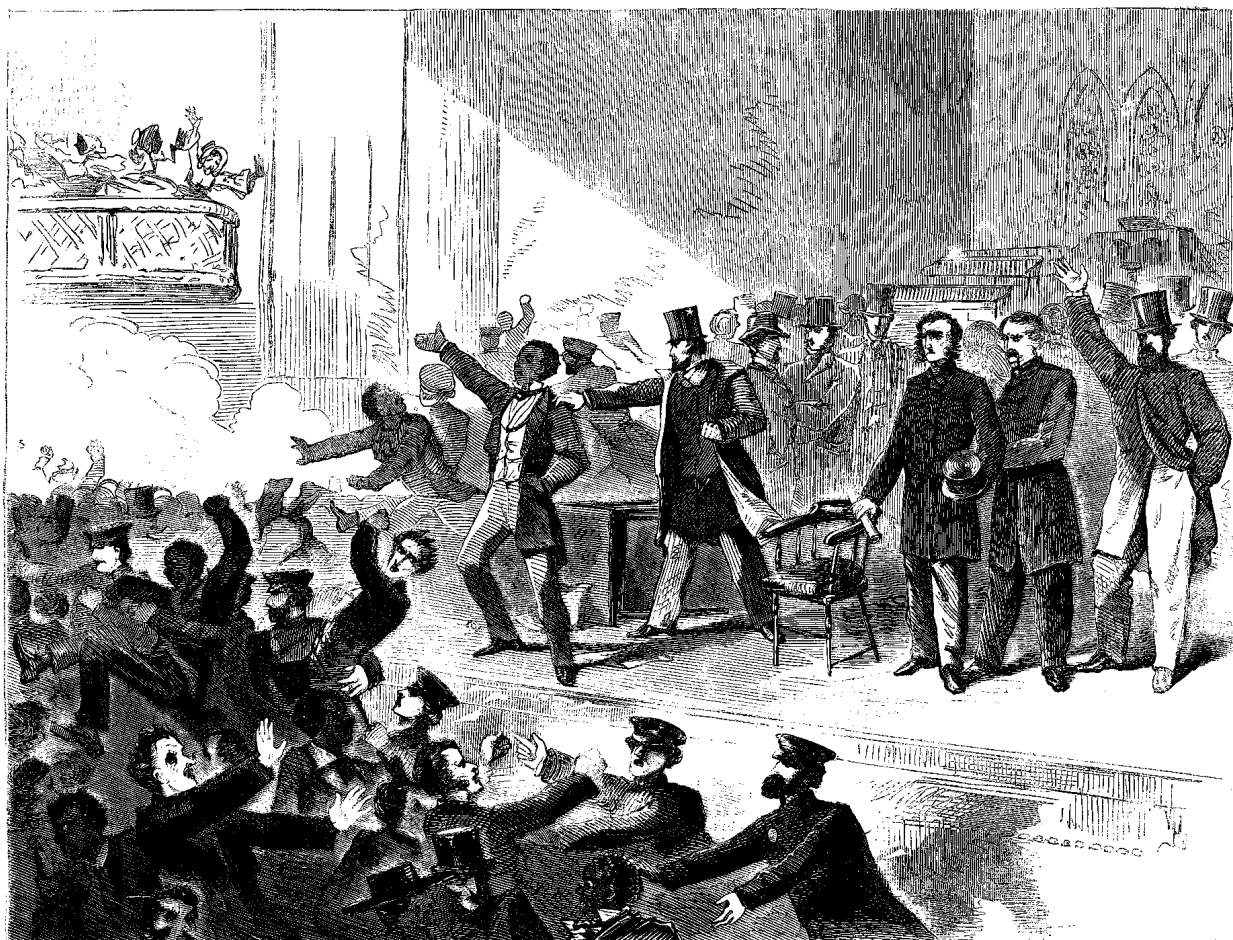
"Whereas, That it is fitting upon the occasion of the anniversary of the execution of John Brown for his piratical and bloody attempt to create an insurrection among the slaves of Virginia, for the people of this Commonwealth to assemble, and to express their horror of the man and of the principles which led to the foray; therefore it is resolved, That no virtuous and law-abiding citizen of this Commonwealth ought to countenance, sympathize with or hold communion with, any man who believes that John Brown and his siders and abettors in that nefarious enterprise were right in any sense of that word."

"That the present perilous juncture in our political affairs, in which our existence as a nation is imperiled, requires of every citizen who loves his country to come forward and to express his sense of the value of the Union, alike important to the free labor of the North, the slave labor of the South, and to the interests of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of the world."

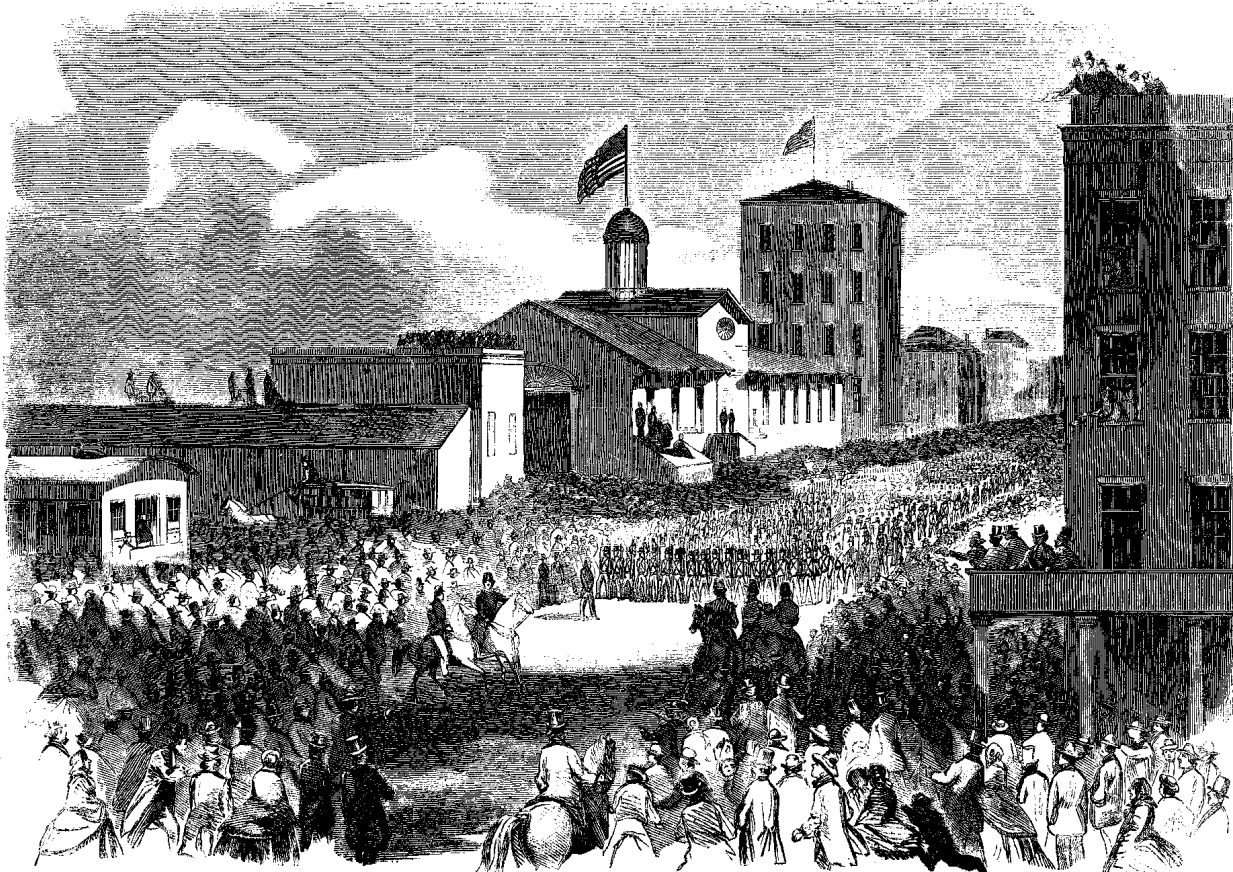
"That we tender to our brethren in Virginia our warmest thanks for the conservative spirit they have manifested, notwithstanding the unprovoked and senseless attack made upon them by John Brown and his associates, acting in with the connivance, at least with the sympathy of a few fanatics of the Northern States, and that we hope they will still continue to aid us in opposing the fanaticism which is even now attempting to subvert the Constitution of the Union."

"That the people of this city have submitted too long in allowing irresponsible individuals and political demagogues of every description to hold public meetings to disturb the public peace and misrepresent us."

After the passage of the resolutions, speeches were made by Fred Douglass and others, and the meeting ended in the expulsion from the hall of the abolitionists and negroes by sheer force.



EXPULSION OF NEGROES AND ABOLITIONISTS FROM TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, ON DECEMBER 8, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 787.]



DEPARTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS BRIGADE FOR KANSAS, NOVEMBER 25, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

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

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLennan.

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



CHAPTER VI.

Mr state of mind regarding the pilfering from which I had been so unexpectedly exonerated, did not impel me to frank disclosure; but I hope it had some drops of good at the bottom of it.

I do not recall that I felt any tenderness of conscience in reference to Mrs. Joe when the fear of being found out was lifted off me. But I loved Joe—perhaps for no better reason in those early days than because the dear fellow let me love him—and, as to him, my inner self was not so easily composed. It was much upon my mind (particularly when I first saw him looking about for his file) that I ought to tell Joe the whole truth. Yet I did not, and for the reason that I mistrusted that if I did he would think me worse than I was. The fear of losing Joe's confidence and of thenceforth sitting in the chimney corner at night staring drearily at my forever lost companion and friend, tied up my tongue. I morbidly represented to myself that if Joe knew it, I never afterward could see him at the fireside feeling his fair whisker, without thinking that he was meditating on it. That if Joe knew it, I never afterward could see him glance, however casually, at yesterday's meat or pudding when it came on to-day's table, without thinking that he was debating whether I had been in the pantries. That if Joe knew it, and at any subsequent period of our joint domestic life remarked that his beer was flat or thick, the conviction that he suspected Tar in it would bring a rush of blood to my face. In a word, I was too cowardly to do what I knew to be right, as I had been too cowardly to avoid doing what I knew to be wrong. I had had no intercourse with people at that time, and I imitated none of the host of people who act in this manner; quite an untaught genius, I made the discovery of the line of action for myself.

As I was sleepy before we were far away from the prison-ship, Joe took me on his back again and carried me home. He must have had a tiresome journey of it, for Mr. Wopple, being knocked up, was in such a very bad temper that if the Church had been thrown open he probably would have excommunicated the whole expedition, beginning with Joe and myself. In his simple lay capacity he simply persisted in sitting down in the damp to such an insane extent that, when his coat was taken off, he was dried at the kitchen fire, the circumstantial evidence on his trousers would have hanged him if it had been a capital offense.

By that time I was staggering on the kitchen floor like a little drunkard, through having been newly set upon my feet, and through having been fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and lights and noise of tongues. As I came to myself (with the aid of a heavy thump between the shoulders, and the restorative exclamation "Yah! Was there ever such a boy as this?" from my sister) I found Joe telling them about the convict's confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Mr. Pumblechook made out, after carefully surveying the premises, that he had first got upon the roof of the forge, and had then let himself down the kitchen chimney by a rope made of his bedding cut into strips; and as Mr. Pumblechook was very positive and drove his own chaise-cart—over every body—it was agreed that it must be so. Mr. Wopple, indeed, wildly cried out "No!" with the feeble malice of a tired man; but as he had no theory, and no coat on, he was unanimously set at naught—not to mention his smoking hard behind, as he stood with

his back to the kitchen fire to draw the damp out, which was not calculated to inspire confidence.

This was all I heard that night before my sister clutched me, as a slumberous offense to the company's eyesight, and assisted me up to bed with such a strong hand that I seemed to have twenty boots on, and to be dangling them all against the edges of the stairs. My state of mind, as I have described it, began before I was up in the morning, and lasted long after the subject had died out, and had ceased to be mentioned saving on exceptional occasions.

CHAPTER VII.

At the time when I stood in the church-yard, reading the family tombstones, I had just enough learning to be able to spell them out. My construction even of their simple meaning was not very correct, "for I read 'wife of the Above' as a complimentary reference to my father's exaltation to a better world; and if any one of my deceased relations had been referred to as 'Below,' I have no doubt I should have formed the worst opinions of that member of the family. Neither were my notions of the theological positions to which my Catechism bound me at all accurate, for I have a lively remembrance that I supposed my declaration that I was to 'walk in the same all the days of my life' laid me under an obligation always to go through the village from our house in one particular direction, and never to vary it by turning down by the wheelwright's or up by the mill.

When I was old enough I was to be apprenticed to Joe, and until I could assume that dignity I was not to be what Mrs. Joe called "Pompeyed," or pampered. Therefore, I was not only old-boy about the forge, but if any neighbor happened to want an extra boy to fight him, or pick up stones, or do any such job, I was favored with the employment; but in order that our superior position might not be compromised thereby, a money-box was kept on the kitchen mantle-shelf, into which it was publicly made known that all my earnings were dropped. I have an impression that they were to be contributed eventually toward the liquidation of the National Debt, but I know I had no hope of any personal participation in the treasure.

Mr. Wopple's great-aunt kept an evening school in the village; that is to say, she was an ancient woman of limited means and unlimited infirmity, who used to go to sleep from six to seven every evening, in the society of youth who paid three-pence per week each for the improving opportunity of seeing her do it. She rented a three-roomed cottage, and Mr. Wopple had the room up-stairs, where we students used to overhear him reading aloud in a most dignified and terrific manner, and occasionally bumping on the ceiling. There was a fiction that Mr. Wopple examined the scholars once a quarter. What he did on these occasions was to turn up his cuffs, stick up his hair, and give us Mark Antony's oration over the body of Caesar. This was always followed by Collins's Ode on the Passions, wherein I particularly venerated Mr. Wopple as Fear, whistling to keep his courage up. It was not with me then, as it was in later life, when I fell into the society of the Passions, and compared them with Collins and Wopple, rather to the disadvantage of both gentlemen.

Mr. Wopple's great-aunt, besides keeping this Educational Institution, kept—in the same room—a little general shop. She had no idea what stock she had, or what the price of any thing in it was; but there was a little greasy memorandum book kept in a drawer, which served as a Catalogue of Prices, and by this oracle Biddy arranged all the shop transactions. Biddy was Mr. Wopple's great-aunt's grand-daughter; I confess myself quite unequal to the working out of the problem what relation she was to Mr. Wopple. She was an orphan like myself; like me, too, had been brought up by hand. She was not noticeable, I thought, in respect of her extremities; for her hair always wanted brushing, her hands always wanted washing, and her shoes always wanted mending and pulling up at heel. This description must be received, however, with a week-day limitation. On Sundays she went to church elaborated.

