

BEADLE'S MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1867.

THE ICEBERG.

OVER the curving hollows
Of the drearily-swelling sea,
Far out from reefs and shallows,
Our craft danced blithesomely.

The mists of night were drifting
Away from the dim expanse,
And the morning's light was rifting
The depths with its flashing glance,

As in from distant verges,
Where the vapors of air unite
With the circling whirls of surges,
There floated a glittering sight.

An iceberg tall and stately,
All sheeted in ghostly spray,
As if it had sailed but lately
The night of the North away.

A mass of lucent splendor,
It dazzled our eyes to gaze
As the sun-rays warm and tender
Illumined its gauzy haze,

That melted to rainbows wreathing,
Vivid and lustrously flecked
With the froth that, dashing and seething,
Was forever freshly wrecked.

An opaline sheen was streaming
Over its pallid front,
As oft had the lightning's gleaming
When it bore the whirlwind's brunt.

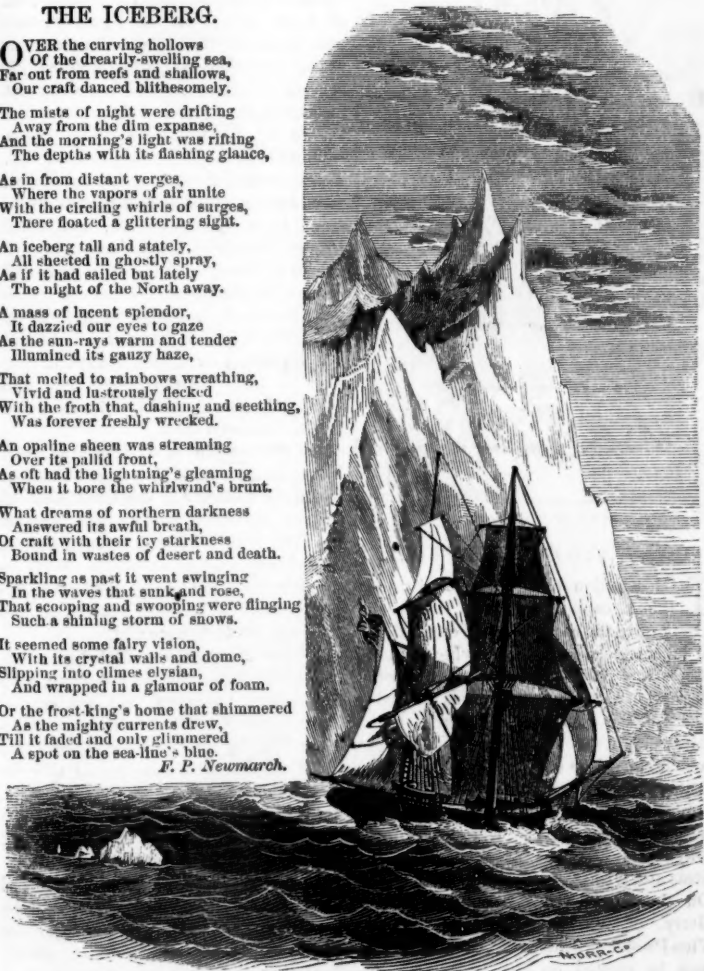
What dreams of northern darkness
Answered its awful breath,
Of craft with their icy starkness
Bound in wastes of desert and death.

Sparkling as past it went swinging
In the waves that sunk and rose,
That scooping and swooping were flinging
Such a shining storm of snows.

It seemed some fairy vision,
With its crystal walls and dome,
Slipping into climes elysian,
And wrapped in a glamour of foam.

Or the frost-king's home that shimmered
As the mighty currents drew,
Till it faded and only glimmered
A spot on the sea-line's blue.

F. P. Newmarch.



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VOL. III.—13.



APEX OF THE DOME.

OUR NATIONAL CAPITOL.

THE selection of the site for the national capital engrossed attention even before the recognition of our national independence. The ties which bound the several provinces together threatened disruption as soon as peace was secured; hence, those wise men who directed affairs sought to find ways and means which should be effective in making the States a unity. Out of this desire sprung the first "Confederation," whose needs of a capital city were to be met only by a harmony of the conflicting ideas and wishes of people and Congress. On the 7th of October, 1783, Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, subsequently Vice-President, moved that suitable buildings be erected on the Potomac, near Georgetown, or on the Delaware, for the permanent accommodation of Congress

and the executive: *provided* a suitable district can be procured on one of the rivers aforesaid for a Federal town; and that the right of soil, and an exclusive or such other jurisdiction as Congress may direct, shall be vested in the United States.

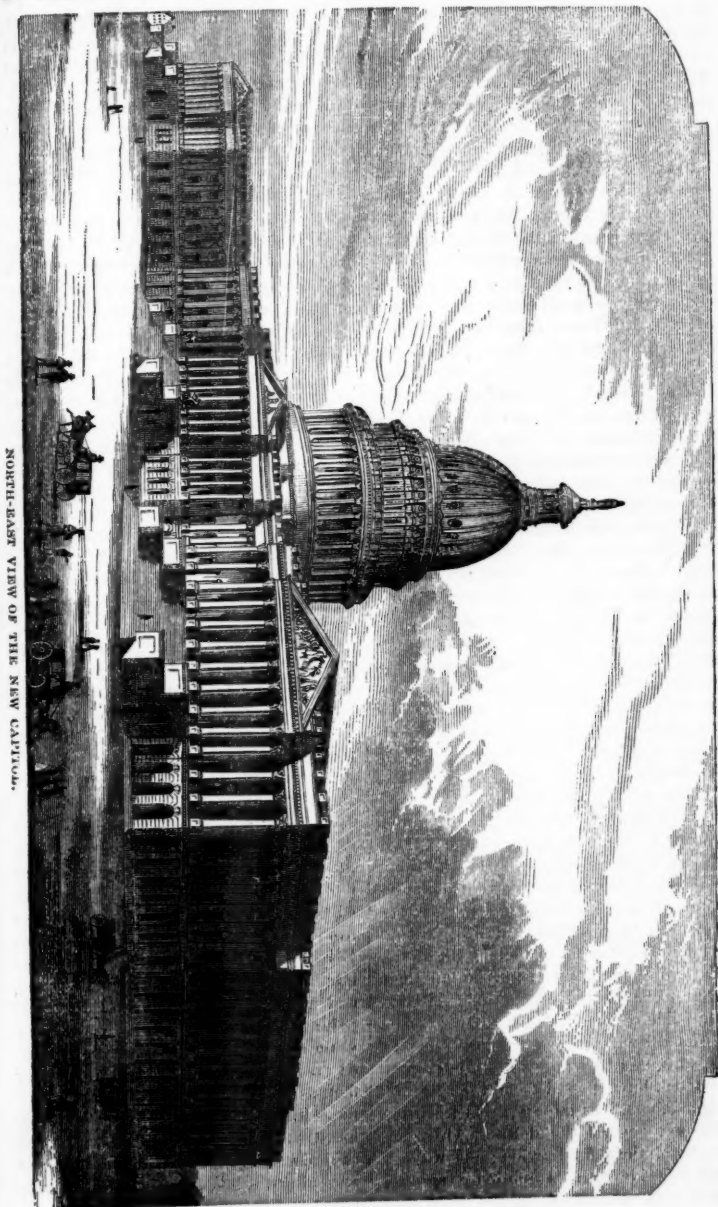
This resolution was modified several times, and was at length repealed, 26th of April, 1784. In the Congress that met October, 1784, an ordinance was passed providing for the appointment of commissioners to lay out a district not more than three nor less than two miles square on the Delaware River, within eight miles of the Falls, for a Federal city. Three commissioners were appointed, and, among other duties, they were to erect, in a splendid style, a Federal House, President's House, and also residences for the Secretaries of Foreign Affairs, War, Marine and Treasury. Lots were also to be selected for the use of the different States for their delegations. The dwellings for the Secretaries we consider to have been a proposition well worthy the consideration of our National Legislature even now.

At the session of Congress at New York, January 13, 1785, a strenuous effort was made to insert in the act *Potomac* in lieu of *Delaware*, but without success. In 1787, May 10, Mr. Lee, of Virginia, moved two resolutions on the subject—the first providing for the erection of suitable buildings at Georgetown, on the Potomac—which were lost.

The ordinance above alluded to, establishing the capital on the Delaware, from causes now unknown, was not carried into execution. The Constitution adopted in 1787, by section 8, Art. I., provides that Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over a district, not exceeding ten miles square, when properly ceded by particular States, and accepted as the seat of Government.

In 1789 the States of Virginia and Maryland each offered to Congress, through their delegates, to cede ten miles square, which offers were not accepted.

During the same session a law was passed fixing the point on the Susquehanna; and on the introduction of a bill



NORTH-EAST VIEW OF THE NEW CAPITOL.

to carry out this resolution, a very warm debate ensued. Mr. Scott said: "The future tranquillity and well-being of the United States depends as much on this as on any question that ever has or can come before Congress." The bill passed the House, but "Susquehanna" was stricken out by the Senate, and *Germantown* inserted. This was subsequently agreed to by the House, and thus Germantown was actually made the capital by Congress; but, from some trifling amendments, the bill eventually failed. The controversy was still active, and on May 31, 1790, a bill was introduced into the Senate to determine "the permanent seat of Congress and the Government of the United States." On the 28th of June the bill was passed, after inserting "on the river Potomac, at some place between the Eastern Branch and Connogocheague, be, and the same is hereby, accepted for the permanent seat of Government." Some humorous things, as well as many very warm and bitter remarks, were uttered in the animated debate which arose on the bill. The South Carolinians objected to Philadelphia because of the great number of Quakers, who were constantly dogging the Southern members with their schemes of emancipation. Mr. Smith urged Baltimore for its fine locality, and because its inhabitants had contributed \$40,000. Mr. Paige said New York was superior to any place he knew, for the orderly and decent behavior of its inhabitants. After all the strenuous efforts of the opponents of the bill, it finally became a law on the 16th of July, 1790, by a vote of thirty-two to twenty-nine. The bill was subsequently slightly amended by permitting the President to extend the district to the mouth of the Eastern Branch, but no public buildings were to be erected except on the Maryland side of the Potomac.

