

KIT KELVIN'S KERNELS.

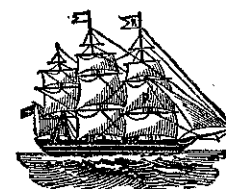
Kelvin. Kit. pseud.

# KIT KELVIN'S

## Kernels.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them :"



NEW YORK:  
ROLLO, PUBLISHER.  
1860.



ENTERED according to Act of Congress in the year 1860, by  
S. A. ROLLO,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of  
New York.

W. H. TINSON, Stereotyper.

TO

A kind friend, a genial writer, and the accomplished  
gentleman,

LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK,

these *Kernels* are inscribed.

## AT THE THRESHOLD.

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THERE are two requisites to make a Book. The first is *Garniture*—its general appearance. This *invites*. The other is *Interest*. This *entraps*.

The RESULT. Your friend 75 cents or \$5, gives you a Warranty Deed to have and to hold possession without a Mortgage.

The Reading Public are Grand Jurors. The Author is the Prisoner. With nervous fear, trembling hope and eager expectancy he awaits the decision from which there is no appeal.

The RESULT. He is either *gibbeted* or *gazetted*.

If there is a failure in the *Garniture*, the Publisher is *winged*. If there is a failure in *Interest*, the Author is *bagged*.

The RESULT. In either case, a delicate position and a certain target.

Reader! You have caught one, "flagrante delicto." *Can*



you, as Juror, be lenient? *Must* you be severe, without mercy, bid the Prisoner, stand! for his sentence.

The RESULT. Non est *inventus*.

What follows? Nolle prosequi.

KIT KELVIN.

KELVINDEN, *March*, 1860.

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## KIT KELVIN'S KERNELS.

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Gregory Ashton.

IN overhauling the papers of a deceased friend, my eyes fell upon a sealed package, addressed "To my early friend, C. J." It was preserved neatly, and sealed with black wax, bearing the coat of arms of my friend's family. Upon the cover was also written, "To be opened only by the addressed." I placed it in my pocket for an early examination.

My friend, Frank Rashleigh, had been dead a year. He was of an opulent family—eccentric in his life—some thought studiously so. He had received a university education at C—, but from an indifference of feeling, with a slight touch of the lymphatic in his temperament as well as independence of state, he had merely obtained a profession for its name and convenience. As a lawyer he never practised, but spent the most of his time in foreign travel and his own literary pastimes. He had published several volumes which were highly creditable. His style was terse, epigrammatic and easy. But a singular cynical

strain, blending with deep misanthropy, ran through all his writings. It was hardly his nature; at least, I never could harmonize his actions with his pen, to me like the mysterious handwriting upon the wall, unexplained, until the sealed package was opened.

It was the longest night of the year, the 21st of December, that I had disengaged myself from all friends and business engagements, and shut myself in my library, shutters closed, curtains drawn, a hospitable and welcome fire in the grate, and the concomitants of an evening alone. Drawing the package from my private drawer, I broke the seal. Within was a manuscript, fastened with tape, from which dropped this letter:

MY DEAR J—,

February, 18—.

I inclose this unpublished MS. to you. Read it, and then burn it if you choose. To me it is *now* unimportant, and when you read it, will be immaterial, for I shall then be a *brown powder*, or approximating thereto.

You remember when I left for C— for a four years' course of wildness and little study, the general result of an education at universities, where congregate hair-brained juveniles to do abominable deeds and damn thought by squibbing Freshmen, tricking the tutors and harassing the "*Pres.*" My *chum* was Gregory Ashton. His history is this MS. The possessors of the *secrecy* have all gone. I alone remain, but am fast gaining the *outer door*. Poor Gregory!

I know you appreciate literary efforts, particularly such as these life-facts well filled out might embrace. Peradventure you smile at this my legacy, but I fear your smile will be ghastly when you have finished it.

This villainous pain and cough, J—, is wearing me out. Premonitory symptoms of the *grave-worm*! Did you ever in fancy possess these filthy flesh-eaters with *animus*, and imagine how they gloat over poor, dead humanity? How they revel *all alone* among the members! Kissing the lips of proud beauties with their slime, and insulting entombed monarchs by dancing dead waltzes in their eye-sockets! Bah! I feel them already crawling outside my life-door in greedy, hyena impatience. If I make you shudder I will turn a cold shoulder to my imagination forever, for this is my last earthly pencilling. Life's chequered scenes have gnarled my nature. You will not doubt it, and the sooner this frail *cotton* thread of existence is snapped, the better. If this be a wicked desire I shall know it, but not now.

To the end, yours,

FRANK RASHLEIGH

"Poor Frank!" I exclaimed. "Life's outer door has been opened finally, and he has stepped from the threshold into eternity!" I laid aside the letter and took up the MS. It read:

#### THE DEAD OAK.

Beyond life is the untried portion. What is it? Who knows? If it be a duplicate of present existence—if it be a continuation of real earth scenes—then methinks death as an eternal sleep would be a rich grave boon. If it be a perfection of the soul's better, brighter and diviner qualities—if it be a recompense for noble, yet futile, unattained results of bitter, yearning exertions—then death as an eternal sleep is frightfully repulsive.

Moralists and preachers assume the latter theory.

They establish their utterance upon the Bible. It is foolish to doubt; it is better to believe. Why? Because the heavy cargo of Life is easier borne and more patiently endured. The *mystery of Being* hereafter is Hope, Faith and Charity. He who has it not is born of Evil. He who knows it and cannot cherish it, is like a wandering, sheeted ghoul—legibly branded with the scorching impress that damned Cain—LOST!

In life we hear the invisible phalanx of future scenes approaching. Its muffled drum is Presentiment. We dwell upon it and are unhappy; we throw it from us and we are suddenly and fearfully surprised.

Man's immaterial portion, combining all the strength of mysteries connected with a Hereafter, as pitched against his carnal elements, with all the pleasures of real experience, finds a severe struggle—a merciless enemy, and, when subdued, but half conquered.

Follow the *freak* of *being* through a friend's existence. You are staggered at his angular defects. What means the inconsistency cropping out here and there but the battle between the immaterial and the carnal? His light fades in the struggle. What is his recompense?

There is a charm that always lingers to friendship formed at sea. I do not know *why* it is. There may be something in the isolated life; a wild, surging, treacherous world of water about you, laughing at man's ingenuity and slim defiance in a hull—and there are few about you to brave unseen dangers and possibly go down together.

But it is so. Next to this is early attachment. A pet schoolmaster, a genial classmate, cemented stronger than welded iron, if the two dispositions blend and travel more or less life's pilgrimage together.

As the dipping sun threw a parting, jocund ray against the glittering dome of the State House at B—, the stage-coach left me at my boarding-house, which was to be my home for four years, if perchance I should demean myself well within some huge brick walls that loomed near. An ablution and a brush had made me fresher, and I entered the tea-room with a sharp appetite. A fine specimen of an African pointed to a chair and position at the table, and that very spot I occupied so long as I remained. Sometimes it was held through force, but I contended stoutly for it and had my way. It was my systematic propensity, and that tenacity was finally recognized, and if my ingress was late, there was my position and the chair in readiness. The table was well filled by those about my own age, who, like myself, had either come for matriculation, or, had already rubbed out more or less of the stipulated number of years of study.

Opposite me sat a young man whose appearance riveted my attention from among them all. His face was already touched with manly lines that ordinarily belong to those much older. There was a sternness about his mouth, and yet it was a winning one. There was a decision in his eye, yet it was gentle. A proud Roman nose, and hair of luxuriant growth, slightly curling, sufficiently so to mark

the distinction from straight, obstinate locks. He wore a *négligé* tie with his collar partly turned over. Although there was nothing affected in his costume, yet it became his air, mien and looks rarely. His dark eye fell upon me, rested a moment and then left me. It was a glance quick, piercing and observant. I have noticed it often since, as, also, when black passions harrowed his soul to desperation, it has been fed with latent fires and darted sparks that scorched to incineration. His eyes were beautiful, yet fearful. From his mold I detected great muscular power and vigor. His gait was dignity and grace.

Among the older ones was a chattering conversation of English and classical quotations with an occasional dropping of the voices into confidential murmurs, perhaps at some fresh one's expense, for laughter was not wanting. During the meal, I detected the keen eye that had read me taking each in turn until it had completed the circle. My conclusions were, he also had just arrived—a stranger—and upon this supposition I mentally resolved to early make his acquaintance, for I was irresistibly forced to do it. It was the obverse of that repulsiveness which drives us from persons and objects with silent and willing consent. His intuition was certainly remarkable and his memory as strong as the ribbed masonry of creation.

I had passed from the table, and was throwing lingering looks toward my native home—experiencing a slight sinking of the heart, in this, my utter and first loneliness, as a mellow voice addressed me. I say it was mellow, yet markedly decisive :

“Are you here for matriculation?”

I turned and met that eye. My hand was thrown out to meet one already extended.

“Sympathetic union,” burst from my lips, involuntarily. He grasped my hand, wrung it, and exclaimed almost with exultation :

“I knew it must be so ! My name is Gregory Ashton.”

“And mine, Frank Rashleigh.”

“And what God joins let not man divide,” he responded, with heavy emphasis.

The strangeness was over. We were friends, and old friends.

“I arrived to-day from Virginia—my first appearance North,” he quietly remarked, with a comical smile. “I do not know how the atmosphere will agree with me ; but I trust favorably. Have you noticed our mess ?”

“Not reliably.”

“Should I live to be as old as Seth, of Genesis, I shall not alter my impressions. There is one certainly around that table I can never love. He is handsome, but his indications are treacherous. You see, I am diving almost before I can swim ; but it is my nature—I cannot help it.”

Gregory was correct. In all the four years he never changed his opinions formed of each living soul at the time I first caught his eye. Neither had he cause to do it. They were as he had read them.

The gates of morning opened splendidly over the gloom of night. It was the day of matriculation. The declining sun crowned Gregory with his first laurels. He passed a

brilliant examination, and I saw the Faculty had already *gazetted* him. It could not be otherwise. That mind immortal was burnished like sun-light. Ah! could it always have so remained without the rust of this imperfect existence. But what polish will not grow dim, yet leave a melancholy trace of supernal lustre once its own? Shade of Ashton! how my heart bleeds! That eye is closed, and forever dimmed. Like a meteor, shooting brilliancy for other's gaze of wonder, and perishing by its own brightness, its encircling rays, its cerement, and its burial case.

There are instances of real and perfect friendship—rare in manhood, I allow, unless formed in early life. It is the youth who has his troop of friends—the young man has his selection; but in riper years of middle manhood he stands alone, like the old oak spared in the forest, wrapped in the pride of its stateliness, proud of his estate, and jealous of his would-be compeers who are springing up around him. His friends dazzle in the sunlight of his success; but amid the fogs, damps, and blasts of neutral and uncertain prosperity, they have retreated and coiled themselves snug from the storm.

Gregory was a singular exception to this common truth. In all his college life he had but one intimate beside myself, and yet he was the most popular, the most admired, and the most sought. He had silently established his character for honor, nobleness and daring, without effort, without artificiality. He stood the first in all things. It was not necessary for him to apply himself assiduously, and

yet he was never idle—never allowed his mind to be unoccupied.

Percy Dashwood was his other friend. The only son of a proud, princely East India merchant, a resident of the town, who plumed himself upon his family and his wealth. The son inherited his father's beauty, high feeling, and was reckless even to indiscretion. These combinations of character charmed Gregory, and mingled well with his own feelings. The father very naturally looked with grateful satisfaction upon such a representative as Percy, and had early trained him for self-reliance, courage, and ambition. He had just returned from abroad, where he had passed the winter and spring in Italy, and his summer in Switzerland, with Percy and his sister Edith, and had entered his son at the same time with Gregory and myself.

A foreign voyage upon a young man is suggestive of superciliousness; but the charm of Percy was his entire want of any such constituent. His pride lacked arrogance as much as his beauty lacked effeminacy. With the proud blood of his father, he, too, looked upon his family with lofty satisfaction; and his sister Edith he treasured as he would his mother's dust. She was his beau-ideal of woman, his rosary and tutelar deity. I can never forget the brilliant joy that covered his face when Gregory first met her, and bent his dark eye upon her, and *lingered it there*. I was watching him. His eye shone diamonds, and his mouth was wreathed with an intoxicating smile. He worshipped Gregory, and would have hazarded his soul's salvation for his life. The sincerity of his attach-

ment was fully appreciated, and Gregory always favored him like a younger brother. It was an infinitely happy contrast—Percy with his youthful, extravagant, enwrapped admiration, and Gregory with his ardent, protecting love.

We had been invited to an evening party at Percy's house. Gregory ordinarily avoided miscellaneous company, and could hardly endure a "*crush*," as he called soirées. "They are stifling to the nobler qualities, and crush out one's manhood, Frank. Yet it is well, I suppose. I wish I could sympathize with such cheery gatherings. We shall see that treasure of Percy's to-night; but I would sell twelve years of my existence *not* to go. Still, it will not do to decline—I love Percy."

"Well," I exclaimed, "you have the power to indurate."

"Ah! you a weird too! Yes! it is sympathetic union. That expression I shall never forget. It was apt. It is truth. Let us say no more, but go."

Even intimacy could not suggest a compromising reply when Gregory emphasized his utterance. We went. Not a remark passed our lips until we rang the bell. Then Gregory bent his head to my ear and whispered meaningly, "At *the* threshold at last." Six years from that very night he finished the sentence with his expiring breath. I detected a slight moisture in his imperial eye, but it was but momentary. The servant ushered us in, and we were amid ~~mirrors~~ mirrors, rosewood, Italian vases, beautiful paintings, and all the perishing splendor of society, at the Dashwoods'. It was Edith's party, celebrating her return, the last season, from the continent. Percy was at our side in

a moment, and immediately taking Gregory's arm, led us to his mother. "Mother, my friend, Ashton—Mr. Rashleigh." There was a calm self-confidence about her reply, "Mr. Ashton, I have heard of you through Percy; I am happy to see you." Gregory inclined forward with his native grace to receive the delicate hand partially extended, and replied: "Madam, I am grateful to find a friend in your son." It was all he said, but it was enough, for the mother, with a new joy in her eye, retained his hand, as she replied:

"You are welcome."

"Gregory," exclaimed Percy, "we are all your friends. Mother pets me and I am her mouthpiece—come." As Gregory turned to follow his classmate, I saw the slightest hesitancy for an instant; but the next, that proud, decided gait told whatever the feeling was, it was even then conquered.

At the other end of the room, surrounded by fair damsels and her many admirers, stood Edith. She was earnestly engaged in conversation. I cannot, yet I must describe her as she then appeared to me. A figure magnificently molded—her waist lithe as the pliant osier, with the charms of womanhood gracefully curving a rich bodice, fitting superbly her person. Her foot and ankle suggestive of the mazy waltz—a hand peerless as the fair maids of Judea. Her lips full with a tint as rich and mellow as the sunny vintage of Oporto; and her voice that rang like the chime of silver bells. Her soft, chestnut hair shaded a face of matchless beauty, while her rich blue eye



shot glances from under arched eyebrows and long, pendent lashes.

There was but one expression from Gregory's lips. I do not think Percy heard it. It was suppressed, but fearfully distinct—"Ye Gods!" It came from the centre of his heart. He could not help it. He did not know it. "Sister, allow me a moment's interruption—Gregory Ashton—Mr. Rashleigh," and Percy moved aside. It was then I saw that secret joy, as he gazed upon the two beings he most loved in all the world.

Edith's blush was perfect. I wish her sex could always look as she did then. The fairest, faintest, yet the most finished of its kind. Gregory's gaze was that of rapt admiration. It was the look of the perfection of expectancy fully satisfied.

I had now translated his unwillingness to be present. He knew all this before he left his room.

"Percy has introduced the likeness often, but not the person." Edith said this gaily.

The spell was broken, and Gregory unhesitatingly replied: "Could the likeness on canvas speak, it would often say to beholders, Spare your criticism."

"Excellent!" broke in Percy. "Come, Gregory, to my father." As Gregory turned, Edith's eye followed him. I know not what she *said*, but I do know what she *thought*.

Mr. Dashwood met us in his princely way, passed a few words, and the gaieties of the evening commenced.

It was three in the morning when we left the house.

As Gregory threw himself upon his bed, he groaned. He did not speak; in ten minutes he was asleep.

We were both worthless the next day. Gregory said the vintage held over, and took precedence over devotion and study. He spoke highly of the wine, but Edith was not mentioned.

The suburbs of C—— are the finest in the world. Italy has her horizon; Switzerland her mountains; France her vintages; Germany her weird scenery; England her prim neatness, and the States their diversity to charm.

There is an enthusiastic mist on the vision of boyhood, and descriptions of foreign parts glow with all the captivating splendor of a fairy tale; meet it eye to object, and it is earth, only. The Almighty had no partiality in creation. You cannot find an ugly face on woman but what is recompensed by some creditable trait of character, kindness or sympathy.

My native village, with its elms, maples, and sleeping stillness, I would not exchange for all the Baden Badens or Boulevards of the Continent.

About C—— nature is lavish. Near it, is the ripple of ocean; with it and from it, is God's picture—the country.

Gregory and myself had a spot we often frequented, some distance from the University—a woodland near the highway—and morning and evening we paid there a pilgrimage. It was here Gregory told me of his mother.

"Frank, you say I am old in feeling. I cannot contra-

diet you. The reason, I ascribe to early boyhood sorrow. I have a perfect recollection of my mother. I loved her beyond the imagery of words. I was eight years old—a foolish, headstrong boy. My great propensity, to the alarm of my mother, was to be upon the water, and I have often stolen away to satisfy such a desire. Upon one occasion, my mother was not well, and my father was absent from home. Calling me to her side, she said: ‘Gregory, you will not leave me to-day to go upon the water, will you? Go into the park and amuse yourself. If I want you, Pompey will come for you.’ With this she bent her head and kissed me fervently. It was the last time I ever saw her alive. About a mile from Woodlawn—the name of my home—was a beautiful lake, and from the park I could just discern the shimmer of sunlight upon its waters. That afternoon a party of fellow-boys had urged me to accompany them for a swim, and my eyes were strained to catch sight of them. The evil moment came and withered my goodness. It was oppressively sultry, and how cool would be the water. The tempter whispered: It will be only a short time—go! I was upon the beach in fifteen minutes—breathless. A yell of exultation was sent up from the boat as it hastened to receive me. I was enjoying the plunge as a cry of agony startled me. One of the party had sunk. Some of us remained by the boat, while others swam ashore to give the alarm. But the boy never rose, nor was the body recovered until the succeeding day. The alarm spreading like wildfire, reached the ears of my mother. Pompey

was immediately sent in quest of me, but I was not to be found. ‘It is he—my Gregory,’ were my mother’s last words—she died before I arrived. Frank, for this treacherous baseness a curse will follow my affection for woman. It ought.”

“But”——

“Excuse me. I feel it, I know it.”

I could not express it, but I felt Gregory had a subtle feeling of destiny lingering about him, and growing stronger each year of his existence.

I really believe there are minds so strongly imbued with prescience, that the future is clearly traced before them, at least overpowering them with foreboding clouds. Yet Gregory was always cheerful and enjoyed merriment seemingly as well as myself.

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Gregory’s intimacy with Percy increased. He called at times upon the family, but his visits were not frequent nor of long duration. Miss Dashwood was sought by many worthy and ardent admirers, but they were unsuccessful. She retained her elasticity of spirit, and dazzled the world wherever she went. Her self-command toward Gregory, at all times, was admirable; but I fancied her heart favored him. Two years after, my suppositions were substantiated.

We had entered our Junior year, and were fast counting the time yet to spend within the University. Gregory

had changed. His form was more manly, his features a little more defined, and his mien was dignified and graceful. If he did not possess real manly beauty, I know not what it is. He was one that woman only saw to adore. If he ever allowed himself to detect such weakness, it was forgotten studiously.

We were taking our usual morning walk to the Woodland, and had reached the gate through which we passed. As Gregory placed his hand upon the button, a rapid clattering of hoofs was heard. He turned, exclaiming: "Good God! Frank, look!"

I cast my eyes up the road and a sight met them that made me shudder. It was a lady upon a frantic horse dashing toward us with the speed of death. Her hat was partly off, and her face pale as the shrouded dead, while her tresses were streaming in the wind. It was Edith Dashwood.

"She must be saved!" was scarcely uttered, as Gregory, like a famished wolf, gave one bound upon the beast as he was tearing past. The finger of God was there. He fastened upon the mane, and clinging with the tenacity of desperation and the strength of a tiger, placed his foot upon the reins at the bit, and brought down the proud head of the maddened steed with a fearful impetus. He was checked—fatally. The beast swaying, yielding and giving way, Gregory saw it, and quick as the electric fluid—strongly, yet gently, he threw his right arm about the waist of the rider and leaped backwards unharmed with his precious charge, as the steed rolled over heavily upon the ground—his neck broken.

Shuddering, Edith faintly articulated, "You have saved me, Mr. Ashton."

"For which, Miss Dashwood, I humbly, yet gratefully thank God."

He was about removing his arm. "Excuse me, Mr. Ashton, I feel weak—foolishly so. If you will kindly support me a moment—my father must be just behind." Her head fell, and was closely pillowed upon Gregory's chest. It was the happiest moment of Edith Dashwood's existence. I would pledge my earthly felicity that she would have hazarded her life again for the same ecstatic state.

Poor little heart! when she raised her beautiful head, I saw just one small tear-drop glittering like pearl upon Gregory's waistcoat. But there was none upon her face.

As Mr. Dashwood spurred up, his face was full of intense anxiety and extreme terror. But Edith's position brought joy, sudden and full, back to him.

"Father, my preserver!"

The proud man leaped from his saddle, and grasping Gregory's hand, kissed it fervently and wet it with tears. Yes! he had a heart.

It was some time before he found utterance, and then it was broken.

"I cannot—may God reward you, sir."

What would Edith have done if it were then and there within her power?

Heart of woman—what?

As we separated, Edith threw a glance to Gregory, and in her most winning accents said:

"You are too much of a stranger to us all."

"You shall ever and always be warmly received," added her father.

Gregory lifted his cap and gracefully threw a kiss from his fingers. It was the only language he could command, for there was moisture in his eye.

He walked to the riderless steed and placed his foot upon its neck to crush it. "No! it is cowardice even to a beast. But to think how near your cruel speed was fatal to *God's charm*!"

Could Edith have heard that, her little heart would have broken into pieces in very joy.

It was well she did not.

"By the exploits of Hercules, Gregory, you"——

"Not a word, Frank! The scene is over and forever. Why dwell upon an act of common humanity—of duty?"

But even this extraordinary self-command had its surface, for the scene lingered freshly in Gregory's mind until his last pulsation.

A true, righteous and noble memory of agonizing self-sacrifice. It was not pride that choked the confession of love—it was not malice of heart; but that poisonous, subtle feeling of Fate.

The rapture of Percy was without limit. He recognized Gregory after this as one loaned from heaven.

I noticed after this period, Gregory's mind delighted in hard problems and abstruse theories; and he said he wished he could find one puzzle in all the studies that would make him jealous of it.

From the rescue I date a fearful foreboding in Gregory's mind, that Edith's happiness would be utterly and fearfully blasted by his instrumentality. There were a greater number of empty cases of sherry in the waste room than formerly accumulated there. I used to tell him when he dressed for an evening at the Dashwoods', that he looked miserably, and intentionally so.

"Do you really think it, Frank? Well! it would be malicious if I should think better of myself for it, I suppose;" and a smile and a favorite quotation from Horace in his ode to Murena, generally followed:

"Sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
Alteram sortem bene præparatum  
Pectus." \*

Harry St. John was one of our class. The very person Gregory criticised the first evening we ever met. He was one whose father's wealth and his own personal comeliness made the man. An indifferent scholar, given to extreme waywardness, hazard and the bottle. He delighted in wassail and its frail divinities. Gregory had marked him from the first of his college life—but invariably held charity over him and never spoke indifferently of his character to the class.

There was a recklessness about St. John that fascinated many—for there are always some scenes to be met and passed at a university where such a character is generally necessary to fill out the *dramatis personæ*.

\* A well prepared soul hopes in adversity and fears in prosperity.

I do not know that he had any real, true friends—but his generosity, or rather careless indifference, in scoring and footing bills of wildness, made him nominally popular. Actual reliability of character he did not possess. His most conspicuous idiosyncrasy was pure jealousy and distrust. I dare say had he been a *charity student*, he would never have figured as the most important character in this MS. But his father was a man of influence in town—a good and just person with a name highly honored and respected. Upon this prestige his son lived.

Spring dawned upon us with its early violets and bursting buds for the last time at C—. One short season, and we went forth as sons from the paternal roof with blessings and well-wishes for future success.

Our class was in want of a subject for dissection. It was true the town gave its encouragements, but such bodies were generally diseased—aggravatingly so. We wanted youth stricken down suddenly, with full physical powers. St. John reported such a case in the neighboring village of W—, where his father resided. It was a young lady who had died enjoying physical vigor, after an illness of one hour from severe pain over the left eye. We seized upon the facts greedily, and a secret session was held. The majority of our class, those that countenanced our *medical* wants, were present. Gregory was placed in the chair, and after a discussion for a few moments, it was resolved that the body should be procured at all hazards on the eve of its burial. It was farther agreed that the persons appointed to carry this project into execution, should

not decline save by the Providence of God. There were to be four only.

Gregory spoke in his measured mellowness of voice—

“Gentlemen, you will proceed to nominate.”

“Gregory Ashton!” exclaimed Percy; “with full command of the party and its operations.”

Gregory slightly bowed, compressing his lips. He expected it. Poor Percy; he knew not what commands would be uttered for himself.

Another voice, “Frank Rashleigh.”

“Percy Dashwood.”

I cast a glance on Gregory. There was a deadly paleness upon his manly face.

“Harry St. John.”

That name must have broken most bitterly over Gregory, for there was evident pain now added to his pallor.

The list was full, and the meeting dissolved.

I endeavored to catch Gregory, but he was gone. I found him in deep metaphysics with an empty bottle on the table. It could not have been half an hour.

The burial was the succeeding day. It came gloomy, overcast, a fit herald of the eventful evening.

Gregory was depressed during the morning, but rallied after dinner, and sent for Percy and St. John. Before the messenger returned, a note was handed in by Mr. Dashwood's servant. I never saw Gregory tremble before. His hand could hardly receive the note. “Pish!” he petulantly exclaimed. “Dissipation will have its recompense,” turning to me. He broke the seal, read it, and threw it to me.

It ran—

DEAR GREGORY:

Edith wishes me to go to town for her this P.M., but you can rely upon my return. I may not be back in time to accompany you to the grave!

PERCY.

"Unfortunate, I fear," emphasized Gregory. I looked at him, I never saw his eye assume the expression it then did. It was not mortal, I'll swear. More I cannot say.

St. John came in.

"You will report yourself here at nine. In the absence of Dashwood I shall be unable to say more until that time," continued Gregory. "And now you will excuse me, St. John, as I do not feel well."

St. John left.

Gregory threw himself upon the sofa after his usual panacea.

Promptly at nine St. John came in.

"You are commendably prompt, Mr. St. John; I believe we are ready—Dashwood is not in from town yet; I fear something has befallen him. We must push out without him. Come, Frank!"

We had disguised ourselves exceedingly well, and felt quite safe in the advent of sad emergencies. The password to be used by us was, *Eternity*. Percy had received it in the morning.

"I do not understand Percy's absence," Gregory whispered, as we went down-stairs.

A carriage was in readiness for us, and we dashed off

with speed over the pavements. The night was propitious; there would be no moon until late.

Gregory's levity came to him as we approached the burial-ground. "Literary resurrectionists! Gad! what a name! It is a dark, moldy speculation to say the least. Frank, do you feel *wormy*?"

I was about to reply, when St. John pulled out a flask and handed it to Gregory.

"Bah!—such courage! I advise you to temperance until we have bagged our subject."

"If it is an order I obey," St. John replied.

"Very well, take it in that sense; it is better."

The flask was replaced.

The road wound around the yard into a dense pine grove. Gregory turned his head merely toward the spectered tombstones, and urged the horses for the wood. At its entrance we alighted, and Gregory, handing me the reins, went forward to the bits.

"There was a turn off hereaway I have noticed for pleasure parties," he said, "and as our visit is purely a ghostly pastime, it is well to find it. Ah! here we are; we will make fast."

The implements were taken from the vehicle, and, headed by Gregory, we cautiously pushed for the grave. St. John had marked the place at the funeral, but still we groped some time in uncertainty before we were successful. St. John came to a stand and awaited for Gregory. "This is the grave," he whispered; "she has scarcely been covered eight hours."

"The easier digging," replied Gregory. "The silence is not to be broken until I speak. You to the foot, St. John. Rashleigh, you to the centre, and I will take the head. Now for it."

There could be no place so near so much life where the grave-robber could work with better success. It was an adventure, too, wholly unsuspected by any one; had the friends of the dead even feared such sacrilege. The town so near, with so many opportunities of procuring subjects, would be naturally taken as the mart.

It was past midnight as we silently bent all our energies for the dead. We worked as men never worked before. We had reached the box, and had raised the coffin upon the brink of the grave as a slight, uncertain noise fell upon our ears. Could I have then seen my own face, the sight would probably have chilled me to death. I felt every drop of blood creeping back to my heart. I knew we were detected. I wished sincerely for immediate dissolution. I was paralyzed.

A heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder. For an instant *I must have died*. But a well-known whisper resuscitated me.

"Push for the entrance, and await my orders. St. John, go to the railing, and see if all is well. I will watch the dead, and defend it with my life. Report instantly if there is trouble. Go!"

We had separated for our posts hardly twenty yards before I heard the voice of Gregory, in solemn, unearthly tones, challenging:

"Who is there? Speak. *The word!* or by the sacred dust of my mother, I will brain you!"

The words were scarcely uttered. I turned involuntarily, just as the moon slowly issued from behind a cloud, and saw the pick descending, crashing into the brain of a figure face to face with Gregory.

A sharp, stifled cry of unearthly agony came from Gregory's lips, and he fell with his victim to the ground. St. John and myself rushed to the spot.

The moon had come out fully. There was a slight foam upon Gregory's lips, tinged with blood.

In his arms, with his beautiful hair dank with blood and brains, and the pick undrawn, quivering yet from the fearful impetus—perfectly dead—lay Percy Dashwood.

I know not what St. John did, but I wept. I could not have lived had I not. He must have been smitten with awful fear, at least, for neither of us had the manhood to unlock the living from the dead.

I always supposed Gregory received a slight apoplectic shock, as he discovered too late the intruder.

Percy had probably planned this to test our courage. We never could reconcile it in any other way.

Slowly Gregory recovered his consciousness, and when he arose he was perfectly calm, but there was not the slightest color in his face.

"Words will not restore our friend. What we do must be done at once. The dead must be exchanged; that is all." It was all Gregory said; it was all that was necessary. It was that noble self-command, too, that saved us all.

The bag was filled, and then, as decently as the circumstances would allow, poor Percy was buried in the same grave. Not a word was spoken during the solemn time, and, after the mold was replaced, and the grave mounded over, Gregory broke the silence :

"Uncover."

Our heads were bared.

"Here, in the presence of the Almighty God and the dead, you separately swear that your lives shall pay the forfeit if you reveal this damned deed of my hellish rashness."

"I swear," was my response.

St. John was silent.

"Swear it !" thundered Gregory, "or by the living God this grave shall cover two," pointing to the fresh mound, and flashing the worst passions the heart of man could cover from his fearful eyes. The pick was raised.

"I swear by all that's holy," shuddered St. John.

"'Tis well—saved," responded Gregory.

What a return was ours !

The dead girl represented poor Percy as well as herself. We were all present but *one* at her dissection.

Circumstances favored the University in the mysterious disappearance of Percy.

It was known he had left for town, and had not returned. Strange as it may appear, there was never an inquiry made at the College, for he had promised his sister he would see her *upon his return* !

It was finally supposed he had been murdered in the city, and his body secreted.

It would be useless to depict the agony of that house. Edith was inconsolable, it nearly killed her.

In a week from that awful night, Gregory was pronounced hopelessly ill of a brain fever. Delirium, which I feared would prove his traitor, had not the power to unlock those dread secrets. He was wild, but his mind was upon his mother and at home. He recognized no one, and yet would take medicine only from my hand.

His illness was supposed to be the effect of Percy's disappearance, Miss Dashwood's situation and his late irregular life, by a few who knew him well. The physician said it was purely *mind*. There were but two living persons that knew the *real* cause.

St. John seemed but little affected. He knew he was safe from discovery, and continuing in the light, trifling manner of living as before, showed his indifference and unfeeling sympathy. The most I feared from him would be dark hints thrown out in his maudlin excesses. But I never knew that he did.

For several days Gregory lay in a comatose state, helplessly gone, and life flickered fitfully with him. He had many warm and earnest inquirers, among them the stricken Mr. Dashwood.

Poor man ! he looked so changed and subdued from his ordinary proud bearing. The silver of grief, too, had gathered rapidly upon his temples.

The mother was crushed ; she never appeared in society again. It was whispered her mind was touched.

At length, Gregory's granite strength began to rally,



and with it reason returned fully, triumphantly, yet with gentle steps.

I had been by his side through the night, gazing with mixed admiration and melancholy upon the smitten oak; beyond the power of man, but not of God. As daylight crept through the glass, he raised his head. "Frank, I am so thirsty, I have been wandering through the Great Sahara, over those sterile burning sands after my mother. A frowning abomination with blood streaming from his great one eye, told me I should find her at the *end*. But, Frank, I am sane now. I am here in our room. Mother is dust, and Percy is in his untimely grave. You are here—and—how is it with the poor God-smitten family?" He turned his eye upon me, threw out his hand, and burst into tears.

I besought him to remain quiet, and told him they bore the blow excellently.

"And Edith," he whispered—the only time he ever syllabled her name so feelingly.

For once I equivocated.

I thought then, and I think so still, it was a sin forgiven as soon as committed.

"She has been here to know how you are," I replied. I watched the effect.

There was a hard compressing of the lips, a slight grating of the teeth, and a groan. Gregory recovered.

The whole College rejoiced. Perhaps I should except *one*.

It was a mournful summer, but it came and went, and our end was nigh.

The appointments were given out. Gregory had the Valedictory. He pleaded in vain to be excused, for his heart was crushed. It was not in study or fame. It was with Percy.

The last day of duties came. An unnatural look became Gregory ill. I rallied him. He shook his head.

"Frank, I have fought Life's battle hard, but I am conquered. The tree is riven by the wrath of Heaven! I bow and wait."

As Gregory's name was called to bid the class adieu, there was a stillness unreal in the vast assembly.

With a slow and measured tread, yet with all his grace and dignity, he appeared. There was a slightly bronzed, sickly hue upon his cheek, but his eye was piercing, full of its old beauty.

There was not one single eye of that whole multitude but what was levelled and chained upon him. *His* was upon his classmates. He knew no other audience. He was talking *with* them, *to* them, and *for* them only.

Full of beauty, strength and brevity, his sentences fell from his lips deeply musical. As he gathered to the peroration, it was hardly the voice of a mortal. Concentrating all his old energies and spirit, he flew rapidly from feeling to pathos, deep and wringing.

"And now, classmates! the word that separates us from each other—our alma mater, and its golden, melancholy memories, is upon my lips. I would it were not mine to utter. But there are minds that can suffer and

endure, formed by the Almighty God, to do penance forever. While I utter it—while my eyes are resting upon you for the last time—I behold a vacancy.

"Full of youth and beauty, and rare attainments, *he* has 'gone down to darkness and the worm,' in mystery. While we gaze for his presence, we weep—weeping we mourn bitterly, utterly and forever. Farewell!"

Staggering back as if smitten with a sudden and awful vision—his right hand still lifted, and his finger pointing in air—his lips colorless—his eye set and glassy, staring at vacancy—Gregory fell upon the stage.

It was a fearful scene.

There was one wild, piercing scream that went up from the audience—not of man, but woman.

Who was it?

You have heard the low moan of the elements before the heavy storm bursts upon you. Such was of that audience.

I saw strong, proud men with large gushing streams running down upon their beards, their heads bowed, themselves crushed with sympathy.

We feared a relapse for Gregory. Yet it did not come.

He told me solemnly—and the shudder is upon me yet, whenever I think of it—that as he pronounced the word Farewell, he saw Percy Dashwood in that vacant place, *with the gory pick in his brain!*

We were to bid our adieus at the Dashwoods'. The mother we did not see. The father appeared a moment, extended his hand—speechless—pressed a farewell, and retired.

Edith was alone with us.

Gregory approached her as she was leaning in the embrasure of the window.

"And now, Miss Dashwood—*Edith*—I must bid you adieu. In the loss you have sustained there is no recompense, I am fully convinced, but in God. But I will be to you a *brother*. Though absent from you, I will protect you—pray for you—yea, weep for you; and should there arise a hand to molest you, so help me God, his life shall be the penalty!"

She turned and fell into his arms.

"*Brother!*" she murmured, but it took her life blood from her. She sobbed in fearful agony, and Gregory's eyes dropped hot, burning tears upon her head.

I stole from the room, heart-broken.

I know not the end of that separation. It was too sacred for inquiry.

As we wound up the walk, he turned one more look.

I saw a pale, beautiful face resting upon a snow-white hand, still waving an adieu, but the motion was even that of *utter sorrow*.

It was the last time I ever saw Edith Dashwood.

The year following we spent in travel.

Gregory sacredly kept his word to Edith. She knew of his whereabouts.

"It is only for a time, Frank! We mortals have our race to run—our part to act upon this shifting stage, and then we drop and are dropped. Why not? Others must come, for we grow stale, and then, you know, we get

weary—yes, very weary—but we *rest* in death, like an infant pillowed upon its mother's breast."