Much of my unassisted self, and more by the help of Biddy than of Mr. Wopple's great-aunt, I struggled through the alphabet as if it had been a bramble-bush; getting considerably worried and scratched by every letter. After that I fell among these thieves, the nine figures, who seemed every evening to do something new to disguise themselves and baffle recognition. But at last I began, in a purblind groping way, to read, write, and cipher, on the very smallest scale.

One night I was sitting in the chimney corner with my slate, expending great efforts on the production of a letter to Joe. I think it must have been a full year after our hunt upon the marshes, for it was a long time after, and it was winter and a hard frost. With an alphabet on the hearth at my feet for reference, I contrived in an hour or two to print and smear this epistle:

"MI DEER JO I OFE U R KRWITE WELL I OFE I SHAL SOON B HABILL 4 2 TERDOR U JO AN THEN WE SHORL R SO GLODD AN WE I M PRENOTD 2 U JO WOT LARX AN BLEVE ME INF XN PIP."

There was no indispensable necessity for my communicating with Joe by letter, inasmuch as he sat beside me and we were alone. But I delivered this written communication (slate and all) with my own hand, and Joe received it as a miracle of erudition.

"I say, Pip, old chap!" cried Joe, opening his blue eyes wide, "what a scholar you are! An't you?"

"I should like to be," said I, glancing at the slate as he held it, with a misgiving that the writing was rather hilly.

Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and a O equal to anything! Here's a J and a O, Pip, and a J-O, Joe."

I had never heard Joe read aloud to any greater extent than this monosyllable, and I had observed at church last Sunday when I accidentally held our Prayer-Book upside down, that it seemed to suit his convenience quite as well as if it had been all right. Wishing to embrace the present occasion of finding out whether in teaching Joe I should have to begin quite at the beginning, I said, "Ah! But read the rest, Joe."

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe, looking at it with a slowly searching eye. "One, two, three. Why, here's three Js and three Os, and three J-O, Joes in it, Pip!"

I leaned over Joe, and, with the aid of my forefinger, read him the whole letter.

"Astounding!" said Joe, when I had finished.

"You are a scholar."

"How do you spell Gargery, Joe?" I asked him, with a modest patronage.

"I don't spell it at all," said Joe.

"But supposing you did?"

"I can't be supposed," said Joe. "But I'm uncommon fond of reading, too."

"Are you, Joe?"

"On-common. Give me," said Joe, "a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord!" he continued, after rubbing his knees a little, "when you do come to a J and a O, and says you, 'Here, at last, is a J-O, Joe,' how interesting reading is!"

I derived from this that Joe's education, like steam, was yet in its infancy. Pursuing the subject, I inquired:

"Didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"No, Pip."

"Why didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"Well, Pip," said Joe, taking up the poker and settling himself to his usual occupation when he was thoughtful, of slowly raking the fire between the lower bars, "I'll tell you. My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink he hammered away my mother's chest of drawers. It were most the only hammer he did, indeed, 'excepting at myself. And he hammered at me with a wiger only to be equalled by the wiger with which he didn't hammer at his anvil.—You're a listening and understanding, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Consequence—my mother and me we ran away from my father several times; and then my mother she'd go out to work, and she'd say, 'Joe, she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child, and she'd put me to school. But my father were that good in his heart that he couldn't bear to be without us. So he'd come with a most tremendous crowd and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was, that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which you see, Pip," said Joe, pausing in his meditative raking of the fire, and looking at me, "were a drawback on my learning."

"Certainly, poor Joe!"

"Though mind you, Pip," said Joe, with a judicial touch, or two of the poker on the top bar, "rendering unto all their due, and maintaining equal justice betwixt man and man, my father were that good in his hart, don't you see?"

I didn't see; but I didn't say so.

"Well!" Joe pursued, "somebody must keep the pot a biling, Pip, or the pot won't bile, don't you know?"

I saw that, and said so.

Consequence—my father didn't make objections to my going to work; so I went to work at my present calling, which were his too, if he would have followed it, and I worked tolerable hard. I assure you, Pip. In time I were able to keep him, and I kept him till he went off in a purple lepetic fit. And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that Whatsum-e'er the fallings on his part, Remember reader he were that good in his hart."

Joe recited this couplet with such manifest pride and careful perspicacity that I asked him if he had made it himself.

"I made it," said Joe, "my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horse-shoe complete in a single blow. I never was so much surprised in all my life—couldn't credit my own ed—to tell you the truth, hardly be-

lieved it was my own ed. As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him; but poetry costs money, cut it how you will, small or large, and it were not done. Next to mention beavers, all the money that could be spared were wanted for my mother. She were in poor elth, and quite broke. She weren't long of following, poor soul, and her share of peace come round at last."

Joe's blue eyes turned a little watery; he rubbed, first one of them, and then the other, in a most uncongenial and uncomfortable manner, with the round knob on the top of the poker.

"It were but lonesome then," said Joe, "living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip," Joe looked firmly at me, "if he knew I was not going to agree with him, 'your sister is a fine figure of a woman.'"

I could not help looking at the fire, in an obvious state of doubt.

"Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions, on that subject may be, Pip, your sister is"—Joe tapped the top bar with the poker after every word following—"a—fine—figure—of—a—woman!"

I could think of nothing better to say than:

"I am glad you think so, Joe."

"So am I," returned Joe, catching me up.

"I am glad I think so, Pip. A little redness, or a little merriment of Bone, here or there, what does it signify to Me?"

I sagaciously observed, if it didn't signify to him, to whom did it signify?

"Certainly!" assented Joe. "That's it. You're right, old chap! When I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her too, all the folks said, and I said, along with all the folks. As to you," Joe pursued, with a countenance expressive of seeing something very nasty indeed: "if you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself!"

Not exactly realising this, I said, "Never mind me, Joe."

"But I did mind you, Pip," he returned, with tender simplicity. "When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child, God bless the poor little child,' I said to your sister, 'there's room for him at the forge!'"

I broke out crying and begging pardon, and hugged Joe round the neck; who dropped the poker to hug me, and to say, "Ever the best of friends; an't us, Pip? Don't cry, old chap!"

When this little interruption was over, Joe resumed:

"Well, you see, Pip, and here we are! That's about where it lights; here we are! Now, when you take me in hand in my learning, Pip (and I tell you beforehand I am awful dull, most awful dull), Mrs. Joe mustn't see too much of what we're up to. It must be done, as I may say, on the sly. And why on the sly? I'll tell you why, Pip."

He had taken up the poker again; without which, I doubt if he could have proceeded in his demonstration.

"Your sister is given to government."

"Given to government, Joe?" I was startled, for I had some shadowy idea (and I am afraid I must add, hope) that Joe had divorced her in favor of the Lords of the Admiralty, or Treasury.

"Given to government," said Joe. "Which I meanterly the government of you and myself."

"Oh!"

"And she an't over partial to having scholars on the premises," Joe continued, "and in particular would not be over partial to my being a scholar, for fear as I might rise. Like a sort of rebel, don't you see?"



"AT SUCH TIMES AS YOUR SISTER IS ON THE RAM-PAGE, PIP."

referring to some local matters, he alludes to the controversy with Great Britain respecting lands in Washington Territory claimed by the United States. He commends a final survey and settlement. The Indians have generally been at peace with us, with the exception of the Snake and the Klamath. The latter system has proved a failure. The number of United States pensioners is now 11,284, drawing \$1,061,018 from Government annually. During the year, 5635 patents were issued, and 541 claims for bounty on soldiers. Legislation is needed to obviate the expense and inhumanity now involved in the execution of the present laws against the slave-trade; it is difficult, however, to suggest a change in consequence of the prejudices existing among the people on the subject. Allusion is made to the non-representation of the District of Columbia in Congress, and to the necessity for new coast accommodations and a new jail. The Fort Kearney, South Pass, and Honey Lake Wagon-road is now completed. The surveys of the boundaries between the United States and Texas, and California are progressing satisfactorily.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
Hon. J. Holt, Postmaster-General, reports that, on 30th June last, there were in this country 5502 mail routes, altogether 240,934 miles long; that the annual transportation of mail was 14,712,000,000 pounds, valued at \$10,000,000,000—being a decrease from the year previous of 9 per cent. in transportation and 7 per cent. in cost. The number of United-offices in the United States, a decrease of 41 from the year previous, was 10,000. The following statement shows the revenue, expenditure, and deficiency of the Postal Department for the last eight years:

Year.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Deficiency.
1853.....	\$7,162,754 59	\$9,040,734 70	\$1,877,980 11
1854.....	8,577,424 19	9,695,948 99	1,121,524 80
1855.....	9,068,548 45	7,342,135 48	1,726,412 97
1856.....	10,497,610 69	7,257,046 52	3,240,564 17
1857.....	11,007,470 16	8,053,261 76	2,954,208 40
1858.....	12,721,038 50	8,984,792 46	3,736,246 04
1859.....	14,054,429 40	9,098,090 99	4,956,338 41
1860.....	14,574,773 59	9,218,067 40	5,356,706 19
1861.....	16,068,126 40	9,676,711 09	6,391,415 31
1862.....	14,936,021 40	9,668,000 00	5,268,021 40

The aggregate amount of postage on United States and European mails last year was \$1,375,400, rather more than half of which was taken by the General Fund. With the Pacific States we have no line which has a mail contract. Commodore Vanderbilt carries the mails under a provision from the President to recommend that Congress reimburse him. The custom of notifying by the Postal Department parties who post their letters is in the State of New York a penny post has gone into operation; but in Philadelphia the Department is involved in a lawsuit with a private carrier, who has obtained a writ of injunction to prevent a primary contract; and in small towns the rate of pay allowed—one cent—is too small to reward the carrier. Further legislation is recommended on these points. The system of registered letters is a failure. The provision of additional security, and tempts knaves. Reference is made to the defalcation of Isaac V. Fowler, amounting to \$170,047, and to the suit pending against his estate, and to the necessity for a uniform rate of five cents for ship letters, and ten cents for letters to Cuba and Mexico; and to the purchase of land for Forts New York and Philadelphia, and to other minor matters.

THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
This Legislature has declared it inexpedient to fill the vacancies in the United States Senate. The House has passed a bill authorizing the Governor to call into service 10,000 volunteers. The Senate has passed a bill to increase the number of cavalry, 60 artillery, and 60 rifle companies, making 131 battalions, 56 regiments, 14 brigades, and five divisions. The bill also provides for the purchase of military arms to the amount of \$500,000. The election of delegates to the Convention has taken place.

A bill was submitted on 14th, in the Legislature, providing holidays to be observed thereafter in the State on June 30th, the anniversary of the battle of Fort Mifflin, Good Friday, Christmas, January 1, Thanksgiving and Fast Days, ending the Fourth of July.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.
In the Legislature of Georgia the bill authorizing the suspension of specie payment from the State Bank, passed over the Governor's veto. Resolutions declaring Georgia out of the Union were lost in the House. Resolutions calling for a Convention to revise the Constitution were also lost. Georgia will probably act alone.

Mr. Fulton, of Columbia, offered resolutions in the House on 11th, requesting the Congress from Georgia to propose to the Congress of the United States the revision of Commissioners on the part of the North and the South, whose duty it shall be to provide for a peaceable dissolution of the Union, and an equitable distribution of the property between the two sections.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI.
The Mississippi Legislature adjourned on the 30th ult. The Convention held, the secession resolutions, and the bill authorizing the Government to appoint commissioners to co-operate with the seceding States, were passed unanimously. The State law and Non-Importation Slave act were defeated. The election is fixed for the 30th, and the Convention must meet the 17th of January. In a great speech Hon. Mr. Lamar, the Governor, separated the secession and the simultaneous adoption of a Federal Constitution, and the Southern members and Senators to form a Congress of the new republic, appointing electors for President of the Southern Confederacy.

THE CONVENTION IN TEXAS.
A Committee of citizens of Texas petitioned Governor Houston to convene the Legislature. The Governor responded that, viewing the proposed measure as unwise, he could not call the Legislature together; but if a majority of the citizens of the State petitioned for it, he could not stand in their way. Since then the citizens of Texas have been urged, in a circular letter signed by a number of gentlemen, to elect delegates to a Convention on the 8th of January, said Convention to assemble at the capital on the fourth Monday of the same month. The movement appears to meet with popular sanction.

THE CONVENTIONS IN ALABAMA AND FLORIDA.
A dispatch, dated Montgomery, December 4, says: "The disunion movement is steadily but quietly progressing in Alabama. One half of the counties will send secession delegates without notice. In the other half, the delegates will be confined to those who advocate secession with the cotton States and those who are in favor of separate State action. The latter will be largely in the majority."

A dispatch, dated Tallahassee, Saturday, December 1, says: "The Florida Legislature unanimously passed the Convention Bill. It meets on the 3d of January."

HOW SOUTH CAROLINA IS TO SECEDE.
The Herald correspondent says: "I learn from a gentleman who arrived here from South Carolina that a certain degree of dignity and moderation will characterize the action of that State in seceding from the Union, which he believes she will surely do. That State will send a commissioner to Washington to consult with the President. The latter will not receive such commissioner, who will then appeal to Congress, announce the grievances of his State, and the terms on which he would consent to go out. The commissioner will then after the action of both Houses. The gentleman from whom I learn the above assures me that the Legislature of South Carolina is about equally divided between those who favor an early day to which to secede, and a bill leaving the time of secession subject to the action of other States."

SENATOR MASON FOR DISUNION.
In a letter which has been published, Senator Mason says: "The disruption of the Federal Union, thus imminent, is, I should more properly say, actual, is a great and pregnant event; and in considering, therefore, how it may become the Convention of Virginia, we must not forget that to that event as a material, if not a controlling, element in its deliberations. In the first place, it may, and most prob-

ably will, force upon the Federal Government the settlement between it and the several States of the question of the right of secession. If that right is denied, a new and paramount issue will be made between the States and the Federal power, which will be presented to the Virginia Convention. It is very clear that Virginia (no more than any other Southern State) will not be passive should any attempt be made, by force, to reduce such seceding State or States to subjection.

"In the first place, it is to my mind equally clear, should one of the States separate from the Union on this slavery question, the disruption will necessarily carry with it the separation of all those seceding States whose destiny it is to continue such; unless, under a returning sense of right and justice in the Northern mind, all may be reunited. Under such circumstances, it will exist in this great social interest in the exclusive charge of those to whom it pertains."