As all who were participants in the debates, and by whose votes the law was enacted, have passed from the scene of their labors, it is impossible to learn the reasons, beyond the debates, which influenced their final action; but we can but coincide with the opinion of another writer on this subject in the belief that

the well-known wishes of Washington, and his silent but potent influence, had very much to do with the final settlement of the matter.

He was, as a surveyor, personally cognizant of the advantages of a physical nature possessed by the place designated; he had, years before, with Braddock's army, encamped on the hill now occupied by the Observatory, and had then predicted the rise of a great city here. He ever considered the Potomac as the natural outlet of the West, and early urged a canal as the means of securing the trade to this channel. Is it not possible that after he had secured, as the leader of her armies, the liberty of his country, and received the highest honors that country could bestow, that even his pure and unambitious nature may have had the wish to found a city that might become the metropolis of a great, mighty and powerful nation? May not his eye, as he sailed up the noble river by the side of which he dwelt, and on whose banks his ashes since have made a consecrated spot for all time, have rested on the point of land between the Potomac, as its amplitude recedes, and the Anacostia, or Eastern Branch, and there, with the vision of prophecy, have seen the stately dome of the capitol arise, overlooking, as it does, miles of the surrounding country?

As evincing how all the attributes and acquirements of a metropolis were considered, the subject of a bountiful supply of water was inquired into, and Mr. Andrew Ellicote, in his "Observations on the Potomac," published in 1793, suggested the feasibility of bringing the water from the Great Falls, fourteen miles from Washington, which he said was one hundred and eight feet above tide-water, and would carry the water to the highest point in the city. This was over seventy years since, and the same source is looked to for water now. It is a singular fact, as appears from certain surveyors' notes in the Mayor's office of Washington, that in 1663 the hill on which the capitol stands was called *Rome*, and what was afterward Goose Creek was designated as the Tiber.

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PEDIMENT OF THE NORTH WING.

A district ten miles square was ceded jointly by Virginia and Maryland, over which Congress was to exercise full and complete jurisdiction. To the objections made to this purely *Federal* territory the arguments urged in its support were—the danger to the country if the capital was in a commercial city; the unfairness to the rest of the nation if any particular State was thus benefited, and the necessity that there should be “ample room and verge enough” for all the public buildings. The remarks of Sir James McIntosh were frequently quoted by those who favored the Federal plan. He had said: “A great metropolis is to be considered as the heart of a political body; as the focus of its powers and talents; as the direction of public opinion; and, therefore, as a strong bulwark in the cause of freedom, or as a powerful engine in the hands of an oppressor.” The truth of this eloquent passage could not be denied, and to save the capital from “becoming a powerful engine in the hands of an oppressor,” all political power or influence, directly, in the popular elections, was expatriated from the District, and until the thirst for office under the Federal Government at Washington had assumed its dangerous magnitude of recent years there was no emanation thence of *political* strength. To Andrew Jackson is to be traced that first political or partizan use of “Executive patronage,” which since has become so great and so dangerous an attribute of the occupant of the Presidential chair.

Mr. Madison objected to the word *permanent* in the act, because it was not in the

Constitution, and in the powerful debates which occurred a few years since in Congress, on the question of the retrocession of the Virginia portion of the District, much stress was laid on this word, but it was admitted by the ablest constitutional lawyers that Congress had no power to fix a permanent seat of Government, but that expediency and policy would forever prevent a change; so it became, unconstitutionally, a permanency, “*Capitoli immobile saxum*.”

Major L'Enfant, a French gentleman, who remodeled the City Hall in New York in 1789, after a plan of his own, making therefrom the “Federal Hall”—the building, on a balcony of which the first President was inaugurated—was selected as the architect of the new city. Three commissioners (Messrs. Johnson, Daniel Carroll and Dr. David Stuart) were appointed to have the superintendence of the District and City. On the 15th of April, 1791, the two latter named gentlemen fixed the first cornerstone of the District at Jones's Point, near Alexandria, with all the usual Masonic ceremonies. Washington, in a letter dated 30th April, 1791, calls it the “Federal City,” but on the 30th of



STATUARY IN MAIN PEDIMENT.

September following, the Commissioners directed the architect to designate on his maps the district as "The Territory of Columbia," and the city as "The City of Washington."

The plan of the city, with its wide avenues running in all manner of directions, and its streets crossing each other and the avenues at all sorts of angles, filling the city with innumerable little triangular "squares," and rendering the erection of a good, old-fashioned, rectangular house in certain localities impossible, met then, as now, with much opposition and ridicule. A deal of dubious humor has been expended on the subject, till, like the manikin in the fencing-school, it has become the mark for every tyro to thrust at with his foil of wit. If an evil originally, it has now become too venerable in its evil ways to be remedied, and, whatever may be the opinion of the public, as expressed by the press, we, with more truth than Macbeth used to Banquo, can say, "Thou canst not say I did it." It possesses great advantages over many cities, for it has plenty of sunlight, abundance of God's free air, and can readily be drained. It lacks the dull sameness of Philadelphia, and stands not, like New Orleans, in constant dread of an inundation.

So indigent was the Government, so



THE SOLDIER.



THE PIONEER.

bad its credit—a condition some think better than the present "easy" condition of the Treasury—that it seemed impossible for the Executive to proceed with the public buildings and improvements. Alternate lots were *forced* to a sale; the Commissioners had pledged their private credit, and exhausted that; and at last the President had to ask a loan of the State of Maryland. The call was not unheeded by that patriotic State, and though she had previously given \$27,000 (as Virginia, with her tried love of the new Union, had given \$120,000), she now advanced \$100,000 more.

Active as were his exertions and successful his efforts, General Washington was not permitted to see the consummation of his wishes. Like a second Moses, he saw from the Pisgah of Hope the promised capitol, but he was denied entrance there, for on the 14th of December, 1799, death claimed the patriot and the sage.

From the less than hamlet of 1800—with "accommodations," as by courtesy they were called, scarcely fit for the red-man; with the great thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue, a morass, covered with scrub-oak and alder; with a population of a few hundred—Washington has become a large and populous city, with all the attributes of congregated masses; well-paved and well-lighted avenues and

streets, elegant private residences, and numerous splendid and expensive public buildings.

As the capital of the nation it contains its archives, its trophies and its treasures; it is the place hallowed by the presence, in times past, of nearly all the great and good men of the nation; it is to the American almost what Jerusalem is to the believer in Christ, for it is hallowed by the great struggles and trials of our country during nearly seventy years of our momentous existence.

Upon an elevation in the south-eastern part of the city, stands the CAPITOL, presenting an appearance which few temples of ancient days can surpass. Our engraving gives a truthful and graphic appearance of this immense building,



YOUTH.

and we challenge modern architecture to produce its parallel—in commanding position, in extent, and in durability of material and construction; but more than all, in its simple elegance and classical proportions. Light and ornate—without fragility or meretricious ornament—it fills the eye, and leaves no hiatus for the imagination to supply. Gracefully, yet massively, with its rich colonnade of Corinthian columns, arches upward the lofty dome till, three hundred feet above the eastern base, the figure of armed Liberty, in its colossal



EDUCATION.

proportions, crowns the apex, finishing in beauty this great monument of American genius and skill.

But to the history again, leaving this branch for another page. On the 18th of September, 1793, the south-east cornerstone of the north wing was laid by General Washington, in the first year of his second term as Chief Magistrate. The Masonic order of the vicinity, and many leading men of the country, were present to witness, not only the elaborate and interesting Masonic ceremonies, but also the initial step of the first National and Federal building. The plan of the capitol was designed by Dr. William Thornton, an amateur architect, but a gentleman of much erudition and refined taste. In Mills's pamphlet on the subject of the capitol, we find that Dr. Thornton's plan was approved by General Washington in 1792, and submitted



COMMERCE.

to S. Hallet, an English architect, who modified it in some of its parts. What these changes were Mr. Mills does not state, but they were, as far as any record shows, by no means radical, and mostly, if not entirely, confined to strengthening and lighting the interior. Mr. Hallet was succeeded by Mr. Hadfield; but before the north wing was completed James Hoban, architect of the President's House, succeeded Mr. Hadfield, and under his supervision the wing was completed. B. H. Latrobe was appointed by Mr. Jefferson, in 1803, as architect of the capitol; he changed Dr. Thornton's plan very materially, and in 1810-11 the south wing, under his direction, was finished; here the work ceased until after the war with Great Britain. It is well known that on the 24th of August, 1814,



THE HUNTER.

the British troops, after the failure of the American force under General Winder to check them at Bladensburg, entered the city, and in a spirit of rude vandalism, which finds no parallel in the annals of war among civilized and Christian nations, burned such portions of the interior as their pyrotechnics could reach, including the Library. After the war, the citizens of Washington erected a comfortable brick building, still standing, at the north-east corner of the capitol grounds and First street East, for the accommodation of Congress. There that body met till the capitol was rebuilt. Mr. Latrobe was the architect, but he



THE INDIAN CHIEF.

resigned in 1817, when President Monroe appointed Mr. Bulfinch, under whose superintendence the terraces, gateways, etc., were completed in 1825. The whole cost of the capitol and grounds was nearly \$3,000,000. The area of ground covered by the capitol, center and wings, is sixty-two thousand square feet; the wings are one hundred and twenty-one feet deep; the projection of the eastern front of the center, including the steps, is eighty-six feet, and of the western, eighty-three feet. The principal front is the east, turned away from the inhabited part of Washington, and consequently considered by visitors as in fact the rear. This front presents a grand portico of one hundred and sixty feet in extent, composed of a double row of Corinthian columns, elevated on a high rustic basement; it is surmounted by a pediment, enriched with devices in marble, which our space does not permit us now minutely to describe; we, however, present a pictorial copy of them. In two niches in the portico, on either side of the door, which opens into the rotunda, there are the two statues, by Persico, in marble; the record teaches us that they are symbolical of Peace and



THE INDIAN CHIEF'S FAMILY.