With all this religious feeling courting familiarity with the great leveller, Gregory was inconsistent. Not constantly, but at times, when memory crushed him, he would drown it in the wine cup. It injured him. It was girdling the oak.

But the last great scene is over with him. He has gone to Judgment. I follow, and what will be said of me?

Let us have charity.

If one ever lived that *should* be pardoned for sins committed, it was Gregory. Yet how small man's opinion appears in the eye of the Great God!

If there is a more unfortunate situation for the mind than that of unsatisfied desires, and even these commendable, and yet thoroughly excluded by high feelings of propriety, untoward circumstances and evil chances, I have yet to be convinced. The very persons thus positioned are generally the highly educated and the well-bred, for a common mind is never alive to the nicer feelings of honor. Enwrapped in its own ignorance, its attendants invariably selfishness, distrust and low craft, all results are alike slimed over with a disgusting indifference, having no apprehensions or feelings of uneasiness to sting or harass.

Unfortunate Gregory! his thoughts were moulded in silver, real and unalloyed. He demanded of his mind a tribute thoroughly honorable, without a loop-hole for reproach to dart its forked tongue to hiss, even.

That he loved Edith I never doubted. Had it not been that his hand was stained with her brother's blood, I think he would have married her, despite his fear that a curse might follow. But after that fearful night of tragedy, his heart was riven into a thousand pieces as perfectly as the gnarled oak is splintered by heaven's electricity. At that time he buried Edith too.

St. John, when he left the University, entered the Law School. It was merely to kill time, and to execute his plans. Do you know what they were?

Wait and see!

Agreeable to promise, Gregory passed the autumn with me. As winter approached, I returned with him to Woodlawn; and as spring opened, we went abroad.

I fancied it would benefit Gregory. We visited every place of interest from the Rock of Gibraltar to Moscow. We were absent eighteen months.

I knew he wrote to Miss Dashwood occasionally, but I was not aware he had replies from her until one day, at Berlin, I accidentally saw him intent upon a letter bearing an American post-mark. It was very full, in a small, delicate hand. As he turned it, I detected the name, Edith, at the end.

It contained disagreeable news, for his conduct showed it. It was particularly so, for he afterwards told me.

We had arrived at London, on our way to Liverpool to take the first packet for the States.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey even scarcely interested him. He was in bitter thought, and had

returned with me to our rooms in Cheapside, silent and brooding.

"Frank! do you know that St. John is teasing Edith for an *union*? The jackal that feeds upon the dead would be a better suitor!"

I was thunderstruck. A miserable feeling of horror stole over me. There was a foreboding of bitter evil—of future agony—that made me restless. Gregory saw it.

"Frank! I am he who is to finish all this. It is a malignant disease I battle with, but I shall effectually crush it, mangle, and kill it eternally. Believe me. To Him, fearfully impious as I am, I look for the strength to meet and conquer but a few more scenes in life; say two, and add *the* one to it and it only makes three.

He walked to the glass.

"I see a great change in my manhood since the night we *dug*, and I am fully convinced earth possesses no place that can thoroughly interest me. I am going home to watch, for the night is upon me, and it will be dark—very dark."

Those who go down to the sea have their perils as well as pleasures. We met them. An obstinate gale broke over us, and dismay and confusion covered us. We lost all our standing rigging, our captain and all of the crew but two. Whoever has heard the agonizing wail of the lost at sea can imagine the feelings of four poor, helpless mortals left alone in mid-ocean, upon a miserable raft of the broken wreck. We survived—how, God knows—without food or water for five days.

Strong in his resolution, unflinching in his faith, Gregory consoled us with the belief we should yet be saved. It was not until hope deferred had sickened me to a mad delirium that the prophetic Gregory thundered in my ear with the voice of fading strength:

"Saved! Look!"

I raised my head; and bearing down upon us was our salvation—a ship homeward bound. I was too weak to cry out, but I felt a ghastly grin fighting its slim way into the muscles of my face.

I expected Gregory, upon our arrival, would certainly visit C—. But he did not. He went to Woodlawn.

Before we separated he exacted from me a promise that, in case it was necessary, I would devote six more months to his company. He had laid his plans for certain exigencies that would probably occur; he said: "I think I can say it without the word *probably*. And now Frank, adieu. You know that is equal to a blessing—to God."

Two months after, my office door opened and Gregory threw himself into my arms. He kissed me.

"I have come for you," he said, in a hoarse whisper.

His sudden and unexpected arrival startled me. But when I met his flashing eye, his marble face and cold hand I knew the demon had begun his work.

"Can you imagine my errand?"

"I can."

"Then may God help us—man cannot. Here! read this."

He took from his memorandum-book a letter and handed it to me. I opened it, trembling, and read. It was blotted and tear-stained.

DEAR GREGORY:

If you love me—come—Oh, God! *Is it so?*

EDITH.

As I finished, Gregory thundered:

"Listen. I have seen Edith. Her poor heart is torn and dead. She cannot live. Can you imagine the Almighty finishing a scoundrel? His work is perfect. St. John has been soliciting Edith's love. After all manner of artifice, stratagem and pleading—finding her heart irrevocably another's—*asks her if she wishes to wed the murderer of her own brother!* and then tells her of that deed; and worse—that I knowingly, willfully and cruelly beat him to earth, with his supplicating voice imploring mercy for *Edith's* sake.

"Frank Rashleigh! I am stark mad. I could cut, carve and hew, strip, hack and saw every inch of that recreant hell-hound from his scalp to the sole of his feet."

If you have been in a madhouse and seen there a strong man writhe under his curse, you must know something of this scene.

Edith Dashwood died in such a place two days before Gregory reported himself at the tribunal of High Heaven for Judgment.

You have seen a tree riven by the lightning—peeled, scathed and dead?

So was Gregory.

He continued:

"The villain has gone abroad. He sailed four weeks since. I would pledge all my earthly riches to insure the safety of that ship into port. You know I *follow*. Are you willing to accompany me? It will not be six months. Oh! no. I think half is all that will be necessary. *But he is to be found!*"

The meeting between Gregory and Edith must have been beyond the scope of language to describe. He gave me to understand it was heartrending, and forbore the details. She was made fully acquainted with all the facts.

They never met again.

In a week from that time we had sailed.

St. John had gone to Paris.

*Gregory Ashton was on his track.*

The day we landed at Havre the cars ran us into Paris. We were at our old quarters before midnight. At Des Princes, Rue Richelieu.

Once upon the ground of hope, Gregory's calmness rallied surprisingly; though the last real smile I saw upon his face was two hours before the homicide; the next was two moments before his eyes were set forever.

To the Prefect of Police we made known our wants. After a slight delay the answer was returned:

"Half an hour since he was at Frascartés."

Gregory bowed, and a gleam of perfect delight flashed from his eyes.

We went out.

"Within half an hour of *him*. Ha! ha! We are extremely fortunate, Frank."

We hurried to Paris's great gambling hell—Frascarté's. Once in, Gregory surveyed the busy inmates with the sweep of an eagle. Suddenly I saw his eye pause. It grew frightfully brilliant. His chest heaved, and his hands were so fast clenched the nails scoriated the flesh, even to blood.

I followed his eye.

Seated before a table, deep in hazard, sat Henry St. John.

Gregory approached opposite his victim, and stood with arms folded like a pillar of granite, his fixed gaze bent upon him.

St. John lost.

He threw up his head with a *Sacré* upon his lips, and his eye fell upon Gregory. His jaw fell. The cards dropped from his paralysed fingers, and even the flush of wine forsook his cheeks.

There, face to face, eye to eye with Ashton, he knew his fate.

"Cowardly villain!" Thundered Gregory, "Do you know me?"

I do not think that twelve hours after, with certain death upon him, he felt any worse than when these words broke upon his ear.

He essayed to syllable a reply, but his teeth only chattered.

"I will wait for a return of reason," coolly continued Gregory; and, turning to a few upturned faces about him, he added:

"Merely personal, gentlemen. An affair easily settled.

Such scenes were not uncommon to the frequenters of the place, and the interruption was immediately understood and forgotten.

It *was* settled. In half an hour Gregory was busy with pen and paper at our rooms.

As he finished, he drew his chair nearer to me.

"Frank, you will take charge of my effects. In my case you will find all necessary directions. Here is the key."

I took it, but I felt that I was watching with the dead.

"You had better bury me here. It is immaterial where I sleep, so that I am not disturbed. No epitaph—merely my name."

I covered my face.

"Let us have no secret, Frank. I speak plainly. St. John is a dead shot. I am not bad. He has his life to shoot for. I my victim. The winner is the better nerved, merely."

Gregory slept soundly as though he was rocked once more to sleep by his mother's care.

It was full broad day before he awoke.

I had been astir two hours.

If I have unnerved you, J., with this MS.,—I have but one more scene to describe. It must be told.

All things were in readiness, and at ten o'clock we were at the Bois de Boulogne with a surgeon.

I rallied myself with all the self-command I ever possessed as the pistols were levelled.

St. John looked fearfully haggard. Gregory pale, but calm.

The fire of passion that had so long been sapping his vitality had gone out forever. He was perfectly composed as he shook my hand with his old warmth.

I heard but one sharp report, so instantaneous were the shots.

St. John leaped up with a frightful yell; his pistol dropped and he fell heavily upon the ground; his hands clutched against his face.

Gregory wheeled and fell into my arms. He had been shot through the right lung.

"I now forgive him as I hope to be forgiven." He said this distinctly.

St. John was terribly disfigured.

His left eye had been torn out, and the upper part of his nose shot away.

His exclamation an hour after, as he died in untold agony, was characteristic of the man:

"What a damned looking corpse!"

As the surgeon was examining Gregory, I asked if the wound was dangerous.

"*Mort*," he replied.

"It is welcome," articulated Gregory.

It was seven in the evening. A change—an unmistakable change was upon Ashton.

He threw out his hand to me.

"Frank, your oath is no longer binding. Ah! how pleasant it is to know this checkered life is waning. I am perfectly free from all pain."

His eye suddenly lit up with its old brilliance. "*The threshold is passed!* I can see my mother, Edith and Percy. There is no *pick* in his brain now, Frank. Good night!"

I bent over him eagerly—my tears dropping fast upon his hand.

He was gone! Gregory!

In Père la Chaise, rising above some of the monumental stones, is a granite block.

All there is upon it are two words:

GREGORY ASHTON.

## Tom Bolt's Nevvy.

It should be an apothegm, that every man has a skeleton, a grinning, ghastly skeleton, dangling in his door-way or business. If by his fire-side, it may be his companion, a wayward child, or constant sickness. If in his business, disappointment, ill-starred fortune, or complete failure. In some cases, this hideous array is blown away, bone by bone, until it disappears ; but in others, sadly, it brings up the last of the funereal procession. Perhaps the latter preponderates. Illustrative of this axiom, the following brief story may be pertinent.

Tom Bolt was an old, retired sea-captain. He had never married ; had accumulated a fortune upon the waters, and was coupling *otium cum dignitate*, as far as his salt notions induced him. He had been a sailor, "man and boy," for over forty years, and was a perfect specimen of his class. With a large person, he had a voice deep, slightly *raspy* ; trained, no doubt, by continuous combats with gales and salt water. He could be irascible on a short notice ; but ordinarily provoked good cheer wherever his presence was found. He had a dog, a cat, a pet-parrot, and a house-keeper. Charitable institutions had made themselves vampires upon him, and extracted benevolent sums from him, from year to year. To this he did not object ; but he

yearned for some one of his own to bestow his property upon, when he had accomplished his pilgrimage. But here the old sailor was unfortunate. He knew of no one whom he could claim. His relatives had never been numerous, and those that had been, had passed away in the life struggle. He had looked about for a *protégé*, but had never found one to fill the vacancy. Numerous applications had been made by sordid, selfish ones, for their weakly, indolent representatives ; yet the eye of the mariner always discovered a lack of sense, manhood, or brightness, that caused disappointment on the one hand, and a feeling of justice on the other. Tom Bolt was constant at church, made hearty responses, and was a pillar of moneyed strength, if not of righteous example to the society. His cellar always held a choice selection of old wines, St. Croix and Jamaica, which were by no means spared whenever a visitor dropped in upon him. Everybody loved him, for he had a kind word for the poor—also money—a cheerful salutation for a friend, a warm welcome for children, and a song or a yarn when occasion required. And this was Tom Bolt.

But he had a skeleton. I will tell you what it was.

Some fifteen years before he moored upon land, a nephew bearing his own name (he always called him *nevvv*) he had taken to initiate into the service. He was a wild, reckless boy, heedless of his interests, and deaf to counsel. He was put into the fore-castle, and received no favors from the cabin. To a youngster, this discipline was mysterious and unnatural, and the young blade made



severe trouble for his uncle. Yet, as the last of his race, he was indulged by pardon, and sometimes by a palpable overlooking of his glaring faults. This acted upon him as encouragement ; and rather than diminishing his flagitious acts, they increased. His elder shipmates advised him to look well to his reckoning, or the old uncle would shipwreck him, without a tarpaulin or toggery. But it did not avail.

There was no settled malice on the part of the boy. It was youthful spite and indifference. To activity he added more than the ordinary amount of intelligence for one of his years ; and were it not for a *seeming* treachery, he would have been rapidly promoted.

Finally, with patience exhausted, and ire predominant, the old sailor, as his vessel ran into Havre, sent for the relation. He came with a familiar rush into the cabin, and stood covered.

"Nevvy ! doff your tarpaulin. You are wrecking every inch of your cargo of manners, if you ever shipped them."

The nevvv saw at one glance there was a determination that augured poorly for him.

"Nevvy, you are the only son of as brave a sailor as ever went down among the sea-weeds ; but there are barnacles all over *you* ; and you are more of a piratical craft than a friend. I took you to make a captain ; but you have run on a lee-shore, and here you are at Havre alone, and without friends. Do you understand ?"

"Ay, sir ! you are going to heave me overboard."

"What else can I do with a bad cargo in a gale ?

Nevvy, you are hereafter to shin aloft elsewhere than on the 'Peacock.' Go forward, and then ashore. If you ever think better of your course, come to me, and I will overhaul you once more."

And so the nevvv left.

Some three years after, the uncle heard that the nevvv had met his end. He fell from aloft, and his absence was not noticed until it was too late to return for a search.

This item of intelligence affected the old sailor. He blamed himself, his rashness, and his want of greater patience. But it could not be otherwise ; and he endeavored to console himself that pure justice had been righteously administered.

So Tom Bolt was alone ; and this was his skeleton.

Occasionally the housekeeper would be the repository of his reflections. They generally found utterance at night, when his paper was read, and the dog barked in his sleep, and old Tabby purringly rubbed against his boots. Such a home-scene, illustrative of comfort and confidence, awakened the dormant affections of the mariner, and his conscience bit him to exclamations.

"Betty ! I was a cruel sea-dog, full of bark. No leave of absence in my hull. I see it now. And here I am, old and alone : no kin to care for the old hulk : laid up in ordinary : timbers shivered and dead-lights knocked in. Well, Tom Bolt ! you can't cruise your life over again, but you must reef and lay-to. Avast ! Betty ! a little hot water, sugar, and nutmeg : I'll take a night-cap and turn in."

Dominie Mace was the rector of Saint Stephen's Church, a time-honored edifice of good churchmen, where Tom Bolt bent his head, and uttered his "Good Lord deliver us," with unction. He was a good liver (the parson) and fell ill with the gout. For a time he clung to his surplice; but disease battled sorely with him, and finally vanquished the victim. It was a heavy affliction; for with him were associated many baptisms of infants, now his parishioners, and many excellent sermons of easy penance.

Tom Bolt said, the grave covered a cargo of goodness; but it was shipped to be discharged in a better port, without duty.

It was a long time the parish looked for a successor. Many were tried, but found wanting; and the service was beginning to be thinly attended.

One Saturday night, the stage-coach rattled to the door of the village inn a well-dressed gentleman, who possessed the outlines of sanctity. To a comely form he added a fine face, touched with *study* paleness, a bright, dark eye, a gentle voice, and quiet manners.

I said he had the appearance of sanctity. If professions can be known by style of dress, I would further remark, he was a clergyman. And so it proved.

In a small, sermon-like hand, he wrote his name, Rev. T. Bolton. As it happened, the landlord was of Saint Stephen's creed, and no sooner saw the entry upon his book, than he addressed himself for an acquaintance.

"You will excuse me, sir; but perceiving you a Reve-

rend, will you inform me if you are of the Episcopal order?"

"I am, sir."

"Then, sir, if you could be induced to officiate for us to-morrow as we are without a rector, it would be thankfully received."

"Is the vacancy temporary?"

"No, sir: our good parson died some two months since, and we have no one in view."

The intelligence was carried to the ears of the more ardent, and before nine o'clock Mr. Bolton was waited upon, and consented to discharge the duties of his profession on the morrow.

There was a full attendance, and the organ pealed a little louder and a little longer, in honor of the stranger. None read the service with more feeling and pathos than Mr. Bolton. With his soft and musical voice, a demeanor quiet, and a zeal sincere, he had made a deep and agreeable impression upon his audience before he pronounced his text, which was from the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

If his reading had been faultless, his style was in consonance with his manner. Ardent, meaning, sincere, and convincing, he poured out the feelings of a good heart to eager listeners. It was full of charity; teaching patience, endurance, and sympathy.

With mildness, yet determination, in his eye, his hand upraised, his head thrown forward, he gained *one* heart by this sentence: "Cry ye charity without its possession?"

Show ye sympathy behind hypocrisy? Teach ye love without affection? Exemplify patience and meekness without ownership? Ah! my friends, ye cannot. Surrounded as ye may be by worldly cares and annoyances, it is well to remember *they* are transitory. A year, a month, a week, a day, nay, one short hour may extricate you from all these; and then, have you the gentle principle of mercy to actuate you? How pleasant, how soothing, how delightful! Your feelings will be peaceful, and your actions Christ-like.

"Have you a wayward son? deal gently with him: a mother's tear has saved a soul from perdition. Is your counsel abandoned? endure and pardon. It is merciful. This is mercy. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Tom Bolt's lip quivered, his eye filled, and his head bowed to weakness. There was a subdued feeling sympathetic with all as the solemn benediction was pronounced; and while yet the parson was bowed, and the multitude were dispersing silently and with whispers, the old sailor retained his seat. At length he went forward, and taking the hand of the preacher, earnestly invited him to accompany him home.

"I am alone, sir, and your words have called up a memory. I would like a common chat with you, and I do not see why you cannot accommodate me."

"With pleasure, sir!"

And so it was settled. Mr. Bolton was Tom Bolt's guest.

The afternoon service compared well with that of the morning, and a vestry meeting was called to consider the propriety of action in endeavoring to secure the permanent services of Mr. Bolton.

It was Sabbath evening, and the old sailor was happy in administering comfort to his guest. Betty had retired, and they were alone.

Former life-scenes were called up, and the mariner had recounted many perils of the deep, which were listened to with interest.

"But, sir," continued Bolt, "I have one scene in my life to place before you. It will do me good, and maybe you can give me some cheer to uphold me in my decision.

"I had a nevvv, sir; he was a good sailor, for a boy; but he was troublesome, ay, mutinous. He wouldn't stow away any advice, and showed a clean pair of heels at all times. I know I should have had more patience; but then, an old sailor, you know, has very little of this. I cut him adrift; I thought it would do him good; but I told him if he ever thought better of his course, to come back to me, and I would overhaul him for inspection. But, sir," (a pause, in which the old captain looked steadily into the fire), "he's past a return-voyage. I heard he fell from aloft in the English Channel, and was left ——" (another pause, in which the relator went to the door to accommodate old Tabby from without). "Poor nevvv! Well, here I am alone. Now, how should you, divine as you are, feel in such water? Did I do right?" earnestly inquired the old sailor, turning to Mr. Bolton.

The answer was to be the turning-point. If in the affirmative, Tom Bolt had made up his mind to drop it if possible and consider the cruelty no more. On the other hand, if it should be a doubtful response, he had concluded to ask a separate petition in prayer from the parson, and endeavor to heal it in that way.

"Beyond a doubt, sir. You did not flog; perhaps you should have done it: yet the 'cat' is crushing to humanity. You reproved him only by words. He was extremely unkind and ungrateful. To his disobedience he added disrespect, which tended to mutiny, and really had a bad influence over the fore-castle. Your course was righteous. It did the youngster good, and although at the time it seemed to him cruel, yet it was just the discipline he needed. It was a salutary correction."

Tom Bolt was staring with wonder.

"And he, the nephew, is here now to thank his kind uncle for just such a course; for it has been the means of his reformation; and all the good I can do in my profession is dated back to the time you cut me adrift at Havre."

The old sailor had jumped, dropping his pipe and spectacles, and throwing the chair to the farther end of the room, had the nevvie in his embrace. "Nevvie! my nevvie! Yes it is!" at the same time patting him gently upon his back.

The scene was short, but boisterous and effectual.

"I have returned, uncle, for inspection."

"And I will insure you to the port of heaven in a double-reefed topsail-gale," shouted Tom Bolt.



"Nevvy, you shall be Rector of St. Stephen's, and this is your home. Gad! I'm in port once more, in luck."

There was just one bar of the sailor's hornpipe shuffled upon the floor, to the detriment of Tabby's tail

And so blew away Tom Bolt's skeleton.

## A Pass at our Improvements.

A PROVERB, ancient as the days of Zeno, reads : " We are constituted with two ears and one mouth, that we may hear more and say less." It would be well were this oftener remembered ; and peradventure, dear *Knick*,\* you may, thinking me garrulous, rank me as one who sees motes, yet recognizes no beams ; but I alluded slightly to a subject in my last paper which I wonder has not engaged the pen of some matter-of-fact writer, and of which I would fain speak more at large.

By the way, in your last "Table," speaking of an article as being "too interminably long" for insertion, reminds me of a *jeu d'esprit* which had existence some years ago. A widow, whose patience and Christian spirit had been severely tested by the conduct of her several sons, had, after much trouble and more anxiety, made arrangements for her youngest—a wild, rollicking, reckless sprig, in whom was combined the essence of all species of roguery—in a store at a neighboring village. Hither, after many and repeated desires that he should strive to make glad the heart of his mother, the youth was sent, bearing a letter to the trader breathing sentiments which only a mother could express. He had been absent a fortnight, and the fond parent was anticipating the success of her

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boy, filling the future with gladdened projects, and creating him, by the different stages of promotion, a rear-admiral of dry-goods, when the very object of her thoughts presented himself before her. His face was sorrowful, and his appearance like one greatly humbled and deeply troubled. The mother's heart beat quick, and with its pulsations went the visions of advancement and happiness for her son which she had been quietly enjoying a moment before. "Alas, my son ! what new trouble has come upon you ? Your presence troubles me !"

"Indeed, dear mother, I am sorry to say Mr. — does not want me any longer !" And beneath the grave exterior a lurking smile played bo-peep with the appearance of sadness.

At this plain announcement the mother could no longer restrain either her tears or her despair. Bitterly she wept and deplored the supposed misconduct of her son, who cruelly permitted her to bemoan the misfortune until his wayward spirit was fully gratified, and then coolly informed his mother that he spoke of *stature* rather than *time* !

Now, with brevity ever in view, permit me to introduce you to a few suggestions upon Present Improvements—the bearing they have upon the condition, as well as the influence which through them is exercised upon the country. These remarks are but the skeleton to the subject, which is susceptible of *muscle* and *flesh*, had you the time to digest or the space to print them ; but I neither have the vanity to suppose my sentiments "California dust," or boldness to ask of you many pages to display them.

As previously remarked, I advocate advancement and all wise schemes that claim alliance to progress ; yet am not so zealous in the advocacy thereof as to hazard the domestic happiness of quiet firesides, the innocency of retirement, and that *otium cum dignitate* with which man was originally endowed. Self-interest, the prospect of rapid accumulation, and fame (which is but ephemeral), seem in fact the secret springs and pendulums to most of the present-day benefits ; and as it regards real amelioration, half and more result in temporary deceptions and actual humbugs. Hoodwinked by the cunning artifice of unscrupulous experimentizers, we are lost in the whirl and confusion of the chaos of mortification and personal distress. There is no end to the dance of the wizard. Encircled as we are by the strange medleys of the nineteenth century, we are almost inclined to believe that the days of enchantment have existence, and that the "Knight of the Sorrowful Figure" is abroad, from whom emanates the infection of madness, and that all the world are fighting "windmills" and breaking "wine-skins" in their chivalric delirium. However cool and philosophic the contemplator, while he looks he is fascinated ; the whirlwind and the storm have embraced him, and giddy and intoxicated, he reels into the very excesses upon which he smiled in calm indifference.

Mania is everywhere. You detect it in the restless eye, the pallid cheek, the nervous step. It is whispered to us in breeze and gale, wafted to us by every stream. Like an ungovernable harpy, wounding us with its filthy

beak, and snatching from before us the food that nourishes us.

Those of your readers who date their nativity in town cannot regard this unsatisfactory harmonizing—if I may be allowed this seeming contradictory phrase—of city and country by steam, as a matter of interest. They have seen the countryman, unsophisticated as he is, but they little dream of that quiet hearthstone around which cluster innocence and virtue and the "peace of the good man" which give him this simplicity, this confidence in his fellow. They may smile at his awkwardness and wonder at his apparent stupidity, yet the good and the finer feelings are there, which they neither know nor court. Is it not better that this sincerity, this plainness, this freedom from artificiality, should continue established at the hearthstone ? Is it not better that this quiet, this virtue, should remain unmolested, uninterrupted ? Can it be, so long as steam is the currency, the food, drink, the "wherewithal to clothe us ?" Nor can these same denizens reward with much interest the existence of improvements, the parhelia of that sun that shall illumine both city and country alike. But that this is, we have evidences north, south, east, west, and all about. The road, and marshy pass and lonesome wood have scarcely a pilgrim to awake sleeping echoes now. The iron race-horse has proved the valorous knight, and with its fearful impetus defies all competition.

That the railway is a great and unquestionable progress in the world of improvements no one disputes ; but that evils follow its benefits is conspicuous, and but tends to

prove that "an inevitable dualism bisects nature" (as Emerson says in his excellent paper on "Compensation.") And that directly or indirectly, improvements are adverse to the continuance of old customs as well as to the morals in the country. The former, like spent manhood, has become superannuated and toothless; its voice is already feeble, and the watchers around its bed are carefully preparing to close its eye. With its flickering breath go the many elements, which, united, have added that sterling worth and nobility of character that have caused a throne to confess its vigorous and insuperable ability. Is there no voice sufficiently loud; no arm sufficiently strong, to hail and hold this wayward and insinuating spirit? Is there no antidote sufficiently powerful; no prescriber sufficiently skillful to stay the course of this disease which riots in the grand arteries? Alas! primeval customs; those old landmarks! like the gods of Sepharvaim, where are they? They savor of the Past too much! Like an old, familiar air: at the same time it is admired for its rich melody, it is neglected merely because it is ancient. Its soft cadence does not feed the soul; for it is made common by the thousand and one voices that have so often echoed its sweetness. But the Past and its customs have history. "As the mountains round about Gilboa," so will they yet be to the Present, when the latter shall have become fagged and jaded with forced and unmeaning novelties, and the "crying for wine in the streets" shall have ceased. The Present is but the child of the Past; let, then, the parent be venerated! And let our examples be wise, as well as

our actions good, for our works will follow us. The grave is the veil between our individual selves and the living; but to this noisome place go not our handiworks. Let them prove a wreath that shall encircle our names with a blaze of glory.

The rapid transit from one part of the Union to another, attracts not alone the man of business and the gentleman of pleasure; but the graceful deceiver—the polished destroyer—the ingrained villain. It is easy for one experienced in victimizing, to pursue his iniquities in a populous city; but it is as easy among the unsuspecting, among the few, where the boldness of his operations serve as a sort of safeguard. Statistics acquaint us of an impressive augmentation of crime in the *country*. Does its pure atmosphere prove the matrix of this evil fecundity? Does a geographical basis prove a conductor of vice? Where shall we look for the source of this destroying torrent that rushes with appalling force, carrying in its headlong sweep poor victims that can but feebly resist its impetuosity? Trace the polluted stream to the noisy city, where fester in corruption, Shame and her sister, Depravity. Pent up within circumscribed limits, this vast pool of iniquity has swollen to bursting, and poured its Lethean waters in desolating channels over the country, tincturing its green vales and sunny hills with the hue of death.

Hitherward, too, and from the same depot, have emigrated the etiquette and fashion of the sidewalk and drawing-room. A vain spirit has incited a general disbursement of frivolities and extravagances from the chaotic plunder



of fashionable Nimrods which have been deposited in the central warehouse from time to time. Has the result been beneficial? Does the "*aw*"-ing of the gloved beau of Broadway set well upon the broad shoulders of the ploughman? The evil is entailed; from whence came it—what hastened it?

## The Death Whisper.

" 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepared, and look not for it,"

KING RICHARD III.

It was even so. I'll tell you how. Our reminiscences are like milestones along the great highway of life. While some are black with the mists that have so often enveloped them, there are others still bright, despite the piping wind and howling storm. We classify those that are marred and heavy with creeping moss, as souvenirs that partake of subjects which whisper dark disquietude; while the legible and the perfect, as those memories ever pleasant with delightful sensations, scattering a perfume about our path to smile us onward.

There are many quiet nooks in cherished New England where nature has adorned herself with that variety of garb which fascinates the eye and feasts the taste. The beetling cliff, the sleeping plain, and the wild old woods, "fragrant as the smell of Lebanon," are engaging localities, to which the enthusiastic admirer of scenery, both picturesque and bold, pays his pilgrimage from afar. And these same quiet nooks are dotted with dwellings whose inmates, busy in their particular spheres, lead a life exempt from solitudes that prey upon, and aspirations that sap the social happiness of noisy towns. And one, too, would sup-

pose, that here the same quietness which sleeps upon the hill and down the valley, would influence the disposition of the sojourner ; but, alas ! the fierce ebullition of passion and the frenzy of mind haunt as enemies here as well as

"Midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men."

A long time has elapsed since I passed a winter in the family of the village physician. He was a man not so well versed in æsthetics as in depletion, the use of the scalpel and the pill ; but of discrimination in his profession as well as of some distinction, and possessing those unassuming ways which invite approbation. The better portion of his days had been passed among the villagers, and of their various physical conditions and temperaments he well judged : like a paternal parent prescribing for the inclinations of his children, with that confidence attendant upon such an estate.

A bitter night succeeded one of the still cold days in the month of December, 18—. A fire was blazing upon the hearth, disseminating a cheerfulness peculiar to such a season and such a time, while around it, in a quiet family circle, were gathered the inmates of the household. We had just congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a night uninterrupted, with a sympathizing shudder for those unfortunate ones who were compelled to encounter the dark and cold, as a succession of loud and startling raps broke upon us from the outer door.

"I dare say a summons for me," exclaimed the doctor, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders ; "but, I must

confess, I have a choice to remain at home to-night. It sounds like a mountain knock ; some casualty among the woodmen—bah !"

A tall, powerfully built man was ushered in, whose appearance manifested a fellowship with exposure and deprivation. His face was full of alarm, and as the bright fire-light fell upon it, you could detect a moisture in his eye, whether from the cold or from sorrow, was for us to surmise. He stood covered for an instant, blinded by the glare of the blazing wood ; but as if suddenly conscious that he was now within the pale of civilized society, he awkwardly displaced his hat, and approaching the doctor, with a voice that "sounded like a cannon in a vault," said, "Nat Ingalls is in a bad way and wants to see you ;" his features at the same time assuming an embarrassed, inquisitive look, mingled with doubt at the success of his errand for mercy.

"Well, what is the matter ?"

"He's smashed."

"How ? The leg, spine, or internally ?"

"Enough to finish him. I don't know where he's broke," said the woodman, gruffly, "but he groans loud enough to wake farmer Jones, who, he says, died in the meanest kind of way, without paying him. I think he's crazy some, doctor, too, for he can't let farmer Jones alone in his grave ; and he howls about Frink. I don't know who he means ; but there's something wrong, I guess, somehow."

"Frink !" exclaimed the doctor, musingly, as he passed

his hand across his brow, while his eye expressed a wild, troubled thought; "what time was the accident?"

"About three o'clock. A tree fell onto him, you see, and I shouldn't wonder if he's stiff by the time I got back."

"Where is John?" asked the doctor, turning to me. "Be so good as to see he has the horse ready for the mountain. Tell Ingalls I will see him as soon as possible," he continued, addressing the woodman, who left for his cold and lonesome return.

"Just barely warm from my day's ride," ejaculated the doctor, with a little impatience, as he put his boots before the fire; "and now for this mountain ride and an all-night's job. Would that all romantic young men who dream of sheepskins that dub them M.D.'s could diagnose such a time as this; I imagine there would be more gigs to let and more *rides* unoccupied than there are at present."

Given to adventure, and supposing I might learn something of a woodman's life by going to the mountain, I volunteered to accompany the doctor. It was at once decided, and in half an hour we were upon the road. We stretched away some three miles, a portion of the distance directly up the mountain, which frowned over the peaceful village like some huge monster begirt with an icy armor, challenging a combat. Benumbed with cold, we at last brought in view a low tenement of stone, rough as the quarry itself, from which, through a sorry apology for a window, glimmered a light.

"That," said the leech, "is the place where Nat Ingalls

lives; *how*, you will shortly see. There seems a mystery about this man's incoherency. He talks of one Frink, and I now remember the sudden disappearance of this man from these parts. Yet, he was a transient fellow, and the affair was soon forgotten. But a fearful thought comes upon me now, and I am constrained to think Ingalls knows what became of him. He has the secret and he must tell me. Come, let us in."

A heavy door of plank opening gave us ingress to an apartment entirely deprived of furniture, save a few worthless chairs, a board table, and cots in opposite corners. The fireplace occupying one end was bountifully supplied with logs, requiring the strength of an able man to adjust them. Upon the table stood a tin basin filled with oil, with a burning, floating wick. As we entered, our ears were filled with a deep groan from the patient, an athletic man of expanded and indurated muscle, showing an uncommonly marked temperament for exertion and for endurance. Wrapped in his woodman's blanket, and stretched at full length before us, writhing in his agony, he looked like a disabled bull of the prairie, lashing himself for his imbecility. It was Nat Ingalls, the woodman. In his convulsive turns he caught the doctor's surcoat. It was the grasp of the vice. "In the name of God, doctor, help me! What does that blood mean?" he exclaimed, pointing to a coagulated expectoration upon the floor. The doctor was one who had a supply of self-reliance, as well as self-possession, sufficient for any emergency, whether of sudden danger or of mortal sick-

ness. He watched closely the changing expression of the woodman's face, his contortions of body, with an occasional question, for some time, which, to the poor victim, who was constant with his interrogations, seemed an age. I was in doubt as to the doctor's opinion of the result, until drawing a chair to Ingalls' side, he said: "Ingalls, were you ever married?" "No." "Have you any friends?" "God only knows!" replied the man, with a shudder. "But you have come to cure me; why do you ask such questions?" "Nat Ingalls," interrupted the doctor, in a voice as solemn as the grave, and full of fearful meaning, "you must die!"

"Die!" echoed the wretched man, turning his dark eye full upon the doctor. "Die! did you say? Understand, I am in too great pain for joking. Come, give me"—

"Nat Ingalls," continued the doctor, "there is no medicine, no skill in this world can save you. You must *die* before morning!"

If you have heard the yell of a "strong swimmer in his agony"—if you have seen a man full of vitality sink in a few hours under a mortal epidemic—you can picture the frightfulness of the scene that followed. It required our united strength, together with that of his mountain friend to hold the dying man. Fearful was the struggle, mingled with imprecations, the recollection of which makes the flesh to creep.

"Die!" roared the woodman. "Die!"

"Yes!" repeated the doctor, with imperturbable calmness in the horrid drama, "and you are hastening death by

your ravings. If you continue thus, you'll not last an hour—believe me. Calm yourself, Ingalls, and show yourself a man. Your longest time is short for the preparation *you* need, and I advise you to speak at once what you have to say."

The calm but decided action of the doctor had the desired effect. The wretched man gazed at him with a look that beggared description. It was one of fierce anger, chained by a perfect knowledge that all resistance or evasion was futile. His eye fell upon me with the same terrible glare; but after a moment's survey, he muttered: "It is all the same;" and motioning me to a seat, took the doctor's hand, and with a hoarse whisper made known the dreadful secret of his life. It was a scene for Hogarth's pencil. Assembled around the bed of a dying man; remote from house or neighbor; alone in the mountain, with the cold wind whistling a mournful chorus without; and that man detailing in the intervals of pain a crime of blood, the punishment of which he had thus far escaped.

"Doctor, if you say I have got to die—and I begin to believe it—I *have* something to say, though I'm a fool to tell you. Do you remember some twenty years ago a man called Frink suddenly disappeared from this mountain? I met him one night at Hick's Tavern, on his way to Canada, and hired him to help me to chop during the winter. We lived here alone. Farmer Jones was the man I worked for in wooding, and you know he died early in the spring, insolvent. I couldn't get my money,

nor pay my man. This I told him, but he swore I should pay him, or he'd make me a subject for a coroner's inquest. We had a fight about it in this very room. Frink being stronger, and in order to get advantage over him, I maimed him by a heavy kick. He fell, and I closed upon him, drew my knife—and"—

A gurgling sound from Ingalls' throat, with a strong convulsion of his sinewy frame, stopped his utterance. It was but for a moment. Springing to his feet, with the glare of death in his sunken eye, and his arm waving with that uncertain motion which symbolizes *the end*, he screamed: "There! see! yonder he comes!—stop him?" A gush of warm blood ran from the dying man's mouth over his person, and falling heavily back, his eyes upturned, hands clenched, jaws locked, and with a yell louder than horn or bugle, Nat Ingalls was dead. A feeling of horror crept over us, as mute and motionless we sat gazing upon the bloody corpse.