SENATOR HUNTER FOR SECESSION.
Senator Hunter has lately written a letter advocating the right of secession, and declaring his belief that, unless new guarantees are at once given by the North to the Slavery interest, all the Cotton-growing States will leave the Union. He then naturally proceeds to inquire with which of the fragments Virginia will go, and on this most interesting subject he expresses himself as follows:

"I have not the shadow of a doubt as to what ought to be the course of Virginia and the other Southern States. They are equal with the Slave States; they would confederate as equals, and with those whose population was homogeneous, and whose interests were identified with their own. If they were to separate from the Union under such circumstances, they would constitute a helpless minority in an association with States whose population was not homogeneous, and whose interests were not identified with theirs, as different and hostile. They would be treated as *seceders* by the dominant majority, and considered as having acquiesced in that position by the choice which they had made. The Southern States, therefore, if they are to be an outlet for their surplus population of slaves, not only in these co-States, but in whatever territory might be acquired, must be treated as equals, and their rights must be secured by the Federal Government, for their property and institutions. In the other Confederacy, their slave population would be 'penned in,' and 'localised' within their own borders."

MR. GUTHRIE AGAINST DISUNION.
In a speech lately delivered by Mr. Guthrie of Kentucky, he said: "Lincoln was elected according to the constitutional form by a sectional majority, because they were unopposed, and we were divided, and shall we then pull down this glorious fabric? Rather let us say to the North, 'Retrace your steps'; and to the South, 'Stay your hands.' The remedy for our ills is in the Union, and the Union, if the North will mind its own business, and the South attend to its own concerns, and the Middle States, will make an appeal, and rise up and stand between them, and have the law respected, and we say to our Southern brethren, let there be no ill blood; stay your hands, we have a great stake in this Union and this Constitution, and we are divided together under the stars and stripes, the flag of Union, and we will ever march under one flag. To the seceding of States, and war, and murdering, and plundering, and bloodshed, is the end of the Union, and we are invited to—so we say to the North, retrace your steps; arise, you men of conservatism, and put down fanaticism North and South. What we do is to calmly, coolly, and deliberately, and let our souls be harmonious and consistent."

HON. ALICE STEPHENS AGAINST DISUNION.
Mr. Stephens has written a letter in which he says: "If the worst comes to the worst, as I may, and our State has to be separated from the Union, the utmost recommendation to our people should be united cordially in this course. This, I feel confident, can only be effected on the line of policy I have laid down. I do not counsel us to say that we do not without hope that our rights may be maintained, and our wrongs be redressed, in this Union. If this can be done, it is my earnest wish. I think, also, that it is the wish of all our people, and I feel that if we make an effort, we shall find, then all our people will be united in making or adopting the last resort—the *ultima ratio* regimen."

Our country is a small one, and should look with great apprehension as to the ultimate result. When the Union is dissolved, if of necessity it must be, I see at present but little good prospect aheadward. At the North, the feeling of disunion is not so strong, and whether we shall be better off at the South will depend upon many things that I am not now satisfied that we have any assurance of our countrymen's much more cordial support, and the men who beg them, even for the best purposes and objects, seldom end them."

THE REPUBLICANS OPPOSED TO A COMPROMISE.
A dispatch to the Herald, dated Washington, December 4, says: "The Republican Senators caucused yesterday, and were unanimous against making any compromise whatever with men or States who are in the act of violating the Constitution and laws of their country. They assert that they have appealed to the country upon the principles of the Chicago platform, that the people have endorsed them and the principles by electing Lincoln and Hamilton, in accordance with the requirements of the Chicago platform. They declare their intention to avoid all exciting discussion unless forced into it, to push forward the public business, and do all they can to aid the President of the United States in executing the laws of the country wherever or by whomsoever violated."

"The compromise proposition of Thurlow Week was unequivocally denounced as unwise, impolitic, unjust, and anti-Republican, as a whole and in all its parts."

Mr. Seward was called upon to know if he endorsed the proposition of Mr. Wood to aid the President, and Mr. Seward replied that he knew nothing concerning Mr. Wood's views about a compromise until he saw them in print, and that he did not endorse them.

"To-day the leading Republican Senators, such as Seward, Fremont, Trumbull, Chandler, and Wilkinson, held a consultation, and were united and unanimous in pronouncing the President's Message a weak, nearly-pamphlet paper, unworthy such a man as that a time."

THE CROTON WATER STOPPED.
A serious accident has occurred to the pipes which supply the Croton water to the city. About 11 o'clock, on Wednesday night, the two large mains in the Fifth Avenue were broken by the enormous weight of materials piled upon them in grading and paving the avenue, and by the time the Chief Engineer of the Croton Water Department reached the spot, at 12 o'clock, all the water in the lower reservoir was exhausted. The damage was repaired by Saturday.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.
It is now certain that the seven Presidential Electors chosen by the Pacific States have voted, with one exception, and seventy-three of those chosen this side of the Rocky Mountains, for Lincoln and Hamilton. The general result was as follows:

FOR LINCOLN AND HAMILIN.	FOR BREKIDGEMAN AND LANE.
Alabama.....	9
Arkansas.....	4
California.....	11
Connecticut.....	4
Delaware.....	3
Florida.....	3
Georgia.....	10
Iowa.....	4
Maine.....	8
Massachusetts.....	15
Michigan.....	6
Minnesota.....	4
New Hampshire.....	4
New Jersey.....	4
New York.....	35
Ohio.....	28
Oregon.....	3
Pennsylvania.....	27
Rhode Island.....	4
Vermont.....	3
Wisconsin.....	5
Total.....	180

RECAPITULATION.—ELECTORAL VOTES.	
For Lincoln and Hamilton.....	159
For Breckinridge and Lane.....	70
For Bell and Everett.....	39
For Douglas.....	12
Whole Electoral vote.....	308
Lincoln's majority over.....	81

CONSERVATIVE BANQUET AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

A dispatch dated Richmond, Virginia, December 6, says: "According to previous announcement, the Union men of Richmond gave the Bell and Everett election a grand dinner at the Exchange Hotel on Friday night, last night. Many speeches were made, expressing conservative Union sentiments, and opposing secession from existing laws; but, declaring that should aggressions or overt acts be committed, they would shoulder their arms, hawks, hatchets, and muskets in defense of their rights. It was one of the grandest occasions that has taken place on such a scale. The jubilee lasted till four o'clock this morning."

"At the banquet several speeches were made in favor of the Union, and generally favoring Convention of the border States. Mr. Bots opposed the right of secession, and advocated force, if the laws could not be upheld without. This view was opposed by two speakers."

NIGRO INSURRECTION IN KENTUCKY.
A dispatch dated Lebanon, Kentucky, Saturday, December 1, says: "The negroes just received from Columbia, Kentucky, states that fifteen negroes and one white man, their leaders, have been hanged by the citizens of Burkville, in retaliation for the murder of a white man. No further particulars have yet come to hand."

APPALLING MURDER.
One of the most appalling and horrible murders that ever was enacted occurred in this city on Friday morning, at No. 22 East Twelfth Street. The victim, an old widow lady, named Sarah, who kept a fancy grocery and a small millinery store at the above number, was found dead in her bedroom, at the rear of the store, with her throat cut from ear to ear, and her arms and hands mangled to almost. Robbery seems to have been the motive for the commission of the shocking murder, judging from the ransacked condition of the apartments. The police have thus far been unable to get to the bottom of it, but it is hoped that some clue will be afforded to the perpetrator before many days.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE EMPRESS IN SCOTLAND.
We take from the Edinburgh Times of Wednesday, November 21, the following: "Yesterday morning the Empress Eugenie and suite paid a visit to the Abbey of Melrose, and the house and grounds of Abbotsford. Like all the previous movements of Her Imperial Majesty, her journey to Melrose was kept strictly secret, so much so that, until she was seen driving to the station, a large number of persons ran to the Glasgow side of the general terminus, in the expectation that Her Majesty was about to take her departure for Hamilton. The Imperial party traveled in a first-class carriage by the ordinary passenger-train, leaving Edinburgh at 11.55 a.m., and re-arriving in the same private manner about six o'clock. All the stations on the journey were crowded, and large numbers had collected to see Her Majesty, who was every where greeted with loud cheers. Having paid a visit to the famous Melrose Abbey, the party returned round which the Empress was conducted by the usual garrison guide, the party drove to Abbotsford. In the grounds of the house, rendered classic by the residence of Sir Walter Scott, Her Majesty lingered a considerable time, and was then taken through the house of the great novelist, the library, the armor, the personal relics of Scott, and the many curiosities of the place being pointed out by the persons in charge. After a drive along a portion of the banks of the Tweed, the Imperial party returned to Melrose, where Her Majesty remained without, but the parties who were present, and the large number, perhaps somewhat rudely surrounded, by a large concourse, which the railway officials had in vain tried to prevent from entering the station. The time of Her Majesty's departure from Edinburgh was not known; but it is expected she will to-day visit the Duchess of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace, and to-morrow (Thursday) leave Douglas, Scotland, for Hamilton Palace."

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.
The financial situation underwent an important change on the 21st, an arrangement having been consummated by which the Bank of England lends £2,000,000 sterling in the form of an advance, on security of a deposit of silver to an equal amount. The arrangement was effected by a great buoyancy of funds, and advance in consols of 1/8 of 1 per cent.

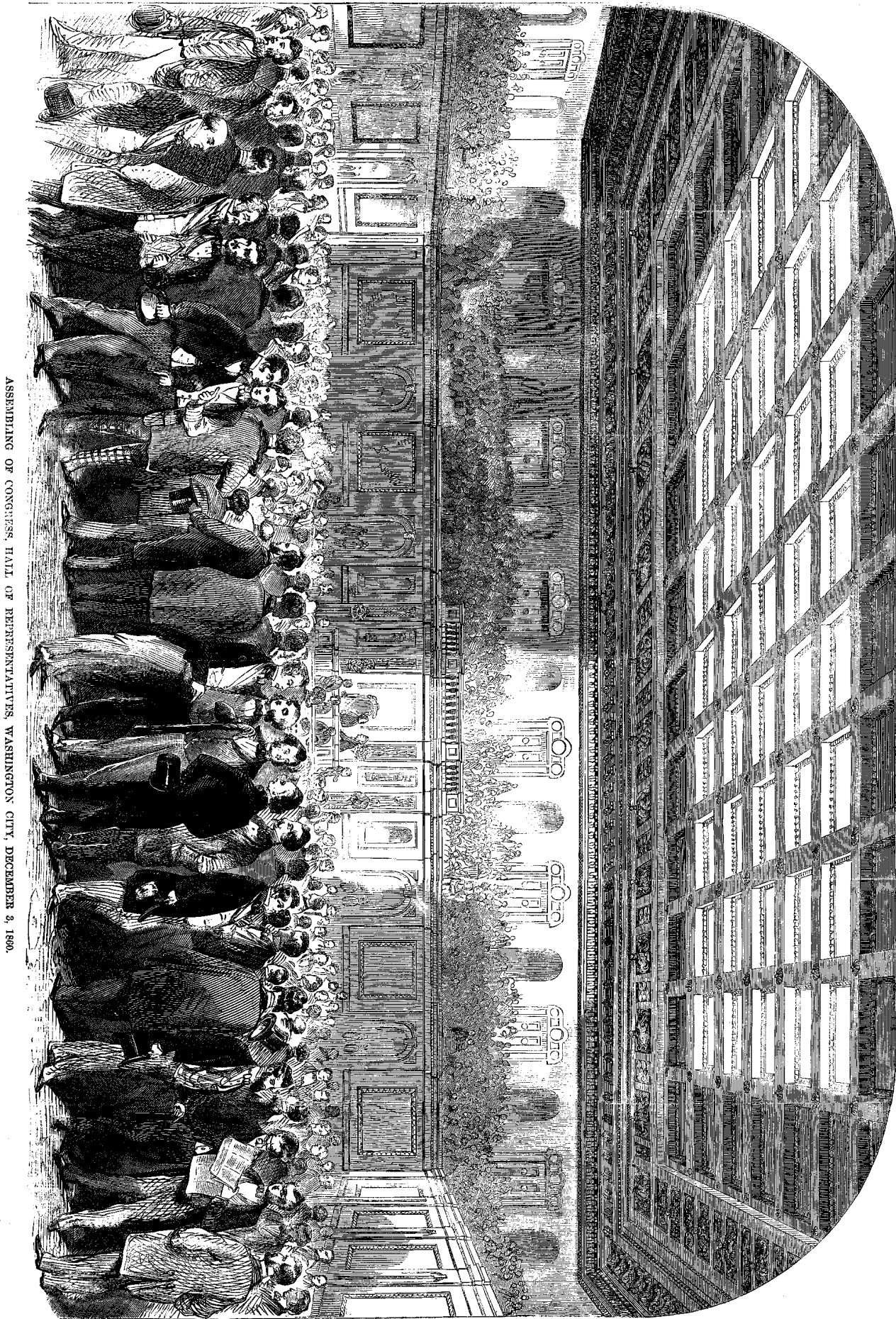
The Times City Article shows the arrangement will terminate the prevailing uncertainties of the money market, and lead to an early reduction of the Bank rate of discount.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.
The Irish papers report a case which was tried last week in the Queen's Bench, and which brought to light a point of law of singularly strange character. The facts are thus briefly stated:

"In the year 1811 Terence Burns, the son of a widow in Ennistimon, ran away from a person in that town to whom he had been apprenticed to learn the business of a carpenter, and enlisted in the 48th Regiment for a period of seven years. Shortly afterward the regiment was ordered out to the Cape of Good Hope, and Burns was ordered to embark for that distant colony. Two days after sailing a young woman of considerable personal attraction, named Mary Lynch, who, up to that time, had remained unnoticed, and who was discovered on board, and declared that she had followed her sweetheart Terence. The fact was made known to the Captain of the ship and the officers of the regiment, and it was determined that the devotion of the fair Peggy, as she was called, should not be unrewarded. A ceremony of marriage between Terence and Margaret was gone through without delay in the presence of the Colonel of the regiment and the officers, the commander of the transport officiating in the absence of a chaplain, and the happy pair lived together as man and wife during the three months which the voyage occupied. A young officer who was present at the ceremony, Captain (afterward Major) Druit, and who had been introduced to the young woman by the captain, was so much attracted by her, that he determined to marry her. The fact was made known to the Captain of the ship and the officers of the regiment, and it was determined that the devotion of the fair Peggy, as she was called, should not be unrewarded. 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A RECORD OF THE DAY.



ASSEMBLING OF CONGRESS, HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON CITY, DECEMBER 3, 1860.