War. We have occasionally studied these colossean figures to learn why they have been called thus, but our success in the acquisition of the requisite information is by no means commensurate to the size of the figures or the reputation of the artist. War, as there represented, is a gentleman with a gymnasian development of muscle, and a remarkably benign expression of countenance. He is incased in armor of an exceedingly ancient fashion, more cumbrous, we imagine, than easy to wear. His offensive weapon is a curiously small, but classical

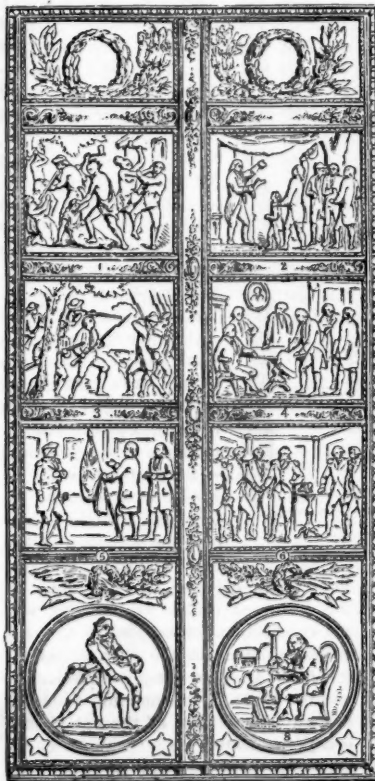


MECHANISM.

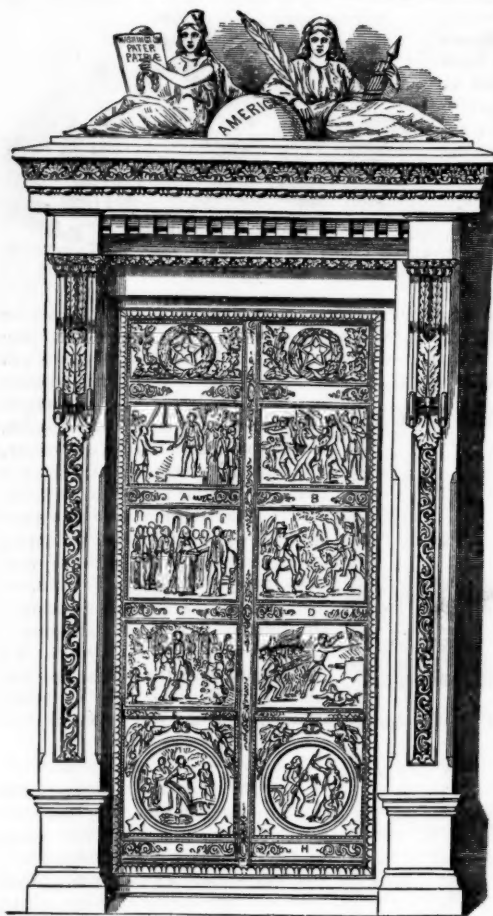
sword, in a sheath, and for a defense he has a shield; the appearance of the statue is very quiescent and quite harmless. Peace is a stout female, with an olive branch in her hand; she is apparently a goddess somewhat advanced in life, certainly not under thirty years of age.

We are not certain that Persico was blamable in the matter, as he probably received an order for two statues at a fixed, and rather a minimum, price, to be finished in some very short period of time. His own, or some friend's studio, or some temple, furnished the models, and his mechanics were at once put to work. We must admit that the stonecutter has done his work in a most creditable manner, and we regret that we are ignorant of his name.

The eastern portico is the vestibule to the great political temple of the Union; there, on the fourth day of March of each succeeding four years, an altar is erected to the genius of Republican institutions; there the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, as Grand High Priest, in the presence of all the representatives of foreign powers, and all the chief officers of our own Government, and in presence of thousands of the people, a sovereign of one of the largest, most prosperous and powerful countries of the world, surrenders his power and place to the people who conferred it upon him; and his successor to the Presidential chair, till that moment a mere citizen, takes the oath, administered by the venerable Chief Justice, and becomes for four



BRONZE DOOR.

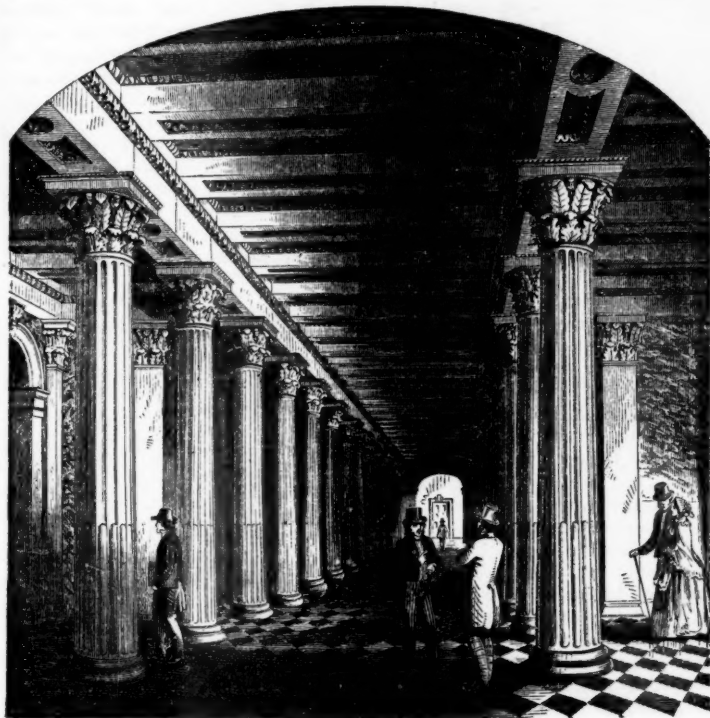


MAIN DOOR UNDER EAST PORTICO.

years President. There is no pomp or display of power; no national soldiers, no force visible, save the great moral force of Republican simplicity.

To inform our readers that the entire eastern front of the capitol is seven hundred and fifty feet, being nearly fifty feet more than St. Peters in its largest projection, and nearly two hundred feet greater than St. Pauls, or that it covers over three and a half acres of ground,

will not, as an isolated fact, prove our position—that it stands forth one of the finest architectural monuments of modern times. The detail, the openings, the rich ornaments, its total abstinence from meretricious adornings, with its many porticos, the lofty pediments and the harmonious proportions, aside from its great size and massive forms, constitute its claims to admiration. Let us examine its minutie: The extensions consist of two wing buildings erected at the north and south ends of the original structure, each one hundred and fifty-two feet eight inches from north to south, with a width from east to west, including steps, of three hundred and twenty-four feet. On the east they present a double portico, in the center of the façade, twenty-eight feet in width; from the stylobate surmounting the rustic basement there arise twenty-two Corinthian columns, with elaborate capitals, supporting an entablature and a pediment—the proportions are so good that it seems to require the columns to sustain the weight. It has been frequently, and perhaps justly, objected that the angle of the pediment of the *old* building was not classical, and, consequently, that the effect was bad; in the new pediments this defect has been completely remedied, and the angle is softened and rendered perfect. The frieze of the entablature is not ornamented, nor is the center-building; but the pediment of the north wing is to contain a number of statues, designed and modeled by Crawford.



CORRIDOR THROUGH BASEMENT OF SOUTH WING.

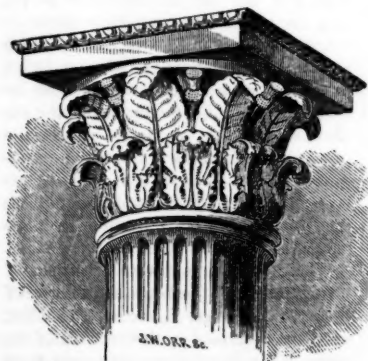
These statues, a drawing of which we give, are truly beautiful, and prove that Mr. Crawford had genius which placed him among the first of sculptors. The GENIUS OF AMERICA stands in the center, based upon a rock, standing unmoved amid the lashings and turmoil of the ocean, which surrounds it; the national bird, the eagle, is appropriately her attendant, and the sun, rising at her feet, typifies the light which shines around Liberty in her onward march. In one hand she holds oak and laurel leaves, ready to place them on the brows of the victors in the great contests for civil and military glory. The other hand extends in a supplicatory manner toward heaven, pointing to the Pioneer, on whom she invokes the blessings of God. Next is the athletic figure of the Backwoodsman,

the pioneer of liberty and civilization, before whose approach the aborigines have fled and the mighty forest fallen, and the wilderness been truly made to "bud and blossom like the rose." He is a fitting representative of the brave evangelist of free institutions. The Indian chief and his family typify the extinction of the red-men before the onward march of their Caucasian exterminators, and the grave is ready to receive these last survivors of the millions who roamed in savage freedom over the continent less than three centuries since.