"Doctor," I whispered, "let us not return to-night."

"Pooh! you are nervous!" he replied, as he spread a dampened cloth over the features of the dead.

It was even so. I've told you how.

## A Memory of Life.

WHAT a fearful thing a "Good-bye" is, spoken upon the threshold of a long absence! It savors more of eternity than of life! Years past, I wandered much. My home was the ocean; and although frequent was the parting scene, still there is one I can never forget. Wearied with a long cruise, I had returned with a furlough of three months; cause, indisposition. The spot that welcomed me was choice with nature's beauties as well as those of the soul. Kindness of heart, pure feelings of affection and devotedness of spirit, on the one hand, and the sweet fields, running brooks and cool woodlands on the other, brought a contented mind and a beating heart. Here I had tarried; and you can imagine my entire happiness, for with such an Elysium came my health and former gaiety. Besides all these general attractions, there was an individual one—a young maiden of some eighteen summers; and as we were inclined to reading and light amusement, we were much together. This undoubtedly looks strange to you, as coming direct from my lips, for you imagine I eschew all tenderness; but time, and its changes, disappointments and cares, corrode the heart—God preserve you, Pierre, from the experience!—and although I can look upon the young, and love to know of their enjoyment,

still these scenes of my earlier days arise like Banquo's ghost to dispel all imagined or real happiness by them evinced.

My Mary was not romantic enough for the nomenclature of "heroine." She was possessed of true common sense, a pure mind, elevated ideas, and a gracefulness sufficient to captivate. I had seen the noble mind of Castile, the sunny smile of the fair Italian; but Mary had eclipsed all; she was my compass, my talisman. But my heart aches!

The bugle of the approaching coach started me from a reverie I had fallen into upon my couch, and accustomed to instant preparation, I exchanged my *robe de chambre* for a coat, and kissed my Mary, and with valise in hand, encased myself inside, before the echo of the horn had fairly died away. It was the commencement of another cruise; a cruise upon which I never reflect without a shudder. Would that I too had gone down among the seaweeds!

Upon the way I fell in with an assistant-surgeon dispatched to join the same vessel to which I was then proceeding; and before we had arrived, we had become firm friends; drawn together, as it were, by those mysterious chains which always attract congenial souls. We had talked of our boyhood's days, our youthful hopes (many already crushed), and I had willingly made him my confidant of my love for Mary. He appreciated my feelings, and entered warmly into my future hopes; but always, at these times, could I detect a shade of melancholy upon his brow, the cause of which I could never discover, though I

rallied him often, and importuned him to unbosom the secret. Forever endeavoring to rally my spirits, I found his heart surcharged with that peculiar self-sacrificing spirit which seems embodied in clay for a short time only; earth, seemingly, not being the place for the maturing of such fruit.

After the usual "note of preparation," which was "long drawn out," we stood out to sea; a period of my life the happiest, to be closed with the pall of death, saddening, heart-sickening. In the doctor I found the accomplished scholar and the well-bred gentleman; he combined qualities of mind rarely equalled. In all the fearful changes through which it was our destiny to pass, he bore himself with the dignity, calmness and resignation of a good man and brave officer. Of mankind he was my beau-ideal. He had travelled much, and of human nature knew full well. For fame he was seeking, but not linking his ennobled mind to meanness thereby. He had struggled long and heartily; had denied himself pleasure and comfort for his profession; had obtained it, and had just commenced to reap his harvest. Upon him looked a father and a mother; and justly were they proud of such a representative. With a flushed face and moistened eye has he often told me of the parental anguish it was his to witness when he left his quiet valley-home; but he was going under the stars-and-stripes of his dear fatherland, and with the hope that on his return he should witness a far different scene, his heart was buoyed up, and he spoke the adieu heartily and cheerily.

Through the monotony of a voyage in tropical climes,

through tempests dire, sunny days and favoring gales, together with strolls ashore at different ports, the doctor was ever my companion, and many times did the hearty laugh, with his "infinite humor and variety of jest," recall me to hope and cheerfulness. Fully beloved by officers and men, it was gratifying to see with what earnestness the old salts tugged at their matted fore-locks when he made his appearance on deck. He had the hearty respect of true men-of-war's men.

Thus wore our cruise away, and we were homeward-bound, when that fearful seourge, called "Yellow Jack" by sailors, or in land phrase, yellow fever, made its presence among us. We had lost one man at our last port, and had stood out, hoping through breezes free from the malaria to escape the threatened sweep; but it was of no avail. The contagion was on board, and was daily diminishing our ship's strength by a fearful increment upon the sick-list. It was then the season to test the manliness of each heart; and in no case was it better illustrated than in that of the doctor. Crowding 'twixt hammocks where lay poor victims writhing in agony, he was seen at all hours administering comfort by his profession, and cheerfulness by his smiles and ready tongue. Although his arduous labors were fast pulling him down, he often told me he was placed there to do his duty, and it was the part of a coward to refuse. "I love my profession," were his words; "it is a noble one. If I live, I shall never be sorry that I have done my duty; if I die," he added, with firmness, compressing his lips, "'tis well!"

To witness the haggard looks and blanched cheeks among us was frightful!—and then the thinning of our men! The vacant seats around the mess-table in the ward-room told a shuddering tale! Already had the silent burial become fearfully often, mingled at times with the booming gun, which sounded the death-knell of some brave officer going down to his last hammock amid the waves. I had felt ill for several hours; but unwilling to relinquish my post in this trying time, I had kept about, inspired no doubt by the conduct of my friend, who still braved the deadly contagion and laughed away the fears of the dying sailor. Many have told me since, that had it not been for his assiduity they would have been food for sharks.

At length, feeling the certainty of the symptoms, and unable longer to stand, I gave up, and was reported accordingly. My friend was instantly by, with his usual cheerfulness. "Well, Kelvin, you are to run your chance, now, eh? I had thought better of you! A stout heart will carry you through."

For days he fought the malady with vigor, and smiled as he told me I was safe; the last smile I ever saw him wear! I found him on his back two days after, undergoing the consequences of the foul inhalations and physical exhaustion. He told me calmly he was going to die. The probability fell upon me like a thunderbolt. His calmness was fearful; it was the calmness of "that sleep that knows no waking." "It is hard," he said, with feeling, "for one so young to die, after all my exertions! But I am com-

posed—very composed." My own life would have been nothing, could I have saved him thereby !

But I will not dwell upon this sad, true tale. We buried that noble heart in the ocean a few days after. He died composedly, sending to his cherished home a message of peace ; the home he had so often spoken of with eloquence and love. God grant that your heart may never experience such suffering as was mine ! Nor was this all : I found the green turf covering my Mary ! Do you wonder that I am often sad ?

### Mania : Its Progress.

THE world is a chess-board. What strange and complicated games are transacted upon it ! All men are players, moving respectively, and in the civil, religious and political scenes continue thus to do, until the automaton DEATH, with his eyeless skull and fleshless hand, stalks before, chattering with his ghastly jaws, "*check-mate* !"

Constituted with a natural irksomeness to sameness, man is ever discovering new methods and devices for fame and wealth, even to self-immolation. Where is there the period in antediluvian, mediæval or modern days, that we cannot fasten this verity ? With this germ enwrapped in our being, cherished by example as well as tinctured by hereditament, we advance toward age only to manifest the growth of this undeniable *positive*. A charity for others' excesses, for the strange wildness of adventure or scheme, prevents us from imitation. It needs but the proper incitement to move us upon the stage amid its fantastic masquerades, actors both fanciful and speculative. Example, with sober face and silvery hair, traces of dear-bought experience, disappointment and contrition, sits unheeded in our path. In the inordinate hope of success our vision is blinded ; our ear deaf to the voice that would warn us. A feeling soft as oriental luxury steals over us—



that charm which breaks not until desolated hopes, withering realities, and an absence of all gladness, are upon us. A fearful leprosy permeates our organism. It is madness! Shudder at the idea as we may, we all have it, a mental element, innate. In all ranks, professions and pursuits we have its representatives in full armor. Like Anak, it has moved in past generations with the same unbaffled, emotive stride as we now observe it. Like unto him who was commanded "*to tarry*," it knows not age, neither can it die.

Let us dwell for a moment upon some of the most conspicuous manias that have become history. How strange does the *reality* seem! Removed from them by generations, we laugh at the curious vagaries played by our elders; but, fellow pilgrim, beware lest your own inconsistency entrap you before the twelvemonth has passed.

During the reign of William III. this strange mental essential appeared among the citizens of Edinburgh, and from an incipient state sped in rapid gradation to the height of its irregularities and leaped the bounds into merry England. The court and the exchange, the boudoir and the hovel, were alike filled with the contagion. It was the "*Darien Scheme*." A colony was to be formed, a city to be built, prosperity unabated to follow, and nabobs were to be as common as coals in Newcastle. The little spark kindled a fire that raged and heated the whole kingdom; and not until its ignition became alarming, arose a mighty opponent to subdue. The king, troubled lest his capital and commercial strength should be given to

Scotland, endeavored to check this enthusiasm by throwing obstacles in the way of the fabricators. But of no avail; Mania conquered. The colony sailed, landed, organized, and sent home intelligence which caused a carnival in Edinburgh. But upon the heel of this rejoicing, came an ill-fed, disheartened, dying remnant of the grand scheme. Sickness, starvation, the Spaniards' revenge and the king's proclamations, were too potent bulwarks to besiege. The project faded into a shadow, but not until its portrait had been transferred to canvas, upon which the world has gazed, not without instruction.

Disgusted with the unfruitful soil of Scotland, Mania strided the Channel into the sunny vineyards of France. Captivated with the luxury of its capital, it made its appearance in the Place Vendôme. It was during the minority of Louis XV., when the Duke of Orleans was Regent, that the world became acquainted with John Law, who, from his handsome person, ready wit and abundance of animal spirits was yecept, "*Beau Law*." A more unscrupulous, unprincipled man, probably, never existed. He was a noted gambler as well as a refugee from justice; having shot a convivial pot-companion in a duel. Upon this individual, Mania fixed its delirious eye. It was the charm of the serpent, and under its seductive influence he concocted a plan, which for its masterly design, its universality, its magical success and wide-spread influence, is unprecedented in the annals of speculations. He was the author of the "*Mississippi Scheme*" that for three years reigned paramount throughout France, echoed

amid the mountains of Germany and hills of England. The financial world stood amazed at the golden shower which fell among the infatuated populace like the natural rain, while the name of Law was more powerful than potentate or empire. A Mephistophiles of finesse and calculation; his word at once law and execution; the Cambon of the seventeenth century. Excitement was at such a pitch in Paris that death frequently occurred in the crowds that convened in the street where the stock-jobbers congregated; while gold and velvet costumes were passed unnoticed. But if Law with his guardian Mania shot up to the zenith of all desire with lightning-like celerity, he fell "like Lucifer never to hope again." The god of gold and the idol of the people fled the city, a beggar, to save his life. Thus exploded this grand and gigantic prestige; but not before it had given to the world, as its last will and testament, its history.

The "South-Sea Scheme," another offspring of the Mania, found, like its predecessors, an early and ignominious grave. And thus we have from time to time a new device and another collapse regularly analyzed till we come to our own generation. Not satisfied with past defeats, Mania, still vigorous, is pushing its hydra-head above the surface of registering events. In England we have witnessed the metallic resources absorbed in the construction of railways to such an extent as to drain the entire floating capital of the kingdom; while old established houses, proud in their antiquity and name, together with national institutions, have withered before this blasting simoon.

It follows man from the cradle to the grave; lulling him into "the rapture of repose" but to startle him with fierce convulsions and agonizing dreams. While it warms, it burns to ashes. A phantasm as remediless in decimation as it is impressible in allurements. While the poor victim is jubilant in expectancy, it is already consigning him to the abyss of hopelessness.

Mania's haggard face is staring in through our windows—we meet it in the streets. While it tempts the rich man to an increment of wealth, it lures the poor laborer from his spade and mattock, throws the golden apple in the path of the husband, and robs the wife of a protector and supporter. Seriously, what is to be the result of the vast Golden Mania of 1848? Will the influx of great wealth beguile us to effeminacy—lead us to experience the wild profligacy of the Duke of Orleans' regency? Shall the possession of gold, silver and cinnabar puff us with ingratitude and selfishness, or make us, like Eglon of Moab, to wax fat and kick?

As this peculiar *positive* exists in our mysterious organization, we cannot condemn it; it is higher born than that of our own divination. In its slumbering state it is of no avail, while it is worse than a non-possession when pushed by unnatural excitement to an excess of action. Under a full development, what travesties, what ungovernable trespasses upon all that is defined by the rules of social life, as well as guarded against by its necessary restraints, follow! We may not exonerate ourselves of wildness, because it is inherent in our natures; the germ is a con-

stituent principle in our mechanism, truly ; but we are not to bring to our aid any hot-house atmosphere to force a growth unconformable to nature.

It would indeed appear that our age is one in which Mania has become ripe to *yellowness*. Nurtured by those who have heralded our appearance, it has grown peevish and turbulent in the abundance of caresses, and is leaping the barriers of restraint to revel amid the common wreck and chaos it creates. It is for us to forestall its progress with a sanative which we have within us—reflection. However alluring may be the subject, to look before the leap is consummated is wisdom ; for afterward there is no alternative but to endure the evils that are entailed.

Mankind, like sheep, forever follow the tinkle of the leader. Barricades of wood or stone, danger or death, are no appliances to save. An unhallowed scheme is boldly promulgated, shooting athwart the track of the moneyed man and of him who has none of earth's mineral to count. There is a speciousness about it that entraps the desire while it enchains the attention. The sober mien of the quiet citizen is exchanged for one of anxious uneasiness. He has divested the flying projectile of all its feasibility, and *still* it wears a charm.

That the valley of the Sacramento offers inducements of a nature both extraordinary and exciting, is fully apparent by the vast emigration thitherward, as well as by successive accounts that have been duly authenticated ; and this inclination to adventure is but perfectly consistent with the elements which form our characters. Still, it is

all impulsive. To control such a desire is hardly more practicable than the fusion of basalt by the natural warmth of the hand. An uneasy tenant, it must be humored ; yet what are the results ? Where one "bird of passage" is safely landed, fully satisfied, and returns, "bearing his sheaves with him," a score meet with indescribable anxiety, disappointment, sickness and death. And yet this untamable spirit, despite all mortal obstacles, is one of our essentials. It is the parent of all our noble and formidable projects and executed designs ; those massive battlements of our country which frown upon all inaction, that inert lymph which clogs the wheels of trundling enterprise. I would not deprecate it ; rather would I cherish it. Yet there is an intermediate state of feeling to be the cynosure. Shall we follow it, or shall we plunge headlong into that gurgling flood that knows neither a master nor a friend ?

## Charred Embers.

You may think, dear *Nick*,\* I love to dwell upon sad details, but methinks a recital of serious events, occasionally mixed with the thoughtlessness of the age, may not come amiss. 'Tis true, gaiety is, as it should be, the natural language of the heart; and although it is often wrecked, still, like the sweetness of a crushed rose, it should breathe its better perfume in lieu of direful complaints and unsavory ingratitude.

You have musical contributors, whose papers are replete with wit, and bursting with rich humor; such as is portrayed in the "History of Babylon;" and there is no one who enjoys such reading more than myself, nor am I ever weary of them; yet there is a satiety for the heart, even in gaiety.

I will not preach a prosy sermon, nor advocate Utopian measures, nor pull at the windlass of uncertain *isms*; but merely etch a simple souvenir. I would willingly give you many such, if I thought a mellow influence upon the heart of any of your world-wide readers might be the result. But although the hasty step may be delayed, and the rash spirit bend for a time upon memories, yet it is natural to forget; and not until the ardent heart feels the adder's tooth can it know of stern realities.

\* Published in *Knickerbocker*, November, 1848.

I clip a few pages from an old journal, which, with a little pruning, I inclose to you.

A sharp crack of the driver's whip, and a sudden increase in the rattling of the coach-wheels, startled me from the drowsiness incident to a long ride. I looked out to find myself in my native village, from which I had been absent many years. The declining sun threw a soft light over the old woods that dot the outskirts of the hamlet; such a sunset as had witnessed my departure; and for a moment I was absorbed in the remembrances of earlier days that had been so long buried. With life's realities I was too conversant, else I should have believed a "deep sleep" had fallen upon me, from which I was just awakening. Although surrounded by those whom I well knew, still, Time had played too merrily with me to be recognized by any one; and among the villagers, I was as an utter stranger. As each familiar face turned from me with cold indifference, I resolved to continue my journey; but reflection tended to bind me closer to old memories, and my feelings yielding to my former purpose, with a quick step I passed the threshold of the "Village Inn."

It was like looking upon an old and well-remembered painting. There was the same division in the room constituting the "bar," with the same letters, once gilded, but which years had nearly effaced, that told the traveller here he could fling his knapsack down, and with common civility and a moderate purse, temporarily forget his cares. Behind the railing stood the same rosy-cheeked, chin-

dimpled, and orbicular-bodied landlord, with the same ready smile and twinkle of the eye. His obesity had increased and descended into the locomotive organs to such a degree that his natural alertness was essentially impeded; which, with a slight sprinkling of white in his once black hair, were all that my eye detected of change in him. He met me with a cheerful "good evening," but it savored little of acquaintanceship. To him I was now a stranger. Not so some twenty years before, when with the nimbleness of a deer he chased me over the green, with ire in his eye and determination in his voice. I had poached upon his grounds, and fastened a favorite gamecock to a tree, to circumscribe the limits of the bird and protect one of my own from a bloody contest. To innovation he was opposed, and clung tenaciously to old customs and fashions. He had preserved his "inn" from the least appearance toward improvement. The same wooden peg that lined the entry wainscoting still existed, and I verily believe the same spider-web floated in the corner of the bar that hung there when I left the place. I could not have desired a more perfect realization of other days.

Occupying one of the old chairs that had been in use for two generations, I was musing with eyes cast upon the floor, when there entered a person whom the landlord saluted as "Captain Jerry." Before I looked up, this familiar title pictured to my mind a well-known feature of the village when I left it; a man about fifty, with a bright black eye, and business step; of great loquacity, yet backed by an uncommon share of intelligence. He had

enjoyed all the honors of the town, from "school committee" to a seat in the capitol of the State. I could not fancy a change in him; but I looked up, and beheld him as he now was. The vigorous gait had fallen into the shuffling step of age; full limbs had withered to "shrunk shanks," and the eagle eye was dim and cloudy. He was the very personification of that beautifully descriptive poem of Holmes, "The Last Leaf:"

"But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff;  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh."

"Oh, Epictetus!" I exclaimed to myself, "can Time gnaw and corrode like this?" The old man tottered to a seat. He looked at me for a moment, and a bright light of other days seemed to gather in his sunken eye. His lip quivered, his look grew more earnest, until, springing from his chair, he fell into my arms. The old man had recognized me! His voice was tremulous as he said, "It is ——!" Faint and musical, that sentence still rings in my ears—nor can I ever forget it.

I was no longer a stranger. The room was crowded by those who were warm and hospitable in their welcomes. I was a boy again!

I gazed upon the old man with peculiar feelings. His son had been my playfellow. Directly back of the village, in a quiet grove, we had parted, with exchanges

of lasting friendship and affection. It was my first cruise; and flushed with hopes that brightened in the future, I had made known to him my ambitious projects. He was the elder, and bade me remember all that was good in him, and not to forget the playmate of my boyhood, however humble might be his avocation. Beneath a mild exterior, there was a proud spirit, destined, as it seemed, to command. Since that time we had not met; I had never before returned; and as my profession carried me away from my native shores, I had heard but rarely of this early friend.

A fearful conflict of hope and doubt occupied my mind, as I approached the old pilgrim. His head was bowed and rested in stillness upon his cane. With much exertion I at length essayed:

"And where is Thomas?"

A slight convulsion crept over his frame, and tears dropped in quick succession down his wrinkled cheeks. He raised his head, and, gathering firmness, whispered:

"*He sleeps!*"

Again his head was bowed, while the old man wept aloud; nor was he the only mourner. I never heard so much expressed in two short words before. I placed myself by the old man's side, and urged him to calmness, while he related to me events in the life of his son with which I had not been made acquainted.

My friend had run a short but brilliant career. He had graduated at the Military Academy; had carried distinction in his wake, and had not the grave become

enamored of its prey, he would have won undying laurels in his profession. A restless zeal had led him to acts of imprudence, and before he was aware, disease had besieged his iron frame. He left a southern post, returned to his native village, calmly bade his father, the world, and all his bright visions of advancement and honor, adieu, and—died!

He was the last link that bound the old man to earth. He was waiting with patience to depart. My friend had left a message for me:

"Tell —— I have heard from him often. Would that I could see him! Tell him to remember the vanity of all human power; to remember poor Wolsey's last words to Cromwell: 'I charge thee fling away ambition! By that sin fell the angels!'"

Evening had stolen upon the scene. It was with sadness I bade the old man "Good night;" for his eye was more cloudy and his step more feeble. He was upon the threshold of the door that swings outward into eternity.

The bright rays of the sun were peering through my window when I awoke. A slow, distinct tolling of the village bell fell heavily upon my ear. It was the knell of death. The "last leaf" had left the "forsaken bough."

He was laid by his gallant son in the quiet churchyard on the borders of the woodland. My eyes wandered again through the silent pathway which had witnessed our adieus; and I confess a tear followed the sad reflection, that another life-link had been severed.

I have returned since, but the landmarks of old days

are fast fading away. The railways have abolished post-coaches, and the supernatural scream of the engine has frightened old echoes from their nestling-places in the wild-woods. I advocate advancement—I am in favor of progress; but I dislike innovations, and heartily detest the morbid spirit that courts mere novelty. With the power of the “wise men of the East,” I would stay the age of steam wherein it blends city with country. We want some quiet place as a “city of refuge;” some fields of sweet fresh air; and these we want uncontaminated with town malaria and fearful contagion.

## Wave and Wood: or, Jack's Journal.\*

NO. I.

“So is the great and wide Sea also, wherein are innumerable creeping things, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: and there is that leviathan, whom Thou hast made to take his pastime therein.”—PSALMS.

I HAD often pondered on the captivating text, wherein it is written, “Those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters,” etc. The iron had already entered my heart, and I had buried love for hill and dale; and nothing would satisfy me but to fondle old Neptune's mane. In earlier life, a fond and doting mother and careful father detained me from rash adventures; but, like the fire partially smothered, the spirit at length broke out, and I found no hindrance to its gratification.

A life within a large city, poring over musty account-books, and dealing with ungrateful men as well as selfish, had finished what as yet had been incomplete in weaning me from the land. And although sweeter kindred ties were never known than those I enjoyed, still old Ocean's hoary caps I had not seen, and I longed for the troubled deep. “There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may.” I believe it; and although it is a common desire among young lads to try their fortunes at

\* A descriptive letter to the *Knickerbocker*, October, 1851.

sea, yet a nice discrimination should be observed by parents in detecting the *surface* or *depth* of the youngster's desire. But I will not read a homily hereaway ; it is not meet : although, like a garrulous old dame who *never speaks*, I *will* say, many a heart beats slow in straitened circumstances, pursuing an irksome life-journey, because, forsooth, when young, his bias was totally disregarded and crushed forever. It is a fearful and responsible trust to educate the young, expanding mind ; but I fancy it is an easy task to school it against entertaining strong desires for objects or pursuits to which the parent is adverse. To say this as positive, I would not, although there may be much truth in it.

The morning of the sixteenth of November, 18—, broke the monotony of a landsman's life, and hurried me from brick and mortar walls to the deck of my gallant craft. A strange feeling stole over me—a feeling of a new life. Unknown perils, strange scenes—the position I had left, the one I had accepted—all mingled in such confusion, I could neither say, "I am sorry," nor "I am pleased." I had previously parted with those the heart held most dear, and the tear had been wiped away ; yet to leave the land in which they dwelt, was something I had not yet experienced. The busy tread of men on deck, the hoarse orders and the merry song at the capstan, soon knocked away such musings ; and ere I was aware of it I had commenced in good earnest a busy life. "The noise of the captains and the shoutings" and the booming guns soon "spoke our adieu," while the dense

crowd of human beings that thronged the docks made the welkin ring again ; and our noble craft stood away to pay her obeisance to the sea. The hills of our native land soon melted into shadows, and the jumping pitch and drunken roll told us that ocean was "all about." It is a sublime sight to look out and see naught but "old ocean's grey and melancholy waste ;" and then the utter helplessness of mortal man upon the remorseless tide ! Ah ! none can know the perfectness of God in his power and majesty, until the towering wave, high-heavenward, tells him of it. "His way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters !"

To the sea I took naturally, as a fish to the lakes. I had my "sea-legs" on at once, and as for the disagreeable feeling of sea-sickness, I knew it not. Incidents on ship-board are numerous, but the interest of them is materially lessened by narration, from the fact that they are entirely local and of no importance, as well as quite forgotten as soon as they have existence. With the exception of a mishap to our machinery, and a rolling sea, which lessened our speed and detained us several hours, our voyage was quiet, and made in some hours over eleven days. The first land-fall is made upon the lee—*Cape Clear* ; a bold, sterile, rocky coast, pushing its head from the water, like an awakened monster starting from his rest. Stretching away, we follow it for many a long and weary mile. Our monotony was at length broken in upon by receiving a pilot to take us to our moorings, and in some four hours the guns at each quarter presented our first respects to



Old England *via* the smoky, dirty town of Liverpool. A peculiar yellow haze hung over the city, in some parts so thick that nothing could clearly be discerned. It is a commercial town, claiming very little to interest a stranger. I paid my visit ashore soon after anchoring, and found it quite as difficult to walk correctly as some had found aboard ship. A disagreeable and confused feeling in the head followed our landing, and for some days I was rolling with the vessel.

The town of Liverpool (old) occupies a space once covered with water; an old legend has it, that the first "squatters" frightened a bird from the midst of the waters, called a Liver; more imaginary than real, it is presumed. However, this is its derivation; and the coat of arms is yet this bird, bearing a laurel in its mouth. There is but very little pride evidenced by the citizens in dress, dwellings, or manners; and to an American, accustomed to *any* society at home, everything wears a "commonality" quite below par. The tradesmen as well as all the middle class dress more than plain, if I may be allowed the expression, arising on one part from individual closeness, and on the other from dire necessity. At the hotels you find nothing savoring of show; and although you have all real wants supplied, still it is done by measurement, and *extras*, which are entirely unknown in the States. Does the appetite call for a second roll of bread, a dish of butter, a strong potation, the former articles are "extra," while the latter is particularly measured out to you. In all public houses, women, generally young, are

your attendants in the bar, and to your room; a selection and a custom as well for economy as policy, at times.

The ocean had been traversed, and I stood upon monarchical ground, a land with which I had been conversant through history from early boyhood: a land of kings and princes, immortal bards and brave knights—merry England! I wished a pleasanter introduction to this famous kingdom than that of Liverpool; but this was our landing port, and from it I could diverge when circumstances permitted. There are a few public buildings worth the attention of a stranger, and but a few. St. George's Hall, of recent construction, and erected for public purposes, is, perhaps, the one of most note. Her majesty Queen Victoria honors the town with her presence in a few months, to "open" it; a ceremony much like laying a corner-stone in America. Figures carved from stone, and the size of life, ornament the front of the building, a group more to keep alive the ancient rule of sculpturing than for modern modesty. However, this is but a fault in the eyes of a few, and it may not become me to condemn it. In Exchange Square stands a monument to Nelson, of iron. Its design is as beautiful as it is just to the memory of a brave officer. Upon a pedestal Nelson is represented as falling; and while Victory above is crowning him with a wreath of laurel, Death, concealed beneath, stretches his bony arm without, and places his hand upon the breast and heart of the admiral. At the base you read the words that all know—those living,

imperishable words—"England expects every man to do his duty."

A park in the suburbs, called "The Prince's Park," is the lung of Liverpool. It is yet in an unfinished state, but has all the natural advantages to make it quite attractive. The Theatre Royal is the only decent, respectable place of amusement; while on the other hand you have the Amphitheatre, a resort for all the *commons* of the town; and singing-halls and ring-fights without number. Like all large towns, the floating population seek the common places, and one needs but a visit to cure him of all curiosity to look in again.

The gin-houses, although not so extensive as those of London, are still a very good miniature of those dire, death-dealing establishments. You enter by one door, and there in turn are men, women with infants, boys and girls, arranged at the bar, dispatching or eagerly waiting for the nauseous, unwholesome draught, and by another door they make their egress. It is a sad sight to see to what a complexion debased appetites will reduce man. There are some houses still more sad in the display of vice; the resort of street-beggars, prigs, or thieves, etc. Here you find the disabled sailor, maimed landsman, or whoever begs for charity, throwing away their long faces, showing two legs and two arms, instead of one, as at the moment before; revelling, half maudlin in poisonous liquors, and exulting in the clever tricks they have imposed upon the givers. Although in our own midst we have all classes of vices, yet to speak from observation, I should

give the old country the preference as to perfection in this matter. Deception seems more abundant among the lowest. The post-boy will cringe to you for his expected shilling; but, if disappointed, your feelings are very apt to descend into the region of your toes, causing them to jump forward toward the stern of the retiring craft. Curiosity or inquisitiveness, so rife in the States, is an element very little evidenced here. The better and intelligent portion are either indifferent, or their pride does not allow them to uncover their ignorance, while the ignorant and unlearned do *not* know, and can scarcely be taught. It is surprising to meet so much illiberality of sentiment, such ridiculous and intolerable ignorance, as stare you in the face wherever you go. I say this not in a spirit of animosity or uncharitableness, but as the truth, so far as experience in observation goes. I would not advise strangers to make their *début* in England at Liverpool.

The work-horses will surprise any one unaccustomed to such valuable auxiliaries. Their size is immense, and the weight they drag is quite as much so. Great and ridiculous is the comparison between these giant beasts and the poor little donkeys seen laboring under enormous loads, and goaded on by their unfeeling Irish masters. The former are bred in Lancashire, and fed on beans and Swedish turnips, food conducive to mettle as well as to a good condition; and the latter is an Irish way of "getting on." Aside from the dray or float horses, this valuable animal meets with no favor; I mean the common cab or car-horse. Urged to their utmost speed, they tear along through the

streets like mad ; a speed forced by the wicked driver more for his extra sixpence than a desire to accommodate the passenger. The above-said "extra" you might as well give at once, or subject yourself to a despicable "jaw" with the "jarvey," who will haunt you so long as there is a prospect of obtaining it ; another way of begging, which a true American would never follow, were he as poor as Sambo's hat.

It is very pleasant in a foreign land to meet those who possess kind hearts, giving one the assurance that although Satan has tempted all mankind, there are yet those who despise his ways and scorn the proffered crown. I had resolved to visit Dublin, and with a friend made my way to the royal mail steamer "Iron Duke," which runs to Kingston, some twelve miles from the city. The usual introduction through, I pressed my friend's hand ; the steam was up, the hawser slipped, and we puffed down the Mersey. For awhile the captain's duties detained me from conversation ; but this was but for a little time, after which I was invited on deck to consummate our acquaintance. We soon found that we were bound, each to the other, by the "mystic tie ;" and although this fact might in part have biased Captain Christie, still his native gentlemanly conduct could not be too much warped by such a discovery. Be it from the former or the latter, I discovered myself in kind and generous hands, and the best comfort and luxury the steamer could produce was mine. The captain was a gentleman, perfectly liberal in his views ; and I would not attribute it wholly to his having visited

the States, albeit he knew the Americans well, and the same kindness he found *from* home, he seemed determined to distribute *at* home. That night upon the Irish sea I shall always remember with pleasure, and I trust the humanity shown me by a foreigner and a stranger I may follow as an example hereafter. We made Kingston, Ireland, in the morning, and with the captain as my willing guide, we booked ourselves for Dublin. A beautiful part of Ireland it is between Kingston and Dublin ; and although it was mid-winter, yet the grass was green, and the agriculturist was improving the forwardness of the season. It was my first visit to Ireland, and a very favorable impression it gave me. However, my surprise was much greater on entering Dublin ; a fine, beautifully pleasant city, upon the Liffey, with spacious streets, and quite clean, reminding me of New York, as well in the style of building as in its general aspect. With another favorable introduction to a brother—poor fellow ! he has since "slipped his moorings"—we perambulated the city, and in a few hours had seen many of its "*Lions*." St. Patrick's Cathedral, built A.D. 700, is worth a long pilgrimage to look upon. The "touch of Time" is visible without ; but within, although antique, it is yet perfect, and must remain so for ages to come. Dean Swift, and his wife Stella, and his servant, lie buried beneath, while the quaint busts and epitaphs tell you of the "*nat. et obiit*" of the same above. High above the head hang the banners of extinct families of nobility, covered with the dust and mold of centuries ; and a strange feeling it begets to

look thereon. Long since have they figured upon the great stage of life, and long since have they passed away ; and the only evidence of their having existed is the moth-eaten banner above. "Out, out, brief candle !" has Shakspeare truly said. We live but to die. Could this expressive truth be always regarded, our actions would savor of more wisdom than the natural thoughtlessness of man allows.

In the building called the Four Courts, poor Emmet made his immortal speech previous to his condemnation. In this room is a statue of George the Third, the finest specimen of sculpture I ever saw. It is said his unworthy son, George the Fourth, wept when he saw it, for the inanimate representation of a worthy sire almost spoke to him with the tongue of reproach.

Trinity College is another "sight," having the finest room in any building in all Europe, occupied by the library. It is about three hundred and fifty feet long by forty-five broad, without a pillar to support it. Each side, in alcoves, are arranged the volumes, while the front of each alcove is decorated by the bust of some eminent man, from Socrates' time down to more modern days.

A park, called Phoenix Park, just out of the city, is also one of the attractions to a stranger. Her Majesty's troops here stationed perform their drills on this ground. Unfortunately, my day in Dublin was not the one to secure me the sight.

They have a funny way of riding in Dublin. The

vehicle is called a jarvis or jarvey. Over the wheels each side is the seat, back to back, while your feet are liable to be "carried away" by another passing machine of the same style. The driver or jarvey, in front, puts his horse into a full trot, and it is somewhat difficult to keep anchored. I wonder some true Yankee does not introduce the custom in New York, a city so famous for novelties.

The old part of the town looks like old Jewry : narrow streets and very filthy. It is properly called "The Slums."

Although I expected to see a vast amount of poverty and beggary in Dublin, yet I noticed but one wretched being, and he, I should suppose, was the King of Misery. I turned from him as one too wretched and loathsome even to look upon. Nay, you will see more of Irish poverty in England's than in Ireland's large towns ; at least this has been my observation. I attribute it to the vast emigration that is adrift. Not a packet leaves the town of Liverpool without a nest of these poor wretches swarming the deck. They are bound for happy, free "Ameriky," where they expect to pick up sovereigns in the streets, and gather garments from the trees.

There is also in Dublin a fine statue of Nelson, elevated some seventy-five feet ; and also one of William the Fourth. The former is marble, while the latter is iron. Both stand in the centre of the town, near the arched bridge ; a spot, by the way, from which can be seen nearly all the public buildings of the town.

I would here pay a humble tribute of memory and regard to Captain Christie of the "Iron Duke," for his gentlemanly behavior and brotherly kindness toward me on this flying trip to Dublin.

### Landlord Wype.

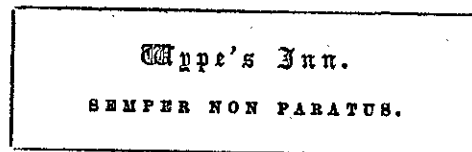
IN old times—say neighborly times ; or, in other words, when some of us were boys ; when stage-coaches were the world, and the blustering, bragging *whips*, the potentates of it, curiosity—eager, prurient curiosity, was fully developed. Illustrations of an exalted nature were thickly strewn over New England, more particularly among those who were labelled and recognized as tavern-keepers ; a title, by the way, *now* known as landlords and proprietors. The one appellation, a rustic wooden handle ; the other, more modern, ivory, mahogany, or cut-glass *knob*.

Later days have swept away, and wiped out, much of this meddlesome element ; and yet there is enough leaven still left to secure fair specimens of the unadulterated grain.

Landlord Wype was the owner of a fine hotel in a quiet village. He was always fat, having commenced life by pulling down twelve pounds avoirdupois. When a boy, he was of that kind who wore short trowsers of a brown, dingy hue, and shone as if polished with brass-filings. In the winter he ornamented himself with a long, narrow strap of calf-skin, which depended on both sides of his legs, and met in obtuseness under a heavy, crushing pair of pegged, cow-hide boots. The warm aroma (?) of a

schoolroom, which, being remembered, is very pungent, was the general atmosphere which surrounded this planet.

Growing up in this juvenile, circumscribed way, he finally polished himself by attending a boarding-school, from October to April, during which time he suffered much from the various liberal bestowments of his schoolmates. At the end of his minority, his father, a man of means, finished his education by sending him to sojourn awhile in town. The time was exceedingly short, however, as in ten days he returned with but one shirt, and a suit of second-hand clothes, that were originally made for a larger person. His natural garrulity forsook him when questioned as to the cause; but there were rumors of a country youth who had fallen into the hands of evil ones, and had been fearfully *vendued*. Eventually he entered the profession of catering for man and beast, in which he became very successful; and time had settled him into a certain dignity of manner, greatly assisted by an enormous amount of adipose substance. Such was his life-condition, made public by a handsome swing-sign, emblematical of *ego non tu*. Thus:



At Wype's Inn, by a blazing hickory fire, in an old-fashioned arm-chair, sat a guest. He was neither old nor

young; he had neither black nor grey eyes; a nose neither aquiline nor pug; a mouth neither large nor straight; hair neither black nor white; a forehead neither massively melancholy nor basely low; neither splendidly equipped nor meanly clad; boots neither Wellington nor cow-hide; he was neither smoking nor chewing; he had no silver or gold snuff-box, nor charms upon a pendent chain, nor an elaborately-chased finger-ring; neither a pensive nor an abstruse look; neither ogling through an impudent eye-glass nor staring at vacancy; neither biting his lips, nor striking the air with clenched fists, nor uttering harsh expletives. When he came, he did not tear up on a mettled charger covered with foam, nor spring cavalier-like, and summon a groom with a voice of wonted command, nor rush upon the host, with torn accents, for brandy and water, nor chuckle a pretty barmaid under the chin with the leer of a *roué*, nor whip his boots with a *distingué* air, or a sportsman's flourish.