IN THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THIS is the anniversary of a period in my life when in one year I sprang from youth to full manhood—from a cullow years to the rich experience and ripe fruition of older men. If incidents mark lives, then is mine deeply marked.

It was the Indian Summer—fit season for that time which rimmeth my life about with a shining circle of love. Every day that I passed in the society of Leoné, every bright morning that dawned warm and lustrous in the east, clasped tighter the bonds I wore for her, and bound closer the chain whose links I follow along now with pride and joy. These words, then, are only the testimony I bear to the memory of a pure, true-hearted, noble woman. I lived at her mother's, and passed there the early years when all life seems spring-time, when birds and blossoms continually sing, continually bloom. Away to the east the river shouted boisterously in its course; it joined its bridegroom, the sea.

I shouted too.

Along its marge the crimson maples and the saffron-tinted oaks put on their royal robes, and waited for the wind to woo them. They laughed with delight at its coming, and welcomed it with tremulous shiverings; then laid all their colored ornaments in its lap. So all nature was wedded. The sun, coursing through the mild heavens, bloomed large and lustrous like a mellow peach; it married the purple mountain-tops at earliest flush of day. The arrowy flights of wild-fowl streamed in long ranges through the air, and, with new companions, sought warmer climes. The neighbors, near and far, sent up their sons and daughters to the altar, and they went crimson and smiling away.

Through all the changes of the year I asked myself, this is to be my lot too? I asked it of the wind and of the river, but the wind only sighed, and the river only gurgled low and sadly. Unfortunately, the constant society of my lady, the freshness of her heart, and the sweetness of her nature, added to the plainness of her face, made a deep impression on me, and time strengthening this feeling, made me look upon marriage with her as the highest of all earthly destinies. The fact of a temporal separation of a few months rather deepened than subtracted from the views I had formed; for the contrary, the esteem—I will be honest, and say *love*—I had for Leoné deepened, until the day of return was glodily welcomed. On reaching home I found another inmate; he was introduced as an "old friend." As I never had the right to question Leoné as to her intimates and associates, I could not do so in this case; so, with increasing alarm, I stood aloof and looked on. This "old friend" made long visits and came often. At last he went away, as I thought, finally. He had been intimate, but not tender; devoted, but not ardent. He was, in short, but the conventional old friend.

As there seemed no possible impediment in the way, why should I not measure my strength against that of the old friend's? Where he then was commonplace, to my mind, I became brilliant; where he was spongy, I talked true sentiment, always to my mind; and where he had been tedious and unbearable, there was I irresistible and making rapid headway. I do not now remember that I ever struck the hand in friendship, after the manner of modern writers, and became surety with the old friend for Leoné's regard, or that I made pledges or promises of any sort. He went upon his way in the world, and I upon mine. His road, I said inwardly to myself, because of his indifference to Leoné, lay through valleys and flat plains; but I, high in the conscious appreciation of her truth and purity, was a visitor of mountain-tops and air-piercing summits.

I remember peculiarly the sweet smile of assent this lady, Leoné, gave me when I proposed, one evening, to read the stories of Charles Dickens aloud. At that encouragement we began those works, and never ceased our practice until they were ended. As the days and nights sped away, so also flew the year and the season—also went the glory of the dying, now dead, fall—until the genial lamp of the sun shed no more mellowness nor yet fruition upon the sombre, shrinking world; until the harlequin forest shed its motley garb and moaned piteously for its levity. With the outer change there came also an inner one. The old friend left no sign or trail behind him of his presence, and I called the whole hope of life mine. If I may indulge one wish for a moment, and look back, I will say that some years in life are as sharply cut and defined as the face of a statue. How blank and cold the features of that old friend stand revealed! and oh, how warm and ruddy the light of the associations which discover him! I did a fatal thing; I overrated my own strength, and despised that of the enemy. But as I could not always live in anticipation of happiness, I fully resolved, each day, to hear from Leoné what disposition she would make of the whole lifetime that lay twisting and turning in all its many windings of my soul. So I said, one evening when Leoné rallied my color appearance (I was revolting the matter then as usual), and questioned me as to its cause—I said that it was because of the love I bore her.

She had been sewing previously. The needle stopped in the seam; the thread, twisted about her forefinger, hung in idle loops. "You must not say that," she said, slowly, and looking gravely but tenderly at me.

"And why," I spoke, "why may I not say it?" (Oh, old friend! old friend! is your shadow near?) "Did you not say my old friend B—?"

"I saw him—yes."

Leoné regarded me steadfastly and earnestly a second, then carefully put her work aside, and took me by the hand—how its touch ran from my throat, and with its velvet clasp threatened to choke me! "Come with me," she said; and I went with her. She went to her private room, and entering it, bade me follow her in. As

I crossed the sacred threshold she locked the door and put the key in her pocket, saying, "You see what confidence I place in you."

I, dumb with sorrow, amazement, and I know not what, countless emotions, could only feebly smile. A fire blazed upon the hearth, and long-necked toilet-bellows stood grin sentries upon the dressing-table. The shadows of the flicker flames made fierce lunges at each other. Leoné went to a drawer, opened it, and took out a picture of the old friend—such my coward heart told me it was before my hands clasped it. She put it into my hands, not with a refinement of cruelty, but with a sentiment of implicit faith and truth.

"This face"—so my lady spoke—"is that of my destined husband. We have been long engaged, so long that it is a matter of course to the family, and we never speak of it. Have you never heard it?"

"As I shall be one day judged," I said, "I never heard of it;" and I rose to leave the room. "Pardon the mistake, and forget this incident."

Leoné came hurriedly forward. "I am my own mistress," she said, "and my husband acknowledges it and trusts me. Before you go, and we part, let me tell you how high and noble your conduct has been"—she was so kind as to say that—and what a proud and a happy thing it is for me to know that such an one has spoken to me as you have spoken." I bowed down very low. "But, dear—, your mind and heart, though it may not forget me, will see the justness to yourself of relinquishing all hopes that may have been formed." I said that I saw it. "You will yet be happier with another than you ever can be with me."

Leoné was older than I; but in that hour and from that time my age was far greater than the sum of many years. I lingered a little as she said the last words. It was paradise which I was leaving—why might I not look back? My lady stood, leaning with one hand upon an arm-chair. The fire yet burned; the blaze yet flickered; but oh! under the white ashes in my face what dead coals leaped again into flame! As the dear, pitying face stood there I thought the sad, silent room held no fairer picture in all its rich adornment than she. So, slowly, I was withdrawing; but her voice sounded and bade me stop. She came toward me, and the rustle of her dress was plain and bewildering as I, in a trance, heard her say, "Because you have done me this honor, I also honor you." And Leoné kissed me broad upon the forehead.

Then I went out.

I bear the stamp of purity upon my brow. Look, all men, and see the seal a pure and true-hearted woman has set upon it. Now and henceforth I wear a talisman against the wiles and deceptions of the devil. The Indian Summer yet blooms; the leaves still fade and fall; the skies are mellow and serene; within the arches of the woods the nuts part softly upon the leaves; the fruits of the year hang red and full upon the boughs; so in the summer of my heart the long, long days I spent with Leoné hang ripening for the autumn of my life.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE FIVE POINTS.

NOR long ago there was an old house, in one of the most filthy and noisy streets in the Five Points, which had not been known to the owners of its windows for many years or its door unopened for thirty years. The walls had become gray with shabby age, the glass in the window-frames had all been broken out, and the shutters were splattered with mud. Never a light shone out from it at night, never a step or voice was heard in it by day. If by chance a venturesome urchin peeped in at a keyhole, he shrank away, silent and chilled by the bare and mysterious solitude of the place. No children sat upon its milkweed stoop, mothers quickened their pace as they passed it by, and clasped their infants closer, for every one knew the story of the old house. The walls had been within its walls, and that upon its floor was a stain that had never come out at that time.

In those days, nearly forty years since, I was a young and almost unknown lawyer, and, in fact, had never yet taken a brief, although a little chamber practice had been given me. I used to feel a little out of spirits at times on account of the slow progress I was making, and got into a habit of thinking life rather a tedious affair. Sitting one evening in this frame of mind, and with a sort of resigned air, counting the few dollars the day had brought forth, I was startled by a low, hurried knock at the door, and the quick entrance of a young woman, closely veiled, though, as I saw afterward, of considerable beauty. She seemed greatly agitated, and, handing her a chair, I was obliged to wait until the words which her trembling lips could hardly form became intelligible.

"Sir," said she, at length, "you are a lawyer; I saw you in the court to-day: save him, oh, save him from certain, miserable, shameful death!"

I begged her to be calm, and to be more explicit. I had, it was true, been in court that day, and had seen what of a case which struck me as odd, though I had not thought long upon the subject. It now seemed that I was to be made acquainted with the particulars—which I condense from the young woman's words and knowledge afterward gathered.

Silas Thornton was a wealthy old man, living alone in a house in the Five Points. He was a mean and sordid miser, whose whole heart and soul and strength were centred in the love of money—a love that had driven out of him almost every human feeling, and made him starve his wife, drive his son out of doors, rob if he could safely, grind the faces of the poor, crawl to the rich, and become hated, despised, and feared by every being with whom he had to do. I said he was alone. But an old woman kept his house for him—a toothless, wrinkled, crouching old creature, whose bleared eyes seemed to have lost every spark of intelligence, and whose mumbling voice never formed a word that man could understand. But she locked all

the doors when her master was out, ate nothing apparently, never bought clothes, but wore the old rags, was deaf and could hear no secrets, was near dumb and could tell none. She used to sit, covering over the nearly cold stove, night and day, until one might have wondered whether the bundle of rags she was alive or dead. I spoke, too, of a son. He was a wild, open-hearted fellow enough, and as generous, doubtless, as his father was avaricious. Such a home was no place for him, and he had gone away years before to sea, leaving behind, with many tears and lover's vows, a young girl—she who sat before me now.

Upon an evening in that week the son had suddenly and unexpectedly returned from sea. It was stated by the neighbors who saw him that he made his appearance in the evening, and that, after knocking at the door for some time, he was admitted, only after some hesitation, by the old woman. Certainly the prospect was not very cheering for him, as, when he had before darkened that portal, he had been bidden never to return. The engagement to the young girl was alone reason enough of discord in the old man's mind, he fearing that he might be called upon to provide for his son's household. And now he was almost obliged to force his way into his father's presence, uncertain whether he would not immediately be thrust forth. Nothing more was said of the young man's appearance, as the door was not seen to open again. And with some few speculations as to the reception the old miser would extend to his son, and criticisms upon his rough and uncouth bearing, the neighbors went about their business.

Next day there was a rumor that something was wrong in the old man's house. Long after the hour when the shutter of the room where the old man often sat was usually opened, it remained closed. This in itself, one would think, need have excited no actual alarm, but there was something so uncommon in his habits that he was more closely watched than other people. There was an undefined feeling that something was wrong. None could tell how or why, but a sort of dread began to creep over people; and by the middle of the day quite a crowd had gathered in front of the house, scrutinizing the windows, and talking in whispers of the miser and his son's return. The patrolman, however, would not take any steps to see if any thing was amiss, and so the day passed over. But next day the mystery became unendurable; and as we Americans do not stand upon much ceremony in cases of emergency, a few bold spirits burst the door open, and entered the house. But the boldest of them walked gently, and peered anxiously before them, as they saw what a dreary, tomb-like place they had invaded. And their minds were almost prepared to find, as they did, the old man dead on the floor in his room.

He had been dead many hours. As he lay on his face, the blood from his battered head, and gashed chest, had run in congealed pools about him. The place was in great disorder, but there were no evidences of any struggle. He had evidently been struck down where he sat, and then the murder completed as he lay insensible. His keys were in his pockets, and upon his desk a cash-box lay untouched, as were also many articles of value stowed away in strong boxes. Upon the floor was a heavy and formidable walking-staff, its head smeared with blood and hair. Where was the old woman? She was found in the kitchen, in her old attitude—she did she utter a word when questioned. And where was the son? He was not in the house; but the stick was the same that a score of people had seen in his hand when he knocked at his father's door many hours before!

Police regulations were not so perfect in New York in those days as they are now, but it was not long before the son was captured. He was found walking with his sweet-heart on the Battery—then a beautiful place—and both were locked up. He struggled hard at first; but she begged him not to drive the officers to use force, and he submitted. But his free heart sank when he was told of the charge, and of the evidence furnished by the club and his visit to his father, as well as by the notoriously bad terms on which they had lived. When, too, left for the night in darkness, the full reality of his danger rose before his mind, and he was cowed. The girl had been set free—there was no need to shut her up in prison—but with the first blush of morning she was back, begging to be let in to him to take whose life was to kill her. Next day the young man was committed for trial, as was inevitable, and it was upon the evening of that day that his sweet-heart came to me, as I have already described.

These being the facts, I saw that they presented much difficulty. Whether the young man was guilty or not, none but One above knew—unless indeed the wretched piece of humanity who lived with the murdered man could tell any thing, or knew any thing to tell. Perhaps the worst circumstance in the case was that a man who lived next door heard loud voices about an hour after the son had been let into the house. One voice was that of the man in the court that day, the prisoner, who seemed to speak as if highly exasperated. The sound had ceased suddenly, and soon afterward the back door was opened, as he knew by the sound, and he heard heavy steps passing down the passage leading thence into another street.

Reader, I honestly told the weeping girl that the evidence looked black, and that, though I would do my best for her lover, I feared the worst. For the present she must leave me; I would collect my thoughts.

I sat in my room hour after hour, revolving this strange deed in my mind; but the longer I thought the more I feared that, though the murder was most likely unpremeditated, it might have been the result of passion called forth by the sense of old wrongs and present harshness. At last, however, I decided upon my plan of action, and proceeded to carry it out forthwith.

In the first place, I visited the prisoner. Although my youthful faith in the science of physi-

ognomy had been much shaken by many cases in which innocent faces had given the lie to black hearts which had brought youth and age together side by side in the courts which I frequented, I was anxious to study the face and manner of this youth. I wished to believe him innocent. I should work all the better, perhaps; and if his face seemed ruffianly or treacherous, I should certainly work none the less heartily, for it was my first criminal case. He was sitting down as I entered, but rose immediately, and, stepping forward promptly, offered his hand frankly, like a man. I took it as promptly; the action seemed to show that no stain of blood was upon it. And as I remarked the cheerful though serious manner in which he spoke of his position, and the broken voice in which he hoped God would be good to him for his poor Mary's sake, I found my eyes becoming dim, and felt a rising choke in my throat.