The other side is devoted to types of civilization and the beneficial effects of liberty. The first figure is a Soldier, properly costumed in the uniform of the army of the Revolution; his hand is on the hilt of his sheathed sword, evincing

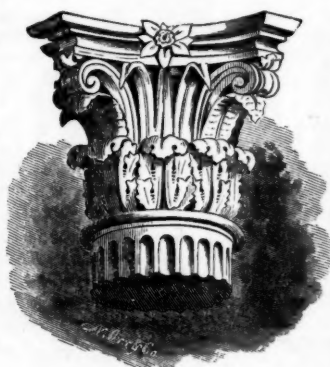
his willingness to draw it when required by his country. The Merchant is seated amid the emblems of trade and commerce; his hand rests upon the globe, as if claiming its entire circuit for his ships, while the anchor at his feet (Hope) connects him with the figures of the two boys, advancing to give their services to their country. Nearly behind the anchor is the Teacher, instructing a youth, indicating that education is necessary to the welfare of the country. Next is a Mechanic, with his brawny arm resting upon a cog-wheel, fitting emblems of the power that creates our huge steamers, and builds our factories and machinery; at his feet are sheaves of wheat, corn, etc.

The corner-stone of the extension was laid on the Fourth of July, 1851, by President Fillmore, with Masonic ceremonies, and the orator of the age, Daniel Webster, made, upon the occasion, one of his most eloquent orations. The design for the exterior, and the plans were prepared by Mr. Thomas U. Walter, and approved by the President. It should be borne in mind that the extensions had, in their general outline and appearance, to comport with the old parts of the buildings. This difficulty has been overcome, and the wings are harmonious in their proportions, and coincide with the center, thus not only not detracting from, but really adding to the dignity and grandeur of the whole structure.



CAPITAL IN CORRIDOR.

In addition to the eastern porticos mentioned before, each building has on its west front a portico one hundred and five feet in width, with ten Corinthian columns, and on the north front of one, and the south front of the other, is a portico one hundred and twenty-one feet in width, with ten Corinthian columns each. These porticos and columns, and the pilasters, with their richly-carved capitals, relieve the otherwise monotonous appearance of the mass of marble.



AMERICAN CAPITAL.

The windows are an improvement upon those in the old building; over each, in the proper story, is a pediment, agreeing in its angle with the larger pediment, supported by consoles carved in leaves and scroll with remarkable taste and elegance. The entrances are flanked by carved columnar supporters, and the dimensions of the door have been increased to harmonize with the other openings. The wings have, like the center, a rusticated basement, and similar steps and check-blocks leading from the ground. They stand forty four feet distant from the center, and are connected therewith by corridors, twenty-six feet in width, with outside colonnades consisting of four columns each, being fifty-six feet in width outside. The material used in the construction on the outside is marble, selected with great care, and after being submitted to the most accurate tests of science, as to durability and continuance

of appearance. The interior work is marble, stone, brick and iron; all the floors and beams are of the latter material, and are upon a plan of Captain Meigs's, answering for a ceiling below and a floor above. Up to 1853, in March, Mr. Walter, the accomplished and able architect, who conceived the design and prepared the plans, had been in charge of the work; at that time the control was changed from the Interior to the War Department, and Captain Meigs (now General), a gentleman distinguished for his scientific and natural ability and taste was put in charge. In his orders from the Department he was informed that, as the entire responsibility rested upon him, he was clothed with power to make any change he deemed necessary, and it is certainly creditable to this officer that he has in so comparatively few instances changed the plans of Mr. Walter, and in no case has he done so without that gentleman's assent. The principal alterations are in the construction of the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the Senate Chamber. These alterations were made to increase the accommodations for the members and the public, to comply with the requisites of acoustics and ventilation, and somewhat to add to the ornamentation.

Much study and examination of structures already existing were requisite to provide chambers where each member could be distinctly heard by the presiding officer and his fellow-members from any point of the hall; for, unlike the French Chamber of Deputies, our members do not speak from a tribune. A commission, consisting of Professor A. D. Bache, head of the United States Coast Survey, Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and Captain Meigs, was appointed to test the plan proposed by the latter. After due examination the plans were approved.

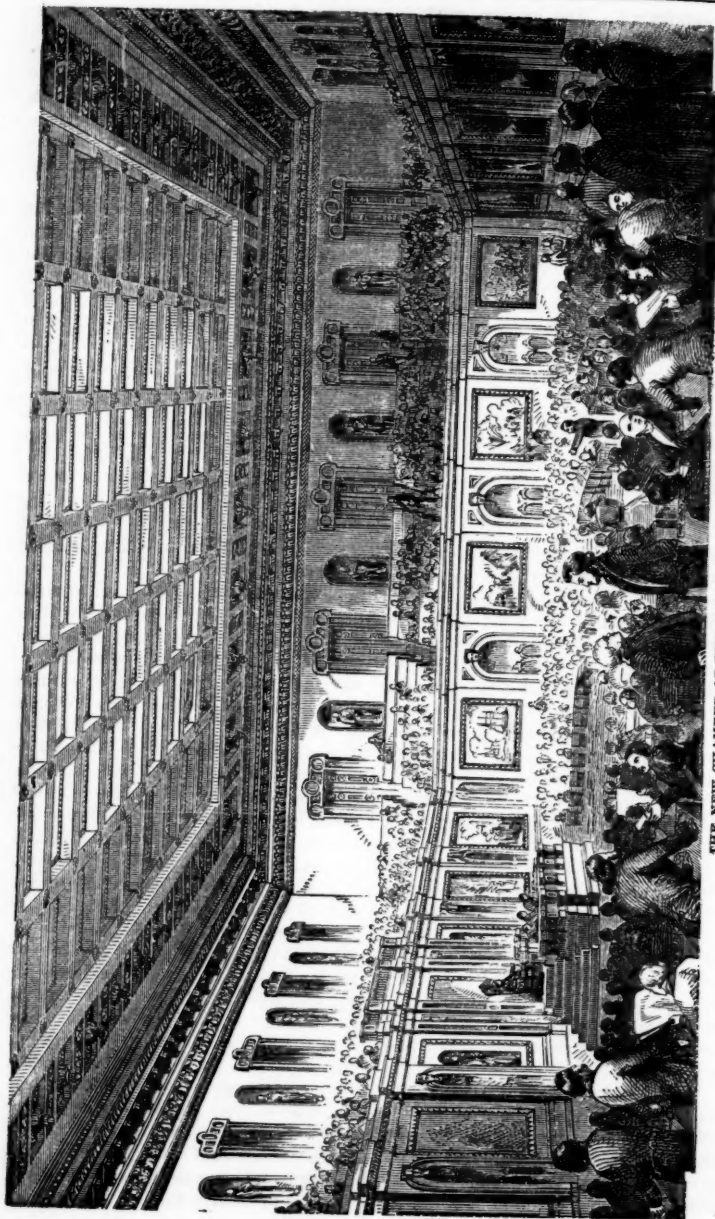
The entrance is made through a doorway in either wing, fourteen feet by seven wide, surmounted by two figures in *alto-relievo*, partially reclining, as seen in our engraving, with the globe between them. The one on the right is Liberty,

reciting the deeds and wonders accomplished under her direction and guidance, throughout the world, to History, the figure beside her, who is ready to make up the tablet, listening the while with intensity to the heroic recital. These figures rest in part on the entablature, which is supported by two elaborately carved trusses.

The Hall of Representatives is in the first story of the south wing; it is in the center of the building—one hundred and thirty-nine feet long, ninety-three wide, and about thirty-six feet high; there is a spacious gallery on three sides, with the capacity to seat twelve hundred persons comfortably, and a separate reporters' gallery behind the Speaker's chair. The members' desks, three hundred in number, are arranged in a semi-circular form on the floor. The ceiling is of iron, suspended from the trusses of the roof, with the requisite openings for ventilation, and others filled with stained glass, which will give ample light in the day time.

The subject of acoustics and ventilation, being of the very first importance in halls intended for so large a number of members, and an auditory so numerous as these, received the most earnest study and consideration from Captain Meigs and Mr. Walter. The relative dependence of acoustics on the density and purity of the air, as well as upon any disturbing causes operating upon the latter, demands that the ventilation, including in this heating and cooling the atmosphere in the hall, should be done, if possible, in such a manner as to aid and assist that object.

The generally observed practice of introducing columns of heated air near the floor of the room, with apertures for the escape of the vitiated atmosphere in the wall or ceiling, is abandoned; the reason assigned is, that by this system, the heated air, being rarefied and consequently specifically lighter than the bad air, rises at once and makes its escape, or ascends and remains near the ceiling when the openings are in the side—thus failing both to heat the lower strata in the room or to remove the foul atmosphere.



THE NEW CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

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CINCINNATUS AT THE PLOW—FRESCO IN AGRICULTURAL ROOM.

A column of air previously passed through the meshes of hot water pipes to raise it to the required temperature of sixty or eighty degrees, or in summer over jets of cool, or iced-water, to cool it, is forced, by means of a large fan worked by steam, through a shaft to the space between the roof and the ceiling; the latter being perforated with numerous small holes, through which this air finds its way to the room. The apertures for the escape of the vitiated air being at the base, the heated air, entering above, forces out the former, and supplies its place.

A corridor nearly surrounds the hall, and affords a free communication for the members and employees of the House with the Retiring and Committee rooms, Post-office, etc. The public galleries are reached from a corridor in the second story, access to which is by a marble staircase, spacious in its dimensions and really magnificent in its ornaments. They are embellished with some of our beautiful native marbles, the golden-veined Tennessee, the verd antique, the colored marbles of Vermont, etc. Panels are prepared on the stairways and corridors for large paintings, while various niches are made for statuary.