Yet he had two eyes, one nose, one mouth, hair upon his head, fully dressed, his feet resting upon the floor, while he was looking upon the bright, red coals that fell and sparkled from the burning wood. He had entered his name upon the office-book, and taken a room. I have forgotten one thing. He was not in love, neither meditating an abduction.

(Dear *Knicker*:\* Allow me to apologize for so minute a description, exact and just as it is, by saying, it is *highly* essential so to do, to compete with the present description

\* Published in *Knickerbocker*, January, 1858.

of all heroes we read of, figuring in stories : and you know one does not wish to be *isolated*, when his pen is appearing before the public ! *Verbum sat.*)

"Sir ! did you ring ?"

The guest turned listlessly, and his eyes fell upon an orbicular-bodied, little, pompous man, who had opened the door, and was approaching, rubbing his hands with a corresponding sympathetic, forward nod of his head, while his face was ornamented with a bland, hotel-like smile.

"I did not !" (Quietly.)

"Ah ! beg your pardon, sir." Pause, while the bustling little man pricked the fire, and looked up the chimney, and punched the fire again.

"I admire that blaze ; don't disturb it." (Querulously.)

"Ah ! beg pardon ; was not thinking." And the little man looked out of the window. Then he placed a chair that stood awry ; then he looked at his guest, who was looking into the fire ; then he pulled hard upon his cravat, and settled his heavy stomach lower into his trowsers ; then he fumbled some keys, and a copper or two in his pockets, and finally jerked out a bandanna pocket-handkerchief, and made a loud cracking noise with his nose ; that is, he blew it.

"What the devil do you want ?" and the eye of the guest scanned the little man.

"Ah ! beg pardon : no offence I hope. Thought I would come up and see if you were comfortable. It is rather chilly, sir."

"Somewhat !" replied the guest. He had read his man, and was again calculating the distance from the fore-stick to the coals.

"Yes," said the host, with a heavy breath, reducing his gastric regions perceptibly by so doing.

Another pause, in which the pompous host, somewhat puzzled, squared a table, and kicked up a charred cinder into the fire. Then he arranged a mantel-ornament, and did not like the change, and replaced it. Then he ventured again :

"It has the appearance of a frosty night."

"Ah !" responded his guest.

"Well, I hope you will make yourself comfortable, sir."

"Thank you."

"Sam !" said the landlord, as he returned to the office. "Sam ! did you ever see the gentleman in Number Two before ?"

"Never, sah ?"

"Well, Sam, say something else ; you are too short, disrespectful. That's all Number Two says : only replies. He's a devilish queer subject : something wrong, eh ?"

"Dunno, sah. Looks like him be a gembleman, sah."

"Sam ! watch him !" and Landlord Wype ran his eye over the name recorded. "Paul Pim, M.O.M.O.B. ; and that's strange too. What does M.O.M.O.B. mean ? eh, Sam ! Depend upon it, Sam, there's something wrong. He must be watched." And thrusting his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets, he wheeled, and faced the grinning African.

"Yes, Sam, *watched*!"

"P'raps, massa, he is *incog*."

"In what?"

"*Cog*, massa; dat is, don't want to know hisself."

And Sam rubbed his large flat nose, and looked very wise, while Wype paced hurriedly to-and-fro, and looked wise, too.

"Ting-a-ling—ling!"

"Eh, Sam, Number Two. Go up directly. Have your eyes open. Be on your guard."

"W-w-why, massa, you almost make me scared; but de Lord is my shepherd." And Sam limped away.

Friend of old memories, Clark, did you ever see a negro, over a *certain* age, that was not foundered, maimed, or crimped in some extremity, or that had two whole eyes! Well, Sam was of full age and had all these necessary *colored* perfections.

"Wall, massa," said Sam, outside Number Two.

"Come in."

"Yes, sah," and the African presented the most of his head, which was nearly covered with a grey, grizzly coat of wool, while his face was darkened by a flat substance called a nose.

"Yes, sah."

"Ebony, approach!"

"Yes, sah."

"Is your name Cæsar? Pompey?"

"Sam, sah."

"Ah! Sam; that'll do—short. Well, Sam, I intend

tarrying here some time. I want a great deal of attention. Post-office twice a day, boots ready blacked, and meals in my room; and, Sam, I wish no intruder, or interruption of any kind."

"Sartinly, massa. Dis chile is ob dat complexion. Dat is, massa, I will see your orders obeyed."

"Sam, you look clever; and hark ye, can you keep a secret?"

"Like de dark grave, massa."

"Here, Sam! I believe you. Here is some change you can stow away for a rainy day. My business is secret." And Paul Pim, M.O.M.O.B., and the African held close converse, until a double rap outside closed the conference. It was Landlord Wype.

"Ah! beg pardon, Mr. Pim—Sam!"

"Remember my charge, Sam."

"Most 'dubitably, sah?"

"My orders have been given to your servant, sir," exclaimed Mr. Pim, turning his eye upon the curious host and again into the fire. "Are your terms in advance?"

"By no means, sir; all right, sir. Breakfast at seven, dinner at one, tea at six, sir. Meals in rooms, extra. Suit yourself, sir."

"Ah! very well. I have informed Sam."

"Yes, sah, de gembleman has 'formed me."

"Good night, sir," said Mr. Pim.

"Good night, sir," said Mr. Wype.



Prior Wype was a funny, pompous, obsequious, kind-hearted, suspicious, credulous, officious, inquisitive man, with a small head and ponderous stomach; slightly bald, and wore a hard-starched collar, just grating his ears.

He slept uneasily that night. His dreams were a mixture of pugilistic encounters and fawning attention. In one he had bodily and boldly attacked Mr. Pim, extracted the great secret, and had been carried triumphantly in a sedan-chair by the villagers, and made chairman of a meeting, the object and determination of which was to subdue Independent Tartary. During these visions he had severely pounded his innocent wife, and finally awoke with an exhausted, ancient, and moldy feeling, which obliged him to swallow an' extra allowance of Santa Croix and bitters to revive his flagging energies.

"Sam, have you waited on Number Two?"

"Yes, sah; he has broken his fast. He be a gembleman, sah; I no think he's suspissus."

"What have you discovered, Sam?"

"Nothing petiklar. But what he say now and den, I put togeder, and think I can say he is no bad pusson; and, massa, I thing he be some big 'un *in cog*."

"Well, Sam" (mildly), "*perhaps* it *may* be so. I think he is high bred, and we will act warily."

"'Pend on't he's over and above. He writes a good deal and seems to study more. He looks into the fire,

and I see his lips move. Dat is all I see out ob de way, massa!"

"Ah! well, I hope he is no *bad* character, for the sake of my house. Supposing, Sam, you take up a bottle of champagne. It may do good."

"Most 'dubitably, sah. A good dodge."

Knock—knock—and Mr. Pim was interrupted.

"Come in."

"Yes, sah; massa's compliments." And Sam undertook a wink from his clear eye.

"Very good, Sam; and dinner?"

"We have fresh cod and beefsteak."

"Well, Sam, bring up; and my thanks to Mr. Wype."

Now landlord Wype was excessively excited, and not a little annoyed at the studied silence of his guest. Mr. Pim paid his bill weekly; was much reserved, and conversed but little. With Sam he was more communicative, and this suggested to Wype he might have designs upon his servant and take him away. Between unexplained circumstances the host began to wear a care-worn look. He had consulted his wife with great caution, hoping to be in part relieved of his increasing anxiety.

Mr. Pim took a walk twice a day, and generally in the same direction, following the road due east, until lost in a copse of wood some half a mile distant.

Urged by his insatiable curiosity, and goaded by dissatisfaction, Prior Wype determined upon a cruise of exploration; and accordingly put in execution this liberal enterprise, allowing his guest some half-hour's start. Not a

corner, fence, nor undulating ground escaped his vision, until he espied the object of his search seated beneath a maple, reading a book.

"It is very singular; devilish queer," said Prior Wype.

The rattling wheels startled Mr. Pim, and looking up, met a courteous bow from the landlord.

"Ah! Mr. Wype, will you take a passenger?"

And immediately the poor host found himself with his mysterious guest going—he knew not where.

Prior Wype had as yet discovered nothing as to the intentions of Mr. Pim (who had been with him now some ten days), and driven by extreme curiosity, rallied his courage for a leading question.

"Do you belong to the army, sir?"

"Yes, sir; to *the great army*."

"Major?"

"It might be so called."

"I see upon the book some initials."

"Which shall be explained before I leave," resolutely replied Mr. Pim, turning eagerly upon Prior Wype, who met his eye, and stammered:

"Ex-cuse me, sir."

"Yes, sir. Do you know of any reckless dare-devil I can depend upon for a few days, who will do as he is bid, even if blood is the consequence?"

"My God, sir—I—I—don't; w-w—what is the business?"

"I will see you again, sir. I have to get out here. Thank you."

Between great fear and intense excitement, Prior Wype turned the first corner and pushed eagerly for home, determined that his house should be no harbor for such a person as he had now fully convinced himself Mr. Pim was; a dangerous character; a person intending high mischief, or murder.

"Sam!"

"Yes, sah. Why, massa! you look pale; what is the matter?"

"That devilish major must be attended to *at once*. He intends murder, Sam—murder!"

"Mighty Gorra!"

"Yes, Sam, he wants Tom Spill to help him."

"Y-ah—yah."

"You black scoundrel, laugh again and I will flog you."

"Massa Wype, who is major?"

"Number Two. He didn't deny the title; and I think he belongs to a set of pirates, or brigands!"

When Sam turned away, there was much meaning in a sly, stray smile wrinkling about his big flat nose.

That afternoon was spent by the landlord in a confidential talk with sundry neighbors, all of whom fully indorsed his fears and counselled immediate action. Mr. Pim was considered (using all charity) a dangerous man, bereft of principle and piety. Some of the neighbors enlisted in the secret ostracism had ugly-favored damsels, whose virtue must be preserved *for themselves*, if not *by themselves*, for Mr. Pim was not malformed. Before

morning, the quiet village was full of surmises and excitement, and Mr. Pim, M.O.M.O.B., was fearfully discussed and imaginatively torn to shreds.

The object of all this discussion and curiosity, mingled with bitter suspicions and trembling fear, had quietly returned from his walk, and as quietly retired to his room. His bell had summoned Ebony, who informed Mr. Pim of the present condition of affairs. Sam was fully in the secret, and enjoyed it exceedingly.

The village clock clanged eight, P.M. Mr. Pim was once more measuring the distance from fore-stick to red coals, while by his side, out-spread upon the table, lay "The Beauties of Irving."

Rap—rap—rap.

"In."

"Ah! Mr. Pim—alone?"

"Quite so, Mr. Wype."

"Hem! Keep comfortable, sir, I hope?"

"Very."

"Mr. Pim—hem! You spoke yesterday of a bad character to help you."

"I did."

"Well, sir; we don't have such persons among us."

"Ah! Quite a moral community, egad! hardly credible; human nature, you know, Mr. Wype, is treacherous."

"True," (trembling). "But, Mr. Pim—major, I mean—I am a peaceable man, and have kept a respectable house" (here the landlord used his pocket-handkerchief

upon his face, which was teeming and exuding from every pore agonizing drops), while Mr. Pim sat musing upon the crackling wood, with an occasional sharp glance upon his victim, while his cigar gave slight symptoms of ignition between his fingers, in small spiral columns of blue smoke.

"Well, sir, this is satisfactory."

"Your question yesterday"—

"Ah! yes—for a thorough-bred ruffian—I have made other arrangements—much obliged, Mr. Wype (sternly).

"Oh!—other arrangements, Mr. Pim?" while a paleness stole over and settled upon Prior Wype's face.

"Yes, sir—decidedly—and in consequence, shall be obliged to leave in the midnight coach."

"Lord have mercy!" and Prior Wype fell upon his knees; "Mr. Pim, you have ruined me!"

"How is this, Sir Landlord? What do you mean? Have you not received your full tale of all charges? Do I still owe you? Have I begged, borrowed, or stolen from you?"

"No—no," whispered Wype; "but the black deed you have done! Oh! how could you make my house such a resort?"

"Now, Mr. Wype, rise; have done with this weakness. Very likely I owe you an apology; but, sir, what is done, is done. Now, sir, I leave to-night, and have ordered Sam to prepare my luggage; but I am willing, and *will* give you ample satisfaction. You will please give notice to your Selectmen to meet me here in my room in one hour."

Landlord Wype raised his head, body, and legs, and there was an animate, silent happiness in them all, as he moved to the door. It was opened, and closed upon the reviving proprietor.

Mr. Pim sat down ; a hearty yet silent cachinnation troubled him, until tears filled his eyes. After a space of some minutes, he rang the bell.

"Yes, sah !"

"Come in. Sam, when I ring again, be on hand."

"Yes, sah—yah—y——"

"Entire silence—you can go."

The village clock clanged nine—the hour when Prior Wype and the three wise men were to receive the great secret.

Mr. Pim heard the opening and shutting of doors, and confused voices below. He imagined the meaning. Wicked to the last, he again made other arrangements, and was pacing the room with a troubled look, as he was summoned to the door. He opened it but partially, to see the panting host, well backed by sturdy yeomen—not three but six.

"Ah ! Mr. Wype ; you will pardon me, but I find I am necessarily blocked, for the present. I have letters to write, and papers to fill out, and you will kindly excuse me, until eleven ; I shall then be ready, and will ring my bell."

Hard breathing and suppressed whispers filled the hall ; but they faded with the dark objects who went below, headed by Prior Wype, and seating themselves before the

fire, opened dark and mysterious converse *vs.* Paul Pim, M.O.M.O.B.

Number One favored burglary.

Number Two suggested a spy.

Number Three spoke of revenge, as the object.

Number Four agitated abduction of Sam.

Number Five, elopement with some young lady.

Number Six, madness. But Prior Wype argued murder, in the first degree.

All were harmonious in suspecting *something* and *that* something was feared to be highly criminal. The postponement of the meeting was ably discussed, and means resorted to whereby the victim should not escape them. Two were placed beneath the windows of Mr. Pim's room ; these were armed with clubs. Two in the upper hall, and two at the entrance ; while Prior Wype was by turns visiting all, and supplying them with the *fortiter in re*, by carrying hot toddies, and assuring them of his hearty coöperation in the event of a struggle.

The clock clanged again ; it was ten. Mr. Pim was napping it, in view of a night's ride. The sentinels were still on guard ; but one outside was found dozing upon his post—supposed to be from hot poculents.

Mr. Pim sprang up, rubbed his eyes, and looked at his watch, as the musical peal of the clock chimed the hour. Snuffing his candles, and poking the fire, he rang his bell, and was busy stowing away papers, as the valiant Falstaffian committee entered. There was no lack of courtesy on the part of Mr. Pim, but his visitors were very mute,

and even Prior Wype showed unmistakable evidences of a mutiny, made courageous by his numerous police.

And now, Mr. Pim having seated the committee, stepped aside and opened the meeting.

"Gentlemen, I dare say I address those who are invested with public power. You are called upon by your friend Mr. Wype, to stand godfather to the secret which is about having its birth. Circumstances render it imperious that I should be brief in my explanations, as I must leave in the midnight coach, and have arranged accordingly. Gentlemen, instigated by humane impulses, and for the mitigation of Mr. Wype's feelings—and, further, for your own benefit—I have inconvenienced myself much, in allowing myself to be thus publicly discussed. Gentlemen! it would be, and, in fact, *is*, quite unnecessary for me to appellate myself a modest person—but I am. I have never sought notoriety. I have never accepted office, from the fact I never had it offered; but presuming it *might* be, I'll assure you, gentlemen, I should not even then accept, unless it *paid* well. I premise thus far, to convince you my intentions are generous, without egotism or vanity.

"I am the son of a poor clergyman, and was educated very strictly." (Evident sensation, Prior Wype hitching his chair nearer to his righthand man, and whispering.)

"At the age of eighteen, I left home: on my departure, my father called me into his study, to give me his last benediction and counsel. I well remember his serious aspect, gentlemen, as also his sage advice. To tell you all,



would scarcely be proper ; but in finishing, he gave me a letter, to be read once a month ; and as I seated myself in the coach, he waved his hand to the driver, and approaching the window, said, low but distinctly : ‘ Paul, remember the initials you will find in your letter—M.O.M.O.B.,’ and bowing, he withdrew, and I rolled on. I need not say—but will—time has gathered that venerable man to his fathers, and he is at rest. But with him was not buried his advice. However far I have strayed from his righteous ways, I have conscientiously clung to the memorable initials, and which now stand upon the book below. It has always created some surprise—and more talk ; but this I pass over, knowing human nature is extremely meddlesome—highly illustrated in the present case. I have seen it has made Mr. Wype unhappy, who evidently has vaccinated you all with the true virus ; and I fear the disease is prevailing much in your village. I am the cause, no doubt, gentlemen ; I regret, exceedingly, to be aware of this fact ; but it cannot be avoided. Yet there is always a physician at hand, and as I have been the cause, so I can be the cure.”

At this interesting juncture, the sound of distant wheels came upon Mr. Pim’s ears. He stepped to the door.

“ Sam ! is my luggage all ready ! ”

“ Yes, sah.”

“ Gentlemen ! I will no longer detain you : M.O.M.O.B., when filled out properly, reads, and emphatically means : *Master of my own Business !* Gentlemen, good evening ! ”

There was but one sound heard distinctly, and that

emanated from the immense cavern of Sam's jaws. It was, Yah wah ? Yah chee ! Yah hoo !

The horn sounded without, and Mr. Pim, attended to the coach by faithful Sam, closed it against him, Prior Wype, his wise police, and the quiet village, forever.

## Literary Empiricism.

"What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?"

KING JOHN.

THERE is a difference between truth and error ; an axiom which needs no argument to substantiate. There is also a distinction separating fact and fable, or the heir from the impostor. We dig deep and build high for walls to defend the prince, and lavish the treasures of the realm to engirdle his brow with a crown of erudition and wisdom ; yet, beyond the ramparts prowls the dark designer, with his cunning and his treachery, as the lever and the fulcrum, to topple over the lawful inheritor, while frequent errors and careless sentinels allow him to creep in to test his strength. As in the medical profession Doctor Sangrado still moves, in his own weakness a tome of skill and experience, while in reality a mere charlatan, so among mankind are those professing great possessions yet sadly adrift from the actual enjoyment.

As mortals, we are imperfect ; nor can we, at any time, age, or by fortuitous circumstances, attain perfection, neither speak nor write words or sentences that breathe of perfectness. The reason is obvious : we are each and all biased by our own idiosyncrasies, which hinge upon

the peculiarity of temperament to a greater or less degree. A nervous man, stimulated by excitement, becomes absorbed in a subject, which he attempts to declare, and he proves a clever essayist, or a terse, epigrammatic orator. Still, he fails to create a fellow enthusiasm in the bilious man, who, cool in spirit, has that perfect control over self which the nervous man often courts but never wins. This difference in temperament constitutes the pabulum for all the discord of mind, be it in "the high places of earth," or among the less aspiring. Whichever temperament is paramount, you will there detect sentiments of a peculiar nature signaling their origin by their fruits, usurping the place of all others; the reigning monarch of thought and of action; and one has treason in his heart, dare he lift his head to open his lips in argument. Themistocles' exclamation, "Strike, but hear me!" is made subservient to the more modern imperative "Off with his head!"

There is a vein, nay, an artery, in the organization of society, which to many minds needs a purgative for its purification; but the nature of the physic or the method of administering, *non inventus est*. There needs the uprising of a mighty Esculapius, whose nod shall be as potent as that of puissant Jove; for man has become mechanical in thought as well as in movement; the power that shook high Olympus could hardly rouse him from his lethargy. Alas! the god Somnus, who upon Cimmeris slept a thousand years, has his imitators and his adherents. It is this: the channel of thought is clogged by the wrecks of so

many endeavors of purblind mortals, who, greedy for immortality, burst upon the world with a glow-worm light, and faded into shadows, that others (and *others* are many), steering up the stream without helm or compass, snag their unballasted boats and sink likewise, while their spars and hulks are left decoys for the next endeavorer. Man thinks not for himself; his originality is lost in the fatal speciousness of the false apostles of rhetoric and of eloquence. The mind of the errorist is like a field sown with wheat, wherein creepeth the tare to choke, and the rust to blight, without the slightest attempt to eradicate the one or prevent the other; and the result is, the soil, capable of bearing a golden harvest, is negligently left to produce naught but barrenness or abortion. Weeds are indigenous to all lands; but the fragrant rose and the yellow corn are obtainable only by carefulness and labor.

This artery, pregnant with impurities, pervades the entire system of society, until you see its effects upon and throughout the whole mechanism. Various excrescences, which attain a decayed maturity, and whose fruit, as grandchildren, are cast upon us for endurance, are observable in daily life. Perhaps it may be novelty of style and sentiment, the mere gewgaw of the brain; but it is, nevertheless, far-reaching in its effects, and always with a proclivity to baneful issues. The unprincipled penny-a-liners, "authors," as they are honorably called, are they who flood our youthful minds with a subtle spirit of wildness, which needs but the circumstance to image the monster. With a scintillation of evil craftiness, and an inspiration



that cometh not from God, do these writers undress their brains of ideas full of fearful meaning to the inexperienced; and so cunning is their web, with its hues of bespangled gold, that, like the apple from the hand of Eve, it is taken with avidity, and with an indifference to consequences. The inward torture tells the deluded victim at the eleventh hour that a serpent has been cherished. Such readings follow the absence of mental discipline, and a desire to imitate some thoughtless ones who have passed through the brushwood. Imitation rather than originality is the inception of a state of powerlessness. All concede that "the mind is the standard." Our *vade mecum*, we look upon the handiworks of God with awe, and yet with admiration. The golden sunset, and the silver moonlight; the soft eye of woman, and the rosy prattler; are subjects we contemplate with pleasurable interest. A gratuity it is we cannot transfer; a treasure more precious than the cedar of Tyre, the gem of Sardis, or the pearl of Gungunah. And yet we abuse it, both in a constant application of its powers, and a total neglect of its capacities. The one abuse is injurious, the other criminal. The one uncommon, the other so frequent that it disgusts.

There is a large portion of mankind who, with a physical enervation and a lassitude of mind, allow others to feed them, and swallow the nourishment, be it a worm or a sparrow. Now, these public caterers are those who have suddenly discovered their capacity of being "blown up," and even in their thinking it is done: shallow-pated fellows, with an enormous abundance of *ego non tu*, and

who imagine themselves elevated far above the general talent. How they have crawled up the ladder none know, but there they are, soaring aloft in an element ill-becoming their superlative ignorance. Perhaps it is a lecturer, whose subject favoring seriousness attracts the well-meaning, and who by apparent zeal and enthusiasm in his *trade* gains friends. He has a ready and voluble tongue; a full eye, that can at the shortest imaginable notice film over with moisture; an untiring loquacity to clog your ears with balderdash and cant. Perhaps his subject allows a margin for humorous display; if so, it is well used. A fund of old anecdotes and nursery rhymes is gleaned from Thomas' Almanac, or Mother Goose, and altered to fit; while the imagination, let loose to its utmost bounds, picks up ornaments crushed and withered by use and time, that have been in requisition since Jubal drew the bow, to feast and edify his auditors, forsooth! Shade of Syntax and ashes of Lindley Murray, can you lie undisturbed?

Perhaps it is a representative of reformers from certain pernicious vices. His pedigree may savor of the awl or the needle; it matters not, so he has a flippant tongue. Inveigled by the idea of being known as Timothy Straw, Esq., the Reformer; of being foisted before the community—nay, the world; looked upon by bright eyes, and "lionized" by weak men and silly women; why, the poor man feels he has changed; that his mind has suddenly enlarged; that he undertakes no more than a natural capacity dictates! Puffed with flattery, his vanity fed to satiety, he is as conspicuous as Dr. Law, or Prof. Know-

ledge, and, in fact, better known than the profoundest logician or belles-lettres scholar. O tempora ! Six months ago, with an indifference at once brutish, this same wise-acre was picked from amid the common filth of self and street. Shall the picture be painted with a deeper shade ? Nay, in it there is more truth than romance. With a change as sudden as death to the living, he is transformed into a public man, and "all the world and his wife" have gone mad after him. He is the last novelty ; the last sutler for an army of morbid palates, and proves the appetizer to whet the taste lost by indolence and base excess. The thunder of the Roman Vatican could no more displace him from the hearts of the people than could Cæsar have turned from crossing the Rubicon. Like an electric shock does this mad enthusiasm pass from one to another, until all mouths open but to pronounce him the most natural orator and gifted man before the public.

Is this really so ? Has our master talent ; our ideal chief of eloquence and of song, been covered by living rags but as a disguise to be suddenly thrown off to our greater amazement and surprise ? Impossible ! Some may believe it, *some* will not. Well, then, from what cometh this love of mental change ? Again : it can be attributed to an absence of mental discipline ; to the lack of originality of thought, which leaves others to write, speak and think for ourselves. Admit that it is *fashionable* ; that it is treason against mind ; an unpardonable breach of etiquette ; an open-mouthed slander to speak other than in praise of him who makes the welkin glad with shouts of acclamation ;

him of the public desk and clamorous tongue, and mountebank oratorship ; shall we too bow the knee ? God save the mark !

Manifold are the ways to ride into publicity, and many are the competitors. One covers himself with a mantle of righteousness, another smiles would-be courtesy while acting the boor. The world is the fool ; he the Solomon. Like a walled city are we, hemmed in by superstition, ignorance and imposition.

There are certain defined rules of energized thought which, if not ordained, have become regulated and established by time, and in the pursuance of which the result is not problematical. It is known before tested, and with the ordinary experience of control, the profound writer can also be the true prophet. He has his course, and his charger is at his volition. Give then the right speed or the right check, and the flying chariot is the object of all eyes to gaze upon in rapt wonder. Its shafts are of iron, its impetus from God ; what obstacle can delay, or what power of earth can impede ? But let the course be uncertain, the charger untamed, and the progress is tortuous, while the vehicle pulled by unequal exertions is cracked, broken and crushed ere the gazer has turned. And yet with these wrecks about as monitors for the future, there are Jehus ready, aye, eager, to pull taut the rein and bury the spur, while admiring thousands stand by to encore them on to madness. As a ship, beautiful in symmetry, majestic in her bearing, with hatches battened upon a precious cargo, can yield plenteousness to her owners, so the mind with

culture and application can make the vaulted heavens ring with praises, and distil upon the heart the oil of gladness with the music of sweet adulation. It is the Eden of existence. Ambition is natural, failures are unfortunate, and condemnation is cruel; but where the one o'erleaps itself, the second follows as a contingency, while the supplement is but its final portion. Could we listen to true, common sense, allowing ourselves no untutored master, but watch the movements of a well-cultivated mind, then might we expect a rich increase to moldy treasures half hid betwixt indolence and imposition. Let us burn the brushwood to make visible the stalwart oak.

Imperishable fame is won by deep concentration and an unrelaxed assiduity; but it is not this prospect that creates the new apostle. He has not thought so far onward yet. The present is his enjoyment, his intoxicating draught. A natural distrust whispers to him "*Now*;" and blinded by the uncertain glare of his own phosphorescence, he stumbles on amid hope and fear, until gathering to himself fresh courage and quickened confidence he brays with asinine clamor, "I am Sir Oracle!" and around him congregate a clannish sect of partisans, ready to follow him to the death. There is no profession, no pursuit, no trade, but these intruders have their circus. Like anti-Christ's they are; like to such, let them be so entertained. Deplorable, truly, is the reign of a tyrant, and mortifying the endurance of a known empiric; yet more deplorable, more galling is the fact to sensible persons that one arisen from his own dunghill, moveth among us and partaketh

of our dainties with that air of assumption which forceth abeyance. The canvas upon which is painted such a picture is before us; a moving panorama. Run as we may, with our ears stopped, the bells that herald the train are ever jingling at our side, ringing the harsh discord that merit dies at the approach of pretension.

Thus has it ever been, thus will it ever be. The established word of God is our declaration; though by no means compelling us to shut our eyes at the sight and endure with patience. Action is the only achiever; Mind the only helmet that blunts the cast javelin of envy or charlatanry. We would shake the good man from his stupor, the sensible man from his repose, and whisper, nay, bellow in their ears, that wolves are abroad in sheep's clothing, stealing from cotes the leader and the lamb; while for all unlettered pretenders, the artisan *sans* his apprenticeship, would we erect a guide crested with a finger of iron ever pointing with steadfast significance to letters which read: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? —there is more hope of a fool than of him."

## Colonel Easy.

EVERY one knew Colonel Easy. He was familiarly called Easy Colonel. Parson Quiet knew him; Esquire Short knew him; Judge Bluff, of the adjoining county, knew him; and the Honorable Mr. Stiff knew him. It was "How are you, Colonel, and what news have you?" He lived in a gabled-roof house, just on the corner near the Hotel; an old house, sacred to him, because his father's father built it; and he was very serious when time crumbled away an old pillar that supported the portico, and obliged him to replace it with modern wood. The interior was pleasant: old family portraits looked down from the walls, and a spread-eagle protected an antique mirror by being perched above, and gazed below with open beak. The kitchen, too, looked south, and its old corners were cosy; and fireplace, oven, and painted beams above, claimed near relationship by smooth poles stretched from one to the other, supporters for sausages, seed-corn, etc. The Colonel loved this place; and of an evening he smoked a pipe here, and laughed out of his eyes, and chatted with a neighbor and the parson, and told many funny stories. This old kitchen *was* cosy. And then the lawn, with elms, and maples, and oaks. His father played here; he had played here; his sons had

played here; every blade of grass was dear to him—why not?

As I said, every one knew the Colonel. The boys in the parish, as he passed, took off their caps and whispered one to the other, "There is Colonel Easy, a good man. I wish he could hear from his son; how long he has been gone! Papa says *he* owes Colonel Easy a great deal, for he got his contract for him; and I know Esquire Short never would have gone to the Legislature if it hadn't been for the Colonel; and Judge Bluff never would have had the say about hanging 'poor Tom' if the Colonel hadn't got him his judgeship." And so it was. Colonel Easy had inherited an easy property, and, when young, *dashed* some; had always been the poor man's friend; had benefitted others, and not himself; had placed his parson in a lucrative position, and sent Senator Stiff to Washington, and helped Judge Bluff to the bench, and endorsed for Esquire Short, and a great many farmers; had educated an expensive family, and, at the age of sixty, found his property dwindled to a small amount; enough, though, he hoped, to bury himself and companion; but he was forgetful of contingencies. If any one found himself in trouble, Colonel Easy was the man; if advice or calculation, why, Colonel Easy could do it; if pecuniary assistance, Colonel Easy; and so it had been until it was a common saying, "Colonel Easy cares for everybody and not for himself." Yes! Reader, he was a "*clever*" man, and did many *clever* things, hoping, by so doing, to carry out the Scripture admonition: "Love thy neighbor as

thyself." He had always granted favors, and never asked a return, that his many kind acts might prove bread cast upon the waters in time of need, if such a season should ever come upon him. Human nature smiled in the creation of Colonel Easy; a godsend to many, a blessing to all. Why should he have burdens of sorrow, heavy trials, and sore afflictions? Alas! he was of the earth, earthy, for "the rain falleth upon the just and unjust alike." The poor Colonel had shed bitter tears over the loss of two noble sons, and he mourned in bitterness for his first-born. Three scions clustered about him and opened a bright future for his old age, but two faded from his sight, and the other strayed from his call. He was childless, and yet his eye spoke kindness; his heart went forth to others' relief, and he was the same good, easy Colonel Easy. Perhaps the uncertain fate of his son Paul agonized him more than the death of his other sons; and sometimes in the gloaming, when the day had passed, a tear could be detected stealing from its covert upon kind wrinkles; yet the sight of his life-partner would clear it up, and the pleasant smile stood over the wreck. On a Sabbath at church, too, when Esquire Short's pew was sometimes the nucleus of all eyes by the return of his son from sea, the lips of Colonel Easy *would* tremble, and his hand invariably shaded his eyes; he could not help it; but his devotional air seemed more deep, and himself more contrite, maugre his intense sufferings. No one inquired of him for Paul, for he had never heard from him since his departure. He had grown up with dissipated habits, and

in a wild frolic had wounded a companion; and, before the result of his rashness was known, fled his home and country. This was the history of the Colonel's agony, which he had endured for twenty long years. But for his son's wild passion the Colonel had made full amends; the wounded boy he had educated and cared for as for his own. It was no less a personage than the Honorable Mr. Senator Stiff; in fact, he looked upon him as a substitute for his lost Paul. Had it not been proven, before this unfortunate family trouble, that Colonel Easy was proverbially a kind man, his great considerateness might have been attributed to domestic sorrows; but no one, to look upon his face, could discover a *cultivated* nature; it was innate. Not a needy dwelling in the county but had felt the generous aid of this philanthropist.

But the shadows of life began to lengthen and thicken upon the Colonel's pathway. It would appear that, like unto Job, the Almighty had permitted Satan to harass him for His own wise purposes, and with the swift feet of evil had visited his friends, to steel their hearts against his misfortunes, as also to bring troubles in frequent repetitions. Senator Stiff, for whom the Colonel had largely endorsed, ever open to the memory of the injury he had sustained, as it were, from his own hand, died suddenly at Washington, with larger liabilities than his assets could cancel. The village merchant, a debtor for heavy cash sums loaned, had failed, and put an end to his existence. Farmer Worthy's buildings were destroyed by fire, and his delinquencies were fearful; all which riveted the Colonel

still more fast in close and awkward circumstances. He began to feel and fear. People said, "the Colonel has grown old very fast. Poor man! I hope he will find a quick return for his life-long services of devotion to others. Surely, Judge Bluff and Esquire Short could easily advance all necessary aid, for the Colonel taught them how to do well in the world." The Colonel lamented that he could assist no more, but must *seek* assistance. A very quiet letter was sent to Judge Bluff, and a note to Esquire Short, couched in manly language of distress. He spoke of no previous business; he touched no chord of memory; it was merely for present assistance, and they could do it. He was sanguine that all was right. Return post brought the following reply from the Judge:

"—VILLE, September, 18—.

"PAUL EASY, ESQUIRE.

"SIR: Your letter of the 12th, requesting a loan, is received. I regret, Sir, to say, I have made such a disposition of my ready cash that it would materially inconvenience me to favor you at this time. Hoping your many friends will appreciate your necessities,

"I remain your obedient servant,

"R. BLUFF."

The Colonel read it, wiped his spectacles, and read it again. It was from a person to whom he had rendered numerous pecuniary favors, and who owed his political position to him. Esquire Short's answer was also before him:

"Tuesday Morning, Sept. 18.

"P. EASY, ESQ.

"SIR: I was surprised to receive your note this morning, considering your utter inability, present or prospective, to return me at any time the sum you desire. I had supposed that your heretofore honorable course of conduct was a sufficient guaranty against any such equivocal exposure of character. Of course, Sir, my expensive family prevents me from indulging you in such a strange vein.

"GEORGE SHORT."

The Colonel had not recovered from this unkind and ungentlemanly reply when the Judge's letter arrived. He could scarcely believe it, and yet the truth was before him. He had played the benefactor, and was reaping the usual reward. Other sources failed, and he gave up the game, retiring into a state of feeling unhappy beyond measure. There was but one more step; he strove to avoid it. He resorted to all his fertile resources, yet there was but one vision before him—an entire relinquishment of his all; the old gabled house, the kitchen, the lawn, the trees. His heartstrings were breaking, but the same pleasant face covered all.

One October day, the inhabitants of the quiet village of — read with sorrow the following notice in the county paper:

"ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—By order of George Short, Esq., Commissioner of Insolvency, the Subscriber will sell, at Public Vendue, on the 10th of December, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right in equity which Paul Easy, an insolvent debtor, has to redeem his farm, lying in —.

"This farm is one of the most desirable and productive in the county. On it are a large gabled-roof house and two barns.

"For particulars inquire of O. J. Acton, or the Subscriber, at Kirkstall.

"E. B. PUSHMAN.

"October 10, 18—."

But the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb. Before the "ides" of December had come, the thick darkness had been dissipated, and the Colonel's eye was moist with joy and happiness. His lost son Paul had returned rich, from a long residence in South America, and the old gabled house, the kitchen, the lawn, and the trees, were still his.

Reader, you have read tales without a moral, but there is one intended here. I need not define it: But do you know any Colonel Easys? Are you protégés of such an one? Have you received kindness, and returned it not? Have you received bread, and given a stone? Have you felt the kindness of others, and repaid them in selfishness? Is there any truth in this little tale? Was there *ever* a Colonel Easy?

## Wave and Wood: or, Jack's Journal.

NO. II.

READER: "Lovest thou to look upon the beautiful?" Then "Thou art the man?" I would that you might have gazed upon a sunset just passed; soft as the perfume of roses the eve, with the waves unruffled, and "Old Ocean" at rest. It was as though the spirits of departed artists had met in solemn conclave to give to mortals their golden ideas of heaven, and dipping their brushes in the dazzling prisms of the rainbow, perfected upon a western canvas their pieces immortal—resplendent, mellow, enchanting, gorgeous—like everything beautiful of the Creator's handiwork, "who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters."