His story was this. As I knew before, he had just returned from seven years at sea. Money he had acquired, and did not intend to ask his father for any. His sole object, as he said, was to make peace; and if he could not gain a hearty consent to his long-postponed marriage, at least to know that it had become a matter of little interest to the old man. Absence, too, had obliterated or softened down much of the asperity with which he had left home; like many others, when he fell among strangers he had yearned for the bare, comfortable home of his young days. Trying to blame himself and to excuse his father for much that had passed between them, he turned his steps toward the old house, with something like love for his parent stirring in his heart. He knocked at the door, timidly at first, and then long and loudly. At last a slow, shuffling step came along the echoing passage, and lock after lock and bolt after bolt being slowly unfastened, the well-remembered face of the old woman peered forth from the still chained door.

"I want to see my father," said he.

And the old woman, locking the door upon him, again shuffled back with his message. Thrice was it disregarded, and thrice the son begged to be let in; and at last he was conducted into the prison-like room of his father. The old man did not raise his eyes from his account-book for some time. At last, slowly closing the book, putting his spectacles carefully into his case, and thrusting both hands into his pockets, he suddenly wheeled round in his chair, and in his harshest tones demanded what the young man wanted.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Then why come here?" was the loving response.

"I thought you might like to see your son," was the answer to this greeting.

"No, I would that I should never see your face again. Go!" said his father.

The young man tried long and earnestly to soften his father's heart toward him, but to no purpose. Old Thornton only grew exasperated, and began to shout and swear at his son as if possessed.

"Be off! travel! You're like your mother, with her baby face and spavil's whining! Travel, I say! or I'll beat this book about your head, old as I am!"

And so the son saw that his home was never to be reopened to him, his father never to be a parent to him, and he turned to go.

"Father," said he, as he stood for the last time upon the threshold, "You think I come for money—I know you love it—but I do not. Shall I come again to-morrow?"

"Look here!" said Silas, with a quiet grin, "I hate you—I hated your mother—I hate every body—and I love gold; it's the only friend a man has. If you say you don't covet it, you lie! I'll keep it till I die; and then, if old Madge is alive, she shall have it all; if she's dead, I'll bury it twenty yards deep, if these old hands can do the job."

Young Thornton left the room without another word. As he did so, he was surprised to see that old Madge had been waiting; but he seemed so wretched—like that, that he did not think of it so inensible to his voice that she would not open the front-door for him, and he departed by the back-door, as he had done hundreds of times when a boy. And that was all my client knew of the last days of Silas Thornton, as he protested to me with tears in his eyes, and, I thought, truth in every tone and look.

I bade the prisoner be of good cheer, though my heart misgave me as I thought of the difficulties with which he was surrounded; and I left him. The first step was to secure the old woman; that had already been done, and she was safe in the House of Detention. The next was to see her, which I at once proceeded to do. To my surprise, she presented a very different appearance from that which she had worn on the preliminary trial of the day before. Then she was insensible to sound or look; now she seemed vivacious, and eager almost to converse on the dreadful subject. After some general observations, she asked her Master Henry (the prisoner) was I told her.

"Did my master make a will?" said she.

"Not that I know of," I said; "but you should know all about that."

And I put into my face a look of confidential friendship.

"Ay, true, true, true," she absently returned.

"But"—and she became again alive, and carefully watched my face—"you seem to know something about it?"

"Well," said I, "I don't tell all I know at first. You are a lucky woman, Madge."

Oh! what a change in her face then!

"That's so! Lucky, lucky, lucky! Madge! I say myself, night and day, night and day. Good for me, Ah, ha! I knew it would come to this, and it has. I haven't studied it over so long for nothing. Good, good, good for old Madge! She's lucky; and, stranger, she's clever too. D'ye mind that?"

I did mind that, and I told her so, but with a smile of approval that made me blush as I put it on.

"Yes," whispered she, with a chuckle between the words, "I'm his heir. Look here, Mister Lawyer! You're young and fond of pleasure, ain't you? I was once. Well, I shall want a young lawyer, fond of pleasure, and poor—I've made me a poor—in a few days. He, ha! When old Thornton's buried, and that cub of a son of his hangs come to me, lawyer—I shall want you. D'ye mind me? I shall be rich; you are poor, poor—young men always are—it's only old men and women that get rich. But be sure and wait!"—and the old hag thrust her wrinkled face close to mine—"wait till old Thornton's buried, and his cub of a son hung."

This strange talk startled me much, for it might be the ravings of madness or the babbling of age. She ceased talking, however, after this outburst, nor could I obtain a particle of evidence exculpating the son. The only thing I could get out of her was either vague looks, or a hideous grin, and a gesture of secrecy, or a whisper to "wait."

Silas Thornton was buried, and the preparations for trying whether his son should be hung came on swiftly. I had not a particle more evidence to offer. The old woman had again relapsed into silence, and would not speak to a soul. Nothing could be brought forward in the prisoner's favor, while against him stood the damning facts of the stick, the ill-will, the quarrel, and the apparently secret exit from the house. And so the trial came on.

I pass over the many agonizing interviews between the prisoner and the young girl. Why describe them? The walls of every prison cell have at times given back dull echoes of father's, mother's, lover's, or sister's grief, poured out before loved but lost ones, the secrets of whose hearts are known but to Him who is the searcher of hearts. Ah! there is many a fountain of love opened by the stroke of misfortune, which would have proved a well-spring of life if undisturbed earlier, and while the young and untired spirit was blindly seeking for the promised land.

And so the trial came on.

It was a fair day, and the solemn aspect of the court seemed almost wicked, I thought, in the face of nature's loveliness. It should have been a day of clouds and storms upon which to try a man for his life. "Henry Thornton," at length said the clerk, and the prisoner was brought in. At the same moment a heavy staff, stained with hair and blood, was laid on the clerk's table, and the plan of the miser's house placed before him. An object done up in rags almost, it seemed, was propped up in a corner of the witness-box, and people wondered what it could be. A slender form, also, drooped at my side dressed in black, and people knew that it was the prisoner's betrothed. He himself saw all, and a shade of doubt—not fear—passed over him. But a veil was raised for a moment, and from the face under it shone out such a beam of sunlight that the shadow vanished and he sat down. Hundreds saw the look, and hundreds said under their breath, "How young they both look!"

The first, second, third, and fourth witnesses were called. They had to prove the knocking and admittance of the young man, and to identify the stick. They all did it clearly; and the prisoner said, with a bow, that what they said was true.

Then came the man next door, who had heard the quarrelling, as he thought, and the footsteps leaving the house by the back way. His testimony was admitted, also, by the prisoner, as correct in every particular. There were loud voices; they were those of his father and himself; he did go away by the back door.

Next came the evidence of the police, and those who first entered the house. All was clear. Even their testimony was unquestionable—the stick did belong to the prisoner.

Next came the old woman. She was, or pretended to be, perfectly imbecile and as deaf as a post, and was soon told to stand down. As she turned to go out of the box, "Oh, he is lost, he is lost!" sobbed the girl at my side, and "He is lost!" said in effect an awe-struck murmur around the court.

But neither the girl, nor the prisoner, nor the judge, nor the people saw the glance which the old woman threw at me. I arose calmly, as one who feels power within him.

"One word more, Madge," said I, very gently, and she came back. "The prisoner seemed agitated when he came in at the door, didn't he, Madge?"

"He was mad with his father for keeping him waiting," she promptly responded.

Every breath in court was held, and the judge took a dip of ink as he stared to see this sudden making of the dumb to speak.

"Did they quarrel any, Madge, when he came in?"

"All the time he was there," said she.

"Well—just so—it's important to prove that they quarreled, you see, Madge. How do you know that they quarreled all the time?" said I, in my blandest tones.

"Because I listened," said she, with a sort of sly laugh.

"Why did you listen, Madge?—did you fear mischief?"

"Yes, I not only feared but I knew what was coming; but—but—oh yes! I remember I went away down stairs before it was done, don't you understand, Counselor?—before it was done."

"Now, Madge, one more question, and that is all. Don't be alarmed; it's only one question: When old Thornton was down on the floor—"

"Ay, he was down on the floor," said she.

"With his head smashed in with that stick—"

added I.

"That stick—smashed in: yes, that was it," she replied, almost in a whisper.

"Are you listening, Madge?" added I, softly—very softly.

"Yes, yes; go on; I hear every word. He's young and poor—poor," she said, vacantly.

"Then," shouted I, with all my power; "then

what did you do with the knife you cut his throat with?"

Could that thing have been human which fell in a heap upon the floor, and tore and plucked at itself, and shrieked and yelled? It was no fiend; it was old Madge, whose words thrilled through the court.

"I killed him! I killed him! I killed him! Look up the chimney. Ha, ha! I was too clever for him! What did he promise to marry me for, forty years ago? What did he starve me for? What did he curse me for, every day? He said he'd make a lady of me; so he has—I've got his money; and I knocked his head, and I cut his throat; and I'd have torn his old face if I hadn't kissed it many a time, forty years ago."

Having thus she was carried out of court, while the crowd went up shont after shout of gladness; and the prisoner—a prisoner no longer—took a fainting form in his arms, and begged the people to give her air for God's sake!

Old Madge lived some years after this, a perfect lunatic. Never once did a ray of intellect again illumine that aged face. There were some who pitied her, and said that she may have loved the man she murdered, and anyhow it was certain that he had not used her well. But most people forgot all about her and the miser's death; and the old house was the only token left of the deed.

It was not long ago that I found myself traveling over the Western prairie, on my way to the homestead of a friend, who had come all the way to New York to fetch me. As we rode along, watching the red waves of light shining below an ocean of grass, dented by the hoofs of buffaloes, and spangled with millions of gay flowers, we talked of long matters gone by and the present circumstances in which we found ourselves.

"She is happy as the day is long," said he; "and we have four fine children. Every thing prospers with us."

"Do you ever speak of your father's death?" said I.

"Never," said he. "We used to now and then at first, but we thought it best to try and forget it, and his fate is never mentioned now. And I am glad the old house in the Five Points is pulled down."

LOVE.

PASS the hand once again over the glossy black hair, silken and soft as a raven's breast. Wind the cord of the satin slipper round the ankle and cross it up on the snow-clad instep. Stop, touch the hem of the floating muslin and give it the last careful adjustments. Up the avenue of trees from the outer gate by the graveled road comes the sound of wheels. The hum of voices rises like incense to the bride's chamber from the drawing-rooms and parlor, liquid with light, with bright eyes, and joyous features. Below, the crowd is tremulous and shifting like the shadows of bending grain-fields—waiting, expectant. Is the neck-lace of pearls lying smoothly upon the virgin neck? Is the one white flower, gleaming out from the coal-black tresses, pure and rich like a spark of love in the night of life? Let the bride stand away a little while you take, in one full glance, the queenly figure in its clouds of snowy mist from which glances the flesh-tint of arm and neck, the peach-bloom of cheek, the crimson of lip, and the diamond sparkle of the soul-full eyes. There! it is all finished. The bridal veil clings with its silver fingers to as fair a brow as ever approached the altar, sweeping thence, graceful and airy as a film of light, or a swoop of thought.

Four years ago—and she is yet young—Ella plighted her troth to Albert C—, who had leaned over the wall, against which the currant and raspberry bushes were pushing their crimson or purple clusters, and said:

"Ella, I am going away now."

"Where?" And the young girl's eyes turned aside that he might not look into them, while her fingers were very busy with roses at her feet whose thorns brought little globules of blood upon them.

"To South America—to be gone a year." When Ella looked up to his face her own features were calm, but under her eyes there were little spots of paleness; and though she had been stooping, her forehead was white as marble. Her lips, too, were less crimson, and her eyes were cold, as if she would hold them from speaking.

"Do you care?"

"Yes, I care very much," and she gave the young man a look over the garden-wall, saying: "I shall care as long as you keep that."

"Ella"—and the young man looked earnestly into eyes that were beginning to glisten with tears—"this wall is between us now; if I come back brave and resolute and loving as I go away, may I come over the wall and take you in my arms?"

He got no answer, but the head drooped and the hands trembled till the rose-leaves in them vibrated as though shaken by the wind.

"By your heart says 'yes,' kiss me over the wall."

The girl came close to the bulwark of stone, pressing the juices from many a brilliant berry, and tip-toeing there, with tears gushing from her eyes and bathing the vine-leaves that clung to the rock, held her warm lips to his and gave him the sweetest kiss of his life.

"Bless you, darling!"

And Albert walked away with a sense of untold possessions, with a feeling of almost limitless power in his own right arm.

Four, five, six months, each with a letter in its hand, along the trail of the year, and each day into the web of time, as the year, and each full letter! Never, in Ella's eyes, were letters so eloquent and beautiful. Brave words, gentle words, loving words, beauty of sentiment, greatness of thought, wealth of imagery, light, grace, gallantry, love—all these met and mingled on the

closely-written, multitudinous pages. They came like breezes; and, sweeping through the harpstrings of her woman nature, kept her life full of music, with vibrations which never forgot their trembling till struck by the ever-recurring months.

Ella's heart came to be a magical chamber, into which she could at any time call a pale but lighted intellectual face, and a slight but manly figure. She could see the changes of his countenance there, the play of emotion, the shimmer of hope, the flash of resolution, the repose of duty and dignity.

Seven, eight, nine months—Albert is coming home. Home! Sooner than she had dared to hope. Bound, little heart! dream, light and loving eye! Why have all things grown so beautiful? Are men and women really happier and more kind? Is the song of Willie—the Willie with bright feathers and arched neck—is his song sweeter and more musical? Is Ella's chamber more handsome and rich? Is the very sunlight brighter? Or is this the light of love and expectancy in the girl's given heart reflecting golden glory upon all things visible, and adding molten notes to all familiar sounds?

The ship touched the wharf in the morning; and, after a little while, somebody was taken along the road by the row of elms in a carriage which swayed upon airy springs, and in which were pillows. Ella sat in her window and watched it with fearful fear as it wound up the hill, now hidden by the limbs and leaves, now visible through the openings. It was a long way off; but Ella recognized the features and flowing hair.

Albert had come home to die. All through the summer months his strength fled in vapors—invisible as those that go up from the sea to the clouds, but as real. Ella watched the increasing brightness of his eyes, reading and talking by his side with him in his feeble walks among the garden flowers. She saw by his bedside while he lay more feeble and pale, waiting. And by-and-by she went out from the still, sick room, her work done, her betrothed gone, and only the riven temple of his young life left in the dear, sad room.

Ella's father and mother were dead. If ever the cold meaning of that word "alone" swept like a chill wind through the halls of a heart, it was now.