The Hall of Representatives seems to leave nothing in the way of light, ventilation, convenience to the members and public, and elegance, to be desired, and surpasses, in all these attributes, any hall for similar purposes in Europe. Next to this, as attracting attention to its peculiar beauty, is the lobby of entrance, which is ceiled with marble, with coupled

Corinthian columns; but the spacious corridor, crossing the wing from north to south, twenty-four and a half feet wide, with a double row of fluted Corinthian columns in marble, and a composite Corinthian capital supporting the paneled iron ceiling, will call forth admiration, as will the noble marble staircase leading to the first story. On the basement floor there are numerous committee-rooms, with marble mantles from the most showy specimens and styles of forms novel and tasteful; the floors are covered with colored encaustic tiles of various patterns, and appropriate and brilliant centers. It is proposed to cover the ceilings of these rooms with rich allegorical and historical arabesque paintings in the highest style of the art. Some are so decorated, as for instance the room of the Committee on Agriculture. One of the principal views is one in which Cincinnatus, among a group of individuals, is called from the plow to govern Rome. Opposite to it, over the windows, is a scene in the life of General Putnam. He had been plowing; a dragoon rides forward and announces an attack by the British troops. Leaving the plow in the furrow, he is preparing to mount one of the horses and to start for the battle-field. His little son, a lad apparently about eight years of age, is about to lead the other horse home, and announce his father's departure to aid in the defense of the liberties of his country. The ceiling has many beautiful female figures—the other side-wall portraits in scroll—the whole emblematic of Agriculture.

A MAN'S ART.

I.

THE Metropolitan Theater one September night, eleven years ago. The house blazing with light and beauty, all eyes intent upon the curtain.

Rising, it disclosed a stout female in pink. We looked at her with interest. If not the rose she had been near it. Besides, she gave to many of us our first experience of the genuine hoop. What amplitude, what hitherto undreamed-of spread was there! And that dress, what was it made of? Pink vapor? A bit of cloud, transfused with the glow of sunset and silvered with radiance from the rising moon? How it flowed and glittered after her as she moved about the stage, this stout Mlle. Sarah. A merry soul she seemed, with a laugh that vibrated through all her liberal person like a sudden shock through tremulous jelly. We watched her, pleased yet impatient, to the end.

Again the curtain rose. We beheld a peaceful scene; a quiet garden, a sleeping servitor. Then entered two, conversing as they came; a man and woman. He, clad in the garb of a Venetian magistrate; his companion—yes, it is she! Look, yonder, for there she is—Rachel!

O, glorious vision, would I could summon you from the relentless Past! Would I could show to others as I saw it then, that pale and spiritual splendor, that charm which was not beauty but transcended it. All that glory has sunk in night; the grave hides it; but who that saw Rachel will not keep forever the dazzling memory?

The play was "Angelo," a vicious little thing of Victor Hugo. Read it if you like—I never cared to—and you will find it Melodrama of the worst type, I doubt not. Her genius made it Tragedy.

In the last scene I turned my eyes away; it was too real; I shrunk from seeing the fatal blow. As I did so my glance was fixed by a far different object. A young man, of aspect the most peculiar I had ever met, was gazing in-

tently at the stage; tears, actual tears, were running down his cheeks.

The play was over, the audience dispersed. As we made our slow way through the crush I saw the unknown again, almost at my elbow. Julia saw him too, and recognition brightened her face. "Erastus!" she said, softly, and he turned at once. It was her cousin, Mr. Bolton.

She took him home with us to supper. By the time we were fairly seated at table, our raptures had abated somewhere near the level of ordinary life. We could speak of our delight and analyze its causes. Every one was enthusiastic; even Julia's brother, ordinarily so matter-of-fact. Mr. Bolton alone was imperturbable; his coolness seemed a sarcastic comment on our warmth.

"Wasn't that last scene terrible?" asked Julia. "I shut my eyes—I could not look."

"I, on the contrary, kept mine open," said Mr. Bolton. "I watched her, as I used to Signor Blitz, to see how it was done."

This effrontery was a little too much, stranger though he were.

"O, Mr. Bolton," I exclaimed, "if I should tell what I saw?"

He turned towards me with the greatest urbanity. "And pray, Miss Darcy, what *did* you see?"

I made some subterfuge and was embarrassed. I felt sure that to expose his little weakness would anger him deeply if not visibly. He was not embarrassed, however, but honored me with a stare that implied something very peculiar in my conduct.

"How exquisitely she was dressed!" said Julia. "It was art, and by no means its lowest phase."

"There's woman's ingenuity," observed her cousin. "She won't own to her delight in an elegant toilet; she must disguise her admiration in artistic fervor. For myself, I am above such duplicity. I lost half an act trying to decide which was the handsomer, the blue dress with diamonds, or the black velvet, when she wore the sequins in her hair."

I knew that this was fibbing; that he had not lost a word nor gesture. But if such were the tone he chose to take, it was his own affair. If he were ashamed of emotion, considered it weak, just as well. I liked much better the frank enthusiasm of Fred Munro, who sat next me, and whose sentiments mirrored my own.

By-and-by it was late, and the guests departed.

"Isn't your cousin rather eccentric?" asked Minnie Munro, as we went upstairs.

"You needn't state it so mildly, my dear. He is odd, excessively so. For my own part, I feel sure that if I had been about to be beheaded, and had spied him for the first time among the crowd, I should have lifted up my head from the block and asked the executioner 'Who is that?' It is not his looks alone, but his demeanor—and then that cold glare he fixes on you through his spectacles—did you notice it, Helen? You think I speak too freely, perhaps. I might just as well do it to himself; of all mortals he is the most utterly indifferent to others' opinion."

Being just seventeen and desirous to please every one I met, this character appeared to me the most unamiable that could be drawn.

Julia and I occupied the same room. Just as I was dropping asleep, she startled me with the question,

"Do you know what those diamonds were like?"

"No," I answered, not deeply interested.

"Did you ever see a tree in the early morning, hung with rain-drops from a shower that had fallen in the night? Do you recall the luster of those innumerable pendants? Not prismatic—that would be vulgar in comparison—but clear, pellucid drops of concentrated light?"

"Yes," I responded, sleepily.

And all night swam before my eyes the great theater, the glitter, the jewels, and that one pale face, with its story of passion and of power.

II.

Two years later, I was visiting Julia in her own home. It was rather a quiet visit, for Mrs. Fairleigh did not greatly affect company. But we rode and walked, read, and talked over our reading, and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly.

As we drove up one morning, great wheel-tracks were visible on the green-sward before the house. "The stage has stopped this morning," Julia averred. "Now who can it be? I expect neither guest nor parcel."

Hurrying on, we encountered a port-manteau on the steps; on the hat-stand reposed an unmistakable cap and cane.

"Erastus!" we exclaimed. The next minute he came out to meet us, bestowed the most business-like of salutes upon his cousin, and favored me with a brief grip of three of my fingers in his extended palm.

"Cordial way you have of welcoming a fellow," he said. "Here have I been two mortal hours without a soul to speak to, have looked through all the books, examined the music, and studied each specimen critically. If you had not come just as you did, I should have left in disgust, marched to the station, and been off without letting you see me."

"Oh, you couldn't have been so cruel!" observed Julia. "How could you expect me to be looking for you again so soon? You were here for a week, you know, in April."

"That visit was to you; now I have journeyed hither entirely on Helen's account. Somebody told me she was here, so I packed my valise and came along."

It had pleased Mr. Bolton to establish between himself and me a tone of perfect unreserve as regarded the expression of his opinions concerning me or to me. He called me "Helen" invariably, and criticised my speech, dress and actions, in a way that made Julia terribly jealous, she declared, she having hitherto the sole object of his zeal in these particulars. It would have seemed absurd to take offense at any of his brusqueries; and I considered him, as I

well might, a rather bearish relation, who was fond of me at heart.

"What a color you have, Helen!" he said, surveying me attentively, after the first greetings were over. "Upon my conscience, you are growing a remarkably fine girl. You've never got over those eye-brows, though, and never will."

I studied the decried eyebrows carefully as I dressed for dinner. I had been disposed to admire them myself, though I knew they were peculiar—black, slender, and almost horizontal. Candidly, I could see no reason for altering my opinion now, and wondered what were the grounds of Mr. Bolton's condemnation. However, I did not choose to ask him, and so remained in ignorance.

His stay was protracted to a considerable length, his time devoted to Julia and myself. Mr. Fairleigh received but little of his notice, a state of things borne philosophically. He rode out with us, made calls about the country, and patronized tea-visits. It was a change viewed with wonder by his cousin, who had never before known him in the character of a squire of dames. She persisted in attributing the metamorphosis to my influence. No doubt I served as well as any girl, I said, the purpose of the hour. I was some one to be attentive to, some one to look at, talk to. Any young lady staying in the house would have been the same.

One morning I was kneeling in front of a book-case, arranging some volumes on the lower shelves, when I heard a voice behind me, saying,

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon her knees."

I rose quickly, and looked at him with disapproval. "I don't like that sort of jesting," I remarked.

"Well, I don't often sin in such a manner; you must forgive the one offense. And now hold out your hand; I want to see if this fits."

He had been very much engaged for about a week in the manufacture of cocoa-nut rings, and had donated them

very freely about the country among the ladies of his acquaintance. One of these rings was now tendered to my acceptance.

"Really, I am obliged to you," I said, "though my gift comes rather late in the day. I suppose your calculations were not quite exact, and you had one more than you knew how to dispose of. Or, perhaps, Miss Raymond refused to take it."

"She was not asked."

"I thought you were carving your best for her. But, I presume you are intending to offer her a ring of more costly material."

"Perhaps I am," he replied. "Miss Raymond is by no means an unfavorable specimen of her sex. She is stronger in vanity than in intellect, it is true; her soul, if she has one, must be of microscopic dimensions; but she is good-natured, and dresses well. One might do worse."

"Erastus," I said, laughing, yet a little vexed withal, "how it would delight me to see you in love! Thoroughly, unmistakably, *foolishly* in love!"

"My dear girl, that is a sight you will never enjoy. I went through with that years ago, as with chicken-pox and other infant disorders, and am proof for evermore. I don't mean to say," he continued, after a pause, "that I can never *love* any body again; but, only, that I shall never exhibit to the world that sheepish, monstrous condition known as *being in love*. I could entertain a very tender though rational affection for a woman who was worthy of it."