There are those who can look upon such a scene without emotion; without recognizing Omnipotence; without gratitude for life, with such an abundance of varied delights; but I pity and commiserate their assimilation to unreflecting brutes. A storm at sea, with the piping blast and mad-heaving wave, surging in sullen roar, continuous and increasing, presents a *man* with startling feelings of his own insignificance; and so does a sunset; the one fearful, the other beautiful; the one sublime, the other enrapturing. Come and look upon the contrast. It is what the sailor sees, studies, and feels. God in legible print has



given you glad opening blossoms, aroma from fresh-mown hay ; landscapes with the mountain and valley, gurgling stream and rushing river ; the verdant spring and dying autumn ; the morning dew and evening quiet ; and all are beautiful. He has given the sailor none of these ; but sky and water, sunshine and tempest, ever-varying betwixt sorrow and gladness ; and think not these are without instruction.

Morn has followed that sunset. It is the holy Sabbath—peaceful and quiet. The waves, as if conscious of the day, rest from their wildness, like tired childhood. Aurora's chariot, bright in burnished splendor, with prancing steeds fresh from the chambers of the east, is rolling up and onward, resplendent in beauty, scattering abroad and around rich, warm sunbeams. Merry chimes of tuneful bells are calling you to sacred portals. Not so here ; and yet it is well, for God is omnipotent, and the "Sea is His, and He made it."

Napoleon has said, "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." I cannot resist the idea of giving you here the mingled groups brought together upon this world-ferry. It is no more amusing than truthful ; "cabined, cribbed, confined," you have the wild, rollicking, gay, officious, melancholy, jocose, fun-making, sour, laughter-loving, noisy, wise, silent, meddlesome, retiring, anxious ; sleepy, fearless, sleepless ; temperate, gourmands ; abstainers, intemperate, polite, crude, polished, indifferent ; old travellers, clergymen, young beginners ; infidels, rich, pretenders ; generous, eccentric, listeners, gallants, smokers,

"specimens of humanity," gentlemen ; governors, scholars, agents, ambassadors, attachés ; musicians, "*owls*," Honorables, Esquires, "Misters," and all other characters ever made or seen, save the beggar and the miser. Do you not think we have a variety, essenced—aye *oiled* ? Hogarth's pencil and Wilkie's humor might find satiety. How many "Editor's Tables" are there also ? After our Editor's transatlantic cruise, I look to see the *Knickerbocker*\* thus noticed : "Our worthy brother, Gaylord Clark, we are glad to welcome home once more. We have barely survived his absence ; but from certain floating whispers, his "Editor's Table" will be so enriched and embellished with experience in the "Old World," that we shall almost hope he may cruise again. So far as we are concerned, Putnam can close his door, and send us nothing for six months to come. We have cleared our throat, slipped ourselves, and are anxiously waiting for a sight of the old arm-chair and the venerable occupant."

The ancient city of Chester is situated southwest from Liverpool some sixteen miles, upon the river Dee. For its antiquity and memorable associations, no town in England stands its equal. Its origin is of very remote date, but no reliable conclusion has as yet settled its exact foundation. In A. D. 61, the Twentieth Roman Legion garrisoned the place, and the walls were built, the same being extended in A. D. 73 by Marius, son of Cymbeline. On the point of its *very* early settlement, "King's Vale Royal" thus discourseth : "The first name that I find this city to

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have been supposed to have borne, was Neomagus ; and this they derive from Magus, the son of Samoths, who was the first planter of inhabitants in this isle after Noah's flood, which now containeth England, Scotland, and Wales, and of him was called Samothea ; and this Samoths was son to Japhet, the third son of Noah ; and of this Magus, who first built a city even in this place, or near unto it, as it is supposed, the same was called Neomagus. This conjecture I find observed by the learned Sir Thomas Elliot, who saith directly that Neomagus stood where Chester now standeth." Under the memorable achievements of Julius Agricola, it became a Roman colony, and so continued for two or three centuries. It now contains twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. Amid its quaint old streets, time-battered walls, and ancient cathedral, the stranger finds a large field for contemplation. The walls, built of soft freestone, are nearly two miles in circumference, and command an extensive and beautiful prospect of the surrounding country, embracing in the distance the hills of Wales.

It was a clear day in September when I visited Chester. A soft, hazy atmosphere threw a dreamy mellowness over the landscape, and with the winding Dee before, the richly-cultivated meads around, and the grim old peaks in the distance shooting heavenward, the view was charming. I know every one does not recognize the beautiful or reverence the antique, but I pity the man who can stand upon the embattled memorials of Chester and enjoy no novelty of feeling or delight. To stand upon, walk upon,

and touch the very ramparts of the old Roman Legion ! it is impossible to be thus situated without a strong feeling of *quaintness*. Clark, *you* can appreciate this element. And do you remember that beautifully simple old song, commencing thus :

"The moon had climbed the highest hill  
That rises o'er the source of Dee," etc.

This old harmony blends appropriately with the reverential feeling ; and, summing up all, you find yourself transfixed with a silence only equal to your dreaming mood.

Among the many things of interest in Chester, I segregate those which I fancy will please you most. The walls are the only perfect specimen of Roman fortification now to be found in the kingdom, and perhaps no sight-seeing in England would impress a stranger more forcibly. Here he stands upon the very work which has stood nearly eighteen hundred years. It is like addressing *vivâ voce*, the dead of centuries, conversing with them in our own peculiar tongue, and scanning their grim visages with optics of 1851. This would be the first emotion from which to recover ; and as you emerge from this living tomb of feeling and memory, by degrees you find, scattered here, some rich and glorious evidences of a past race, and there, some faint tracery of an almost forgotten nation. O Tempus ! "how have the mighty fallen !" The prestige, once a halo encircling the names, Vespasian, Trajan, Constantine, and the Cæsars, has faded into a venerable shadow, so dim that you go softly for fear of chasing it

away. But this is life ! Happy the man who can walk with a quiet conscience even amid the humbler avenues of life, and at last compose himself calmly for the voyage to those regions from whence no navigator has ever returned. What a port is that !—the hulls and colors of all nations therein, but from which anchorage no piping blast or howling storm shall drift them, May it be ours to shun the reef and gain the port !

Of the many relics discovered in Chester, you have Roman pavements, altars, coins, vases, rings, medals, stones with inscriptions, statues, tiles, and other indications of the dead race. Some thirty years ago, an altar was exhumed—now at Eaton Hall—upon which was this inscription :

NYMPHIS  
ET  
FONTIBUS  
LEG XX  
V V

Pure water springs up on the side of the town where this altar was found, which, no doubt signified such a locality.

It is no more surprising than true, that, until recently, no spirit of inquiry or curiosity has been invoked by the inhabitants for these local antiquities of so renowned a nation. So biased are they to gain, self-emolument, and obsequiousness to nobility, that these precious speaking memorials have never been appreciated ; and, I have no doubt, the American, an obtruder upon the monotonous

routine of English life, has started the Rip Van Winkles, and sent them after their senses. Not an inch of all Wales but would have been explored, had it been U. S. A. in lieu of G. B. This very indifference, this *unappreciativeness* of the past, as well as ignorance, I am sure, has severed links in the grand chain of English local history, which will never be recovered.

The King's School, founded by Henry the Eighth, is an institution savoring of the liberality of the States. Twenty-four boys, of poor families belonging to the church, are maintained here for four or five years. They must come understanding the rudiments of grammar, and "given to learning," while the course of instruction is such as to qualify the pupils for any of the literary professions or commercial pursuits. There are, also, the Diocesan and Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster's Schools. The former has about two hundred pupils ; the latter (gratuitous for the poor, established by the Marquis) is capable of holding eight hundred.

From Chester, some three miles south, is Eaton Hall, the home of the Marquis of Westminster. It is considered the best modern specimen of the pointed Gothic in the kingdom, comprising a centre and two wings. It is of stone, of a light color, brought from Delamere Forest ; designs furnished by Porden. The building has been undergoing repairs for the past five years, and will not be finished for another twelve months. From this fact I was unable to enter and see its spacious and chastely-decorated rooms, although I made a sincere appeal in buttons and

the band ; and hence lost the view of the hall, saloon, ante-rooms, dining-room, drawing-room, library, the great staircase, state bed-room, and chapel. In front you have a scene eminently beautiful : groves, gardens, the conservatory, mountains of Wales, Peckforton Hills, and Beeston Castle, with the gentle Dee, charming in its windings. I need not say here you have the perfection of English scenery. It is a survey that charms the eye, feasts the soul, and makes the pretensions of man and all his labored ingenuity sink into insignificance.

The present marquis is of the noble house of Grosvenor, and traces his descent from illustrious Normans. At Eccleston, a pleasant little village two miles from Chester, stands prominent a church of Gothic structure, built by the marquis, one of the best specimens of this order in England.

Eaton Hall is a lovely place, centering in a park three miles square, and, methinks, embraces all a mortal can desire. If you seek pleasantness, it is here ; if beauty, of God's world, it is here ; if quietness, it is here ; if splendor, it is here ; if abundance, it is here. But there is a vale I know among the hills of New England, a companion I know, a gleesome boy I know, could I have at all times round me, Eaton Hall, its beauties and splendor, might fade in the distance. The effect such places and scenes have upon me is to make me appreciate more and more what the Creator has bestowed, while I am thankful I bear evidences of one hailing from a free and happy republic. My country—God bless her !

## Sir Roger Inkleby's Story.

"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come."  
—HAMLET.

AN excellent old man was Roger Inkleby. As full of wisdom as experience, experience as age, age as temperance and regularity could command by the will of God. It was my good fortune to know him in the prime of his silvery locks. With a smile as pleasant as sunlight ; a heart crowded with good intentions and kind thoughts : with a will to execute strong as life ; with advice sincere as valuable ; with sympathy warm as his friendship, was Roger Inkleby. He was called Sir Roger to perpetuate his universal benevolence. An evening passed with him became one better than the enjoyment of the evaporating frivolities of gayer life. But he is now entombed with the worm of the grave, yet his face is painted upon, and his virtues framed for, my memory.

"Come to-morrow evening," said Sir Roger, "and I will tell you a story.

"My story is a life fact," commenced Sir Roger. "To you it may be instructive, and still more, you may remember it to benefit others ; for you know," turning his pleasant eyes full upon me, "we love to do good, at least we

*should.* No one lives without *power*. No matter the rank, condition, or place. Each has his influence upon the other. It is in action, conduct, and speech. In the home, the warehouse, the desk, the field, upon deck. It is in the eye, the walk, the *dress*; for the latter is as much characteristic of the man as his face is the index prefacing the life. Brutes recognize the fact. A mild cur you see with a gentle master; a savage bull-dog with a wretch. And yet, incontrovertible as this is, it is little regarded—too little by the parent, less by the guardian.

"Philip Marlowe was my intimate classmate in college—a young man possessing peculiar and noticeable traits. He was a good scholar, a gentleman in his manners, and apparently easily read. He was ambitious, cool in design, shrewd, cunning, and rashly bold. He played deep without suspicion or failure. Yet, in all things, he lacked one essential principle. This was effectually covered by his master tact, and he always passed as the model student. I fancied he suspected my confidence in him was not strong; but he pursued the right course in such a case—flattering me with his friendship and reliance so far as his policy dictated. Unexceptionable in his easy conversations, princely in his ideas, he charmed me, and although I loved him, yet there was something fearful in my suspicions that the evidences of friendship were clever advances to convert me. I have shuddered as I caught, unawares, his eye upon me. I never could relieve myself from the idea that he suspected I knew him better than he desired. The sequel demonstrated it.

"It is a fearful thing, my young friend, to live under a disguise one's life-time. But there are those who do it. It may be the first you meet in the street. It may be the father, the counsellor, the elder, the preacher, the merchant in high esteem, your friend. Did you ever think of it? In order to know, you must observe. Pass not blindly through life. Live to learn. Watch the lip, the brow, the eye. Study the semblance between the utterance and the action. Mark the gift and the subject, the favor and the grantor. The politician takes you warmly by the hand, he speaks warmly, protests warmly, promises warmly, *despises* you warmly. The speculator of friendship whispers a golden word *to* you, and bites off a damning point *against* you. He effects his object, triumphs; *you* suffer. The man clamorously zealous in advocating moral and divine precepts, imploring, with streaming eyes, 'Our Father,' is a consummate hypocrite. After the fire the still small voice. *That* was of God. *It was* God. The merchant, rich in his crowning suppers, is a bankrupt and a villain. All this and these may be successfully veiled for years, but not for all time. Just retribution will develop, will scorch, will incinerate. You can readily suspect *that* man who declares the most for your interest. The cat needs but to *watch* to catch her prey.

"Through the period of four years, Marlowe and myself were mostly together. By this singular friendship I gained character, for my classmate was highly esteemed by the Faculty and loved by all. The young ladies smiled more sweetly when Marlowe addressed them; but he looked

upon women as ornaments merely, that would not bear handling without losing lustre.

"It is instructive as well as pleasant to follow the movements of good chess-players. The pieces are before each, and the same opportunity to win offers itself, if the one is as practised as the other. But there is a wide difference resting upon the same talent, developed in a cheating game of cards, where the sleeve or other covert hides the ace that gives to and takes from. I contend human nature is more easily studied where there is the more to occupy the minds of the many; for instance, a city. The pressure of obligations is esteemed security from detection, but to the accurate observer it is the very *signal of distress*.

"So successfully did Marlowe play his part at our graduation I almost denied my suspicions. Indeed, the jury of my conscience stood ten for acquittal and two for conviction; still those two were very tenacious of their opinions. The usual result took place—a discharge; for we pursued different avocations. Before we separated, I received much good counsel, and many excellent suggestions from Marlowe, such as could exist only where there was actual belief in the same.

"Disgusted with all professions, my friend chose merchandise, and soon after gave me his reasons for so doing, the chief of which hung upon being known as the *first* in the world of traffic. I remember his words: 'Surprised you no doubt may be; yet, Roger, I can make more of a sensation in this sphere than in the professions. Note the margin I have; and you know, ambition that is tem-

pered with *godly* incentives should never tremble with doubt.'

"Could this Napoleon of ambition have buried the hypocrite twin of his nature, what a prince would have lived, and what a blaze of glory would have been extinguished at his exit!

"Life instructions are varied as they are numerous: some pleasant, more bitter, neither continuous, though by far the longer not the sweeter. It is holy will that all should be taught from the same great page; likening mankind in this wise to the world of infants, for we all read our A B C's. If the bitter be not now, yet it will come.

"With a mind peculiarly adapted to grasp at difficulties, and with sanguine confidence of eventual success, my class-mate worked on. The younger world began to buzz his name. His affable manner and eloquent tongue won admiration. With his usual coolness he selected his partner, and the business world chronicled the birth of another house, Marlowe & Muldonald, names which since have passed east, west, north, south, and beyond oceans. Rich in experience, tried in wisdom, the *elder* world now began to buzz the name of Marlowe. He was first on 'change, and first in the estimation of the business community. His drafts were gold, his words like so much silver, his name everything. He had won with a character beyond impeachment. When we met he was the same, grown slightly subdued with the massive weight of cares and an enviable name. His counsel was sought to promote great enterprises, and documents with his autograph.

were synonymous with success. With this hold upon the world, I almost fancied that he would continue to merit his proud epithet. But beyond our own ideas of recompense must we acknowledge that which belongs to the Creator. He has assured us the sinner shall not go unpunished. Regardless of his position, there is no rank in the scales of God's justice whereby the greater can be weighed with less fairness than the smaller. Like merchandise for market, each one's net is scored upon the tally-book, and if he had previously passed for worth beyond his value, the honest reduction will come finally. This doctrine has been blown by the preacher into all quarters, substantiated by aggravated cases; and yet, temptation before, and a clever covert beside, have proved the more powerful of the twain. And this is it. Could the errorist know the last act of his drama, his courage would quail to perform what hope for concealment has encouraged him to do. But grasping ambition, intolerable pride, ungovernable selfishness without *principle*, are subtle spirits to nourish. They prove themselves mutineers that need only circumstances to develop destruction. Every one has a desperate spirit. The best heart that ever dictated wholesome truths, has the alchemy of revolt against all statutes, divine and legislative. It is not golden ease that furnishes the proof of such existing property, but poverty or ambition will fairly elucidate it, blotting from the argument the natural wretch—a *coin of crime*.

"Imagine yourself positioned in the velvet chair of unquestionable estimation, with a name echoed for pattern,

a credit limitless, attended on each hand, supported by, encircled with the body-guard of imposed trust, and you have the case of Philip Marlowe. At this peroration of life had my class-mate arrived. A slight silver upon his hair showed the mental and physical struggle by which he had attained this acme. He had passed into middle life, overcoming obstacles, creating business, aiding enterprises, bestowing charity, gathering a name.

"I found upon my table one evening a note. It was from Marlowe, requesting me to call upon him punctually at ten the following morning. I fulfilled his wish, and found him in his morning wrapper. But he was much changed. The pallor of sadness, a hopeless expression, was upon his face. Yet he took me kindly by the hand, and told me, with peculiar earnestness, that he had sent for me to confess *one* life-deception.

"'Roger! I have known since we were class-mates, that *you* suspected my honesty. But by my uniform life, I have, no doubt, blinded and confounded you. Yet before night, not only you, but the world, will know I have played my part devilishly clever. I shuffled the pack to win, but have finally lost,' and leaning forward with a look of terrible bitterness, in a hoarse whisper he added: 'It is all *ambition without principle!*'

"For an instant his eyes glared upon me, his lip quivered, he essayed again to speak, but fell heavily back. His head dropped upon his chest. He was dead! He had swallowed poison. He had been concealing and carrying on a series of forgeries, by which means he had entered into private speculations of great magnitude. But a severe

reverse had fallen upon him, and he saw no other method of avoiding the damning results but suicide. Toward me he had always shown a uniform kindness, but to the world at large, while feeding it with the supposed pabulum of deference, he was merely using this as the saccharine to surface the deposit of gall.

"The melancholy case stunned the world. Public confidence was staggered. Capitalists were dumb. Every one shuddered. Mutual reliance lost one trusted pillar of its base: temptation had proved a Samson, and pulled it down amid the mangled pile of expectation, hope, and dependence. The tree that bore the delicious fruit was but of ingrafted growth in the commoner orchard of humanity. Had principle guided the man, his ambition would have been righteous. He would have erected a mausoleum that would have withstood the gnawing tooth of obloquy and sapping jealousy. His name, like Washington's, would have passed down to posterity polished by age, the prince of merchants, the man of worth.

"Let existence be guarded by principle, and life, with all its phases of sunbeams and night, will gather honey from every petal, that will sweeten and nourish the 'slippered pantaloons' of age: and when Death, with his skeleton chariot, makes his imperious call, you bid the last farewell to accompany the relentless driver upon that returnless ride 'mid the sincerest sorrow of following hearts.

"This is my story of a life-fact. It has a moral; and he is wise who will profit thereby:

" 'Read ye the lesson—heed it well.' "

## Mental Culture.

"VIVAMUS PROPTER VIROSQUE RES."

From history we derive our knowledge of the past. All eras, epochs and events which have transpired and have momentous bearings are recorded for succeeding generations. While it is a duty conceded by all that the fathers collect passing results as records for the children, we have to thank the Creator for endowing man with the desire to save from oblivion facts; while we are grateful to the created for the labor given to this end.

History to the world is what inheritance is to families: for use, instruction and advantage. A textuary to prompt and correct, to warn and advise! A segregated portion of incidents it may be, yet that the most weighty and necessary. Wisdom is wanting without knowledge; results without action. We cannot walk by willing or speak without thinking. For what purpose is the mind? Why have we power to enlarge and ennoble it! Can it be for aggrandizement, to feel superior to those less gifted, to rust without the wear? Nay! It is bestowed for good; for friendship and love; for convicting others of errors, and arousing your fellow from apathy and indifference; to aid in all measures, the object of which is to benefit mankind



and promote the better will. The youth rebels against application, and his mutinous spirit is fed by indulgence. The fond parent, easy with the reins of government, is nursing his child with a condiment that strengthens the passions without improving the intellect. Perhaps he is himself neutral as to mental food, and his son is but a truthful representative, with the increase natural to hereditament. His mind, good *ab initio*, left to swim amid the commonplace bubbles that float upon the surface, is but resting for a perverted purpose, though not for crime, plainly for ignorance, which is the precursor of wickedness. Can we follow the troop of ragged children to schools and books? A negative is here as emphatic as the truth is serious. There is an absence of taste arising not entirely from circumstances. We are all inclined to stray mentally as well as morally, and many there are who need unrelaxed efforts and peculiar incentives to a favorable bias for knowledge and a desire to inform the mind of the Past as well as of the Present.

Mind without culture is but a field open to ignorance and superstition, errors and deceits; a grand *preserve* for burrowing mice and infesting gnats. In our day of wonderful improvements and railway progress, we can learn and improve ourselves by reviewing the course of those who flourished centuries ago. The ancients, fired with an enthusiasm for perfecting benefits and a strong relish for the nobility of exertion, quickened the appetite to dilate the mental eye, which we with all our stimulants may not easily effect. Strict disciplinarians, noble exemplars of

heroism and knowledge, their children could do naught but admire and follow to the battle-field or the forum. Time and custom have worn the point to a bluntness; and without action we shall sluggishly tend to idiocy and imbecility.

The same principle that is known in agriculture is recognized in *mind*. We see the industrial labor of the farmer remunerated by golden harvests and surrounding luxuries: the student arises from his heavy intellectual tasks with ideas both enlarged and liberal. The cobwebs of negligence are brushed away, while the radiant sunbeams of light and knowledge flood his mind with the riches of accession which fade only by the providences of God. There is likewise a satisfaction as agreeable as it is valuable that follows his researches. His spirit of piety, benevolence and philanthropy has increased, and he, more worthy the appellation of *man*, is prepared to give to others that which preserves him from shadows that darken.

What deplorable cause is that which has given Russian Nicholas such an unlimited sway over so vast a territory? From the land of perpetual snows to the clime of the pomegranate and the fig, he governs with ironlike inflexibility. His nod may be both the life and death of his subjects. Fully aware of the potent charm which knowledge brings, he studiously avoids the advancement of much intelligence within his domains, for it is easier to rule an ignorant people than an enlightened. Had the youths of Russia the favored privileges that dance continually before and around those of our country, what an expression of



latent energies would there be ! While we most decidedly disapprove of the rigid measures adhered to by the Russian, we cannot but admire the noble decision of his character, which compels such perfect obedience on the part of his subjects ; at the same time we regret that such mighty influence should bias to blind and enslave. Allowing him the same astonishing power directed in the channel of disseminating knowledge, and what a wonderful ally should we have in furthering light and intellectual blessings broadcast upon the earth. As change is incident to our existence, as change is written upon all things, we cannot but hope that the dark shadow which eclipses so great a luminary will yet pass away, and that the sunlight of erudition will yet illumine the regions of the glacier and the vine, and turn alike the battle-axe and the spear into instruments of instruction and usefulness.

From the fifteenth century, when flourished Columbus, Americus Vesputius and the venerable Las Casas, and to whom is due the gratitude of the world for a more general circulation of important and interesting events, we date the *infection* of the philanthropic spirit which discovered the printing press. It was a great triumph, and the sages of the Alhambra mourned that such an auxiliary for multiplying knowledge had not been earlier discovered, and acting upon this new-born spirit, urged their mental powers to greater action. In this train of enlightenment we see Prince Henry of Portugal, and the best minds of Madrid and Seville, with the cosmographers and historiographers, all eager with enthusiasm to *do* and register events for the benefit of their

children's children. Their deeds and noble achievements have come down to us, and the schoolboy of the present day is now reaping the harvest of the seed sown so many centuries ago. Is not this a sufficient inducement to encourage *us* likewise to do ? Does our progress from one generation to another in science and general improvement arise from inaction or a disrelish for mental advancement ? Nay ! it is the love for study and application. Does one wish to raise a monument to his memory, which shall be as lasting as the light of that nebula of Roman stars, scintillating from the forum, gorgeous in its golden prisms and unfading brightness, let him follow the example set by those who lived in earlier times. With a substratum of martial determination, they mingled knowledge with action ; while puissant in war they were mighty in learning. If there is anything to be worshipped save the Divine Being, it is a cultivated mind. In our century, so full of wonders, an age nearer the climacteric, should not the slogan be *Excelsior* ? Give then the inducements. The voice is well, but must be disciplined ere it can produce melody. We have mind ready for development, but it needs exertion to evidence it, and there is no one so imbecile that he may not influence his fellow. A word whispered from the lips of a dying mother has saved an erring son. Let us all take our turn at the windlass. It is not the "Yo ! heave O !" but the *tug* that lifts the anchor.

A sad truth it is that we have those about us who depend upon *foreign bottoms* for the cargo they convey. They neither read nor investigate ; adults in stature, but

children in attainments. Unrestrained in youth, left as their own masons without instruction in the art, they build habitations of unbaked brick, ready to crumble at the first conflict with the elements. Years have crept upon them unawares, and they resort to a *ruse* both nomadic and dishonorable. Walking *alibis*, picking from this stem a cluster, and from that tree a fruit, until they feel like an epicure after a heavy repast, full to a despicable confidence; levying, as it were, a tribute from other brains. Hence your plagiarists, vain and conceited busy-bodies, empirics, putty-like individuals, for all the world like worm-eaten timber with a plausible rind. Their own weight they cannot bear, much more an additional pound. And unfortunately this class is not small. Like pendant worms, constantly annoying while obliging the passer-by to watch lest he be assaulted. Can the reason of such bipeds moving among us be unknown? Turn over the solid pages of their life, and you will find their history reading thus: A substantive without an etymology. *Verbum sat*.

To the mother is attached a responsibility fearfully important. She is the archetype of her child, who from her receives the stronger tincture, mentally if not physically. Sustained by her in early infancy, he receives a greater bias from her than from the father. And what is the result? The world concentrated in the mother. A fact as strong as the perfume of roses is sweet. To you, then, mothers, are given immortal minds to be trained by you for usefulness or for dishonor. The period cometh

when your sun shall descend the western hill of life. Do you desire a setting mellowed by golden light, act early and act well; else the dark cloud and sombre twilight shall be your pall-bearers to the grave. Bear with you the wise adage, "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

It is not supposable that all minds are *capable* of high culture even in the better circles, yet example and decision go far in benefiting or perverting. It is commendable for parents to incite their children to industry, yet the industry of mind is too much overlooked in the common error to beget wealth merely. The old Grecian axiom is here peculiarly appropriate: "A rich man without knowledge is like a sheep with a golden fleece." *Legitimate* fame never follows the moneyed man. He may have notoriety from the fact of his possessing means, but there is no dependence upon wealth for a *name*. This follows one who, in assiduous reading, has attained the full growth of his mental powers. Be he poor, he is still respected, for, of a certainty, the world at large will recognize his capacity; and if "much learning" has not "made him mad," he may at the turn of the wheel occupy his level. But I would not advocate theory without practice. The mere *student* is only powerful in suggestion, and in *this* not always successful. The young theologian may be prepared to enter upon his calling, still stale and tedious in addressing an audience of business men, from the fact that in his seclusion he has not given himself the opportunity to detect the sinuous stratagem or the plausible deception which is current in all ranks. For a great man, it is not

only necessary that he should be *thoroughly* read, but that he should combine his readings with *observation*; thus, when requisite to define his position or advance his argument, he leaves no loop-hole whereby the barb of the critic can pierce to his discomfiture. There is too much of mere *surface* afloat, without the subsoil. This surface is easily polished, but like spurious metal it will neither bear the test nor the wear incident to usage. Were it always remembered that the father of the *man* is the child, we should have more of maturity attained in honor and usefulness. Banish indifference to mental improvement in youth, and hopes may be cherished that his manhood shall evidence *character*. Beget a spirit of constant addition to the mind, and the council chambers of our republic shall never be echoless of the music of eloquence. It is to this end that the young should be directed. Let the work advance while it is day, for the shadows of eternity are falling and soon will envelop us in the darkness of the grave; and how sweetly shall the soul rest upon the least influence we have exerted during the light of a life-day. Look at the blatant, "cut-behind," gang, the precociously depraved, with their Billingsgate expressions, bold manners, and puerile staleness, that are daily before us! These are to occupy places and become actors on the body-politic: is there no work? That crime always existed is no argument for us when reformatory measures are considered which smell of labor and real responsibility; neither should we postpone energetic action for the next generation for the reason that we are not *all* robbed or murdered. We

have already seen the evil of delay. Minds opaque, blinded by illiberality and selfishness, are sent to our Capitols for honorable seats, while the more enlightened portions are *compelled* to live under rotten laws and amended sections. It is time that *thought* should precede *action*; that the mind should be catered to as well as the body; that *men* should occupy the seats to which have been nailed, as it were, the *fool* and the *fanatic*. There is a method to obviate all this; but it is not found in late inventions or in recent discoveries. It was old in the days of Solomon; yet older in the days of Thales; still older in our day. Neither is it of the character of a conundrum. It is mental culture.

From the red warrior upon the ragged cliff, like the grey eagle of the mountain, noble in its freedom, have we caught the enthusiastic idea of liberty. With this element as a concomitant, mind has progressed until intelligence, like a rich and variegated carpet, covers our land. Spires of institutions tower heavenward at every point—symbols of liberty and intelligence. Yet beneath and around are cesspools reeking with the impurities of ignorance and vice. Does it not behoove us to abate these nuisances? Until this is done we shall not have perfected the beautiful design of our beneficent Creator. Let our banners which float to the breeze on land and ocean, bear the inscription, "Here is the intelligence of Liberty!"

But worldly fame and the *éclat* of many tongues are not the only appendages to this subject. The ports of China, the rivers of India, the mountains of Circassia, the land of

fallen obelisks, of the turbaned head, of the dark skin and tattooed face, tell of other and more enduring benefits. The great scheme of salvation is thrown wide-cast the world over. I would ask the ashes of Voltaire, of Rousseau, what has given their bold blasphemies the lie? I would ask all speculators in the Christian as well as in the business world, what overpowers all heresies or sand-built projects? Does the unscrupulous promulgator of deceptive schemes find *all* his proselytes among cultured minds? Among what class do we see imposition most practised?

It behooves us all, then, to throw our influence to bear upon common benefits. Let the press which shines for all issue truth rather than fiction, the gold rather than the dross, the fruits thereof tasted in almost every dwelling. America! the Colossus of the Western World, our own, our favored land, is not least among the countries of the globe. She has mind as well as matter. In her is centered the glory of endurance and of exertion, the pride of intellect and of power. She has had her Washington. And while his ashes rest peacefully among us, let his spirit be made happy by marking our progress steadily onward to that goal which he in the lustre of manhood heroically pointed us; so that when we shall have attained his companionship in the realms of peace, his smile shall be as sweet as that which played upon his face when brilliant achievement and glorious victory were his to report to the Congress of earth. Let the eagle, our symbol of triumph and liberty, wing not only the motto, "*E pluribus unum*," but "*Vivimus propter virosque res*."

### John Brimmer.

"And the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously."—2 KINGS.

JOHN BRIMMER wished to be considered a fast young man. In some respects he was. He coveted another appellation—to be a "brick." The town knows what this means, and being a very abnormal, angular, and defective part of speech, an explanation would be diminishing the spicy merit of this substantive. There is some respectability attached to the phrase, which is admitted by all; but use it in another sense, and the metamorphosis is beastly. For instance, he has a brick in his hat. There is, likewise, no necessity for defining this term. It is better appreciated than classified.

Now John Brimmer wished to be ranked as a "brick." But he was not. He did not wish to have it generally known that he carried this Israelitish curse in his hat; but he did. At the same time, he hoped his own fellows would be cognizant of the fact that he could waistcoat as many todies as any of those who regularly rendezvoused at —'s.

John Brimmer was a modern, a genuine "young 'un." The down on his lip was not beard, but he wished it was. It was more of the squab order of adornment, than hirsute. Symmetrically molded was he, after the pure style of

architecture, Shanghai—a perfect Apollo of this school. A cold, grey eye; a colorless cheek; a “rising sun” altitude; legs close reefed by nature and improved by the tailor, like economically dipped tallows exposed to a July sun; a hat slightly upon the port side of his caput; boots that came to a premature end at the toe; cravat à la studding-sail, with a gait that evidenced a chase after knee-pans. John Brimmer was encased in the present age uniform, for all the world like that of a charity-school. His appearance was like a starved crow, with more caw than flesh. The overcoat that he wore would have admirably answered foraging purposes in length; but the waist was playing too much bo-peep with the collar to tell of the battle and the breeze. His mother used to call him Johnny dear; and he was under a physician’s charge most of the time, poor boy. Mrs. Brimmer was a weak, vain, and foolish woman, with a gaudy show of jewelry and flounced silks. She had been made a wife to one who “married in haste to repent at leisure”—poor Mr. Brimmer!

Perfectly acquainted with his son, Mr. Brimmer knew he could make nothing of him, but was fully aware that the boy would make of himself a jackass. Mr. Brimmer was, consequently, slightly indifferent and reckless in his paternal position. If he spoke of John as a silly, foppish boy, he was met with the response, that “Johnny was young and must be humored.”

Brimmer, Senior, was a sensible man, and eventually came to a conclusion, that the mother taint was far the

stronger, and his son’s nature could not be changed, and likewise, that John would unquestionably “go to the devil.” In this he was essentially correct, but not without severe attempts to bury destiny in a deep grave, without a resurrection.

John had been sent to the country to commence his education. His books were costly bound, with his name in gilt, like prayer-books seen through stained glass; his room fitted and prepared for comfort; his locker stored with delicacies, such as ginger-root, sweatmeats, port wine, potted meats, and a supply of eggs. A fishing-rod and tackle in one corner and a ducker in the other. A revolver and a small silver-handled dagger lay upon the table, with several small glass bottles, marked “West End,” “Mille de Fleur,” “Jenny Lind,” and “Spring Flowers.” But it was of no use. Concentration Johnny did not delight in, and too much study preyed upon his health. A champagne supper and a case of Burgundy brought from the village medical a letter addressed to William Brimmer, Esq., merchant, representing John Brimmer’s constitution not sufficiently strong to endure, as yet, a course of studies, and in case it was persisted in, the grave would cover its victim. With, this John returned to town, after disbursing his fancy effects to his numerous admiring friends, by way of gifts, and drawing a sight-draft on William Brimmer, Esq., alias, the “old governor,” for his six months’ expenses. The draft was paid by a check drawn and a deep drawn sigh. John’s cunning carried the day, for it could not be supposed that any parent, in the face

of such a document, would be so unnatural as to murder his son by hastening him back to resume his studies.

Mrs. Brimmer was piteous and sympathizing, but took John the same evening to a large and fashionable party, and did not return until three in the morning. John was "overcome;" but then he did it in a gentlemanly way, and all young men are indiscreet sometimes. This was quite an achievement for Johnny, for immediately after and following it for weeks, did he plunge into excesses with a blind recklessness, which was duly appreciated by the right ones, and crowned John with the wreath of a fast young blood. It also crowned him with marble.

In a cemetery, inclosed with an iron railing, struts skyward, an elaborate monument. Upon the base is carved the name Brimmer. Above is recorded in great brevity the demise of William Brimmer, Esq., merchant. Just around the other side, in deeply traced gilt letters, you read:

"MATERNAL AFFECTION

HANDS DOWN

TO POSTERITY

THE NAME OF

John Brimmer,

WHO DIED MAY 14TH, 18—. AGED 20 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS.

He leaves an inconsolable widowed mother and a large circle of idolizing friends, who admired him for his talents and loved him for his many virtues. He has been early called from the polluted atmosphere of Earth to the golden streets of Happiness. O Absalom! my son! my son!"

Poor John faded with consumption, the result of "his many virtues." Charity will cover the direct cause of his precocious departure. But it is of no consequence, for the John Brimmers are legion, and an occasional vacancy is not noticed, only by the monument-maker.

## The Rock and the Skeleton.

TUMBLLED together, and expressing the vast sublimity of the Almighty, is the range of mountains in western Massachusetts. Hard toil and continuous industry, have shorn their rugged peaks here and there of their primeval dress, and given creature comforts to man ; fed the mad engine tearing along below, throwing its shrill thanks in its lightning speed, to its towering provider far above ; made red the glowing furnaces that melt the ore for all mechanisms, and imparted cheer and gladness among the family circles that nestle in the green valleys far down their beetling crags. The home of the bear and the lair of the fox have been routed by the chopper's shanty, and the silence that once was, is now forever broken by the woodman's axe and the rude song of the driver.

As formerly, there is still a strange fancy inducing many to pitch their tents and take up their abode high above the babbling brook and soft valley in the fastnesses of the mountains, where stranger still, between the struggles of nature and the determined will of man a maintenance is derived ; but not accompanied with the palatable trimmings of easier life. Among these mountaineers you find endurance with patience, generosity without the amplex of means, and a certain intelligence applicable to such

cases of emergencies as are often transpiring among them. There are instances, also, but more formerly than now, where the cultivated mind fled hither for a city of refuge, to linger in solitude as a penance for early transgressions, or to shut from one the world in which neither affiliation nor gratitude has been found.

Among the earlier settlers of this range there were two, Berry and Perrôt. The former was the elder in residence by many years. He had selected a locality between two peaks on a rising ground, and which overlooked a small portion of the valley, while above and around him was nothing but tree and rock. Eccentric in manners, he was rarely seen in the settlement, and in all his necessitous intercourse with mankind, showed unmistakable repugnance to forming any friendly relations. Various rumors were put in circulation. That he had been a Cain, and had done dark deeds upon the high seas, and had fled inland with his booty, as well to secure it as himself. No one doubted his uncommon intelligence, and his bearing was like one who had seen and known much of the great wide world. Connected with his natural and unvariable taciturnity, was another circumstance which the artless inhabitants below him construed into mystery, and which led them to look upon this man Berry as "no better than he should be." It was his daughter who comprised his entire family ; Lina by name, and a maiden possessing great personal beauty and attraction. Her complexion was more of the land of the olive and the vine, than the rough climate of the north. She was the sole



mistress of the mountain-hut, and bore this unnatural solitude without complaint. She loved her father, and Lina, in her beauty, was to be admired in her obedience.