But bread and raiment must be earned. One, two, three long years the poor girl floated upon the uncertainties and trials of womanly effort against odds, experience, and competition. And all the while tears came often to her eyes, and often moistened her cheek, falling thence upon cambric, thread, and needle, upon pencil and board, upon flaxen heads and begrimed little hands, in the weary school-room. Is there no rest from this life-long, weary loneliness? Will there never be such a word for her as "home"? Is life to be spent in ceaseless, unrequited labor, with no rest for her weary heart, with no spot to die in? Are maiden friendships so to be formed only to be broken when some winning heart calls for a mate and takes her away, leaving Ella more alone by far than ever before? Is she to be always floating, washed hither and thither, alone?

One day a worthy man, heavy with sense, untrammelled by sentiment, asked the question, "Will you be my wife?" He knew the girl's experience; but he wanted her hand, and such love as might be spared.

"I will keep your house, and call it my home. I will care for you in health and sickness; I will lean upon you for support and protection; I will be as good a wife as I can."

He was content with that.

The crowd is gone. The dying rattle of the last wheels has floated up the avenue. The bride is in her chamber again. And while the chatty maids unpin the bridal veil, loose the bands of her tresses till they fall in dark wealth upon white shoulders, and unwind the band of the silver slipper, she sits with her head folded in her lap, eyes bent upon the carpet at her feet, and thoughts hovering in a past peopled with images of the pale, expressive face, whose light first kindled love in her fresh young heart, and made life beautiful.

Soften the tones of your merry voices; let there be silence now and then; for a sad panorama is unfolding in the chambers of the sweet bride's memory—the kiss and the tears at the garden-wall, the brimming letters, the sad but loving return, the fading strength and the growing spiritual light, the last fond glance, the cold room, the fall of earth upon the coffin-lid, the desolate return.

Strange that the lightest revelry and the deepest sadness thus meet and mingle in one hour of life!

SEE WISHED TO BE SOMETHING.

Down at Montauban lived a pretty, graceful, intelligent, but wholly uneducated little girl, known simply by the name of Marie-Olympe. Some said she was the daughter of Louis the fifteenth; but her blood was not quite so "blue" as that. A certain nameless grisette, and the grave, devout, austere Marquis de Pompiignan—the Catholic writer par excellence, the inexorable enemy of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, whose morals were as irreproachable as his lineage, and whose pride was as intense as his piety—knew more about the birth of that little Marie than King or Kaiser. The secret was well kept, and never reached Voltaire's ears, else the whole world would have rung with the scandal. Not knowing how to read or write, but quick and very promising, Marie-Olympe, when fifteen, was married to a certain M. Aubry, a retired traitant, with sixty thousand pounds, and old enough to be her grandfather. He had the complaisance to die before the bridal year was out, leaving Marie a very wealthy

and very lovely widow of sixteen, burning with curiosity to turn her back on virtuous, dull Montauban, and see the world. And she saw the world. She looked up the eating-houses, and carried her sixteen years and her flashing black eyes to Paris, where she knew the sure way to get her a youth, and her beauty would be sure to give her a brilliant success. She was right. Paris (died and praised her without stint, and gave her lovers without number. The next fourteen years of her life were passed in one round of dissipation and gallantry. But the day came when the grace of sixteen were lost in the deepening lines of thirty, and the love which had glided so freely now burned itself out like blackened straw. Olympe de Gouges—for she, too, changed her name, and sank the plebeian Aubry—hung on to the world of gallantry as long as it would have her; when, fairly abandoned, she gave herself up to the world of literature. She wrote dramas and plays, or rather she dictated them to her secretary—for she could not write, even then; and she deluged the Comédie Française with her wretched productions. Her great ambition was to have one of her pieces acted on the boards of Molière's theatre. It was in vain that she bribed the principal actors, fed the committee, wept and prayed, complimented, persecuted, and resented: they would have none of her. Now, it was a superb orange-tree, by which she would win a favorable verdict; now, a turkey stuffed with truffles; now, a groom in ecclain—Apollo and the Muses—for M. Molé's side-board. All in vain: they accepted her presents and rejected her pieces, ate her turkey and cut up her dramas. Olympe was not daunted. As fast as one piece was refused she composed another, to share the same fate, until, wearied and exasperated, she bearded the awful committee in full convulsion—this time without flatteries or bribes to soften their hearts. The committee was not accustomed to indignities from its slaves; the name of Madame Olympe de Gouges was angrily erased from the register; her pieces were returned, and an end was put to all intercourse between her and the Comédie Française. Olympe was furious. She wrote and intrigued, and exhorted her despair in violent threats, till she became the standing nuisance of the time. M. de Beaumarchais suffered from her severity; and, as her abuse of her opponents was not always measured, it was no pleasant thing to fall into her hands. Every where she was repulsed, every where disappointed, until at last she thought better of her quarrel, and humbled herself to the powers. Vanquished by her tears, Molé took her part in the committee, and a reconciliation was effected, by which she was reinstated to exactly the same place as before the quarrel. This truce instantly brought on the devoted heads of the committee two new pieces. Olympe used to compose a drama in about forty-eight hours; and again and again other dramas poured in in quick succession. The Comédie Française accepted her now as a chronic malady, and courteously declined her pieces without reading them. At last Olympe wrote a book, wherein she gave all the details of her loves and flatteries, and crying out in despair, "Oh, if I had been a man, what blood I would have shed! what ears I would have cut!"

But graver events were passing in France, and Olympe de Gouges was startled, like Cubières, from her dreams of Fame, by the cannon of the Revolution. Here was a wider field for her. She flung herself impetuously into the movement, writing to a nation now, instead of to a committee, and demanding the Assembly instead of a play-house audience. She asked to be allowed to defend "Louis Capet" together with Maleherbes—a demand which, it is scarcely necessary to add, was rejected by the Convention as unhesitatingly as her dramas by the Comédie Française. She then essayed a piece for the "Theatre of the Republic," a wretched dabb of a thing, full of marches and countermarches and military evolutions, "to suit the taste of the times;" introducing among the prominent characters people then living—Dumouriez, young Egalité, the Desolettes, Fernig, and others. The republican audience relished her as little as the royalist committee had done. They hissed. In the midst of that terrible sound Mademoiselle Candelle came to the foot-lights to give the name of the author, when a woman, breathless, wild, disheveled, crazed, rushed to the front of the boxes, screaming, "Citizens, you demand the author—here she is! It is I, Olympe de Gouges! If you have not found the piece good, it is because the actors have played it horribly!" This was more than flesh and blood could bear. The actors protested that they had done their best, and the audience took their parts. Some hissed, some followed her through the boxes with jeers and insults, some demanded back their money; and poor Olympe had enough to do to escape this outburst. But she obstinately held her own: the play was performed once more, and then the condemnation was so unmistakable that she was obliged to give way, and content herself with publishing a long accusatory account, which is not one of the least curious documents of the period. Beaten back from the ranks of the drama, how was she to feed that mad ambition here? how find place and action for her insatiable desires? Literature had failed her, like love; but politics were still open. She must be doing something, the more wild and mad the better; she must be fighting, now that she was not held worth the loving; so she turned against Robespierre, as the most prominent object in her way. She wrote and spoke against the despot with her usual reckless impetuosity—at a time when no man in France dared raise his voice against him. Robespierre quietly replied by a decree of death, and poor mad, feverish Olympe de Gouges laid her head on the guillotine, as the best revenge-place her ambition could provide her with.

"Fatal desire of renown!" she was heard to whisper softly to herself, while taking her last look of the Boulevards trees. "I wished to be something!"



"I COULD REAP THE FLOWER THAT THOU HAST PLUCKED."

NON SATIS.

'Tis not enough to see thee, like a star
That rises on our sight when eve is clear,
Which all may view—but all must view afar.
'Tis not enough to watch thee, as the moon
Gazes on earth with steadfast face, but ne'er
May voice with voice exchange and intertune.

'Tis not enough to meet thee as by chance
In lighted rooms, and feign a cold repose—
Whereas I tremble to thy slightest glance.
'Tis not enough to cross thee in the glare
Of day, when severed friends thy path inclose—
Content the sunlight of thy smile to share.

No! I am jealous of all senseless things
That near and touch thee—of the fluttering wind
That dallies round with fond, familiar wings,
And dares to kiss thine eyes and lift the tress
From thy blue temple; of the jewel blind
Upon thy bosom pillow'd, passionless.

And I could rend the flower that thou dost pluck,
And drink its odor with thy nostrils fine,
And taste its honey which the bee did suck.
Oh! I could kill thy sleek caressing hound
That feels thy hand, and blameless may entwine
Thy feet, whene'er he choose to bound.

For I would have thee, as the miser hoards
His idol gold, lock'd close with ponderous key,
In chest of brazen bands round ebony boards.
I could not rest until with sails unfur'd
I bore my treasure o'er the secret sea,
To some oasis of the desert world.

Because I want thee ALL; and nothing less
Than thy whole being would my heart suffice—
Thee and thy love entire I must possess.
No jot withheld—no atom of thy love
Passing the sphere of adamantite ice,
Within whose vault we must in oneness move.

LIFE SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

A TRUE SHARK STORY.

SOME ten years ago I was traveling in the upper part of Georgia for the benefit of my health, ever precarious, but then infinitely more so than now. Broken down by disease and exhausted by fatigue and suffering, I was glad to reach a pleasant little village where I could rest for a few days and recruit my wasted energies. And right glad was I that it was my lot to sojourn for a brief season in so pleasant a locality; and little did I then dream that there, in the heart of the uplands and three hundred miles from the sea-coast, I would find material for a most thrilling shark story; or that I should, in after years, be the instrument of making public to the world the most unparalleled adventure ever recorded, and which no other man, Jonah excepted, ever had with any of the piscatorial tribe. No sooner had I taken up my lodgings in the delightful little village of T— than, to my gratification, I learned that an old friend of our family was the resident Episcopal minister; and that it was entirely through his instrumentality—his own liberal donations and personal efforts—that the beautiful little Gothic church, which I could see from my window, raised its tiny, but graceful spires to heaven, like the little uplifted hands of so many children, begging the Father of Mercies for blessings upon the town. Surely, I thought, God will not send his "fire and brimstone" upon a place thus honored by His temple; for if there had been found but ten men in Solom to rear an altar or build a tabernacle God's vengeance would not have been

hurled against "the cities of the plain;" he would have spared them for the sake of the ten who worshipped in His temple and offered incense upon His sacred altar.

I was thus musing and resolving in my own mind that I would not fail to call upon the reverend gentleman, when I received an invitation to come to see him *sans ceremonie*, as he was sick and could not leave the house without the consent of his physician. From various circumstances I had never seen Mr. J—, but was prepared to love him as an old friend. I found him lying upon a lounge in his study with a book in his hand, and his wife, a most estimable lady after the good old Virginia style, seated by his side and smiling happiness around her. He was then laboring under considerable fever, and had a distressing cough; inasmuch that his physician expressed his fears to me that he would fall a victim to consumption. But he has recovered his health now, and is an active and a useful man.

Although sick with a fever, I found him full of humor for he was no monk, and despised the asceticism of the religious recluse. I was not only greatly entertained for two or three days, but so much amused that I forgot for a while my own sufferings in laughing over his humorous narratives, his happy and original caricatures, his witty repartees. But there were times when the subjects of our conversation were of a graver character; when we spoke of the religious and political history of the past, the investigations and accomplishments of science, the wonderful progress in the arts, and the advancement of the present age in all the branches of human knowledge. It was then that, casting my eye around the little cabinet, I discovered some

rare geological specimens together with some fossil remains; and among the latter collection I saw the upper and lower maxillaries of a huge shark, which had evidently very recently quitted its watery element. As I looked upon the keen serrated teeth set like the teeth of a saw, five or six rows in number, and each row finer and set in an opposite direction, I could not help exclaiming, "How easy for these sharp teeth to cut a man's body in twain! Perhaps, too, many a poor fellow has found his grave here!"

"Very likely!" said Mr. J—; "for his mate or first cousin came near cutting asunder the body of a very dear friend of mine!" He spoke seriously, and knowing him to be a man who could not jest about so solemn a subject as death, and that he was furthermore known to all men as a gentleman of strict veracity and unblemished integrity, I replied with a feeling of interest, "Indeed, Sir! you amaze me! how did that happen?"

"Pray draw a chair near me and I will relate to you a most remarkable adventure; one, too, which clearly proves that God's Providence is as plainly visible around us, and is daily manifested in the world as in the days of old when it led the children of Israel away from their enemies and out of all their difficulties, through 'a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.' Oh, Sir, there is a vast deal of downright infidelity upon this subject, and it is very strange that men's eyes are so blinded that they can not see that the God of the Israelites is the God of the Christian; that the everlasting

God is not dead, nor does his Providence ever slumber; but that his benevolent heart ever prompts him to fly to the rescue of his children whenever He sees them in trouble or distress! But I am not going to preach you a sermon on Providence, but to tell you a *true shark story*; not a *fiction*, but a fact! And lest you may suppose, Sir, that our sealanders are rather *fishy*, I will refer you to Mr. —, upon whose integrity you may rely; for his word, like the law of the Medes and Persians, is never altered and unalterable in regard to truth.

"It has been but a year or two ago," continued the reverend gentleman, "that two of my friends went out one afternoon for the purpose of striking, or 'graining,' Sting-rays—a species of round flat-fish, like a plate, but possessing a long tail, which is armed with a sharp, deadly sting, like the point of a bayonet, from three to four inches in length. Although their flesh is never eaten, yet are they frequently hunted in shallow water, for it requires a man of strength to hold them down; and of activity also, to avoid their sting, which has been known to produce lock-jaw and death in a few hours; and many a man has been tripped from his heels by the flossence of this singular animal, whose creation seems to have been designed simply to show the handiwork of God, and as food for sharks and other sea-monsters. The weapon which is used in their capture is a double or triple pronged instrument, armed with a barb like a fish-hook, to prevent its drawing out from the flesh of the sting-ray; and this trident, something after the fashion of old Neptune's, is attached to a handle five or six feet in length, so that it answers both as a bayonet and staff—to charge the enemy and assist the weary pilgrim on his way.