"There is the difficulty," I said. "With your opinion of our sex, I fear you will not very soon find her."

Erastus had been very busily occupied in polishing my cocoa-nut ring up to the present moment; he now laid it down, and at the same time removed his spectacles. His eyes, not accustomed to the unobstructed light, winked a little as he looked at me.

"I *have* found her," he announced.

"Indeed! And what sort of a person is she?"

"She is handsome," he said, "and young. I admire beauty, you know. I shouldn't like to walk through a garden and not pluck a rose for myself."

"Is that her only merit?"

"By no means. She has a quick though not very well-regulated mind. So far as I can judge, her principles are correct, her heart warm, her temper amiable."

"A pretty good account," I said. "I believe you are, as you state, not *in love*. You analyze your charmer quite too coldly. But, does she return your sentiments? And who can she be? Neither Julia nor I suspected anything of the kind."

"One question at a time. If she returns my sentiments, is just what I wish to know. And as for who she is, she is here—she stands before me—her name is Helen—it is you!"

"Mr. Erastus!" I cried, in unqualified amazement.

"Yes," he said, with a little nod. "You."

"Erastus," I exclaimed, in a provoked tone, "this is too bad. I thought you were really going to tell me about some one. I supposed you were in earnest."

"And so I am, my dear Helen," he said, very gravely.

This was certainly new. So absurd and unnatural did it seem that I could hardly persuade myself to give him an answer. He sat a while in silence, and then remarked,

"Well, I am waiting."

"My dear friend," I replied, "if you really mean what you say, I am very sorry. I like you very much—but that is all."

Erastus put on his spectacles and took up the ring again.

"Confess," I said, speaking out the belief of my heart, "that this was only an accident; you just happened to think of it as you sat here."

"Not at all," he answered quietly. "It has been on my mind in some fashion since the night we first met in New York. But I saw there was no chance for me then."

My heart gave a painful throb, and

the blood rushed to my cheeks. Was the past never to be put away and forgotten? Must I at each turn meet some reminder?

"But now, after so long a time," he continued, "I thought there was perhaps a hope for me. It was to ascertain this that I came here this summer."

"I am very sorry," was all I could say.

"You need not be," he answered, kindly. "I don't blame you in the least. I know I am not the sort of person who was ever likely to win the regard of a girl like you. I don't wish to conceal from you that it would have made me very happy if you had said yes. But I feel that you never coquetted with me and I want you to be certain, dear Helen, that I love and esteem you above any other human being." He spoke with feeling and I was a good deal moved.

"And now," he added, "we will be friends, the same as ever."

Such a result of the interview was entirely in his power. It was not in mine.

I thought of it often, and the more it was dwelt upon, the stranger it appeared. This man, so utterly indifferent, so incapable of all feeling, had cherished thus long his silent affection! It invested him with an interest otherwise foreign; a little tinge of romance began to associate itself with the spectacles and cane.

Of course it was the wildest idea on his part. I had my visions once; I smiled to think how different. Brilliant, vague fancies of dark eyes and stately form; of loftiest mind and truest heart; a king among men, and yet subject to me.

And I thought I had seen that vision made real; I had believed that the brightest, the most bewildering romance was to come in and be part of my everyday existence. A brief, cruel experience had undeceived me. With love and lovers I was done. Yet the memory of the old fancies lingered; enough to make me smile, as I have said, at the contrast.

III.

Some days went by with nothing especial to mark their course. Julia, I knew not why, talked a good deal of Erastus. She praised his ability and blamed his indolence. This fault I thought inexcusable. A man, I considered, should make himself felt in the events of his time. To waste influence and talent in an easy, *dolce-far-niente* life, was unworthiness little short of guilt. It convinced me yet more, had I needed conviction, of the impossibility of ever—but it was not even to be thought of.

"If he could marry," said Julia, "an intellectual, large-hearted woman, who would stimulate him to exertion, he would do something yet."

I considered, and should have liked to say, that a woman of that sort might be more congenially employed than in acting as spur to an idle husband. But that would hardly have been civil, and of course it was nothing to me.

Meanwhile I could not but wonder at his obliviousness of our interview; there was no difference in his manner, not a shade. No allusion, ever so slight, transpired. Not a troublesome suitor, I thought; easily answered. If he had been very much in earnest he would at least have tried a little persuasion, persisted for a few minutes. Probably he was relieved, on the whole, to find that his accustomed way of life was not to be broken in upon. Very likely, had my answer been different, he would have shown himself just as cold. What a life that would make for one! An accepted, yet indifferent lover! How fortunate that I had never for a moment dreamed of saying yes. It was a little unreasonable, I suppose, to be piqued by his easy acquiescence; yet I can not deny that I was so.

I have mentioned Erastus' patronage of tea-parties, such as gentlemen usually excuse themselves from, or put off with very brief attendance. At one of these gatherings a new face appeared, diversifying the familiar monotony.

I can not tell what precisely was the charm of Alice Saye. She was pretty,

but many are prettier. Rather short, with a soft, baby-roundness; fair, with a sweet color in her cheeks; but by no means faultless in feature. Neither did she possess special grace or fascination of manner, yet every one was charmed by her. I was, myself—at first.

Julia was in raptures over her. In the beginning I was amused by her eager admiration, but the resultant casting-off of her partiality for myself was not quite as pleasant. I had preserved my early regard for Mrs. Fairleigh unshaken through all the deeper feeling of these years; the change hurt me a little. Not indeed, that Julia neglected me; but you understand how it is when you find yourself no longer first in an accustomed regard. One is always liable to this with persons of Julia's stamp; impulsive in attachments, they are fickle, as well. It is best to recognize this fact and submit to it.

But Erastus. There, at any rate, one would have looked for some consistency. It was not to be expected that this cool deliberateness would be impressed so strongly and so soon. Yet so it proved.

Whenever he entered her presence, Miss Saye absorbed him. Not of her own will, but his; I must do her that justice. He was not in the habit of concealing his preferences, or making any sacrifice to appearance. I was quite used to this in my own case; quite accustomed to see him neglect every one else in the room for the sake of exchanging mere nothings with me. It was new to have the disposition manifested as I now beheld it in the total ignoring my presence. I was an old friend, at least, to whom some courtesy was due. Yet I might sit in the same apartment with him for hours without the slightest notice; those pale blue eyes behind the spectacles glanced over me as unconsciously as if I had been a chair or table. Miss Saye had all his glances, all his interest, all his attention.

She was good, this girl. I knew it, but I did not really like her the better. There must have been room in the world for her, and friends, without her coming into my sphere, taking away what be-

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longed to me. After waiting awhile I made up my mind to reconquer at least one of my realms. I should not submit to be thus quietly put down and forgotten. I was tolerably confident of my power if I once chose to exert it.

Beautifully my plan worked! At one time it might have imported something to Erastus whether I were friendly and gracious or cool and distant. It certainly did not now.

I was vexed at myself for the pain this caused me. If I really cared for him, I thought, I should at once desist; I would not court a truant regard. But he had treated me with such fickleness—offered me every thing one week and withdrawn every thing the next. I should not have complained had he continued my friend; but to sink at once to such entire inconsequence was too much. My pride rebelled at the idea of such defeat.

So I renewed my warfare. Such stores of wit and accomplishment as I possessed were brought forth—and to what purpose? One of her incoherent, artless remarks outweighed it all. She had a beautiful, sincere nature; I acknowledged that its charm was genuine, and deserved, perhaps, to triumph. Not the less was I eager to reclaim my own. I was even guilty of the meanness of trying to outshine her in my dress. It was not difficult, for I was rich and she was poor. What did bright-hued silks and sparkling jewels do for me? Her soft outlines, her pure tints, remained the same. Should the tulip flaunt in her gaudiest colors, the violet is only sweeter and more modest by contrast.

And then—just by the merest chance—I learned something of the history of the man I had refused. Then for the first I knew how much of real worth his odd demeanor had obscured; what active, unassuming goodness dwelt under that seeming indolence and impassivity. Why could I not have heard it before? Perhaps—but no, of course my answer must always have been the same. Only I should have understood better the value of the offering; tempered my refusal with more of the gratitude that became me. I recalled with shame the

envious rivalry of these later weeks. It smote me with a pang that Alice Saye deserved his friendship far better than I. Why was I not willing to resign it to her?

I will go, was my decision after some inward strife. Here I am superfluous and unamiable. At home I can compose myself to receive wedding-cards, if it comes to that.

Julia heard the announcement with friendly opposition, but I bore it down. Erastus said nothing. Did I suppose he would?

When we were alone he condescended a remark. "There will be one less at our gatherings."

"How flattering!" I responded, with assumed playfulness and secret acrimony. "One less?"

"You expected me to say, instead, how much we should miss you?"

"Not at all. I don't wish any sacrifices of truth to compliment."

"The fact is," continued Erastus, meditatively, "that Miss Saye has rather taken the wind out of your sails—with Julia—or did at first. I think the early enthusiasm is cooling down, though, and you might as well remain." What an allusion for him to make! Miss Saye—with Julia!

"Thank you," was my hasty answer. "I have no desire to await the sober second-thought of *any* one's regard."

If you did not wish Erastus to take up a remark it was better not to make it. He understood and replied to this at once.

"What would you have?" he inquired. "You rejected the best I could offer you."

This was coming to the heart of the matter at once. I was covered with confusion—yet perhaps there was a secret relief at the outspoken question.

"What would I have?" I stammered. "I would have a little—" and here I was about to enter my complaint. But no, this would never do. It was not my part to lead him to an explanation. "I don't want any thing," was the conclusion of the sentence.

"Your wishes have been pretty well met then, all along."

Such rudeness was unbearable; he might have shown a little interest, a little consideration. I turned to leave the room.