Berry had been established in the mountain, some years the sole resident of the peak. Below and around him the world gathered its usual fragrance and poison—with him a matter of indifference. There existed but one medium between perfect solitude and civilization. This was one Hack Williams, a well known hunter of the region. Hack (as he was familiarly called) was a blunt woodsman, ignorant yet shrewd, cunning and cool, and very jealous of his reputation as a successful marksman.

West, and beyond Berry's, was a famous hunting-ground, known as "Slaughter-Field," where Hack pursued his wild life with undiminished success. It was here where Hack and Berry first met. The hunter had just brought his fox to the ground, and was putting down a charge of whisky for luck, as Berry came upon him. And there, face to face, stood two beings, in this mountain solitude, of peculiar and diverse character; the one like a sealed book, the other, candid, blunt, cool, and undaunted. Berry looked upon Hack with the eye of an eagle; while the intrepid woodsman, still holding the flask to his lips, eyed the approacher with the same calmness with which his eye was wont to rest upon his barrel that spoke death to his game. As he pouched his cup, Hack broke the silence:

"If you don't wish to jine, yourn is n't a kindred sper-rit. What's your name? *Mine* is Hack Williams, a fel-

ler ready to do a pious or a devilish arrant, as the natur' of the case may be."

Berry stood, still reading Hack with that scrutiny which had so far served him. At length, stepping forward, he extended his right hand:

"Hack! I believe you. I should like to know more of you."

"The devil you should! If your name is *Berry*, I can't understand why you want to know me. They say you hate God's manufacture in the shape of man. Say! how is it? If your name isn't *Berry*, beg pardon for talking so plain."

"You have guessed right, Hack. The Almighty writes a legible hand on every man's face, and if I can read his chirography right, I can trust you, eh?"

"Don't know nothing 'bout *kirog-raffy* and *leetle* 'bout God; but I kin tell you, so far as my interest goes, you can go a *trifle* over your length on a trust. Human natur' is human natur' the world over, s'pose. Hullo! there's old Bet!"

At this moment Hack's hound sounded up the ridge, and throwing his fox over his shoulder he started for the point.

It was this seeming indifference that hastened Berry to a parley, and calling after the hunter, requested an interview with him at his hut on the following night.

"I know where 'tis," came back his reply.

The name of the other family, as I have before mentioned, was *Perrôt*, consisting of father, mother, and son—



Pierre. The former had come from France in early life with his father, who had suddenly died upon the voyage, leaving him to push his fortune alone in a strange country. He had supposed his father's purse was heavier than he found it on arrival at port, and he could not dismiss uneasy surmises as to the correctness of the captain's conduct in regard to the whole affair. He had, however, no tangible proof to aid him, and a new land to discourage him withal, he had allowed the matter to pass. Entering into trade, he had prospered and married, but subsequently, speculations had reduced him, and he had sought this mountain for a little investment and retirement. He had been upon the ridge but a few months previous to Hack's interview with Berry.

Pierre was young and enthusiastic; of slight figure; agile, and well calculated to mold himself to a mountain life. He had often met Hack in the settlement as well as upon the peaks, and both entertained for each other a brotherly feeling. Hack thought Pierre a gentle, generous youth, vastly above him in education, to which he did not object, willing to adapt himself to present circumstances, and a *protégé* for the field, which exceedingly pleased Hack, inasmuch as he was considered *the* hunter of that region. Pierre saw in Hack a daring man, cool in danger; one in whom he could trust, and in a fearful emergency worthy of all confidence. Hack was strong at the bottle, but never with excess, and Pierre, like all young men, partook as were the contingencies. They often met at the valley hostelry, and while one delighted the other with hair-

breadth 'scapes of a hunter's life, Pierre charmed Hack with his flowing words descriptive of la belle France, its vineyards and dark-eyed grisettes, as he had received it from his father.

Perrôt had chosen a locality above a mile west and beyond Berry, with an ample and delightful view of the valley. Hard by his house ran a mountain rill, clear, musical, and sweet its waters; while north, an unobstructed view gave him continual evidences of life below him. Two high ridges, with their ragged caps, intervened between himself and Berry, and as the latter's taciturnity was known by Perrôt, he had sought no interview, and they had never met.

Such were the relative circumstances existing between the two mountain families at the time of the interview of Hack and Berry on "Slaughter Field."

During the following day, Hack as many times hesitated, and as many times concluded to visit Berry; but finally decided to know the wish of the misanthrope, and turned his face toward his abode. He arrived at the village hostelry at the foot of the mountain at nightfall, where he found Pierre, an unexpected meeting to both parties.

"Glad to see you Hack. How is this?"

"Wal, I have a kind of *serous, religious* arrant just above," putting his eye up the mountain; "Berry has invited me to tea with him," shutting his mouth closely; "but I think natur might be lifted leetle bit better here. Come! Uncle Bill's flip is better than raw water," and taking Pierre by the arm, Hack ordered the slings.

Smacking his lips over the glass, Hack looked Pierre full in the face :

"Own up, boy ! something's on your mind. Sick, or turning pious ?"

"Hack, you are blunt, rough, and meddlesome to-night. But if you are for the mountain, we will go together." And Pierre finishing the glass, settled his cap upon his head and left the room, followed by Hack.

"Wal, Pierre, say I'm blunt as an ash sprout—it's true ; I'm nobody but Hack Williams, but I've got just as strong a hand and as stout a heart as them fellers who have fine coats and soft hands, and if you didn't call it kind o' bragging, I should say an almighty sight more in my favor."

"So you have, old fellow. I meant nothing. Do you know old Berry has a pretty daughter ?"

"Umph ! knew 't was a gal affair. Wal, what of that ? Are you afraid to do your own kissing ?"

"Wish I was in your place to-night."

"Aint jellus ?"

"No ! But, Hack, I wish you would take some observations, and if it comes convenient, put in a word for me."

"S'posing I should go hankering arter her myself ?"

"Then good-bye to old 'Sure Hit.'"

"Got me there, boy ! Now that are gun and myself never part company till death doth us sever, as some of your big writers say. I don't know but 'twas one of those holy fellers. Wal, what shall I say to her in case I see the gal ?"

"You can judge better at the time, Hack. But bear me in mind and come over my way and stay with me to-night."

"Wal ! now *that's* human. Think I *will*. I'll kind o' look at her and think of you."

As the twain separated Hack soliloquized :

"I see ! Guess it's a kind of courting counsel Berry wants to see me for. Must have been recently converted. Gitting civilized at last."

Arriving at the hut, Hack knocked. The door was opened by Lina.

Now Hack was no gallant ; boasted of no beauty, and thought more of a gun than a girl. But when this mountain maiden stood before him in all the simplicity of undorned beauty, and spoke to him in a gentle tone, he was entirely confounded. Instead of pursuing a very natural inquiry for her father, he stood and gazed upon the girl with wonder and delight.

"Gosh ! how pretty ! He said she was."

"Is this Mr. Williams ?" interrupted the blushing damsel.

"W-w-why yes. How'd *you* know ? Ha ! ha ! yes ! Hack Williams."

"My father expects you to-night and you will find him at the little falls above."

"Do you know Pierre ?"

"I have seen him, sir."

"Wal ! I don't wonder at it. He's taken a liking to you—so've I as for that matter—but I'm too old ; and he's

a nice boy, and—beg pardon—you're a nicer gal. If you want enny help I'm ready. Kind o' hope *can* help you. Wal! do you like Pierre?"

Lina hardly knew what to answer; but rallying herself, and the ingenuity of her sex immediately presenting itself, she replied:

"I should like to see him again, sir."

"And you shall, pretty one. Where and when?"

"To-morrow, by the lake, as usual."

Hack threw out his broad and hard hand:

"There 'tis! I'll do anything for you. I s'pose there's angels, and if so, my idee is, they're kind o' like you. But if they're all so pretty, couldn't sarve 'em all 'like. But I should just 's lief die doing on't. That's honest."

The bewildered hunter turned, and Lina closing the door, sat looking steadfastly at—nothing.

The lake\* Lina spoke of was half a mile from her father's—a wild, lonesome, romantic place, rarely visited, as there was no living thing in its waters; hemmed in by moss-grown trees, saving a space of some three rods, in which, alone, was a gigantic oak. At its base was a ponderous quartz rock and within a few feet of the water. The rock was partially against the oak, and beneath it the earth had been displaced, as if the little lake had once been "troubled," and sought, but in vain, to undermine it—succeeding partially, however, and forming a shelter of some six feet square.

It was here Pierre first surprised Lina, and they had made it their place of meeting since.

\* Its name, "Jake Keyser."

Hack followed the little run up some fifty rods to the falls, and found Berry waiting his approach.

"Well, Hack?"

"I'm here," and putting his rifle upon the ground and resting his chin upon its muzzle, he stood looking at his new-made acquaintance.

"You may think it trifling, Hack, on my part, as well as putting you to trouble for my benefit, in requesting this meeting, but you left me so suddenly yesterday I could say no more then."

"Wal! so far there's no hurt done."

"Do you know the family west of me on the second ridge?"

"Some."

"Is there a young man in the house?"

"Yes."

"Do you know *him*?"

"Yes."

"A son?"

"B'lieve so."

"What is the name?"

"Perrôt."

"Perrôt!"

"Yes; I said so. Anything strange about it?"

"Hack, are you willing to do me a favor?"

"Gineraly speaking, warped that way, all things being equal."

"I have a daughter"——

"Just seen her."

"She is young, and I am in no situation to lose her This young man," throwing his hand westward, "is, I fear, bedevilling her. It must be stopped. I desire no intercourse with the family."

"Wal, you want me to tell 'em so?"

"I do."

"Wal, sir, I mind my own business, and transact it, too. I never meddle."

"But, Hack, it is not necessary for me to explain."

"Don't want you should. Haven't ax'd you."

"Well, but you have no objection?"

"Wal! 't isn't *my* business, and I'm no schoolboy to be sent from school-ma'am a rectifying mistakes."

"But I will pay you."

"Then—swear I won't—I can't be bo't *no* how."

"You are obstinate, Hack."

"*You* aint, of course."

"Do me this favor; carry it out, and ask me any in return."

"S'posing I ax you for your gal?"

"That is unreasonable. Cannot be granted."

Hack threw his rifle upon his shoulder: "Seen any game 'bout to-day?"

"One that *will* be game has been about."

"There's allays *two* if there's one."

Berry looked intently into the stream. "Think of what I have said. I want no trouble, but I shall *make* it if necessary. Here is money for the inn!"

"Thank ye—never use the article."

Hack followed the path through the woods and over the mountain until he came out near Perrôt's house. Putting a whistle to his lips, soon after, a rustle among the ferns announced some one's approach. It was Pierre.

"Halloo, Hack!"

"Got into devil of a fuss. Berry'll cut your heart out if you love any harder. Ha! ha!"

"A hard old quid. Did he speak of me?"

"See here, Pierre, that gal's a beauty! But I can't see her again; made me crazy; don't know what I said, but I rather think she'll call me an old fool. There now, 'most forgot it. The little creature wants to see you to-morrow, as usual—eh! boy—as usual! Seen her before! Kind o' sly. But don't blame you, lucky dog!" And Hack whispered into Pierre's ear: "You are no spunk if you're scared off so. Steal the gal and run away!"

Hack had left Berry in a disappointed, unsatisfied, revengeful mood. He could not but admire the hunter for his blunt candor, and considered him a faithful ally if he could secure his confidence. This he greatly desired, and he hoped, on consideration, Hack would eventually deliver his verbal errand.

Lina, in her artlessness, had told her father of meeting a young man, else he would have been ignorant of the fact. He had said nothing to her in reply, and as he had not expressed his commands, and as Pierre was gentlemanly and enthusiastic in his language and honest in his requests, she had allowed herself to build fancy castles, dwelling with pleasure upon the interviews. The comeliness of

Pierre and the romance of the meetings were material aids to him. Neither did Lina suppose her father would eventually object, if matters progressed agreeably to her. However, she had concluded to say nothing more upon the subject, at least for the present.

That Berry had his own and peculiar reasons for his demurring, was evident. He could not endure any obstacle to thwart him in his designs, and he had determined upon a policy to be followed before he left the falls.

There was one expression used by Berry, Hack could not forget, and although a blunt woodsman, he thought he read Berry sufficiently to warrant a supposition that he was a dark, mysterious man, obstinate, reckless, and desperate. He had met the hint in his epigrammatic style, but he feared its meaning. So strong were his feelings, he resolutely decided to follow the word with the action, if requisite.

The more Pierre thought of Lina, the more fearless he became in his determinations. He knew in Hack he had a friend to be trusted and fully relied upon, in case of an emergency. Hack gave Pierre some hints suggestive of a careful course to be pursued in his actions, and had promised all necessary assistance, for he surmised Berry would resort to extreme measures if the interviews with his daughter were continued by Pierre. He was also satisfied Lina favored Pierre, and he was hopeful in the latter's energy and the former's endurance for a peaceful result. At the same time, he could hardly reconcile his sympathy in urging Pierre to proceed in face of Berry's threats.

Hack's advice to "steal the gal and run away," was seriously entertained by Pierre, and he met the engagement at the oak by the lake resolved to discover Lina's feelings upon the subject. This course, however, was not countenanced by the maiden. She had advised a postponement, trusting that in time her father would recognize her wishes, inasmuch as he had not as yet opposed her by his commands. It was through Pierre she had learned of his dissatisfaction, but she could still conscientiously persist in her regard toward Pierre from the fact that her father had said nothing to her upon the subject.

Thus the matter remained through the summer months. Hack was occasionally inquisitive and always watchful. He had made it a duty, so far as he could, to stand guard and protect Pierre, and was very often a sentinel at a respectful distance when the lovers met.

The uniform silence of Berry toward his daughter on the subject of her attachment, as also his silence toward the hunter concerning his request, augured nothing favorable, as Hack construed it. It rather preyed upon his honest mind, and his heart smote him forebodingly.

Autumn had dawned upon the mountains, and the golden days of October had come with his garb of bright variety. The tender leaves of the maple he had wooed with carmine, and the nodding sumach tossed her red tassels at his approach. Silence and beauty reigned harmoniously upon the wooded peaks, while the mountain rills tumbled down in whirling bubbles and diminutive cascades to the larger streams below, as if in haste to save their

pearly waters from the rude grasp of winter, so high up from all sympathy and remembrance.

Who does not love autumn? With its fragrance; with its treasures of beauty; with its brown nuts and russet apples; with its bracing morns; its genial meridians, and its mild, speaking evenings of moonlight! The wrinkles of silver hair deepen in quiet pleasure as the dimmed eye looks out upon the great easel of God, checkered by His almighty hand all over with charmed beauty. The young enthusiast, so full of wandering thought, wild to express in glowing eloquence his ardent feelings, grows giddy with the burden of sweet intoxication and imbecile in action. The gentle voices of girls ring like silver bells, and the prattling baby turns a wistful face to ruddy cheeks and laughs valiantly at the young master who has shot in to "hurrah!" and fly out again.

Reader, your hand! Am I excusable?

Lina had grown strong in her love, and had been encouraging Pierre with her hopeful expressions of the future when she was even then standing upon the threshold beyond which lay nothing but crushed and mangled hopes and affections.

Berry had silently arranged his domestic matters, and had informed Lina of his wishes that she should visit some distant friends upon the sea-board for a few weeks. The change was agreeable to her, if she could but see Pierre to inform him. But she could not induce her father to postpone the journey for a day, this being the one they were to meet by the ponderous rock.

It was with a sad and reluctant heart Lina followed her father to the settlement for her departure. Her eyes full of tears, closely scanned the western mountain, but there was no Pierre to wave her a loving adieu.

And so Lina had gone, and alone. Berry was now the sole occupant of his hut.

It was a charming day, and Pierre, elated with the anticipated meeting, was waiting with great impatience for the hour; and when it came, his feet sped rapidly to the trysting spot. Breathless and expectant he arrived, but instead of his gentle Lina, Berry stood before him. Their eyes met. The one all astonishment and bitter disappointment, the other glaring with revengeful hate.

"Young man! I have sent you warnings, but you have mocked me. If you believe in a God, talk to him now, for neither Lina nor your own peak shall you ever see again."

Uniting the action to the threat, Berry immediately plunged a poignard to the heart of his innocent victim. Poor Pierre turned an imploring look from the dark face of the murderer to Heaven, reeled and fell. It was but the work of a few minutes that the corpse of Pierre was buried beneath the rock upon the very spot he had kissed his vows to Lina. Coolly wiping the blood from the dagger, and washing his hands in the lake, Berry muttered: "One more and peace, and by heavens it shall be so!"

He slept as well that night as he had for thirty years.

Pierre's absence created no uneasiness to his father, as he had often passed nights in the valley; but not coming

through the following day, he began to feel some solicitude.

It was with pleasure that he hailed Hack, who just then came in.

"Where's Pierre?" was his blunt inquiry.

"I know not, Hack. He has been absent since day before yesterday."

Hack started, while a sudden pallor ran over his browned features.

"That was the very day I could not come."

"He *may* be in the valley, but I cannot think what should keep him so long."

"Guess not. I looked in at 'Uncle Bill's,' wasn't there, nor hadn't been there."

At this Perrôt was sadly at ease, and Hack's coolness and presence of mind were exerted to the utmost to appease the father. He knew Lina had gone. This had been told him at the hostelry, but he had refrained from telling Perrôt, who, as yet, had not surmised his son's attachment to Berry's daughter. But circumstances had now made it necessary for Hack to unfold the secret, which he did to Perrôt's utter astonishment. They concluded that the father should see Berry, while Hack should proceed to the settlement, and, if possible, discover if Pierre had followed Lina.

There was but little rest to either party that night. Hack was finding the body of Pierre, for he had quite determined the deed had been accomplished, while Perrôt was vainly pursuing his fugitive son in *his* search for Lina.

Upon the morrow, pursuant to the compact, Perrôt took the winding path toward Berry's, while Hack hurried to the valley. Flying with the speed of a hound accustomed to the chase, he had satisfied himself that Pierre had not gone after Lina. In such an event he would have been consulted.

Perrôt, arriving at Berry's, found the door locked, with no signs of occupancy. Following a path, he was pushing his way blindly toward the fatal rock. Occasionally his anxious heart would prompt him to hail his son, but the echo of his voice came back as his only answer. He proceeded until he came out upon the lake by the shore of which appeared a figure. It was Berry, who turned to know the intruder.

For a moment there was utter silence, while a searching look passed between the two.

"Is this Mr. Berry, or Captain Percy of the Two Brothers?"

"The devil take your memory;" and a slight shadow passed over Berry's face as he advanced.

In an instant the voyage, the death of his father, and its consequent losses, shot through Perrôt's mind, as he replied:

"Was not one enough, that you should seek to make me sonless? Captain Percy, tell me where my son *is*; for as true as God you know!"

"So shall you," shouted Berry, as he sprang upon Perrôt.

The powerful hand of the murderer pushed him to the



earth, and as the glittering dagger, so recently wet with another's blood, was uplifted for its fatal thrust, a vice-like gripe was upon Berry's arm. The weapon fell from his clutch as he turned to meet the unflinching glare of Hack Williams' eye.

"Double damned villain ! Hack's here !"

The two closed in mortal combat. Both were powerful, of great muscular endurance, and reckless as to results. For a time, victory seemed equal ; but Hack, rallying with a desperate and superhuman effort, turned his antagonist, and firmly fixing his hand upon Berry's throat, held and crushed it until the soul of the unanointed had appeared before his God ; and long after, he sat upon the body with the eye of a demon, flashing the bitterness of unmitigated hate. Slowly rising to his feet, and looking at Perrôt, he grasped the lifeless corpse and hurled it far into the waters of the peaceful lake.

"To hell ! or your own place, as *Scripturs* say. I have done *my* duty. Yes ! for once Hack Williams has done right."

Years have passed, and with them all connected with this tragedy. The peaks are no longer solitudes, and parties of pleasure often visit this mountain lake. On one of these visits, while preparing a repast, the remains of a human skeleton were discovered buried below the shelf of the rock. They were the bones of poor Pierre ; the Rock and the Skeleton.

## Patrick Henry.

PATRICK HENRY was born in Hanover County, Va., 1736, and was contemporary with Washington. In early life he gave no evidence of a bright manhood. As a school-boy he was indolent, careless and indifferent. The fishing-rod and gun had more charms for him than books ; according to authenticated accounts, he was as dull as the dullest school-boy in any parish.

Springing from a reputable parentage, his father exerted himself for his son. Finding his predilection was not study, he stocked him together with a brother with goods for trade, hoping this responsibility would arm Patrick with activity and commendable zeal. But in this he was bitterly disappointed. The indolence of disposition followed the son, and together with an easy hospitality in credits, the stock was disbursed without returns and the firm was naturally dissolved. It was a complete failure. A second trial proved as discouraging, and all hopes, both in father and son, to rear a successful trader were abandoned.

At this period of his life—eighteen—we find him married, and, with the joint aid of their parents, the young couple settled on a small farm. In this pursuit, as he lacked mercantile skill, so he lacked agricultural skill, and after an unsuccessful experiment of two years he re-



linquished the earth, selling his little possessions at a sacrifice and entered again into merchandise. It would be supposable under all the circumstances—former experience, a family and the stark necessity of self-reliance—that success would crown this enterprise. Yet, in view of all these previous deficiencies, his uncontrollable inertness haunted him like an evil conscience, and choked the avenue of thrift with all the former idols that had checkmated him once and again—threw the victim into a complete discomfiture—even to bankruptcy. His entire property was lost, and the goblet of his misery was running over with bitter waters, for now he had a family relying upon his efforts for support.

During his last course of trade, Mr. Henry had devoted more of his time to reading, and to personal observation of the various characters he would naturally meet in his business. To correct himself in misjudging, he often incited argument to prove the accuracy of his opinions, and in this way, at an early age, gained a masterly intuition of character, which, in after life, was his capital, whereby he thundered his eloquence and astounded sage learning with incontrovertible admiration.

We find, then, the mind of Mr. Henry a perfect enigma. Given over by his father, by all friends, and even by himself, as a weed grown in sterile soil, worthless, so far as utility foreshadowed, but not fed by any destructive elements that would poison him as a moral man. There are rumors adrift of his dissipation and impiety; but there is no record to substantiate any such taint. To the contrary.

From youth to age he ever recognized a strong reliance upon God, and it is not written that any auxiliary to his supernal greatness was ever in the least connected with a particle of immorality or skepticism. His greatest enemy was idleness—dawdling with time. As it proved in after life, he had the native metal, and it only needed burnishing to reflect its glittering lustre of glory.

Perhaps, from this fact, recorded as it is in history, many indulgent parents are awaiting the time and circumstances for their representatives to throw away the inactivity and dullness of boyhood, and rush into a dazzling manhood. There is this opposed to such hopeful expectancies. The uncertainty—our ignorance and suspense—that God has placed such latent fire in all our children's brains. Daniel Webster once remarked: "*Exert yourself, and then trust Providence.*"

Amid all this fog of indolence, we see cropping out a few bright spots for the future transcendancy of Mr. Henry. He never despaired, but fought his own battles, and ever retained an elasticity of mind which eventually gazetted him.

Upon his last failure in business he turned his erratic mind upon law and "*mirabile dictu!*" after six weeks' reading—some say nine months—he asked for his license. His examiners were three; history says naught of two of them, but the third was John Randolph, one of the profoundest lawyers then in the colony.

In personal appearance Mr. Henry was coarse and ungainly, which, connected with a slovenness of habit,

made him more an object of disgust than admiration. In this untoward state we find him before Randolph, who, judging from appearances, was indisposed to commence an examination. But he did so, and as he proceeded his disgust faded, and he beheld an eccentric individual clothed with power. As he progressed, the eccentricity of the man passed away, and he saw a genius. As the examination concluded, Mr. Randolph informed Mr. Henry that in his argument (it was upon some point of law) he was right and himself wrong, and further remarked: "Mr. Henry, if your industry be only half equal to your genius, I augur that you will do well and become an ornament and an honor to your profession." This meeting gathered for Mr. Henry the permanent respect of Mr. Randolph.

At the age of twenty-four, Mr. Henry was licensed to practise, and behold the resplendent light with whom he must compete.

John Robinson, then Speaker of the House of Burgesses; Peyton Randolph, King's Attorney-General; Richard Bland, a politician of the first class, and a man of rare abilities and finished education—the first writer in the colony; Edmund Pendleton, with few equals as a lawyer, and as statesman, no superiors. George Wythe, among the first in mental ability, and the rival of Pendleton. Richard Henry Lee—called the "Cicero of the House"—classical in style, elegant in diction, and rich in historical and political knowledge.

These were some of the planets that shone in 1765 in the colony of Virginia.

At the time Mr. Henry came before the public, the society of the Colony had lines of demarkation to which there was a rigid adherence. There was a strong feeling of aristocracy that separated the yeomanry from the wealthier portion; and it would be natural to suppose a young man selecting a life profession, and that the law, would be biased in favor of the rich and influential, and court their atmosphere of thought and action. But to the credit of Mr. Henry (and here we see true sincerity without dissembling, and a firm adherence to principle) he chose the feebler side, and stood by it with an unflinching will that no golden honor could buy or corrupt. He arose from the plebeian ranks—was *of* them, and *for* them; and no brighter, more lustrous star ever scintillated in the firmament of mind.

Shortly after Mr. Henry obtained his license, the great difficulty between the clergy and the people arose. This, as is well known, originated thus: The salary of the clergy was paid in tobacco, at 16s. 8d. per 100 pounds. But in the year 1755, the tobacco crop falling short, the Legislature passed an act enabling the inhabitants to discharge their tobacco debts in money, after the rate of 16s. 8d. per 100 lbs. In 1758, the crop failed again, and the price rose to 50s.—a fearful advance upon old prices. This, as a matter of course, seriously affected the financial interests of the clergy, for this wild inflation of prices detracted from them, while it added to the purses of the people; whereupon they took alarm, and supported by the king, who declared the act null and

void, sought redress in a suit. It was a formidable question, and the clergy, with their royal backer, were confident of triumph. The people had retained Mr. Lewis for counsel, a man of very respectable legal attainments. He, however, became convinced of the supposed inefficacy of all argument under the frown of such regal and divine array, and retired from the cause without an essay on his part to test the question. In their despair, the defendants applied to Mr. Henry, a young, uncouth, unknown lawyer of recent date. To the surprise and deep chagrin of his friends, he undertook the battle. It was to be the incipency of his future glory, or the crushing of all hopes. Thoroughly of the people, he sympathized deeply with them, and it was this very yeoman-like feeling that engendered the first germ of American Independence.

At the opening of the court, Mr. Henry saw before him the people, not only of the county, but visitors from all counties adjoining—the learned clergy, ripe in knowledge, matured in character, and dignified with position—severe critics, who had come to witness his annihilation—an overwhelming audience, crowding the house to repletion—and, as presiding magistrate, *his own father*.

Under these appalling facts, imagine the trembling confusion for the poor essayer as he arose for the contest! His exordium was full of platitude, and already were the clergy convinced their cause was won, and the people, that theirs was lost, and the father that the son had brought shame and disgrace upon his grey hairs.

But suddenly, like a rocket from its fastenings, breaking

through the thick membrane of stupidity, awkwardness and confusion that had heretofore enwrapped his mind in obscurity, Mr. Henry burst upon the track with unparalleled boldness, and charged his competitor with a daring, admirable and manly, flanked with unsurpassed eloquence, rich, deep, and inexhaustible—tearing along with dazzling speed—holding judge, jury, and the entire multitude in breathless wonder and paralyzed amazement, at this sudden outgushing of pent-up greatness. It was a scene. He spoke like a God, and, in one hour, King George was forgotten, the clergy annihilated, and the people triumphant. On the one hand, the plaintiffs fleeing their seats, the audience silenced and gazing, and the father covered with glory, and his face with tears. The egg was incubated, and from the film of generation sprang a full grown lion of masterly eloquence, undoubted genius, and the pride of the Colony—Patrick Henry, the orator.

Thus dawned his brilliancy, his achievements, and his glorious triumph. He had found his life labors—the defence of the people.

It has been said—I do not know how truly—he was carried from the courthouse upon the shoulders of the delighted multitude.

Mr. Henry was no longer compelled to linger under the shade of others. His sun with radiant light had broken through the darkness of a late morning, and dazzled beholders with a river of glory. His fame, like good news, ran far and wide. He had made his mark upon the chart of time.

In 1764, Mr. Littlepage, member from Hanover, was charged with bribery and corruption, by his rival candidate, Dawdrige. Mr. Henry was retained by the latter gentleman, and won his case. It was a brilliant display of his intellect, and struck the committee before whom it was argued with wonder and admiration. Yet, as a lawyer, Mr. Henry was faulty. His early lack of concentration and discipline of mind was his spectre. He could see his great error, but could not retrieve himself from it. The time he had squandered returned with stunning interest to his constant annoyance.

In 1765, he was returned as member from the county of Louisa for the House of Burgesses. His election was mainly to oppose the famous Stamp Act. He had been read by the people, and had been recognized as the champion and defender of their rights. From their circle had he arisen, and they claimed him as their undisputed property.

Sincere, candid, cool and manly, he arose at once to wither, amaze and triumph with his remarkably fertile and expedient mind. Comprehending his subject with the sweep of an eagle—grasping his object with the clutch of a talon—his lips ran over with gushing eloquence, telling fearfully upon opponent and elating his client beyond the doubt of mortals.

Before Mr. Henry offered his resolutions in opposition to the Stamp Act, a case occurred which brought down the animadversion of the aristocracy. It was this. Mr. Robinson was speaker of the House and also Treasurer of the colony. He was a gentleman rich and liberal and

through the generosity of his disposition, had loaned to those of his rank large sums from his own private purse as well as from the public funds. He went too far before he discovered his extreme error, and in order to cover all deficits, proposed the establishment of a Public Loan. The money was to be delivered to none but responsible parties, and then on landed security. This plan was matured among interested friends and brought forward. Had it succeeded, Mr. Robinson would have covered all his delinquencies harmoniously and secretly.

But Mr. Henry, like a lion awaiting his prey, attacked the scheme on general grounds. He carried with him the mass—leaving against him the minority, comprising the influential men of the country. He again won his battle, and his generalship was universally conceded, not unmixed with envy by those who saw in him a vulgar man of the working classes. But jealousy could not crush him now. He was riding upon a clear horizon without a cloud to obstruct his unequalled passage.

But, to return to his famous resolutions. They were heralds of our Revolution. In brief they declared that the General Assembly had the sole right to levy taxes upon the colony, and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons otherwise had a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom.

Nothing could have smitten the Assembly with more fright, and he was resisted by all the greater lights I have heretofore individualized and by some who were afterward distinguished in the cause of Liberty. He fought with

the bayonet of his eloquence and crushed his opponents to the wall. It was then the attorney-general Peyton Randolph exclaimed: 'By G—, I would have given 500 guineas for a single vote.'

It was during this exciting contest that he thundered this memorable sentence:

"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the first his Cromwell, and George the Third, ("Treason!" cried the speaker, and from all parts of the House)—"may profit by their example. If *this* be treason, make the most of it."

From this time, Mr. Henry became the idol statesman of the colony. It is said his forte was on questions before a jury. His voice was clear, deep and musical, with an indescribable charm in his cadences. His style, simple, strong and energetic, himself humble—with no trumpet note of preparation—but earnest, watchful, eager and untiring. He plead to all the passions of his jury, and he read them as easily as the schoolboy his book. Strong in intuition of character, he eyed the progress of each sentence and struck the blow with the word. It went from him with the swiftness of thought, the weight of a thunderbolt, and as unerringly as Damascus steel in the hands of a gladiator.

The first low growl of horrid war was now heard in the deep and bitter opposition to the various acts of Parliament which were rapidly tending to the enslaving the colonies with the degrading yoke of servitude. The eagle eye of Henry saw the coming conflict, and in his prophetic words heralded the battle and the victory. He it

was who moved the resolution that the Colony be immediately put into a state of defence and that a committee should prepare a plan for arming and disciplining such a number of men as should be sufficient for that purpose. And in his speech before the House, a combination of strength, beauty and practical sense—he concluded with these words: "We must fight! I repeat it, sir! We must fight—an appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable and let it come. Is life so dear and peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me—give me liberty or give me death!"

At the close of this speech the House was silent as the chambers of the dead—but upon every face there rested the determination to do or die. The resolutions were adopted; Washington and Jefferson were among the number to prepare the plan agreeably to the last clause—that the colony should be put in a state of defence.

The times *might* have created such a man. But we know he was a man *for* those times that "tried men's souls." All things aided in strengthening this Demosthenes. The stormier looked the horizon, the cooler expedients were his, with which to rush to the rescue. The colony saw in him their avowed and indefatigable advocate, and with his eloquence to incite, and words to burn, the cause of freedom must prevail.

The gathering storm began to thicken heavily. Lord Dunmore, the governor of the colony, had dissolved the House of Burgesses more than once, and had, in the opinion of his subjects, committed gross and flagitious acts, subverting righteous principles and assuming an imperious method—thereby drawing the lines of freedom closer and shorter. Alarmed at the bold and manly tone of public opinion fast setting against him, he had taken the powder from the public magazine at Williamsburgh, clandestinely, and had placed it for his own use, in case of emergency, upon a schooner in James River.

A letter, couched in respectful and humble language, for its restoration, or payment for the same—as being the property of the town—was sent Lord Dunmore. The return was insulting and defiant. This act of piracy, followed by insolence, aroused the ire of Henry, who spoke in his own inimitable style to the County Committee, convoked for the purpose of discussing this act of Dunmore's. It went home to the heart of every patriot, and a decision was taken to retrieve the powder, or consummate a reprisal.

The captain of the independent company resigned, in order that Mr. Henry should be invested with the chief command of the expedition—for such an orator, embodying such zeal, was considered equal to execute as he was to draft the redress.

The result anticipated in many minds was disaster. But with the knowledge that the plan was righteous, and his course consistent, the military orator commenced his march undauntedly, and with the full determination of

complete success. He was met at Doncastle, with a bill of exchange for the powder, and a receipt given for the same. Thanks and applause covered him. It was a day of military triumph to him, and as he had given the first impulse to the Revolution, so had he headed the first military movement in its support in Virginia.

Soon after this, Dunmore abdicated his palace, and considered the colony in open rebellion. The government was virtually dissolved. Preparations of a warlike and defensive measure were made, in which we find Mr. Henry as zealous as in the councils. He was appointed commander of all the forces raised for the defence of the colony. But here his military career was cut short, and circumstances obliged him to relinquish, eventually, the glory of arms. His second in command, Colonel Woodford, had gained great eclat in his victory against the enemy at the Great Bridge—a position which Mr. Henry sought for, but the Committee of Safety, somewhat distrusting his experience in the field, had given the command to Woodford. This drew out letters from Mr. Henry to his colonel, as also from the convention—the latter bearing a slightly disrespectful tone toward Mr. Henry's military skill. This disaffection increased, with other humiliations, until Mr. Henry's sense of honor could not brook the position, and it terminated, on his part, by his resignation. This came near proving fatal to the harmony of the colonial forces, and they clamored loudly for his recall, threatening to retire from the field of action in case he was not reinstated.

Probably nothing saved a fatal breach but the very man who had innocently caused it. He repaired to the barracks, and spent the night in convincing the disaffected that even universal liberty might depend upon their harmonious feeling and action.

In this he gained the object of his visit, and the unpleasant affair was healed.

This dissatisfaction on the part of the convention arose, no doubt, from good motives on their part. They feared Mr. Henry's inexperience in war would render it hazardous to commit to his management the incipient struggle.

Yet, even were this the case, why invest him with such command? On the other hand. Is there not reason to suppose Colonel Woodford was a man of ambition and jealousy—grasping at the chief position himself, and having a sufficiency of friends of influence to eject the more modest and unassuming Mr. Henry? Those who know well human nature, and are thoroughly candid to speak as they know, would put the finger upon pure jealousy as the cause of Mr. Henry's resignation. We cannot, of course, follow the orator into the camp, and predict his success; but it is easy to fancy that such a character as Patrick Henry, possessing the experience of age, a remarkable knowledge of human nature, and foresight extraordinary; with a zeal, ardor and determination to conquer or forfeit his life, could not fail of a brilliant termination to his military career. He *might* have been our Washington.

It is difficult to imagine the reason of heavy disappoint-

ments when the object is fully worthy and perhaps peculiarly fitted for the position sought. Yet

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we may."

This apothegm is cleverly adaptive.

Upon his resignation, Mr. Henry was elected delegate to the Hanover County Convention—a body as important to the colony then as our limbs are for our own independence. Lord Dunmore had vacated his office—the king had abandoned the people, and had declared their reduction to submission—arms had been taken up and the battles of Lexington and Concord had been fought, and the appeal, solemn and telling, had been made by the struggling patriots to the God of battles for protection, aid and success. Bloody war had vaulted into his phæton of destruction, and was rushing with the impetus of death up and down the once peaceful confederation, spreading alarm, panic and havoc in the dread mingling of reality.

Bereft of a master by abdication and hostilities, the people resolved on one of their own, and that choice was Patrick Henry.

In this honor—that of being the first Governor of Virginia—he was measurably recompensed for the slight mortification he had experienced in the military line. This office he had held for three consecutive elections, and finally closed the door against himself by declining to act longer.