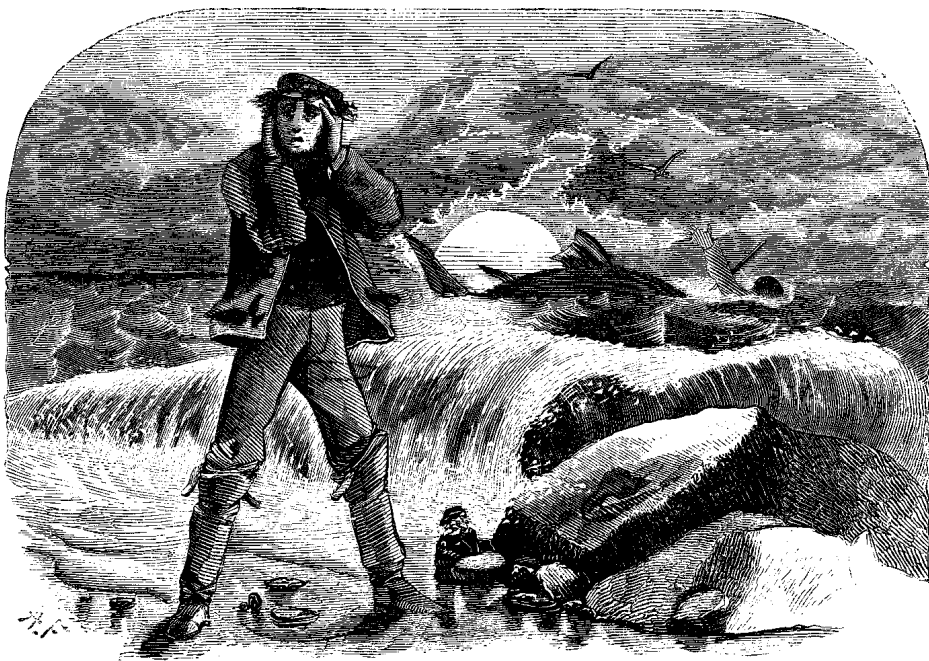
"Our two fishermen had been pursuing their sport for some time with perhaps doubtful success, when they came to a long and wide frith (or arm of the sea), making up into the beach, which is usually very low, and in many places entirely dry at ebb-tide, but which at the flood and high tides is from three or four to eight or ten feet in depth. These friths, or bays, are called '*follys*' by our sealanders. Why this name has been given them I know not, unless from the fact, as the Spaniards would call them, they are '*un espèce de red*'—a species of net; and as it is considered downright foolhardiness for any thing, whether man or beast, to enter into and be caught in a net, so also is it *folly* for mullet and other 'small fry' to go up into these friths, where they are sure to be caught by shark or the net of the fisherman. My two friends had proceeded up this folly, and then had crossed over to the other side at the ebb-tide, where the water was not more than from ankle to knee deep. Their game led them in different directions, so that they became widely separated; and when the flood was up they found themselves on opposite sides of the folly. The gentleman who had crossed over perceived a huge sea-shark passing slowly up the folly, intent on catching mullet. Perceiving that his friend was about to cross over, he hailed him to warn him of the presence of the monster; requesting him at the same time to return to the beach until he could bring the boat round and take him in. But although sound is usually heard to a great distance on the water, the surf was now rolling high upon the beach, and the wind had risen with the tide, so that his voice could not be heard. It was in vain that he shouted 'A shark! a shark! Wait till I can bring you the boat!' It was in vain that he waved his hand in the most excited manner, directing him to go back, for 'a shark was above him, and would soon return upon his tracks.' The doomed man misunderstood all his words and signs. He supposed that his friend was hurrying him to come over quickly lest the water should become too deep. And he made the more haste, until he found himself in the middle of the folly, and up to his waist in water, before he perceived the

enemy. Now, however, it was too late to retreat, and he could not reach the opposite shore in time to escape the danger; for the shark had perceived him, and was coming down upon his victim. Slowly and leisurely, as the epileptic who gloms in anticipation over his meal, did the sea-monster come nearer, and yet nearer! Death seemed inevitable. There was no chance for escape. He must stand quietly and meet his fate! His hour was come! Adieu now to the friends of earth! Adieu to the wife of his bosom, and the children who had clustered like gems set around a father's heart! The man is doomed—doomed to be cut in two, just at the waist, by those six rows of sharp white teeth! 'O God! how horrible!' exclaimed his companion, as he saw the sea-monster turn upon his side and open his wide jaws to cut in twain the body of his beloved friend. 'Great God! he is lost! and well may we imagine that his hair stood on end, and the cold sweat gushed in thick, clammy streams from every pore!

"But there stood his friend, in mortal peril, as no other man perhaps would have stood, unless God had held him up by His strong right hand; and if his heart hushed its drummings at the approach of Death, and stood still in the presence of the conqueror, his eye winked not, for it was fixed upon the keen, savage eyes of the monster. His left foot was advanced forward, and his right braced back. He held his weapon (the graine or *gig*) firmly in his hand, as a drowning man who grasps convulsively a straw; but it was drawn back with determination, as the soldier who prepares to thrust his bayonet into the approaching enemy. But his must be a bold spirit to entertain the least hope, thus feebly armed, against such a foe. For of what avail is such a weapon against so huge a monster as a sea-shark eighteen feet in length? Why, Sir, he will snap your shaft in two as a thread! He will swallow you, weapon and all! There! Oh, my God, he has done it! Just as I thought! Farewell, my poor friend!

"There was a huge fount—an awful splashing for a few moments—and the white spray was flung high in the air! The gentleman on shore closed his eyes, and, staggering back a few paces, uttered a deep groan. When he looked for the first time he saw no one. His friend was gone. Surely, thought he, he is dead. But there is no redness of the waters. Could he have been swallowed alive at one gulp? Horrible thought! No, no, there he is! He rises from the briny waters alive and well, but stunned and almost stupefied by the intensely exciting contest in which he had been engaged. He is astonished, and wonders that he is alive. He looks around, expecting to see the shark still coming toward him and rolling upon his side. 'Where is he?' he cries, in amazement. His friend, with tears of joy streaming from his eyes, points with his hand toward the sea. They looked and saw in wonder. There went the monster, flying as an arrow from a well-strung bow out to his native sea, there to die, as a wounded kite, alone! And, as far as the eye could see, they beheld the shaft of the 'graine' or 'gig' sticking from his throat, and quivering in the air, from the rapidity of his motion, as the bare mast of a vessel whose sails have been rent into tatters and blown away by the storm! Oh, it was a wonderful Providence! and who can imagine the heartfelt gratitude which must have swelled almost to bursting the heart of the man thus rescued by the strong hand of Jehovah! For, although he saw it not, it was God's broad hand which held the shaft, and God's brawny arm which drove the frail weapon into the monster's throat. But it was as effectual as David's little sling against Goliath, the vain braggadocio, who defied God's army!

"And oh! Sir, if my friend went not forth *dry-shod*, but dripping wet—if the waters did not rise up on either side as a frozen wall—yet, Sir, when



"MY GOD, HE HAS DONE IT!—FAREWELL, MY POOR FRIEND!"

he reached the hard beach he could look back upon his still-retreating foe, and with tears of grateful joy his heart could hum the same song which Moses sang when he saw that God had overthrown his enemies in the deep waters. Surely God is great; and his ways are not as ours, and his Providence is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

When the reverend gentleman finished his narrative I drew a long breath and thanked him for the moral lesson it conveyed of the goodness and power of God.

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

By CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

HAD Fortune decreed that I should be rich, I believe I would have been the most popular of men. There is such a natural kindness of disposition in me, blended with the most refined sense of discrimination. I love humanity in the aggregate, and, at the same time, with a rare delicacy of sentiment, I can follow through all the tortuous windings of the heart, and actually sympathize in emotions that I never experienced. No rank is too exalted, no lot too humble, for the exercise of my benevolence. I have sat in my arm-chair with a beating, throbbing heart, as I imagined the troubles of a king, and I have drunk my Bordeaux with tears of gratitude as I fancied myself a peasant with only water to slake his thirst. To a man of highly organized temperament, the privations themselves are not necessary to eliminate the feelings they would otherwise excite. Coarseness would require starvation to produce the sense of hunger, nakedness to cause that of cold, and so on; the gift can be in rags while inclosed in a wadded dressing-gown; they can go superfluous to bed after a meal of oysters and toasted cheese; they can, if they will, be fatally wounded as they sit over their wine, or cast away after shipwreck with their feet on the fender. Great privileges all these; happy is he who has them, happy are they amidst whom he tries to spread the blessings of his inheritance.

Amidst the many admirable traits which I recognize in myself—and of which I speak not boastfully, but gratefully, being accidents of my nature as far removed from my own agency as the color of my eyes or the shape of my nose—of these, I say, I know of none more striking than such as fit me to be a patron. I am graceful as a lover, touching as a friend, but I am really great as a protector.

Reveling in such sentiments as these, I stood at my window looking at the effect of moonlight on the Falls. It seemed to me as though in the grand spectacle before my eyes I beheld a sort of illustration of my own nature, wherein generous emotions could come gushing, foaming, and falling, and yet the source be never exhausted, the flood ever at full. I ought parenthetically to observe that the Champagne was excellent, and that I had drunk the third glass of the second bottle to the health of the Widow Cluquet herself. Thus standing and musing, I was startled by a noise behind me, and, turning round, I saw one of the smallest of men, in a little red jacket and short yellow breeches, carefully engaged in spreading a small piece of carpet on the floor, a strip like a very diminutive hearth-rug. This done, he gave a little wild exclamation of "Ho!" and cut a somersault in the air, alighting on the flat of his back, which he announced by a like cry of "Ha!" He was up again, however, in an instant, and repeated the performance three times. He was about, as I judged by the arrangement of certain chairs, to proceed to the exercise equally diverting, when I stopped him by asking who he was.

"Your excellency," said he, drawing himself up to his full height of, say, four feet, "I am Väterchen!"

Every one knows what provoking things are certain chance resemblances, how disturbing to the right current of thought, how subverting to the free exercise of reason. Now this creature before me, in his deeply indented temples, high narrow forehead, aquiline nose, and resolute chin, was marvelously like the certain great field-marshal with whose features, notwithstanding the portraits of him, we are all familiar. It was not of the least use to me that I knew he was not the illustrious general, but simply a mountebank. There were the stern traits, haughty and defiant, and do what I would the thought of the great man would clash with the capers of the little one. Owing to this impression, it was impossible for me to address him without a certain sense of deference and respect.

"Will you not be seated?" said I, offering him a chair, and taking one myself. He accepted with all the quiet ease of good-breeding, and smiled contentedly as I filled a glass and passed it toward him.

I pressed my hand across my eyes for a moment, while I reflected, and I muttered to myself,

"Oh, Potts, if instead of a tumbler this had really been the hero, what an evening might this be! Lives there that man in Europe so capable of feeling in all its intensity the glorious privilege of such a meeting? Who, like you, would listen to the wisdom distilling from those lips? Who would treasure up every trait of voice, accent, and manner, remembering not alone every anecdote, but every expression? Who, like you, could have gracefully led the conversation so as to range over the whole wide ocean of that great life, taking in battles, and storms, and stormings, and congresses, and scenes

of all that is most varied and exciting in existence? Would not the record of one such night, drawn by you, have been worth all the cold compilations and bleak biographies that ever were written? You would have presented him as he sat there in front of you." I opened my eyes to point from the model, and there was the little dog, with his legs straight up on each side of his head and forming a sort of Gothic arch over his face. The wretch had done the feat to amuse me, and I almost fainted with horror as I saw it.

"Sit down, Sir," said I, in a voice of stern command. "You little know the misery you have caused me."

I refilled his glass and closed my eyes once more. In my old pharmaceutical experiences I had often made bread pills, and remembered well how, almost invariably, they had been myself successful. What relief from pain to the agonized sufferer had they not given! What slumber to the sleepless! What appetite, what vigor, what excitement! Why should not the same treatment apply to morals as to medicine? Why, with faith to aid one, can not he induce every wished-for mood of mind and thought? The lay figure to support the drapery supplies for the artist, the Venus herself is in his brain. Now, if that little fellow there would neither cut capers nor speak, I ask no more of him. Let him sit firmly by the door, and stare me boldly in the face that way.

"Yes," said I, "lay your hand on the arm of your chair so, and let the other be clenched thus." And so I placed him. "Never utter a word, but nod to me at rare intervals."

He has since acknowledged that he believed me to be deranged; but as I seemed a harmless case, and he could rely on his activity for escape, he made no objection to my directions. The less, too, that he enjoyed his fine immensely, and was at liberty to drink as he pleased.

"Now," thought I, "one glance, only one, to see that he poses properly."

All right, nothing could be better. His face was turned slightly to one side, giving what the painters call action to the head, and he was perfect. I now resigned myself to the working of the spell, and already I felt its influence over me. Where and with what was I to begin? Numberless questions thronged to my mind. I wanted to know a thousand disputed things, and fully as many that were undisputed. I felt that as such another opportunity would assuredly never present itself twice in my life, that the really great use of the occasion would be to make every inquiry subsidiary to my own case, to make all my investigations what Germans would call "Potts-wise." My intensest anxiety was then to ascertain if, like myself, his grace started in life with very grand aspirations.

"Did you feel, for instance, when playing practical jokes on the maid of honor in Dublin, some six odd years ago, that you were only in sportive vein throwing off so much light ballast to make room for the weightier material that was to steady you in the storm-tossed sea before you? Have you experienced the almost necessity of these little expansions of eccentricity as I have? Was there always in your heart, as a young man, as there is now in mine, a profound contempt for the opinions of your contemporaries? Did you continually find yourself repeating, 'Respecte fitem! Mark where I shall be yet?'" There was another investigation which touched me still more closely, but it was long before I could approach it. I saw all the difficulty and the delicacy of the inquiry, but with that same recklessness of consequences, which would make me catch a queen by the back hair if I was drowning, I clutched at this discovery now, and, although trembling at my boldness, asked: "Was your grace ever afraid?"

I know the impertinence of the question, but if you only guessed how it concerns me, you'd forgive me. Nature has made me many things, but my courage. Nothing on earth could induce me to risk life; the more I reason about it the greater grows my repugnance. Now, I would like to hear, is this what anatomists call congenital? Am I likely to grow out of it? Shall I ever be a dare-devil, intrepid, fire-eating sort of creature? How will the change come over me? Shall I feel it coming? Will it come from within, or through external agencies? And when it has arrived, what shall I become? Am I destined to drive the Zouaves into the sea by a bayonet charge of the North Cork Rifles, or shall I only be great in council, and take weekly trips in the *Fairy to Cowes*? I'd like to know this, and begin a course of preparation for my position, as I once knew of a militia captain who hardened himself for a campaign by sleeping every night with his head on the window-stool."

As I opened my eyes I saw the stern features in front of me. I thought the words, "I was never afraid, Sir!" rang through my brain till they filled every ventricle with their din.

"Not at Assaye?"

"No, Sir."

"Not the Douro?"

"No, Sir."

"Not at Torres Vedras?"

"I tell you again, no, Sir!"