"Pray don't go," he said. "Now, Helen, be reasonable. You rejected my regard, but you don't seem willing that another should accept it. Is that fair? is that honorable?"

"It isn't that—but to be so entirely put aside—to be made nothing when I thought we were such friends—"

"Oh, then it is not my attachment to Miss Saye that you complain of, but only my undue neglect, as you take it, of yourself. But you ought to look at the other side. How, under such circumstances, would Miss Saye be likely to regard attentions to another lady—an earlier flame and all that?"

This was more than I expected. I had thought all the time that if it ever came to an open discussion I might find there was some mistake—and now he avowed it. Very well.

"I must go, really," I said. "My opinion is of no consequence."

"Perhaps not. You are very fickle."

"I fickle!" was my indignant exclamation. "I do not think it is you who should make the charge."

"And why?" he asked. "Who has a better right?" I was silent. "Of all men," he said, "I am the most constant. Proof: I have never wavered a moment in the attachment formed two years ago, and announced to you a few weeks since."

I started and looked at him in astonishment.

"And you, Helen," he continued taking my hand, "are you equally reliable? Or, may I hope that you are fickle, as I said, and a little less determined than you were the other day?"

I began to comprehend both him and myself. Was this what I had wanted all the time? Did I really care for his love? Could I be so inconsistent? I feared it, indeed, for a thrill of happiness went through my heart to which it had long been a stranger.

"No answer for me?" he asked.

"I am not fickle," I said, pulling to

pieces Julia's finest geranium-blossom which stood unfortunately near; "but people have a right to change their minds upon reflection."

And then, the past faded away; its sad ghost no longer haunted me, forbidding joy. The present shone on me with a strange, peaceful brightness. The warm hand that clasped my own had led me forth from shadow into sun.

Julia came in; she saw the wreck of the geranium.

"That must have been your work, destructive one," she said, and scolded me with laughing eyes.

A great charity toward Alice Saye came over me. What a sweet girl. But might she not have misunderstood the meaning of these weeks?

"Erastus," I said, trying to be severe, "you were very bad to both of us. What could induce such conduct?"

He smiled.

"I am not much of a lady's-man—not well versed in the tactics that conquer a fair woman's heart. But is it not one of the first principles that jealousy is a powerful ally? It was on that assumption that I acted."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, reproachfully, "were you not above employing a stratagem so stale?"

"Not more than you were above being subdued by it."

"But are you sure," I asked anxiously, "that Alice did not mistake your meaning?"

"Yes, if she understands the use of language; I told her of my regard for you the second time we met; it was the unfailing theme of discourse whenever we were together."

"And I thought you indifferent, ready to forget!"

"You had so little faith? You really supposed I could relinquish my prize at the first word of discouragement? Oh, Helen!"

It was the last time I could complain of coldness. What a love henceforth surrounded me, what a home was ours! How softly the golden years lapsed by, how summer shone perpetual in our hearts!

Emma B. Ripley.

MY PICTURE.

AH, how the eye on the picture stops
 Where the lights of memory shine!
 My friend, to thee I will leave the sea
 If only this be mine,
 For the thought of the breeze in the tops of the trees
 Stirs my blood like wine!

I will leave the sea and leave the ships,
 And the lighthouse taper and tall,
 The bar so low, whence the fishers go,
 And the fishers' wives and all,
 If thou wilt agree to leave to me
 This picture for my wall.

I leave thee all the palaces,
 With their turrets in the sky—
 The hunting-grounds, the hawks and hounds—
 They please nor ear nor eye;
 But the sturdy strokes on the sides o' the oaks
 Make my pulses fly.

The old cathedral, filling all
 The street with its shadow brown,
 The organ grand, and the choiring band,
 And the priest with his shaven crown;
 'Tis the wail of the hymn in the wild-wood dim,
 That bends and bows me down.

The shepherd piping to his flock
 In the merry month of the May,
 The lady fair with the golden hair,
 And the knight so gallant and gay;
 For the wood so drear that is pictured here,
 I give them all away.

I give the cities and give the sea—
 The ships and the bar so low,
 And fishers and wives whose dreary lives
 Speak from the canvas so;
 And for all of these I must have the trees—
 The trees on the hills of snow!

And shall we be agreed, my friend?
 Shall it stand as I have said?
 For the sake of the shade wherein I play'd,
 And for the sake of my dead,
 That lie so low on the hills of snow,
 Shall it be as I have said?

Alice Cary.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

N. P. WILLIS.

PERHAPS the best-abused man in the country was N. P. Willis, and why he should have been so pertinaciously and rancorously maligned, it would be difficult to say. I have thought the cause might be found in that disposition to exact yeoman's duty from all persons, whatever may be their condition or disabilities. Refinement is not *popular*; work that appeals to the taste and feelings is rather despised, and even intellect, unless it subserves the uses of the College or of Congress, finds little tolerance. Mediocrity is the law in Republics. Where power emanates from the people, they will not uphold what is beyond their comprehension; hence, none of the great men of the country who figured twenty years ago, reached the highest point of power. Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Haines, who were really great men, died before they had half served the country as they were capable of doing, always having been supplanted by men very greatly their inferiors in mental caliber.

None of the poets became politicians; consequently they were neither appreciated nor understood by the really intelligent masses. Where persons are not understood they are misrepresented; all that belongs to them, over and above the talents of others, they are thought to be the worse for. Besides this, "we Americans" are a very censorious people; we are naturally critical; we have an inherent Iago vein about us, and are "nothing *unless* critical." We are less sympathetic than caviling; we like to tear every thing to pieces to see what it is made of. Shall we eventuate in a race of cruel, malignant tyrants, or dwindle down to snobs, cowards and extortioners? We are envious and covetous to the last degree; we boast of our independence and yet are the veriest *slaves* to public opinion, created by the falsehoods, pretensions, and subserviencies of the newspapers, which we despise and yet quote every day as authority.

Out of the above I think my readers

may judge *why* Mr. Willis has been abused. He is a very fastidious, conventional man; the *forms* of good breeding he is scrupulous to observe; the tones of his voice, the carriage of his person, the taste of his dress, indicate the man of fortune rather than of genius. I think he was somewhat spoiled by his familiarity with those Sybarites over the water, Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, whose luxurious culture excited the fancy and emulation of the transatlantic youth, for Willis was but little more than twenty when he was introduced to that sensuous companionship. He was born in 1806, just a hundred years after the great Franklin. [I have an idea it is well to be born at the opening of centuries. Milton was born in 1608, and it may be that he has decided my opinion in this respect.] He was born in Portland, Maine; and here is another advantage, for Portland has decided proclivities toward genius. It is said no other city in the Union of its size has produced so many persons of mark. The parents of Mr. Willis were religious, even to bigotry, siding warmly upon what was called the trinitarian side in theology, at a time when Unitarianism first began to be a feature in the history of the church in this country. They were intelligent people, of strong prejudices, decided opinions, and perfect respectability. One would hardly have predicted the birth of a poet from such a pair, and yet I have noticed that these grim, positive parents are the ones to produce a marked progeny.

The child Willis was a slender, white-skinned, yellow-headed boy, with a decidedly turned-up nose, who ripened into what was generally considered a handsome man, with rich, auburn curls, and a very genteel, jaunty air. His front face is always good, and his head even in a crowd is of that size and conformation which would render it a mark of observation.

I think his eyes will not "take" in a photograph, being of too pale a blue, and must be colored afterwards by the artist.

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always popular, and no man is more ready to say a good or an encouraging word for an author than he; and having been for many years Editor of the *Home Journal*, so long a time the acceptable organ in what he used to designate as "Japonicadom," his opportunities for helping aspiring genius were very great. He always was exempt from the vices of envy and jealousy, and hence, was a companionable man.

His style of writing is peculiarly felicitous in the choice of epithets; the simplest idea assumes grace and elegance the moment he has framed it into one of his unique expressions—a charm entirely his own, and the basis of any claims that may be made for him as an *original* writer. He will relate the most ordinary event in a manner irresistibly graceful, and from being ordinary, it becomes poetical, if not ideal. Here is a very homely illustration: I had been reading one of Mr. Willis's most charming books, *A L'abri*, or, as he translated, "Under the Bridge," in which he tells about the mishaps incident to city people who ruralize, and gives the story of the "heifer, which ate up the lace cape." Now, this was an ordinary, annoying event to any body but a poet, seeing "into the soul of things," and Mr. Willis relates it in such an unfamiliar way, that it ceases to be familiar or common.

I laid down the book, and though it is ten years since I have looked at it, the description is fresh, cool, and piquant in memory. And immediately I saw, in my mind's eye, a Flemish picture, about eight inches square, which a friend once drew from behind her book-case to exhibit to me. She did not consider the work presentable, except to devotees of Art. I have forgotten the name of the artist, if I ever knew. It represented a warm, tender atmosphere, with a sense of perspective truly remarkable; there was a little gleam of water, and poultry at the left; at the right, the bole of a large tree partially fell across the center of the picture, not dense enough to give any gloom, but seemed to impart coolness to a well, with a curb, and an old

bucket swinging from a long sweep, with drops of water trickling therefrom. On the large stone in front of the well sat an old woman in a white cap and spectacles, and a boy of some half a dozen years kneeling down with his head in her lap, or rather partially lifted, showing a portion of a little, boorish, delighted face. The expression of the old woman's lips, and her *two thumb nails* pressed together, told a story of low life not to be mistaken. Of course it gave rise to infinite jest and laughter.