As Governor he was universally popular, meeting all wants of the young republic promptly and efficiently, sup-



plying and forwarding stores to the continental army, allaying disaffection, outgeneralling scheming capitalists who had arisen in these times of exigencies—watching the artifices of the Tories, and causing to permeate through the body politic a healthful glow of integrity, purity and uprightness of purpose. But yet the most popular character was never exempt from being assailed or traduced by malicious and envious hearts.

Patrick Henry, with all his integrity of action—his earnestness of purpose—his pure sincerity in the cause of American Liberty—his disinterestedness—his total want of calculation for his own ease and retirement—his incessant watchfulness—his ardor and herculean exertions in the great cause—his relinquishment of activity in the camp, necessitated by others' jealousy—his mental anxiety and depth of foresight—in brief, all his bright manhood, intellect and power, proved no ægis to defend or crush the bitterness of snarling envy. With all his previous life's history, a book accessible to all, full of candor, honor and purity, even at this date of life (forty), he was regarded as the projector of the Dictatorship, which in 1776 was agitated in Virginia.

It was in the autumn of that year, that a large portion of the army had been cut off by the disaster on Long Island, while a garrison of 3,000 or 4,000 had been taken at Fort Washington, and our great Washington was retreating through New Jersey, before a power alarming and disheartening. It was a crazy scheme, and its parentage was despair.

Why Mr. Henry should be considered as the inventor of this mad project, is, I fancy, only explained in supposing him to be at this time the most remarkable man of the colony, and, as such, recognized even by his traducers. It found credence, at all events, for Col. Cary, speaker of the Senate, addressed Mr. Henry's step-brother in the following words: "I am told that your brother wishes to be Dictator. Tell him he shall feel my dagger in his heart before the sunset of that day!"

How just this imputation was, is not known; but we can only point to the antecedents of the man to satisfactorily crush all possible supposition in the belief that his heart should cover up so great hypocrisy, deceit and wretched policy. If there are those who believe that Mr. Henry was the guilty one, I think the fact brought before them, that at the next election he was chosen governor *unanimously*, and the same spirited Col. Cary speaker of the Senate, should be sufficient proof to convince them of their uncharitable error of opinion. Had Mr. Henry the first element of simulation in his character to tinge it with loathing, it would unquestionably have been brought to light when he received an anonymous letter addressed to him from Yorktown in January, 1778, the purport of which was the deposition of Washington, mixed with flattering encomiums on his own actions. What did he do?

The honor of great manhood—the anxiety of a *true* patriot—the perfect candor of pure friendship, suggested the course he adopted. He inclosed the same to Washington in terms of great affection and anxiety, at the same



time condemning the perfidiousness of the unknown writer. For this act of extreme kindness Washington met him with deep, full and sincere returns.

It is supposed General Conway was the author of the treasonous letter.

After Mr. Henry's withdrawal from the governorship, he continued to represent the county of his abode with his usual power and to the entire satisfaction of his constituents.

Peace came at length, as the dew upon parched vegetation—infusing life, health, beauty and vigor. It brought its christianizing influences to bear upon the stoutest hearts.

About the last public act of Mr. Henry was advocating the return of the British refugees. The measure was strenuously opposed. The danger of allowing such odious returns upon a young Republic was ably discussed. But the powerful arguments did not swerve the patriot from his purpose. As he had commenced life with justness before generosity, so was he closing his inimitable career, actuated by the same lofty feeling, beautifully mingled with commiseration for the vanquished. He answered Judge Tyler, then the speaker of the House (who had condemned the proposition most vehemently) with his ordinary wisdom and unanswerable eloquence. With a peroration at once convincing and all powerful, he silenced opposition :

"Afraid of them ! What sir ! Shall we who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of *his whelps* ?"

Mr. Henry retired from public life in 1794, and died at the age of 58, 1799.

There is probably not another such record of eccentricity of mind to be found in any biography. That Mr. Henry was a sincere patriot, there is no doubt. When fully roused upon the subject of colonial freedom against foreign servitude, there could be no warmer advocate. Whatever of slander he had to contend with in his own lifetime, with all the marked ingratitude of unappreciating minds, it is pleasant to know succeeding generations warmly concede to him his honest worth and unclouded fame, and that credence and respect which charlatans never enjoy.

With no unnatural stimulus, his intellect, though of slow growth, was the more sure and reliable. His name, like Washington's, will *live* forever. But I cannot close without once again running up the signal of warning. Guard all the avenues of promotion and advancement with eternal vigilance, and beware of indolence !

What else might not Patrick Henry have effected had he early disciplined his mind to study, and concentrated thought ? It is *not* sufficient that he made the exhibit he did. Buried without the light of active existence, were faculties past the scope of ordinary mortals, which, once pruned and cherished for increase, would have borne fruit beyond the harvesting of man.

This registration of early indolence, bursting into a maturity of honor and acclamation, rather than solacing any similar cases, should be remembered as a fatal life error : and, if it be the battle of existence, so much the harder let the contest prove.

## Pusillanima Simple.

"There is a generation, oh ! how lofty are their eyes, and their eye-lids are lifted up."—PROVERBS.

THE family of Simples was purely of city origin. It was the result of an alliance between Mr. Rawson Simple and Miss Ophelia Peth. The latter affected a foreign relation, but it was not definitely settled how legitimate the estimate was ; and cousin-germanships were ultimately lost in confusion.

Simple had been a butcher for twenty-five years of his life, and had retired upon an easy fortune, and with it, unfortunately, an empty head. In this respect, his family very cleverly imitated him.

The result of his *life-sacrificing* labors had placed Simple at the head of a finely-built house in a fashionable quarter ; and upon his door he read with inward delight, at every approach to his dwelling, from a massive silver plate—R. Simple. The interior was not wanting even in a library. There stood an elaborately-finished mahogany case, filled with costly-bound books, sacredly preserved from touch ; for the owner's time was too precious to spend in spelling and defining the titles and subjects of so many unknown authors. A daily gaze upon the gilt backs that stared through the glass sufficed him ; and then, too, he would

pass for a literary man, or at least, for one possessing *some* literary taste. This was requisite for housekeeping in the particular part of the city in which Simple resided. Mrs. Simple was very vulgar, but she was not aware of the fact. A countless change of dresses, jewelry in profusion, a lap-dog, and sweet singing canaries, spoke to the contrary ; and then, too, a coach and black driver chased away all lurking suppositions that she ranked lower than her own ideas had located *caste*. In fact, Simple's money had positioned him much higher in the niche of worldly estimation than his naturally *sanguine* temperament had figured for him. He enjoyed the title of alderman of his ward ; and his orbicular personage certainly commanded for him some respect. His little apple-head, furnished with a small, grey eye, generous nose, and vermilion face, would turn but slowly unless addressed by those who had a respectable handle by way of a title to their names. Upon his entrance into official notoriety he had been run for the chair, but subsided into one of a committee upon salaries ; a position he was as capable of filling as any in the gift of the council. His appearance was invariably the same, especially when discoursing upon city affairs in and about "the Hall." Legs located at a distance, like an old skipper in a heavy sea ; hands in pocket, hat hung upon one side of the head, and a lighted cigar pointing skyward from his mouth : it was thus he stood when gratuitously giving advice and receiving requests ; generally shortening a *bore* by *seeing* him *again*. With a man of real standing, his cunning stood by to scatter such

enigmas as would create a desire upon the stranger to have another conference.

Such was Simple "down-town." At home, he ate with his knife, swore lustily at his table, and steadily "turned in" with more brandy than sobriety would prescribe.

Upon Pusillanima Simple, father and mother had lavished everything that riches with vulgar tastes could suggest. She had attained the age of twenty, and in personal appearance could not boast of much natural beauty. Her hair was red; her face badly freckled: with a grey eye and a pug nose, followed by an enormous mouth and retreating chin: in stature short and the obverse of *thin*.

In the matter of cleanliness, her education had not been fully completed. There was evidently lacking in or about her toilet-stand a tooth-brush. At least her *dentals* evidenced such a want. It is true she had been sent to school, but not until late in her "teens;" and there is a very homely but true adage, hardly appropriate to the estate of a young lady, but not the less truthful: "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks." She had recited grammar and taken lessons in chirography, but it did not prevent her from slandering Murray, or disgracing the personal pronoun I with an invidious *dot*. She sang loud, but the melody, to an anxious parent, or the ear of a skillful physician, would have suggested croup with instant relief. Her voice, the true index of a lady or a commoner, was pitched high, with a shrillness that reminded one of "The Vision of Judgment," where the process of ear-stopping was resorted to for the purpose of shutting out *all* cadences.

But Pusillanima Simple, in her own estimation, was a real lady, representing such wealth as would call to her side any partner she saw fit to select. The only delight of her life was to hear the bell and her name pronounced; the great object of her life, marriage. Poor Pussy! for such was her endearing appellation.

Simple's object in choosing such a fashionable neighborhood for a residence, was merely to connect himself, through his daughter, with a *blooded* family. No matter what the suitor was, so long as he *ranked*.

Simple was no miser. Scarcely a week passed without a gathering in his rooms, from whence, late at night and early in the morning, issued a variety of sounds, indicative of experiments upon some instrument in connection with *supposed* vocal music; acting as symphony, an occasional burst of strong lungs that *might* be mistaken for a slight forgetfulness of time and place, but, of course, *mere* party hilarity.

There are young men of the town who respectably pursue respectable avocations, and yet are ready for *spicy* adventures, that have a show of novelty as well as variety: by reason of which many in the end would have shown more wisdom to have declined the chase.

George Lark was of good birth and education, a gentleman in reality. He was teller in one of the city banks—in all respects one whose society was sought for, and whose presence was ever most welcome. It so happened that he resided in the same street with the Simples, and daily passed their number on his way to business. Neither

was he ignorant of the fact that at the library-window of Simple's house a red-haired damsel was generally stationed to view the passing throng. Lark's personal appearance pierced the fancy of the sensitive Pusillanima, and she had already commenced mental negotiations to make his acquaintance. With the natural cunning of her sex, she at last arranged it, and Lark one evening could add another name to his extensive list of lady friends—Miss Pusillanima Simple—a verity that made *her* very happy. This objective obstacle now overcome, the next soirée given at Simple's was more particularly for young Lark, who, *just for a bit of fun*, accepted the invitation. The best description of the evening, with his impressions of the fair Pussy, is given in a letter he tossed off the following morning to a friend out of town. It ran thus :

"DEAR JIM :

"I wish you had been with me last evening. Alderman Simple's red-haired daughter gave a spicy blow-out ; and, probably, such a conglomerated set was never before seen in jewels and flounces. As to the 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' it might be summed up in expressions such as *done*, for *did—went*, for *gone—seen*, for *saw—him*, for *he*, interspersed with murderous language and slang phrases. Imagine my 'feelinks,' as mellow Clark of the 'KNICK' says. Fancy me in the giddy whirl of a polka with the queen of the evening—that vulgar, pug-nosed damsel ! *so graceful* in all her movements ! I was not 'pierced with a white wench's black eye,' but I was thoroughly disgusted with the entire arrangement, and '*plied my pinions*' as soon as decency would allow. Egad ! *could* you have seen me and Miss Simple, you *might* have felt jealous, but I essentially doubt it. For further particulars wait until we can meet."

The *bit of fun* which Lark anticipated, came too speedily, and with altogether too much reality. Like an Alpine avalanche did the tenderness of Pussy Simple encompass him, and, with so much ardor did she follow i up, as to seriously annoy the teller. Like Dick Swiveller, he had completely *blocked* up his own street, and had been obliged of late to pass down-town by another route. He had endeavored to quench the sanguine affections of Miss Simple, but all to no effect. The crisis at length came. The postman handed over the counter a note at which the gallant Lark blushed crimson. The mantling blood was not because the letter *might* be from a young lady, but from the fearful scrawl which met his eye. The superscription was :

"Mr. georg lark esqre.  
at — bank  
in — strete."

With a feeling of shame, and a half-formed idea that this was a just retribution for his foolish adventure, he thrust the missive into his pocket. Could Pussy have seen the reception of her invitation, her feelings could not have been more bitterly crushed than was her gilt-edged note, over which she had passed nearly an entire day. Miss Simple's "last dying speech" ran as follows :

"deer mister lark esqre.

"i am agoing to a large fashunabel sorei tomorrow nite and i had ruther hav u go with me than that uglee fello sam buckster i hope u will cum in a carradge and cum erly as i

shall have to fix my dress when i get thare do nott disapoint  
mee 'urs PUSSY SIMPLE."

"p s u no itt is customary for ladis to invit hur own cumpanee.

"P. SIMPLE."

This "stunning" specimen of elaborate composition completely capsized young Lark, and he immediately concluded to close the game, at all hazards. In order to effect this, severe and immediate measures must be put in requisition. He accordingly answered the invitation in the following manner, borrowing largely from his imagination.

"MISS SIMPLE: Your kind invitation I regret to say I cannot meet. My father has been taken suddenly ill, and in case of his death, I shall be obliged to leave town permanently. It is with pain I add, there is very little prospect of his *ever* being *any* better. As I leave this P.M. I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again.  
G. L."

This was readily received as truth, but the disconsolate one being very philosophical, recovered in a few days from her pungent disappointment. At all events, it was so supposed, as shortly after the following announcement appeared in the morning papers:

"MARRIED—At the residence of the bride's father, Alderman Simple, by the Rev. John Crash, Miss Pusillanima Simple and Samuel Buckster.

"When Youth and Beauty meet,  
It is a sight so sweet,  
That naught should ever part  
But Death's relentless dart.—*Com.*"



It is necessary to add, Samuel Buckster was a butcher, but had, by his dashing generosity and daring exploits at sundry fires, won the lacerated heart of Pussy ; and from his "devil-may-care" boldness, with decided shrewdness in business, gained the consent of the worthy Alderman. Mrs. Simple wept bitterly upon the fearful fall of her house ; but finding no sympathy but execrable oaths from her lord, left the matter to take its own course.

Alderman Simple, soon after the wedding, was carried out of his house feet first, boxed ; having fallen in an apoplectic fit after an evening's conviviality, while standing before his book-case.

The massive silver plate has since been changed. It is now simply, Buckster.

## A Kernel for "The Knick."\*

I HAND you, dear Clark, a slight Mem.

There is a trio of acknowledged *debts* in this world. The debt of *nature*, which is death ; the debt of *accounts*, which involves money and often enmity—and the debt of *kindness*, which naturally asks for a return of favors received. Yet there is another rarely recognized. It is the debt of *information*. When the eye has feasted upon a novelty, when the ear has been filled with interest of things uncommon—we are recipients—*charity-students*—and owe a debt to others who have not participated alike as we have.

Through the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama, terminating a trip upon the Gulf and at the pleasant little city of Mobile, I have endeavored, truthfully and quietly, some observations. Travellers oftentimes record information that proves worthless ; jumping at results and largely drawing upon the imagination to fill blanks, as well as depending upon others for description ; like the young English lord, who, too indolent and indifferent himself to visit the Coliseum while in Rome, sent his courier to look *for* him.

My name I sent down from the hotel at Montgomery by the boy Joshua to the clerk of the steamer "Wm. Jones," Capt. Meaher. I did this to secure myself a com-

\* Before unpublished.

fortable room, and in which I found myself *sound, for I got it*. Now Joshua belonged to the boat (a boy of unmistakable hue, for it was black) and troubled much about worldly things, as was Martha, and still more definitely about *money* things. Therefore, it was his wont, upon the arrival of the boat from Wetumpka, to seek at the hotel the luggage of any gentleman bound down the "*Alabam.*" In this he had a double motive. First, to secure to himself (a *flagrant* opposition line to the omnibus) the loose quarter not particularly busy in your pocket, and more, to increase that sum *some* by "standing by" at the table. For instance—you are upon the hurricane deck, looking upon the cotton plantations and the varied river scenery ; Joshua approaches with sable fingers playing polite by touching the woolly top-knot and relieving his tongue thus : "Stand by, sir—supper is about ready. My place is near your state-room, sir."

"Ah ! I understand, Joshua !"

"Yeth-ir."

Joshua disappears, and you will next discover him in his position as above, desirous of meeting your immediate palatial wants in as short a time as his adipose substance will allow him to execute your commands. He will see as you emerge from the barber's shop in the morning that there is no dust upon your coat—for all the day previous it has been blowing fresh with rain-squalls. He has also simply requested you to put your boots outside of 15 so that he can dust them. He is ready to run for an extra glass of water, or for an egg for a *Webbiana*—a delicious pocu-

lent suggested by one of our party, and a princely substitute for the wretched water (river) you are obliged to swallow. Well, to finish Joshua ; when the voyage is up, you cannot but observe a dark object darting past your door in rapid succession. Look sharp and you can detect something white about his figurehead. What is it ? Why, bless your soul—it is his eye—that is, the one next you, having a single and *singular* aim *in view*. You can tell what this is all about if you will feel your pockets. At least *I* came to that conclusion, for as soon as I had thus manipulated, *I didn't see any more of him!* Quite funny ! I would recommend him—Joshua—should you “float down the Alabam” ever, and he still upon the same boat. Worth ? well, say, just now, fifteen hundred. You know *wool* is high—so is cotton—and you can always tell the price of *wool* if you know that of cotton—“They are one and inseparable.”

These river-boats are like huge amphibious monsters with double testaceous backs, snorting as though they had life, and had been *teased* by wicked boys to extreme vexation, and while they forbore to retaliate, could not but evidence their irritation by fearful, stertorous grunts. They carry from 1,500 to 2,000 bales of cotton, which weigh four or five hundred pounds each (an Alabama bale is much larger than that of other States). The landings that these boats effect are really surprising. It is true the river is *at once* deep from the shore, still, I venture to assert a North River steamboat captain would admire the alacrity, the boldness and the readiness with which these are executed. No

sooner is the boat made fast—generally to some root—than the planks are shoved out and the freight landed. Hogs-heads of bacon are instantly surrounded by the deck hands and miraculously rolled ashore—sometimes half-way up bluffs, and all in so short a space of time you involuntarily exclaim, “wonderful—it is truly wonderful.”

I judge the Alabama is the most crooked, navigable stream known. Listen : Some 485 miles to Mobile from Montgomery, while by land it is about 200. The boat at times looks as though it were playing bo-peep with the wooded points, for no sooner do you turn one than the pilot is preparing to double another just ahead. The pilot well earns his \$200 per month, as does the deck-hand his \$75 per month. You find *Pat* mixed with *Sambo* here, but the former, in case of danger, must pioneer, for *Sambo* is valuable property—cash—while *Pat* belongs to himself and draws pay.

But the great and conspicuous feature of this remarkable river I have not touched upon. It is Cotton. Cotton is king. Aside from the entire dependence of the planter upon “King Cotton,” and the enormous influence it has upon the great pulse of the world—the endless enterprises it encourages, nay, is father of—its universal use throughout the great creation of God, and the comfort it gives *His* created ; aside from all these, the mere loading it, the method of transit from *shed* to *deck* even, partakes of a novel, fearful sublimity, characteristic and consistent with the great article itself. I can but feebly give you a description, yet I will try.



The cotton is always stored under cover, and directly upon and above the river ; no matter how high the bluff, its destiny is the *deck*, and it must reach it ; and reach it it does in a fearfully quick time.

The boat lands. Instantly the hands are ashore, in two squads ; one, climbing up through mud and by out-cropping roots to the shed, to start "King Cotton" over the bluff ; and the other, stationed below, to receive the bale as it comes headlong down, crashing brush and tree in its frightful leap—at times with a resiliency perfectly wonderful, reminding you of an overgrown, obese monster, leaping for very joy at a release from long confinement, yet with uncertain, maudlin strides, treacherous to the last bound, sometimes carrying death to the poor wretch below, who has been watching its progress with bill-hook in hand ready to seize it the moment it ceases its ungainly antics, and roll it to the deck. This is one method.

And yet another.

It is night—past midnight too—there is no moon, and darkness is felt. Pine torches show us how and where to land. As the boat is made fast, you see figures going up the *slide*, made of wooden rails, with steps between, for more easy ascent. It is 200 feet and more to the top. Half-way up stands a negro, lazily resting upon his torch. You can see his thick lips half open and his eyes half shut. *Still* he stands—the torch-bearer. The light of the fat pine knots throws a full glare upon surrounding objects, bringing into perfect view the muddy stream and the towering bluff, its sides wooded by the black gum-tree,

covered all over with pendent parasite, for all the world like shrouds for the dead, which runs, and clings, and hangs to and from the topmost branches down and into the rushing current beneath. While you look, you wonder and you shudder, for this hanging moss whispers to you of sickness and death, the tell-tale of fever.

You have already lost sight of the climbers, but directly another light, so high up it is faint, and a voice sends down the warning, "Stand from under." The response below is, "Let it go!" For a moment only there is perfect silence, while the hands on deck are anxiously looking aloft for the burden—when suddenly a rushing noise is heard far above, and immediately an undefined object is seen gliding with the speed of lightning over the wooden track, directly down upon the deck, shaking and *shuddering* the River Monster "from truck to keelson." Clark ! it is a picture sublime and fearful.

I thought of you as I stood with a genial friend from old Richmond gazing upon this *midnight crayon*, and how much you would have enjoyed it. How strange it is ! What brain-freak *at that moment* brought up an old memory ? I saw you again upon the fore-castle, seated in the fore-chains *alone*, and looking upon the broad, melancholy ocean—as you well remember ! Aye ! like an Albatross *brooding upon the wave* !

But that deck is silent now, and my feet, that once knew it so well, will know it no more. There is a pleasantness in an old *picture*, Clark, and how gratifying it is that it cannot be *taken down* !

## The Autobiography of Bill Money Dollars.

THE autobiography of Bill Money Dollars is a simple tale, written in simple style, teaching simply humanity. It is a simple thing to read it, and it is a very simple thing to forget it.

There was once a simple physician, who gave simple prescriptions, and effected simple, though radical cures. He was not fêted by the great with devilled partridges, nor was his palate tickled with Chablis; but he simply desired the "devil to have his due." It is some time since he "departed this life," but a simple head-stone reads simply thus :

"Admired for his modesty,  
Mourned for his worth."

Reader, if you will listen, I will read to you, simply : but you must bear in mind,

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them."

A pleasant face ornamented with a pair of spectacles, a head slightly bald, and a rotundity of person only visible among easy good livers; a cheerful, jocose, orbicular-bodied gentleman, held me subject to order. He had been

cashier for many years, and presided over a tastefully furnished room, a massive vault, and several ponderous tomes, wherein were a multiplicity of figures—a bank and all its appurtenances. The door opened upon a pretty village street, lined with ancient elms, graceful in foliage, and inviting to the dweller and stranger. It was in the month of June : the air was loaded with the fresh fragrance of budding blossoms, and the plumed birds, drunk with joy, carolled dulcet notes, until the stillness broke again with the pleasing melody.

Fair to look upon, with a rich complexion, Pleasant Face smiled upon me as he pronounced the word "good," and, with a sigh which savored of a desire to possess, I was secured with many others by a band that Samson would have broken more easily than the withes of the Philistines. The light closed from me : I fain would have implored freedom, and danced merrily and high into the beautiful world, but I could not.

"Cashier ! please change this bill ?" "Certainly ; but I have no silver ; give you bills. Have you seen the new issue ?" and forthwith I was presented. The stranger took me and eyed me carefully. "Very well done and very pretty—hard to counterfeit—Rawdon, Wright and Hatch, eh ? By-the-way, I received a letter from Tom yesterday." "Did you ?" "He says he is doing well, and shall leave the mines in about a month." "Lucky dog !" said Pleasant Face, "and here we are grubbing on." The drawer closed upon me. "What a queer existence is this," I thought, "Money is my name. What does it mean ?"

"Good morning, Cashier!" "How do you *do*?" was the response, placing a surprised, pleasant accent upon the last word. It was his way, the manner of Pleasant Face. "You have plenty of money, I suppose, and my credit is good, eh? Want it to-day, badly; going to buy cattle." "Well, you are clever and pleasant; how much do you want?" "Oh! five hundred will do." "Large bills, Mr. Thrivewell?" "Well, give me one hundred small, the rest large, if you please."

I was upon the counter. "Halloo! new money!" "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. Yes! One hundred small, I believe?" "So, so." "Twenty-five, thirty-five, forty, (fine day, sir!) forty-five, fifty," "Yes, things look charming this morning." "Fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. One, two, three, four," recapitulated Pleasant Face, as he removed a pencil from his ear, and noted it upon his blotter, "and new money at that." "Well, it will slip easier, 'twon't stay put long." Mr. Thrivewell was a large man with a red face and coarse voice, dressed in a grey suit, and wore an easy manner. Taking from the inside pocket of his coat a large wallet, he packed me away, and after a few more words with Pleasant Face, I heard him say, "Good day; come, get up, Charley!" and a rumbling noise startled me, for I felt conscious of being in motion. "Well, this is a queer existence. Pleasant Face has given me away," I soliloquized.

Mr. Thrivewell drove on, humming several tunes, of which I now know, were "Cheer up, my lively Lads,"

and "Yankee Doodle." He made a funny noise from his mouth; and between the two, and "Get up, Charley!" I got quite tired with the rapid jostling. But it suddenly ceased, by a queer exclamation from Mr. Thrivewell. "Whoa! Never mind taking him to the stable; just bring some water here. Shan't stop long." I came to light among new faces and a smoky atmosphere, loud words and hearty laughs. "Good morning, gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Thrivewell. "Do you know whether Jabe Williams has got his lot of cattle yet?" "Want to buy?" "Why, yes, if I can git 'em reasonable." "Well, I was up there yesterday," exclaimed a voice; "saw Jabe, but he didn't say nothing about his critturs; suppose—don't believe he's sold them." "No, no, sold 'em, no!" broke in a gruff voice. "He's too steep in his price, any way. See here, I'll jest bet a cool five *you* won't buy them." "Jabe is devilish dear, I know; Captain give us some of your Santa Croix; but I'll take that bet, for if he's got them, I want 'em, and am after them. Pretty good stuff," continued Mr. Thrivewell, smacking his lips.

"What a queer existence this is. But I like Pleasant Face and his"—"Get up, Charley," sang out Thrivewell, and away we rumbled.

I wondered what I was—my object in life; why my name was so often called. Valuable I undoubtedly was, and had peculiar power; but my existence was still a mystery, and I began to wish for developments and more light.

"Good morning, Mr. Williams!" "How about those

cattle?" "You want 'em?" "Not particular: will you sell cheap?" "Cattle's riz, you know, Mr. Thrivewell." "Well, never mind, I'm going into York State; I'll call, if I don't get supplied." "Well, hold on," exclaimed Williams. "They are just below the hill: I'll ride down and show 'em up." "Come, get up, Charley." "There, Mr. Thrivewell. There's a fine crittur—girt six feet—four and past. His mate is beyond that black heifer. I've got some ten or twelve I'll sell."

"Money is less trouble than critturs," exclaimed Mr. Williams, as he threw me down with many others of my kind upon a table. I had changed hands, and was in a common room, but very clean and neatly furnished. It had the air of thrift rather than indolence. "There, Mary," giving me to his wife; "that's for you." "Jabe, you are real good. Now, we'll get Fred and Sarah some nice things, and you know they need them, Jabe."

From the many conversations I heard between Mr. and Mrs. Williams, I fully discovered my value, and the object of my life. The mystery was cleared up. I procured the luxuries and necessities of life, purchased evil, rewarded merit; saved life as well as instrumental in its destruction. A curious, strange, startling, hopeful, painful object. At once a friend to the good, the wicked; to the divine instructor and the murderer; as safe in the possession of the latter as the former; a witness to ease, comfort, happiness, starving poverty, debauchery, and scenes of hellish passions. To be a friend to this, to these, to all. To be present when good might be done, and yet unable to

accomplish it. To run a career, rapid in its various changes, and to do naught by my own volition. I found, also, I should see Pleasant Face again; and although the time was uncertain, yet I looked forward to this period with pleasurable anticipation. My name was Bill Money Dollars, either of which was understood by everybody. A fashionable mute, courted by all ranks, and eagerly retained. I brought smiles upon frowning faces, and sweet hope to the desponding; relief to the dying, and succor to all. Without me, mankind starved, cursed, and perished; with me, they exulted, triumphed, and made merry. Happiness, misery, comfort, discomfort, smiles, madness, charity, avarice, life, death, rapine, murder, all the objects man seeks; all the debasing extremities in which his vices incarcerate him, were embodied in me or mine. Strange and fearful object! What curious ingenuity of the imaginative brain fashioned me to produce the startling disparities, ease and poverty, life and death? And yet a frail tenure upon being I held. A puff of wind, a candle-spark, would destroy me. So it is with human life. To-day is—to-morrow *was*. It is even so.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams visited a neighboring city for their purchases. It was determined that Fred should have a new cap, Sarah a new frock; Mr. W. a new hat, and Mrs. W. a dear, sweet bonnet. The day was fine, and the ride an easy one, whiled away by a conversation partaking of that nature that a sufficiency of money and a willingness to spend begat. To hear the enthusiastic, ardent articulations of Madam, with her oft-repeated,

"Won't it be nice?" and, "How pleased the children will be!" with the response: "Yes, Mary; I think it is not only our money, but we can spend it as we please," would have delighted all, save a miser or a prude *passé*.

The innocence, artlessness, nay, the naturalness of life and conversation of inmates of a country home, tell more of true happiness and pure confidence in an unalloyed state, than the stiff, formal twaddle of suspecting conversationists or wedded ones in a crazy town. Numbers beget familiarity, and familiarity contempt. The father is dishonored, the brother disgraced, and the pistol or poison an inevitable result. Human nature is of such changing, unreliable composition, that circumstances too often erect the guide-board which points to pitfalls and irremediable ruin. No one can, like the Pharisee, honestly pray with the heart conscious of purity: "God, I thank thee I am not as other men;" but all *should*, like the more humble and contrite Publican, exclaim: "God, be merciful to me a sinner." It is from the simple fact that, "to err is human;" and the great omnibus of life carries far more of the one class than the other—which is it? Is this purely speculative, or honestly practical? Is it fiction, or common sense? Are mortals incased, and no golden key to unlock the door? Is, then, temptation without a ragged chasm of frightfulness filled to choking with the fallen? Reader! You, perhaps, came from the quiet country, and all your sweetest memories, like dew on roses, are away among the hills and valleys of your nativity. The purling brook from which you pulled the speckled

trout or cooled your limbs amid its whirling bubbles; the wooded hill, with its mossy rocks and carpet of many-colored leaves; the meadows, with air redolent with untainted fragrance of the clover and the everlasting; the orchard, with its pendent limbs heavy with "seek-no-furthers," and the juicy pippin; the old church, around which many evenings have you played "I spy," and "The Grey Wolf;" the schoolhouse, whose benches bear sad defacings of the jack-knife you were proud to wear; the old straw hat, upon its nail in the kitchen; the merry kitten, playing with peeping sunbeams, and the drony fly upon the well-scoured floor; your mother, with her happy smile and approving nod; your father, whose very presence banished all fear of hobgoblins or ugly travellers; your brother, hasty, impetuous, but affectionate, and kind; your sister, modest and persuasive; the crowing cock upon his humble heap in the barn-yard; the vain turkey, with wings grating the ground, and hideous gobble; the homely cur, who runs at your approach to greet you with a gentle bite; "Lineback," the cow; "Charley," the horse; "Dick," with bell on neck, that bleats as you pass; the village green, where with honest emulation and manly sport you batted the ball you wound and covered with leather one rainy day, when your mother helped you: say, reader, what gaudy show, what fashionable adornments, what distorted feature of a life in town can compare to this—to these? Tell me! Then, do not smile at country artlessness. It is the Koh-i-noor of your happiness, civil, religious, domestic, public. It is the only sanative to

purge the morbid feeling of no virtue you have had lingering about you, and robbing the life-chest of confidence of all its bespangled jewels, more precious than the gold of Ophir, more full of fragrance than the grapes of Eschol. The Lord do unto me, and more also, if I ever forget or despise the little hamlet and all its associations. O Boyhood! passed amid such quiet, godly incentives—past, gone forever. If no monument ever stands above my ashes, where the wild bird warbles, and the flowing brook pours out its lapsing lullaby; where the earth can grow green without the sacrilegious tread of many feet, I shall die unhappy. I have wandered many weary miles o'er land and sea, but the home of childhood, like the golden rays of mellow sunset, has always shone above the splendor of palaces or the enchantments of the pleasure-world. It was humble, but within its walls was innocence protected by pious and devoted hearts.

"Get up, Bill! My dear," said Mr. Williams, "yonder is the spire, the Capitol. How the sun glistens upon the roof. Would you like to live in a city?" "No! indeed; I am content; I should be too awkward and not sufficiently fashionable. Dark rooms; stiff speeches; afraid to laugh! No, no! Home is the place; the old fireside, where we can do as we please."

"You are right. I could not be happy in a city. Shall we fix off the children first?"

"Well, let me see; stop at ——. Yes, I think we had better."

A city! what is it? Many streets, some with recti-

lineal courses, some crooked and narrow, some prim and cleanly, more dirty, filthy, and foul; high aspiring spires above edifices of stone, dark-brown, white and time-soiled, with stained windows to exclude heaven's light and the sunbeam; wherein congregate silk and broadcloth to worship God; a mixed multitude of good and indifferent—the real devout worshipper, the vain miss, with bracelets and tossing curls; the empty-headed fop, with slender cane and slenderer legs; the gouty, retired banker, with the blossoms of turtle-soup and *devilled* fowls and the lingering mellowness of "South-side" and "Oporto" peeping from a red-veined face; the stately matron, with her easy air and well-cherished looks; the stranger, with subdued eagerness to stare, mindful of a pair of large black gloves and an ill-fitting coat, thicker boots than are fashionable to wear in town. A few trees, nature's great ornament of earth, half-grown, consumptive, labelled "Keep off the grass!" "Dog Laws," as if they were *allowed* to remain merely to advertise the oracles of aldermanic wisdom. Countless heads of walking bipeds jostling each other into sour looks and ungentlemanly damns. Thundering omnibuses driven by a returned volunteer, a discharged soldier, or more worthy ones, who seated aloft, like Jove upon his throne, look down on creeping mortals, and laugh at terrified females running the gauntlet betwixt hoofs, poles, carts, carriages, and the general chaos of a street, with whip in hand elevated above his head pointing to you as he sings his advertisement, "Bleecker street, ride up!" or tearing along like lightning run mad, passing a brother whip with

an air of triumph and a bitter curse. Theatres, where persons strut their brief hour upon the stage and then *die*, to amuse lorgnette-gazers and the peanut *pit*. Saloons, whose walls are crowded with the productions of a perverted easel, with a sleek-haired youth behind a counter, who delights in tossing "brandy-smashes," "gin-cocktails," or "sherry-cobblers" for a pale, slight moustache, with one hand in pocket and leaning with an air of *abandon* upon the other, at the same time he is telling a friend that the "Old Governor" is abroad, and he is "*about*." Restaurants where bivalves are swallowed upon the half-shell by this same *slight moustache* late at night when scarcely conscious of his locality, and evidencing a superior and decided spirit of independence, mostly contingent upon several "drinks." Houses with green door-blinds, which the *slight moustache* frequents, and goes swifter on to a coffin and the worm. Massive warehouses, full from loft to cellar with foreign and domestic fabrics, supervised by sallow faces, anxious looks, and grey hairs; books posted and balanced by one who came from the country long ago, and now whose life-blood is slowly congealing for the last stroke his pen may make—and it is near; beggarly paid, and *he* knows it; but there is another fresh country boy with ruddy cheeks, just outside ready to take his place, and he knows it, and so he writes on. Banks, treasuring gold, silver, bills, notes, drafts—the gods of men. Newspaper offices where the ceaseless click of steam-presses worked by gasping men, run all day, all night, to tell us by early morn what has transpired the day before throughout the

Union; for busy fingers are expressing upon wires the scenes the world has brought to light through the period of the buried day. The rickety staircase and a back room where sits a fair one whose beauty is clouded by sorrow, and her poor garments scarcely covering the charms that ripen the hot blood of miscreants, the seamstress, plying her needle for fifteen cents per diem. The den lower down in the scale of vice than the house with the green door-blinds, in a damp, filthy basement, where the refuse of God's creation and man's statues meet to swallow the most villainous draughts of murder-inciting liquor, and talk hoarsely in mingled ejaculations of blasphemy and obscenity; the very place from whence has issued those who pursued directly their fellows, to send them by pistol or knife unanointed before their God. The high walls within which mortals who have leaped the barrier of innocence run headlong down to crime, to take their last survey of earth and men, attended by one who wears a cocked hat, a sword, and an assistant ready at the drop of a handkerchief to cut the thread of life of him who stands erect with a white cap upon his head and a white vesture upon his body, all trimmed with black, and around his neck a cord attached to an ugly beam above. Ay! not only man but woman. The bold, impudent lad, proclaiming in torn accents the trashy papers he runs the city over with on God's holy day, grating harshly upon ears of worshipping assemblies and defying the Law of the Mount, patronized by those who know better but care less. Drawing-rooms with their costly furnishing of rosewood and maho-

gany ; soft carpets, gilded books, trinkets and ornaments from voluptuous Paris or the Italian mart ; and their occupants, one of whom has toiled much and long and erred a *little* to make *more* money, and *covered* his derelictions by some generous act lauded by purblind preachers and the press. The mother, daughter, son, who talk of operas, fashion, dress, a foreign voyage, all turning a deaf ear upon the wailing voice of some unfortunate one, and yet listening attentively to the dulcet tones of a well-known *roué*, who has but ruin and misery in his attentions. The poor student in an attic, struggling on through dinnerless days, and suffering nights to send home—his peaceful country home—a story of merited worth and eventual success. Ay! the spire, the church, the street, the clanging steel of horses' feet, rumbling vehicles, the theatre, saloon, the counting-house, den, the marble hall, wealth, poverty, misery, infamy, selfishness ; these belong to a *city*. And yet there is one pleasant thing, the little leaven in a city. It is to be awakened upon a Sabbath morn by the subdued, merry peal of mellow bells, talking to each other from distant streets, and sweetly arousing the sleeper to a consciousness that it is the day of rest ; combining chords of harmonious music only excelled by that of "falling waters, the voice of girls, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the lisp of children, and their earliest words."