Whether I uttered this last with any uncommon degree of vehemence or not, I so frightened Väterchen that he cut a somersault clean over the chair, and stood grinning at me through the rails at the back of it. I motioned to him to be reseated, while, passing my hand across my brow, I waved away the bright illusions that beset me, and, with a heavy sigh, re-entered the dull world of reality.

"You are a clown," said I, meditatively. "What is a clown?"

He did not answer me in words, but, placing his hands on his knees, stared at me steadfastly, and then, having fixed my attention, his face

performed a series of the most fearful contortions I ever beheld. With one horrible spasm he made his mouth appear to stretch from ear to ear; with another, his nose wagged from side to side; with a third, his eyebrows went up and down alternately, giving the different sides of his face two directly antagonistic expressions. I was shocked and horrified, and called to him to desist.

"And yet," thought I, "there are natures who can delight in these, and see in them matter for mirth and laughter!"

"Old man," said I, gravely, "has it ever occurred to you that in this horrible commixture of expression, wherein grief wars with joy and sadness with levity, you are like one who, with a noble instrument before him, should, instead of sweet sounds of harmony, produce wild, unearthly discords, the jangling bursts of fiend-like voices?"

"The Tintenfleck can play indifferently well, your excellency," said he, humbly. "I never had any skill that way myself."

Oh, what a crassa natura was here! What a triple wall of dullness surrounds such dark intelligences!

"And where is the Tintenfleck? Why is she not here?" asked I, anxious to remove the discussion to a ground of more equality.

"She is without, your excellency. She did not dare to present herself till your excellency had desired, and is waiting in the corridor."

"Let her come in," said I, grandly; and I drew my chair to a distant corner of the room, so as to give them a wider area to appear in, while I could at the same time assume that attitude of splendid ease and graceful protection I have seen a prince accomplish on the stage at the moment the ballet is about to begin. The door opened, and Väterchen entered, leading Tintenfleck by the hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I was quite right—Tintenfleck's entrée was quite dramatic. She tripped into the room with a short step, nor arrested her run till she came close to me, when, with a deep courtesy, she bent down very low, and then, with a single spring backward, retreated almost to the door again. She was very pretty—dark enough to set at naught, with a rich brilliancy of skin never seen among that race, for she was a Calabrian; and as she stood there, with her arms crossed before her, and one leg firmly advanced, and with the foot—a very pretty foot—well planted, she was like—all the Italian peasants one has seen in the National Gallery for years back. There was the same look, half-defiant, half-shy; the same elevation of sentiment in the brow, and the same coarseness of the mouth; plenty of energy, enough and to spare of daring; but no timidity, no gentleness.

"What is she doing?" asked I of the old man, as I overheard a whisper pass between them. "Tell me what she has just said to you."

"It is nothing, your excellency—she is a fool."

"That she may be; but I insist on hearing what it was she said."

He seemed embarrassed and ashamed, and instead of replying to me, turned to address some words of reproach to the girl.

"I am waiting for your answer," said I, peremptorily.

"It is the saucy way she has gotten, your excellency, all from over-flattery; and now that she sees there is no audience here, none but your excellency, she is impatient to be off again. She'll never do any thing for us on the night of a thin house."

"Is this the truth, Tintenfleck?" asked I.

With a wild volubility, of which I could not gather a word, but every accent of which indicated passion if not anger, she poured out something to the other, and then turned as if to leave the room. He interposed quickly, and spoke to her, at first angrily, but at last in a soothing and entreating tone, which seemed gradually to calm her.

"There is more in this than you have told, Väterchen," said I. "Let me know at once why she is impatient to get away."

"I would leave it to herself to tell your excellency," said he, with much confusion, "but that you could not understand her mountain dialect. The fact is," added he, after a great struggle with himself—"the fact is, she is offended at your calling her 'Tintenfleck.' She is satisfied to be so named among ourselves, where we all have similar nicknames; but that you, a great personage, high, and rich, and titled, should do so, wounds her deeply. Had you said—"

Here he whispered me in my ear, and almost inadvertently I repeated after him "Catinka."

"Si, si, Catinka," said she, while her eyes sparkled with an expression of wildest delight, and at the same instant she bounded forward and kissed my hand twice over.

I was glad to have made my peace, and placing a chair for her at the table, I filled out a glass of wine and presented it. She only shook her head in dissent, and pushed it away.

"She has odd ways in every thing," said the old man; "she never eats but bread and water. It is her notion that if she were to taste other food she'd lose her gift of fortune-telling."

"So then, she reads destiny, too?" said I, in astonishment.

Before I could inquire further she swept her hand across the strings of her guitar and broke out into a little peasant song. It was very melodious, but pleasing. Of course I knew nothing of the words nor the meaning, but it seemed as though one thought kept ever and anon recurring in the melody, and would continue to rise to the surface, like the air bubbles

in a well. Satisfied apparently by the evidences of my approval, she had no sooner finished than she began another. This was somewhat more pretentious, and, from what I could gather, represented a parting scene between a lover and his mistress. There was, at least, a certain action in the song which indicated this. The fervent earnestness of the lover, his entreaties, his prayers, and at last his threatenings, were all given with effect, and there was actually good acting in the stolid defiance she opposed to all; she rejected his vows, refused his pledges, scorned his menaces; but when he had gone and left her, when she saw herself alone and desolate, then came out a gush of the most passionate sorrow, all the pent-up misery of a heart that seemed to burst with its weight of agony.

If I was in a measure entranced while she was singing, such was the tension of my nerves as I listened that I was heartily glad when it was over. As for her, she seemed so overcome by the emotion she had paraded that she bent her head down, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed twice or thrice convulsively.

I turned toward Väterchen to ask him some question, I forget what, but the little fellow had made such good use of the decanter beside him while the music went on that his cheeks were a bright crimson, and his little round eyes shone like coals of fire.

"This young creature should never have fallen among such as you!" said I, indignantly; "she has feeling and tenderness—the powers of expression she wields all evidence a great and gifted nature. She has, so to say, noble qualities."

"Noble, indeed!" croaked out the little wretch, with a voice hoarse from the strong Burgundy.

"She might, with proper culture, adorn a very different sphere," said I, angrily. "Many have climbed the ladder of life with humbler pretensions."

"Ay, and stand on one leg on top of it, playing the tambourine all the time," hiccoughed he in reply.

I did not fancy the way he carried out my figure, but went on with my reflections:

"Some, but they are few, achieve greatness at a bound—"

"That's what she does," broke he in. "Twelve hoops and a drum behind them, at one spring—she comes through like a flying-fish."

I don't know what an angry rejoinder was on my lips to this speech, when there came a tap at my door. I arose at once and opened it. It was François, with a polite message from Mrs. Keates, to say how happy it would nuke her "if I felt well enough to join her and Miss Herbert at tea." For a second or two I knew not what to reply. That I was "well enough" François was sure to report, and in my flushed condition I was, perhaps, the picture of an exaggerated state of convalescence; so, after a moment's hesitation, I muttered out a blundering excuse on the plea of having a couple of friends with me, "who had chanced to be just passing through the town on their way to Italy."

I did not think François had time to report my answer, when I heard him again at the door. It was, with his mistress's compliments, to say she "would be charmed if I would induce my friends to accompany me."

I had to hold my hand on my side with laughter as I heard this message, so absurd was the proposition and so ridiculous seemed the notion of it. This, I say, was the first impression made upon my mind; and then, almost as suddenly, there came another and very different one. "What is the mission you have embraced, Potts?" asked I of myself. "If it have a but or an object, is it not to overthrow the mean and unjust prejudices, the miserable class distinctions, that separate the rich from the poor, the great from the humble, the gifted from the ignorant? Have you ever proposed to yourself a nobler conquest than over that vulgar tyranny of caste and proscription, lord it over humble fortune? Have you imagined a higher triumph than to make the man of purple and fine linen feel happy in the companionship of him in smock-frock and high-lows? Could you ask for a happier occasion to open the campaign than this? Mrs. Keates is an admirable representative of her class; she has all the rigid prejudices of her condition; her sympathies may rise, but they never fall; she can feel for the sorrows of the well-born, she has no concern for vulgar afflictions. How admirable the opportunity to show her that grace, and genius, and beauty are of all ranks! And Miss Herbert, too, what a test it will be of her! If she really have greatness of soul, if there be in her nature a spirit that rises above petty conventionalities and miserable ceremonials, she will take this young creature to her heart like a sister. I think I see them with arms entwined—two lovely flowers on one stalk—the dark crimson rose and the pale hyacinth! Oh, Potts! this would be a nobler victory to achieve than to rend battalions with grape, or ride own squadrons with the crash of cavalry—I will come, François," said I. Tell Mrs. Keates that she may expect us immediately."

I took especial care in my dialogue to keep this prying fellow outside the room, and to interpose in every attempt that he made to obtain a peep within. In this I perfectly succeeded, and dismissed him without his being able to report any one circumstance about my two traveling friends.

My next task was to inform them of my intentions on their behalf; nor was this so easy as might be imagined; for Väterchen had indulged very freely with the wine, and all the mountains of Calabria lay between myself and Tintenfleck. With a great exercise of ingenuity, and more of patience, I did at last succeed in making known to the old fellow that a lady of the highest station and her friend were curious to see them. He only caught my meaning after

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some time, but when he had surmounted the difficulty, as though to show me how thorough he understood the request, and how nicely he appreciated its object, he began a series of facetious contortions of the most dreadful kind, being a sort of programme of what he intended to exhibit to the distinguished company. I repressed this firmly, severely. I explained that an artist in all the relations of private life should be ever the gentleman; that the habits of the stage were no more necessary to carry into the world than the costume. I dilated upon the fact that John Kemble had been deemed fitting company by the First Gentlemen of Europe; and that in this manner could have exposed him to a criticism, it was in, perhaps, a slight tendency to an over-reserve, a cold and almost stern dignity. I'm not sure Väterchen followed me completely, nor understood the anecdotes I introduced about Edmund Kean and Lord Byron, but I now addressed myself pictorially to Tintenfleck—pictorially, I say, for words were hopeless. I signified that a très grande dame was about to receive her. I arose with my skirts expanded in both hands, made a reverent courtesy, throwing my head well back, and looking every inch a duchess. But alas for my power of representation! she burst into a hearty laugh, and had at last to lay her head on Väterchen's shoulder out of pure exhaustion.

"Explain to her what I have told you, Sir, and do not sit grinning at me there like a baboon," said I, in a severe voice.

I can not say how he acquitted himself, but I could gather that a very lively altercation ensued, and it seemed to me as though she resolutely refused to subject herself to any further ordeals of what academicians call a private view. No; she was ready for the ring and the saw-dust, and the drolleries of the men with chalk on their faces, but she would not accept high life on any terms. By degrees, and by arguments of his own ingenious devising, however, he did succeed, and at last she arose with a bound and cried out, "Ecce mi!"

"Remember," said I to Väterchen, as we left the room, "I am doing that which few would have the courage to dare. It will depend upon the dignity of your conduct, the grace of your manners, the well-bred ease of your address, to make me feel proud of my intrepidity, or, sad and painful possibility! retire covered with ineffable shame and discomfort. Do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly," said he, standing erect, and giving even in his attitude a sort of ballroom for future dignity. "Lead on!"

This was more familiar than he had been yet; but I ascribed it to the tension of nerves strung to a high purpose, and rendering him thus inaccessible to other thoughts than of the enterprise before him.

As I neared the door of Mrs. Keate's apartment, I hesitated as to how I should enter. Ought I to precede my friends, and present them as they followed? Or would it seem more easy and more assured if I were to give my arm to Tintenfleck, leaving Väterchen to bring up the rear? After much deliberation, this appeared to be the better course, seeming to take for granted that, although some peculiarities of costume might ask for explanation later on, I was about to present a very eligible and charming addition to the company.

I am scarcely able to say whether I was or was not reassured by the mode in which she accepted the offer of my arm. At first the proposition appeared unintelligible, and she looked at me with one of those wide-eyed stares, as though to say, "What new gymnastic is this? What tour de force, of which I never heard before?" and then, with a sort of jerk, she threw my arm up in the air and made a pirouette under it of some half dozen whirls.

Half reprovingly I shook my head and offered her my hand. This she understood at once. She recognized such a mode of approach as legitimate and proper, and with an artistic shake of her drapery with the other hand and a confident smile she signified she was ready to go "on."

I was once on a time thrown over a horse's head into a slate quarry; a very considerable drop it was, and nearly fatal. On another occasion I was carried in a small boat over the fall of a salmon weir, and hurried along in the flood for almost three hundred yards. Each of these was a situation of excitement and peril, and with considerable confusion as the consequence; and yet I could deliberately recount you every passing phase of my terror, from my first fright down to my complete unconsciousness, with such small traits as would guarantee truthfulness; while of the scene upon which I now adventured I preserve nothing beyond the vaguest and most unconnected memory.

I remember my advance into the middle of the room. I have a recollection of a large silver teacup, and beyond it a lady in a turban; another with long ringlets there was. The turban made a noise like a small steamer, and there was a confusion of voices—about what, I can not tell—that increased the uproar, and we were all standing up and all talking together; and there was what seemed an angry discussion, and then the large turban and the ringlets swept haughtily past me. The turban said, "This is too much, Sir!" and ringlets added, "Far too much, Sir!" and as they reached the door there was Väterchen on his head, with a branch of candles between his feet to light them out, and Tintenfleck, screaming with laughter, threw himself into an arm-chair and clapped a most riotous applause.

I stood a moment almost transfixed, then dashed out of the room, hurried up stairs to my chamber, bolted the door, drew a great clothespress against it for further security, and then threw myself upon my bed in one of those parox-

ysms of mad confusion in which a man can not say whether he is on the verge of inevitable ruin or has just been rescued from a dreadful fate. I would not, if even I could, recount all that I suffered that night. There was not a scene of open shame and disgrace that I did not picture to myself as incurring. I was every where in the stocks or the pillory. I wore a wooden placard on my breast, inscribed, "Potts, the impostor." I was running at top speed before hoisting and yelling crowds. I was standing with a circle of protecting policemen amidst a mob eager to tear me to pieces. I was sitting on a hard stool while my hair was being cropped à la Pentonville, and a gray suit lay ready for me when it was done. But enough of such a dreary record. I believe I cried myself to sleep at last, and so soundly, too, that it was very late in the afternoon ere I awoke. It was the sight of the barricade I had erected at my door gave me the clew to the past, and again I buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly.

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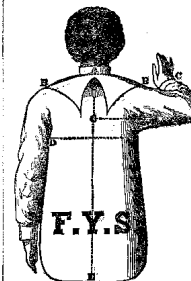


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