Sons of the plough and golden harvest ! Daughters of daily industry and its reward ! You who live where blow the zephyr and the morning breeze, pure, fresh, fragrant ; where the squirrel chatters and the wood bird sings ; where

the glad earth looks to heaven, puts on her robes of beauty, and smiles with tossing grain and juicy fruit ; where leaps the cascade and bubbles on in eddying currents the brawling brook ; where the hill, valley, rock and wood echo the bleat of lambs, and lowing herds stay there. Break not the chain of contented happiness : for *that* a city life can never give a recompense.

"How much did you say?" exclaimed Mrs. Williams.

"Two-and-six-pence, madam, and I'll assure you it is cheap at that."

"It is very pretty ; I think it will become Sarah ; don't you think so, Mr. Williams?"

"Yes ; though I like the piece with the blue stripe."

"You may give me a pattern of both, sir."

"Yes, ma'am. John, cash !" and running came an active boy to take me to a desk, where, after being looked at sharply by a gray-haired man, I was placed within a drawer. A new home, but I could not blame Mrs. Williams. I was made for such purposes—a mere thing of convenience. Scarcely had I settled to my place ere the till was again opened, and the grey-haired man had given me to the active boy again, and from him I passed into the soft gloved hand of a pretty face, upon which I thought a smile peeped out when I looked up. That face ! I have often thought of it since. It was beautiful. A soft shadow, so soft a passer would not notice it—a shadow more the result of memory and doubt than that of affliction, hung over fine, intelligent features ; a dark eye and inviting lips, from which low, sweet tones



made melody. She was slightly formed, and a mellow tint upon her cheek told of breezes and the fields; the same rich look I had seen before upon faces in the country.

"Well, Mary, I've made the purchase; for it was so sweet a pattern I could not miss it; and it is not too gay, either. You know the one we both admired so at Bradford's."

"Shall you have it made up here, Isabel?"

"No; there is a poor girl in our village, who fits dresses nicely, and I shall help her. She has given me satisfaction, and you know"—

"Oh! I dare say; but then you know, Isabel, you might take the fashion home."

"Yes; and be considered aristocratic."

"Well, Isabel, have you seen your hero—your ideal?"

"No, no, Mary, don't be silly."

"Why I'm sure, Bell, you need not be ashamed of that story. I should really admire such an adventure, and then the *possible* meeting afterward."

"You are highly romantic, Moll: I *should* really like to see him, but then it is so long ago, *he* has forgotten it and me."

"Ah! Bell, you don't think so, and what's more, you secretly expect to meet him again. You said in the hurry, confusion, and all that sort of thing, you wound your handkerchief about his hand when he was hurt."

"I said I *thought* so, for I missed it."

"Well, *of course* you missed it, and of course, silly girl,

you did wind it. Now that handkerchief was marked in your name, and I know he will keep it and find you out."

"O Mary! you are crazy; you cannot make me believe such absurdity. Why, he might have been engaged then; how foolish!"

"Well, Bell, we young ladies are expected to be romantic, and to love all noble, brave, manly hearts, and especially to delight in such adventures. Now, I will help you to find this hero of yours if you will describe him; and if you will confess that you do not care *anything* for him, I'll love him myself if we ever meet."

"Well, Mary, you are a great tease, and just to comfort you, and have a little sport, I will describe him."

"Comfort *me*! oh! well; come, I have the paper and pen."

"Ha! ha! what an idea, Mary. Is it not ridiculous, making a husband from an adventure? He had a dark-blue eye; about twenty-two or three years old; tall; brown, curly hair; rather slender; a peculiar smile; full, red lips."

"Ah? you wouldn't like to kiss them, Bell, eh?"

"Mary, I'll not say any more if you go on so."

"Nonsense, Bell, you must. Let us see how it reads. Dark-blue eye; about twenty-two; tall; brown, curly hair; rather slender; a peculiar smile; full, red lips. Why, Bell, you haven't described his nose or his voice."

"Roman nose; and he had a sweet, gentle voice."

"Of course. O Bell! there is no mistake."

"What do you mean, Moll?"

"I mean that you are in love. Come, let us go down and play a game of chess; and as you are the better player of the two, I'll wager the successful check-mating on my part."

"But if I am the better player, why do you say so?"

"Oh! I shall tease you if I say."

"No; I'll take it in good joke."

"Well, then, when we are in love, we cannot think of anything else."

"Check-mate it is, as true as I live, Bell," rang out the merry tones of Mary.

"Hark! mother's voice: I must go and see what she wants."

"Mary is a dear good girl, but a real tease. 'Tis strange she should have the same presentiment. But I shall laugh it off."

"Love let us cherish, cherish," was Mary's melody, as she returned. "Say, Bell, what say you to a walk? Mother wishes me to go down-street for her."

"Well, with all my heart; and I must get me an article I forgot to-day when I was out."

"Have you blue veils?" It was the sweet voice of Isabel. "Do you like that, Mary? What is the price of this?" Another moment, and I had left the company of my fair owner, and was stowed once again in a deep, dark till.

"Confound the cash! 'twon't balance." A young face full of perplexity looked upon me, but the contracted brow soon smoothed, and I was carelessly placed in his pocket.

"Half-a-dozen on half-shell, and a mug of ale. Hallo! Tom, take a seat. What will you have? Here, waiter, duplicate my order. Well, Tom, what news?"

"Nothing, Jim. By-the-way, have you been to No. 10, lately?"

"No! but I saw her to-day in the store."

"Any one with her?"

"Yes, a deuced pretty girl."

"Isn't she? I fancy that girl; but then she is from the country, and rather reserved, and not inclined to get acquainted. How stupidly modest these country girls are!"

"That is true. Here, waiter! some more oysters—half-shell! She is very intelligent, and would, if she were inclined, make a great sensation."

"Who is she? Do you know?"

"Her name is Isabel Dale, a cousin of Mary's. Here, waiter, your change: bring some cigars."

I had passed into the boy's hands.

"Blow me! if I know much about such stuff, Bill. Comes hard and goes easy, like music from a bagpipe. Change's right, eh, Bill?"

"Aye! aye! blast the odds."

I found myself in the hands of a queer person, different from any one I had ever seen, and he talked funnily, too. He had balanced upon the top of his head, inclining toward his back, a small, round, shining hat; large collar, blue, and worked with white; blue jacket and bright buttons; a belt about his waist, and his hands very hard and

spotted with blue : when he walked he rocked from side to side. His trowsers came down loose over his feet, and a black ribbon about his neck. His face was very brown, full of wrinkles, and he was constantly chewing.

"I say, Bill, let's make a dive here."

"Aye, one place's good as another."

"I say, Captain Bottle, or what the d—l your name is, give us some Santa Croix."

"Easy, Jim : luff ! that'll do."

"I say, Bill : that plum-dough specimen yonder is making fun of us. If he says any more, I'm blowed if I don't spill his bilge-water."

"Twig his top-lights, Jim, eh ? Whew ! Well, here's to the lass that loves a sailor."

"Bill, he's made his signals again, and they are d—d piratical. I say, here, you scurvy lubber, do you want anything of us ?"

"Mind your business, or I'll settle your accounts."

A fearful sound followed, amid cries of murder, and strangled oaths : and I only knew its termination from the conversation that followed.

"Bill, that lubber will slip his moorings, or he has a better hulk than common."

"It will do him good, Jim."

"Petticoat ahead. Bill, let's shake out a reef and overhaul her: she looks in distress."

"Hallo ! mother ! Why, blow me, Bill, how sorry she looks; seen hard gales, I'll swear. Here, take that, and bless your old heart ! Cheer up. It's the like of ye that

we sailors know how to pity. We know well the signals of distress."

"And here, mother," says Bill; "here's more for you. Go and get some *kill-grief*, and let it cheer your old heart."

"You are very kind," replied a feeble voice. "I am very poor, and my family are suffering. This will help me; and may God be very kind to you for your generosity."

"Come, mother, come and take a cheer with us."

"No; I never use spirits: you are very kind."

"Shiver my timbers, Jim ; do ye hear that ? Why, she's one of the Bethelites, eh ?"

Laid upon the table, a small room and its miserable furniture were about me. An old bureau, knobless and shaken, three chairs, a bed covered with scanty apparel, upon which lay a poor, emaciated girl of some sixteen years. The dark, glassy eye, sunken cheek, and hollow cough, told more than words the frail tenure of life she held.

"Clara, dear ! some good, kind-hearted sailors gave me some money. Look ! we can get along a little while longer." The girl, feeble from disease, with exertion raised her head and looked upon me. An audible groan was all the answer.

Reader, were you ever a witness to a scene of poverty ; humble, merited poverty ; poverty that clung and would not be shaken off ; poverty that ate to the vitals and sapped sweet life ? Sordid man of business, whose chief object is to *get*, no matter how, but *get* ; no matter if the fingers that worked for your benefit belonged to a diseased

frame. No matter if the young, bright eye dimmed and shut in death. No matter if cold and hunger and want and disease followed the pittance given for stitches taken. No matter. *Your* pockets clink with the shining metal ; *your* bank account is large ; swells to laughter. *Your* house has comfort, aye, luxury. *Your* daughter is merry and gleesome. *Your* son is ranking high at the university. Your wife has her carriage and driver. No matter, though it be the life-blood of some poor, loving, affectionate young being, that nourishes and warms. No matter. But look ye. Cannot the pestilence enter your windows? Cannot the shroud enwrap your loved beings? Cannot the devouring flame consume, and hard-hearted creditors (seared like yourself) chase you as you have others? Cannot the full house become empty, and the halls once echoing with mirth and fashionable revelry by night be forsaken and dark? Cannot the tempter whisper, and despair unnerve your soul? Cannot a ghastly sight of blood and brains tell the sequel? Say, are these improbable? Be careful! The demon has already fixed his glaring eyes upon you. You are charmed, blinded, *lost* already! Go to, now. Let there be written upon the closed house, the black and charred timbers of the warehouse, engraven with deep lines upon the suicide's monument—*Fifteen cents per diem!* Let the passer stop and with eager curiosity point his finger to the words, and ask, "What meaneth it?" Let the faded shadow of the dead girl sweep by, and whisper, "It is the end of him who paid to clamorous poverty the pittance you read." The finger

is dropped, the stranger passes on and mutters, "Shame upon the mortal ; and yet it is the short-sighted selfishness of man." Reader, would you a lesson be taught? Go and use your slight or powerful influence, as it may be, to aid the poor; to open the veins of charity in that hard-hearted man you know, and teach him the story of the widow's mite. Go, and like him who leaves a sphere of comfort, an atmosphere of civilization, and plunges amid scenes of vice, misery, and all repulsiveness to rescue, reform, relieve and nourish. Strike a helping blow, and stand by the end. Noble is the rescuer from shipwreck, but nobler is he who labors to rescue his erring fellow. "Lilly" and "Tany" will yet appear bright jewels, sanctified, redeemed in heaven, as witnesses for him who has made the deserted heart to rejoice, and the dens of wretchedness as peaceful heritages.\*

The world knows not, cares not. The ceaseless tide of human life floats on, and when his work is done, and he himself goes *home*, his memory will be as the dew of Hermon, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," ever bright, ever beautiful. Reader, can you doubt it? Let not the smile of incredulity, the careless "'tis well enough," lull you into the bed of selfishness, and cover you as with a garment ; for there is that in you which says there is

\* A touching description of the rescue of these two poor, neglected children, by the noble missionary of "The Points," from a loathsome intimacy with some abandoned, degraded blacks, was published in the *Independent* (a religious weekly of New York City), April, 1853.

a God, and just, who recompenseth the righteous, and heareth the cry of the raven. There is a reward, a punishment, for all. Let him who would mock, then, mock still. Sublime is the death of him who *does* with what He has given; calm and peaceful like the falling of rose-leaves, so soft, so gentle, that the rising sun only evidences the vacant places of earth's sweetest ornaments.

A little boy sat at the foot of Clara's bed, and said the doctor had been in. "Oh! yes, mother!" whispered the dying girl; "he says I cannot last long. Merciful heaven! be kind to mother and Charley! If they could only go with me!" The mother stood for a moment before the bed, and looked upon the wan features of her support: it was a look full of bitterness, the gall of despair and unmitigated agony; and falling upon her knees, and throwing her arms about the faded form of Clara, she exclaimed, in heart-broken accents: "O God of the widow, of the fatherless, have mercy upon me and mine! Man *may*, but Thou *canst* aid us."

"Mother, it is all right. You will be provided for. Did you see Mr. Boyd?"

"No, dear child; he is out of town still, and his partner knows nothing of the business; he says all such settlements belong to Mr. Boyd. He said, he had no idea that there was anything due you."

"Well, mother, the balance *is* small, but it would help you some; but I would not go again. Let hem keep it. It is a long way for you, and you are not able. The kind sailors' money will do for us as long as I shall be with you:

and then God provides for His children. So stay at home, dear mother."

"Clara, it is wrong in me to feel so; but you—you—oh!" and placing her hand to her head, she wept the tears of true anguish. "We are used to poverty; I could smile at *that*."

"Mother," said little Charley, "there's some one knocking at the door; shall I open it?"

The door opened, and a gentleman entered and stood looking toward the mother with peculiar earnestness, while he addressed her:

"Is this Mrs. Marl?"

"It is, sir."

"Mrs. Clara Marl, who lived in Mr. Bell's family in Westminster?"

"It is, sir."

"I am sorry to have obtruded just now, Madam," observed the stranger, noticing the sick girl upon the bed.

"Oh! no, sir. This is my daughter, very low, but your presence will not harm her. We have no other room, and are accustomed to many inconveniences that poverty only knows."

The stranger bore marks, the unmistakable evidences of a thoroughbred gentleman. His demeanor was subdued, but his air was dignified, and his look and tone seemed deeply to sympathize with the scene before him.

"You, of course, madam, do not remember me; for it is now over twenty years since we have seen each other;

but I well remember your kindness to me when my mother died. I am"——

"Victor Bell!" exclaimed Mrs. Marll.

"Mother!" whispered Clara, "you are provided for. God is good. I faint."

The shadow of death rested upon the eyelids of the wasted girl, and with one common feeling, such as only sickness, danger or death can produce, the panic-stricken mother and the sympathizing friend stood over the bed of Clara.

"Raise her head, Mrs. Marll, that she may breathe easier: it will soon be over."

"Mother, moth"——

The scene *was* over; for a gush of blood ran down upon the pillow, and a slight shudder had sealed the colorless lips for ever.

"O mother! is Clara dead?" screamed little Charley; and he, too, flung himself with his heart-broken parent upon the bed.

There was a pause that followed, the silence of which, broken by successive sobs, only told the solemn cause. Tears coursed down the cheeks of Victor as he silently bent over the features of the dead, and in low but soothing tones spoke consolation to the widowed mother, and after an appropriate delay, deposited a heavy purse upon the table and withdrew. A long time the mother and boy lay upon the bed, until the hasty steps of aid and expressions of compassion fell upon their ears. Victor had returned with needful assistance, and all things were done decently

and well. Help had come timely, and solaced the last hours of the dying seamstress. She had closed her eyes with the echo of friendship lingering in her ears, and upon her pale face the smile of hope was triumphant.

Clara was buried the succeeding day, and Mrs. Marll and Charley comfortably lodged in other quarters, the result of Victor's kindness; and he daily called to give by his presence that comfort which kindness and sympathy only can bestow. Mrs. Marll, I found, had been his nurse in infancy, and until the death of his mother, when the father removed to another region. The history of Mrs. Marll was, like many others, a marriage entailing misery and ruin; for her dissolute husband left her destitute after the birth of Charley. Thrown upon the selfish tide of human life, the widow had struggled in vain for a comfortable maintenance. Latterly Clara had done much toward a support, but had chilled *her* life-blood by deprivation and hard, assiduous labor. This was the simple story of the widow. How many can tell the same? Ay, the splendid drawing-room, where the merry song and silvery music steal over the senses to entrance and enchain, while near by comes upon the evening breeze the low wail of crushed hopes, withered expectations and fading life. They are neighbors, but know not each other. An ocean of style, rank and fortune sweeps between them; the sinking ship bears with it a precious load of diamonds, while the proud hulk enters port *in ballast*. The uneven allotments of life are the daily theme of discontented beings who cannot appreciate the impossibility of general wealth and ease. Man,

in his philosophy and sage wisdom, can translate the mystical hieroglyphics when surrounded by plenty; but let the cold wind of adversity blow hard upon his back, and, bending like the pliant osier before the sweeping gale, he bitterly murmurs that others are not chased by misfortune. Why, then, these uneven allotments? Within the veil of the temple there speaks the oracle. Go ask; for 'tis neither sanctified priest nor worshipping layman can read the handwriting upon the wall. Reader, 'tis folly to tell you to bear well the withering stroke of heavy affliction; to stand by with endurance when poverty consumes you; to speak well of fortune in your neighbors; to bide *your* time; for well is it known it is the advice of a mortal to his fellow; but then it is the better way. Blessed is he who endureth even unto the end.

"Mrs. Marl," said Victor, upon one of his visits, "I'm about leaving town for another portion of the country, and I do not know when I shall return. Possibly never. You are provided for, as I have told you; but should you by unforeseen circumstances ever want a friend, this card gives you the address of one who will be to you in my absence what I would be if near you. There was an adventure occurred to me several years ago that has always interested me, and I dare say will you, and I desire you to know it, as possibly you *may* be able to aid me should the time ever come. Several years ago, while visiting the county of —, I stopped at the village of S— to spend a few days. As was my wont, I was taking a ride through the region, and had jogged on some ways from

the village. Suddenly in the distance appeared a carriage with a horse under full speed, evidently uncontrolled by the person who held the reins. The road ran directly on the borders of a deep, sluggish stream; and should an accident occur to any vehicle here, it must necessarily place the inmates in peril of being submerged. I immediately reined in my horse, turned aside as far as possible, awaiting the result with breathless expectancy. I feared the worst, for the horse was approaching with frightful speed. The next moment I had leaped from my carriage and plunged into the stream to the relief of a young lady who had been thrown from the carriage, while the horse tore past me with his bits all foam, while still within sat a gentleman, whose countenance bore great anxiety and fear. In leaping from my gig I struck my hand upon the step and cut it severely. I rescued the girl from the water, who was very much frightened, and possibly might have drowned before aid could have arrived, had I not been upon the spot. She immediately inquired if her father was safe. She could not have been more than sixteen, but she was very fair, and her features were those of intelligence and beauty. The wound upon my hand she bound with her handkerchief. I was about making arrangements to convey her to the hotel, when the carriage reappeared, and the father and daughter were again together. He had succeeded in stopping the horse without injury, and in a few moments we had separated and were pursuing our different routes. The handkerchief I preserved. Upon it is the name of Isabel Dale. The name, I dare say, of the young lady I rescued. Upon

my return to the hotel, I found the strangers had tarried there sufficiently long for their wet clothes to be changed. The young lady told the landlord's wife she owed her life to a stranger, and had been very stupid not to have obtained his name. But the fright, anxiety, and confusion, were her only apologies."

"I may possibly be of service to you, Mr. Bell. I certainly shall never forget you again. God will reward you for your kindness to me."

"Charles," said Mrs. Marll, the succeeding day, "take this"—giving me to the boy—"and get the cap I ordered for you yesterday. It is the money the kind sailors gave me; but I cannot always keep it. Go, now, and ask for the cap in a gentlemanly manner. You must try to be as much of a gentleman as Mr. Bell; and you must always love him as more than a friend—your rescuer and benefactor. Your poor mother owes everything to his noble heart. He was always so, when no older than you are; ever generous, and kind, and affectionate."

I was again adrift, ready for new scenes and acquaintances. And so is it with life. Mortals cling to loved ones and pleasant homes with obstinate tenacity; but there cometh the gale of change, and united hearts and happy firesides grow strange and unfamiliar; or, more than this, the whisper of death chills the beating pulse—it lessens, it ceases; the friendly smile, the cordial union, the noble heart, are all faded, broken, and silenced in the damps of an echoless grave: the grass springs up, and naught save memory tells of the one who has passed away.

It is the history of all; upon it we rarely ponder; though we know it, yet we think our time is yet distant.

A strange face looked upon me—a thin-faced man: and his sunken, small eyes brightened as in his count he made "Two hundred, I believe I am right. John, take this money and get it exchanged for current bills. Be nimble!"

Thrown among a large collection of my species, more intelligence was given me of my value, and the various uses to which I was capable of being put. The broker was thin, very thin; his temples throbbed heavily, and an anxious, scheming look, with a premature grey among his locks, spoke of an earnestness in his business only excelled by his speaking desire to accumulate. I fancied I could see the reflection of gold and silver and bills sparkling from his eyes. He was employed unceasingly in counting; jotting figures down upon paper in the shape of a long book, and throwing down change upon the counter. All his words and conversation seemed to echo back—money. Occasionally he would draw a deep breath and a "heigh ho!" as an alterative chorus; and what time he could spare from thumbing bills and quizzing silver, he conversed to others around him in a peculiar language, to me perfectly inexplicable; such as, "Morris Canal; Erie bonds; in the street; second board; market tight; exchange high; Eastern, small; call loans; lenders good demand; coupons; under limit, rates firm; closed fair; previous quotations; brisk request; shade lower; United States Sixes, preferred stock; cotton dull;" in fact I supposed



him slightly demented. It was a busy office, and a constant ingress and egress of business men. Their chief object seemed either to make or retain money. Before night I was bundled extremely close with others, and conscious of being in motion.

I came to light in a distant city, and in a room in some respects similar to my original home, though differing in size and multiplicity of faces. It had a subdued air of silent work and atmosphere of books. Treated in a careless manner by a pale youth, precise and sober, I was consigned with a motley group to a huge parcel closely bound and labelled. The mouth of the pale youth was fast locked, save an occasional whisper, indicative of number, that barely struggled into existence through the partly-opened lips. The condition of many of my family was sad; conspicuous in distress; tattered, soiled, and defaced.

It is thus with mankind. When the life-boat is first launched, careful hands and watchful hearts protect us. We float gently on into the *morning* bay, and then and there burst upon us scenes of dazzling beauty. The prisms of the rainbow are not more splendid; the feast of roses not more inviting. The chalice of soft-eyed beauty; the melody of seductive pleasures; the gate on golden hinges, opening scenes of ambition, renown, wealth, luxury and satiety. Hanging upon the tree of Mars depend golden epaulettes and kingly gifts; from the imaginative forum, Authority, clad in glad vestments, winds from a silvery horn the song of oratory and choice adulation.

Further on, amid fragrant blossoms and undying verdure, palaces of retirement guarded by liveried attendants. The clouds are tipped with the carmine of everlasting sunshine, and all is unutterably beautiful. The youthful eye grows blind by the gorgeous and intoxicating vista. "It is mine—all." Onward and forward rushes the mad youth. A warning voice, faint but prophetic, calls to him; he heeds it not. "It is mine!" Onward and forward. The voice follows: "Stay, presumptuous mortal, stay; beyond rushes the river of oblivion. Its current is deep and swift: you cannot breast it. It sweeps downward to old decrepit age and bitter disappointments." But the plunge is already made, and far below from amid the turbid eddies, gasping with exhaustion, struggles a changing form; whitened is the hair, sunken the cheek, dimmed the eye, palsied the limb, faint and broken the voice. It is the poor youth, stranded upon the beach of age, and death is encircling him. Ignorant of the scale of life; sanguine in his own resources; heedless to the voice of his guardian angel; blind to the experience of older mortals; indifferent to the dangerous reefs of the rolling current; negligent of the dismayed hulks about him; the rash youth, with his harness of gauze, makes the bold leap, the hazardous plunge, and is swept with his vapory strength and fleeting energies through the whirling eddies and rushing waters beyond aid and rescue.

Seated upon the same high stool, with spectacles on nose, and the familiar "How do you do?" from lips, sat Pleasant Face. I had been *redeemed*. No longer fresh

and fair, with the look of rich elegance, but wrinkled and worn, I longed to recount the scenes I had witnessed; but he passed me over with a stranger's indifference, and to my old dark quarters I was consigned.

Pleasant Face was making arrangements for a journey, and I exchanged the drawer for his pocket. Desirous of rest, I was still unable to procure it. Symbolical of the lot of humanity. Mortals toil and endure with the pleasing hope of a continuance and an age of ease and plenty. With this object the youth aspires to the busy scenes of life, and separates himself from protection and a home: he enlists in the battle, and catches the enthusiasm of the time and place; moves on; the airy phantom, his ideal, is just before him; he thinks he can grasp it at any time, but is fascinated with the excitement of the present, and pushes on; the phantom-cloud is still before him. Years accumulate and the mortal tires: he presses to embrace the great object of his strenuous exertions, and cease from cares and anxieties; but alas! he sees his embodiment of ease and plenty is but an air-built castle, and it fades from his vision and his hopes forever. Mental suffering, physical endeavor, avail nothing. He has reached the last round of life's ladder, and topples headlong among the crushed relics of mortality of those who preceded him after the same phantom, finding one common end. "In memory of," is the mournful inscription that outlives the talent, the effort, and the man—the only evidence even that tells *he was*.

Despite my earnest desire that Pleasant Face should

recognize me, we parted company without the sign of friendship, and I was once more adrift alone, faded and worn. For some time I was unmolested, and saving an occasional glimpse of the outer world, where others of my fraternity exchanged hands, I knew and saw but little. At these times I observed the peculiar appearance of my possessor. He was a young, dashing man, elegantly attired, with a profusion of costly ornaments, evidencing either wealth or worldly policy. His conversation was varied, adapting itself to the capacities of those with whom he discoursed; evidently a man of the world; withal of easy principles, and yet demeaning himself modestly when circumstances dictated necessity. I was amused at the different characters which he assumed—good, bad, and indifferent; but the one in which he appeared the most at ease savored of evil; a speciousness which evidenced suspicion. For a time I enjoyed my imprisonment, but soon found the secret of the cause. It was the discovery that there were false representations of my value in worthless issues, and my fashionable owner was certainly aware of the existence of such.

Preaching morality to the world at large is a matter of questionable benefit. Man is of such conundrum qualities that present circumstances invariably weigh the heavier, and education also brings *its* influence to bear. It is not always the training of a child in the way it should go that prefaces a godly life. The wiser the criminal, the more vicious has been the mark upon the moral world. Many tender-hearted mothers, faithful in inculcating healthful

religion with the songs of the nursery, have wept tears of unutterable anguish over cold mortality once warm with hellish passions and recreant to the last pulsation. The *preacher* may *imagine* the life-battle, but he does not *know* it. Cloistered from busy scenes—the merchandise of conscience as well as of *perishables*—he can speak of the wrath to come with zeal and earnestness ; but, exchange the surplice for the garb of commerce, and the same words of holy import which he now speaks may fall like hot sunshine upon burning sands. The truth is there, but the practice is adrift. It is the Present, not the Past or Future, that dictates. The latter whisper ; the former commands.

Upon a table upon which stood various bottles, filled and partly emptied, uncorked and sealed, I lay. The room was ornamented with costly pictures ; but the light of day was excluded. It might have been night ; at all events, gas-lights shot forth their forked glare, bringing into view the faces of six individuals encircling the table. Their features characterized lives of freedom of excess ; their silence, the cold-blooded determination of the player, unconscious of others' misfortunes, and dead to the friendship of honesty. It was a desperate game of high deccit. Each knew his fellow's propensity, his utter want of reliable integrity ; and they had seated themselves coolly to plunder, the greatest villain the richest in the end.

Such a scene is but a miniature in life. Are we not all striving for supremacy ? The supremacy of wealth, rank, honor, and position ? It is even so. Every alliance has its gambler. Some for the praise of approbation, gene-

rosity, sympathy, and affection. The famous physician, with world-renowned celebrity, is naught but a player. The same compressed lip and pallid face, are his attendants upon disappointment or another's success beyond his own. The *Reverend* exemplar smiles upon his double Ds, with a side-long glance to the humble, unsuccessful player for the same. The idea, though simple, is fraught with a principle, a fact, that may not easily be confounded. Error in robes of scarlet clothes the skeleton, and this ghastly framework stands upon every man's threshold. The beam and the mote are to be remembered, as well as recognized ; for they are inseparable. They rock the cradle of the infant, and look through the glasses of the old.

The silence that possessed the circle was finally broken, and during the conversation I gleaned a memory of my life. True, it had never been effaced ; but it had passed, and for some time had I ceased to hope for its cultivation.

"I say, Bill, here is a mystery ;" and the ringing glass and gurgling wine made a period. "Here is an affair worth explanation : listen !" and from a daily paper was read the following : "Ten Dollars Reward ! Lost ! with a light summer-coat of no value (and which may be retained), a small cambric handkerchief, with a peculiarly embroidered edging, marked Isabel Dale. As this is a keepsake, but of little worth to the *finder*, it is hoped the same may be returned to Mrs. Marll, No. 179, — Avenue," "And here," continued the reader, "is the identical *wipe*. I say, Bill, what can it mean ?"

"That we are in the company of a pickpocket or thief,"

was the gruff reply from the person addressed, who was partially maudlin, and fretted with heavy losses. A quick blow followed the rejoinder, and a few seconds turned the table into an uproar of a serious nature. Two strong, athletic men had closed in a desperate struggle; and ere the others could rescue either, the discharge of a pistol had told the story of one life, and summoned a night officer to the doubly-locked door. As it was burst open, so were the windows of the room, proving, temporarily, the means of escape to those who were implicated, yet innocent of the deed. In the confusion was left the very object of the players, together with the handkerchief and paper. The officer into whose hands I fell secured them.

Upon another table, but surrounded by the professed aids of justice, I discovered myself in close proximity to the same handkerchief, which, with myself, had witnessed the tragedy of the players. I saw, also, my old friend, Mrs. Marll, who was explaining her advertisement; evidently a witness summoned to assist in the matter. Her evidence was simply, that Victor Bell, while staying at his hotel, in — street, had been robbed of a summer coat, and the said cambric. Business hurried him from town; and for reasons well known to the reader, unwilling to lose the only clue to an interesting adventure, he had requested Mrs. Marll to advertise the property, with a reward well remunerating the person who should return it. Through payment to the witness, I again fell into the possession of Mrs. Marll; a singular and fortunate occurrence. I had ever desired to know the fate and further history of two

individuals, in whom no one could be more interested than Mrs. Marll. Her circumstances had brightened, and she was the happy occupant of a snug domicile in — Avenue, where she gained her support through the generosity of Victor, as well as by her own industry and the needle.

"It is a singular coincidence," remarked Mrs. Marll to Charley, "that this bill should come again into my possession, in connection with Mr. Bell. I received it from a kind sailor, the very day our dear Clara died, and the very day Mr. Bell found us. I am not mistaken, for I marked it. I can but hope its reappearance is the herald of success to Victor. Could this mute, inanimate paper speak, Charley, how many scenes in life might it not depict! What strange owners does it have!"

My joy was excessive to be thus recognized. It was the first friendly recognition I had enjoyed since my existence.

Reader, is there not here a moral? We may not look upon the wealthy and the titled for a nod of memory. There is treachery in remembrance, for while it *exists* it *denies life*. To-day the nod is apparent; for the nodder wants your vote, your strength, your unqualified Yes—for the time being, merely; it is given, willingly. To-morrow, the proud head averted, the cold eye resting beyond you, the ear deaf to a friendly "good morning." Remembrance *exists*, but it *denies life*. But from this gross *denial* springs a happy, bright, and buoyant issue: self-exertion, fed by laudable ambition. Well nurtured, it rises above all obstacles, and feeds upon the very comforts its parent failed in accumulating. It is, however, a very easy matter

to condemn human nature ; but a very difficult affair to perfect it. Of books, there have enough been written to redeem and regenerate the entire human family. But the poignant word and bitter fact, clothed in the simplicity and regal attire of truthfulness, like wind-falls from the trees, drop to wither untasted. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" reaches the circle for which it was designed ; so does the autumn leaf leave the twig, to perish below, while the vernal season replaces the vacancy with fresh charms to be admired and lost again. It was this singular and contradictory element of character that troubled Paul, when he spoke of the *foolishness* of preaching. Yet properly and with correct assiduity do we follow the mandate, "Here a little and there a little," that we may retard the rank growth of this deadly nightshade, which, although never eradicated, is cropped and measurably subdued.

"Is Mrs. Marll at home ?" It was a sweet voice : the tones were familiar ; but I could not individualize. "Mrs. Marll, I have been recommended here by Mrs. Burley, for I want you to make me a bridal-dress. Can you do it, and have it finished by Thursday next ?"

"I can do it ; but I may not suit you," madam replied, looking upon the fair speaker ; and so through and after a long conversation it was settled that the customer should call again upon a specified day.

"Mary Arch !" read Mrs. Marll from the card she held in her hand. "A friend of Mrs. Burley : and she is to be the happy bride ; and a sweet face she has." And so I thought. It was Mary ; fair Isabel's cousin. Could I

but speak and tell Mrs. Marll that within her grasp was Victor's prize ! How often are we within reach of the desired object, and still happy in ignorance thereof. The possession might dazzle us ; might destroy us. If we are to enjoy it, the proper time *will* come, let intervene what may of the nature of delay. A greedy spirit nauseates like an over-fed child upon sweet dainties ; but patience, having the reins to hold, drives us safely to the door of hope ; and we arrive none too late for the feast, because, unknown to us, *we* are the *honored* guests.

Upon the table of the reception-room had been placed the handkerchief marked "Isabel," since the eventful period of the trial. The specified time had elapsed, and punctually at the hour rang the bell, and Mary, accompanied by another lady, entered. During the few moments before Mrs. Marll appeared, the young ladies busied themselves looking through the books primly positioned around the astral.

"Why ! this is funny !" exclaimed Mary, raising the cambric in her flesh-colored gloves. "Bell, see here !"

"What !" said Isabel, looking with changing color upon it as she inspected the handkerchief ; her own, again restored. "Dear me, 'tis mine : the very edging—the very mark ! Why, Mary, what can it mean ?"

"Mean !" eagerly cried Mary ; "mean ! brown, curly hair ; rather slender ; a peculiar smile ; full, red lips."

Mrs. Marll entered ; but the agitated and flushed appearance of the young ladies eagerly examining the little cambric, so full of interest to her, almost paralyzed the

good woman. "And what does it all mean, Miss Arch?" she exclaimed; "do you know the owner?" The bridal dress was before her eyes; but hold! it was not for Isabel, though still it *might* be.

"Indeed I do, Mrs. Marll; Miss Dale."

"Isabel looked up—her face so sweet, her cheeks mantling a picture of beauty that motionless charmed the introduced. For a moment the twain stood speechless.

"It is mine," said Isabel, "and brings back a memory of my life that I can never forget."

"Was it a carriage—a—an upset—a—a rescue?" cried Mrs. Marll.

"Dear me, Mrs. Marll," said Mary; "do you know him?"

Isabel sat down, and covering her eyes, wept audibly—a picture of gold in a shower of silver.

The immediate errand was for a time forgotten. Fast flew the words; the long-sought-for information was given; the clue was found. Within the room was Victor's beau ideal—Isabel Dale! And where was he—Victor? From the door egressed two happy hearts: full of joy, life, hope, expectancy.

"Bell, what a prize is he! You have not hoped in vain. Your life-dream is realized."

"No, Mary, not yet. I wonder if"——

"Wonder; no, he is not married. He is yours, as much as Fairfax is mine. And, Bell, I'll tell him he must postpone the wedding until there can be two. O Bell! I *am* happy!"

The pavement swam. The ornamental tree that were swiftly passed seemed filled with golden, prismatic buds to Isabel. Everybody wore a smile; as if the little fluttering heart had tattled her simple story to the world. The very cool atmosphere was filled with all the sweet-scented perfumes of Lubin. The tattered son of poverty was neat, clean, and joyous. The driving Jehus were running like mad, to buzz the approaching nuptials. The loud-mouthed newsboy was cracking his lungs with the news of Victor's arrival. The rustling silks were but promenading to the wedding. The elegant-looking young man upon the opposite corner, staring her full in the face, was Victor, about rushing to a full and joyous recognition.

There was a letter lying upon the same table where the cambric was found. It had the simple address of "Victor Bell, Esq., Old Point," and Charley took it away.

It was a bright, balmy, October morning. I was still snugly stowed away in a small compartment in a portemonnaie, with the initial upon it, "M." Mrs. Marll was evidently expecting somebody; she looked very cheerful and contented. Isabel had been in the night before for a few moments, and I heard the words, "To-morrow, I have no doubt; for so said the letter." And I was not mistaken. During the day, Victor arrived. His meeting with Mrs. Marll was such as could be easily imagined. A part of the time was passed in reading a small gilt-edged note; and it must have been very satisfactory, for his actions were of an endearing nature, even to the letter.

Mrs. Marll was very busy, and an occasional word now

and then convinced me that there were two dresses to be prepared rather than one, and so it proved ; for some little time after, Charley spoke to his mother of returning with Mr. Bell and lady to Old Point.

I eventually passed into other hands, and finally, again redeemed, am registered upon the "retiring list," patiently awaiting my final exit. It is not far distant, for Pleasant Face has ordered a pale-faced clerk to count the value of my bundle for destruction. And now with Cervantes, "I would do what I pleased ; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will ; and having my will, I should be contented, and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired ; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it."