But the picture was clearly and splendidly within the domain of Art: the light struggled through the branches of the trees—gleamed upon the wet, dripping bucket, and the little pool of water on the left, with the gaudy-colored poultry: next it touched the white cap of the woman, and softened the white shirt of the boy in the shadow of the woman and the well; but the bare foot gleamed out, and the woman's crimson petticoat, and blue, loose waist, contrasted well with the dark green and brown moss about the well. The details were wonderfully well carried out, and made up a picture true to Art and true to fact, like Willis's heifer eating up the cape—the irritating subject screened in both by thoroughly artistic handling. Willis would not thank me for the juxtaposition I have given picture and article, but, to my mind, they are akin, and make me think of an old definition of poetry, which can not be bettered: "It maketh familiar things seem as if they were not familiar;" and Wordsworth, whom Willis holds in some contempt, verifies the theory. If a deep sense of the beautiful, and a power to detect it even in minute and unexpected ways make a poet, Willis is thoroughly one.

Though born in Portland, he was bred mostly in Boston, and yet he is one of the most un-Yankee characters I ever met. He does not well affiliate with our free and easy democracy, rather holding himself aloof from the every-day contact of persons whose taste and pursuits are not in accordance with his own.

In conversation, Mr. Willis is genial, easy and communicative, but, certainly,

not suggestive in thought, though very much so in fancy. To women he utters graceful nothings, and as they cost him no effort he does not overestimate them. He paid courteous respect to me, as did all others, often uttering elegant compliments, which might have half turned the head of a vain woman, but to a woman who mothers a great pride, or mothers a great sorrow, these pretty sayings are regarded as the fine fencing of a practiced master of the foils. I think men like a woman who can receive a compliment gracefully but not too *seriously*.

"I am most happy," I once said to Willis, "in that I suggest compliment; I provoke men to the exhibition of their affluent store of fancy; I imagine I am like a millinery wax-figure designed for the exhibition of beautiful fabrics."

"How foolish we all are!" he replied, "to lavish incense upon a shrine that never yields a response."

"That is too finished a paragraph to be lost, Mr. Willis; put it into your next book. Why can not writers give us their real compliments in their books? They would be far finer than what we read there."

"In the closet we lack the inspiration of fine eyes and speaking faces; the best things written are from the reminiscences of an evening like this, when we are able to recall the most fleeting thing in the world, a woman's smile."

"I imagine, Mr. Willis, you have never quite done your genius justice—you have never been quite enough in earnest, pardon me, to accomplish all you are capable of doing."

"There you do me more than justice. I have really been a very diligent man, and have made the best of myself. From the first, I weighed my capacity, and estimated what I was able to perform; I have kept within my limits, and made the most of the field in which I am best capable of moving."

"You are not pretentious, I am sure, and, it seems to me, your estimate of yourself is too moderate."

"I think not; I think I have achieved more, from this determination I made

early in life to keep within my prescribed bounds."

"Ay, but it narrows the sphere, and represses aspiration."

"This vague tendency of the mind is a barrier to achievement. I determined to represent a phase in American society which was apt to be not only neglected, but treated with contempt, namely, the refined, the 'fashionable,' if you will, in contradistinction to that hard, notional utilitarianism, so prevalent amongst us. I have succeeded, and have shown that there is much that is desirable to foster and cultivate amid the appliances of wealth, if we would redeem it from vulgarity. We have too many dreamers amongst the poetic, who make no mark, because they have no *purpose*."

"I half fear, Mr. Willis, notwithstanding your defense, that many fine shades of character may evaporate under this æsthetic utilitarianism."

"Not necessarily; we may present a phase to the public and preserve something at home—exhibit our peonies and lilacs, and keep our violets and roses. I often have letters from strangers, who imagine I am not doing myself justice—earnest women, who urge me into this or that sphere, but I know myself better."

"I like that, provided one is well assured. Old Montaigne is excellent authority upon this head, and advises every man to see that the work he is doing is truly his own work, and not that which another man should do."

Mr. Willis, by this rigid adherence to his own estimate of himself, has secured a very distinctive reputation—a fashionable, a poetic one. He was, for many years, a journalist of much tact, and his pen always preserved a generous *airing*, but not advocacy of the liberal ideas of the day. Not earnest enough for a partisan, he leaned to the isms of radicalism, while, at the same time, he preserved a strictly conservative ground.

Mr. Willis has been twice married, and is the father of several children. He has generally resided most of the year in the country. One estate he named Glen Mary, a tacit compliment to

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his first wife. One of his neighbors, not to be outdone in conjugal courtesy, at once named his farm-house "Glen Betsey." At present he (Mr. Willis,) resides in a romantic place on the right bank of the Hudson, which from its wild, picturesque scenery, with his wonted aptitude at poetic nomenclature, he christened Idle-wild. Here he has long dispensed an elegant hospitality. Mr. Willis belongs to the class of twenty years ago, and may well be remembered, for there is no distinctive group of genius at the present day to take the places of those who are turning their faces westward.

FANNIE KEMBLE.

To have heard this remarkable woman read is a memory—an incident in itself to give the individual something like importance. I never met her in society, though several times invited so to do, but some circumstance not to be controlled, forbade. I am not sure, also, but I had a fear of being *dis-illusioned*. At any rate, I never was a lion hunter, contenting myself with believing in the few, with no use to confirm my faith by sight.

The first time I heard her read was in the "Measure for Measure" of Shakspeare, in which the nun-like Isabella was rendered with a force and tenderness not to be forgotten. I sat directly in front of her, and she must have observed my interest and enthusiasm, for she read the whole play to me, fixing her dark, penetrating eyes upon my face, and speaking with exquisite tenderness. At the close we both instinctively exchanged courtesies, which I regarded as far more expressive than a formal introduction. I have a fancy for this kind of mute, unpremeditated recognition, this "Eveline Hope" love which is content with unbidden homage, and unexact remembrance.

Fannie Kemble sat for a portrait to Mr. George Flagg, nephew of Washington Allston, who also painted a full-length of myself as a companion to it. She was at first disinclined to the experiment, saying naively, that she had sat to the first masters abroad, who had

failed to produce a likeness—"I am ugly, yet capable of looking at times beautiful." The artist happily succeeded in producing her features, and giving that general look of sensibility, that depth to the eye, and uncertainty to the lips, by which we feel that a touch might wake the original to some glorious demonstration. The picture was a very fine one—a study in fact, as all such faces are, when justice is done them.

In her reading, she sat in a plain chair, before a plain table, and character after character of Shakspeare rose before us, with voice and look supernaturally appropriate. She was a muse, not a woman, and her exquisite voice sang the creations of the great poet as if they were the emanations of her own soul. I heard her many times, and always spell-bound with delight. In "Julius Cæsar," the few feminine touches in the one character of the noble and wife-like Portia were given in a manner that showed how deep was the responding sentiment in the breast of the reader.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson first saw Fannie Kemble, his exclamation was, "What quantities!"

A remark applicable in every way, for she was one so assured in herself, that she would admit of no impediment; she had a courage commensurate with her capacities, which is a great thing in either man or woman. Those of us who have any capacity, (for the majority of men and women only serve to keep the rank and file of our human army filled,) have a hardy and buoyant rejection of evils, an earnest working of "where there is a will, there is a way" philosophy, by which we are not terrified by a lion in the path. We turn ourselves resolutely to find relief from impediments, and remove obstacles by a sort of instinctive mechanical power. How thankful she must have been that the "gods" made her beautiful without being pretty! Every milliner's shop has prettiness, the fashion prints are pretty, contributors to magazines are pretty, and Reade has given in his "Female Poets of America," twelve portraits of pretty women—the Fates forgive him,

for we are included in the number. Now, this is the common rule of looks, the namby-pamby every-day rule, and it is an absolute relief to escape from this insipidity and find a woman so plain, that she is capable of lighting up into the beautiful. True, a woman may be pretty in the ordinary term, and have that internal greatness by which she expands into the beautiful, but this is rare; and subjects her to so much annoyance in the shape of commonplace admiration that she must covet the relief of ugliness.

The married life of Fannie was not happy; how could it be? Marriage was not her vocation; one would laugh at the idea of such a woman being the appendage of any man—unless as the honored friend, counselor and wife of a Cæsar or a Napoleon; your statesman or philosopher would never do, and the life she threw into King Henry showed that his bluff, manly bearing might approach to her idealism in the sex. Some women are all femininity; graceful, lovely, and most tender, dependent beings, the idols of a salon—the sylphs of the moonlight; others are *wife-like*, less beautiful than the former, indeed, *safely plain*, practical, reliable — never bothering a man's fancy nor troubling his judgment, but, placed upon the domestic altar, fulfill Iago's essentialities entirely. Then, there is the thrifty, handsome housewife—great in scouring, baking, rating servants and boxing children.

Fannie Kemble does not belong to either of this classification, but greater than all, includes all. We only wonder that any dull man should have presumed to marry such a woman, and having done so, that he should have the impertinence to judge her by ordinary laws. Expect the eagle to brood like a tame duck, the nightingale to cackle, like a house-door biddy!

"Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread."

The artist Sully painted her as a Gypsy, her low brow and swarthy complexion being well adapted to such a study. I could not but observe the litheness and beauty of the portrait; it was a young tiger in a woman form. What are such women to do, unless to

be themselves, as Fannie is? Society is all wrong when it tries to put them into a straight jacket; and yet, I can not but pity the poor deluded men, who take them for better, for worse, for they are sure to have a time of it. Where a man marries a woman of genius, he does it at his peril; her nature includes his, and it may be, myriads like it, for the limitation of a limited man is most terribly limited; but having done so, he should learn how to treat her. His understanding may be a fixture; his intellect may have reached its culminating point, long after hers is onward singing at the very gates of heaven: what then! Must her wings be clipped, her soul dwarfed to keep level to his imbecility? The world says yes; we say no; for, beneath all, no matter how modified, there is the woman-heart with its illimitable wealth, its depths that even she dare not fathom, and like the beautiful Undine, she rolls a stone over the foundation, and seals it up; she covers her wings, because others have none upon their shoulders.

For woman, public opinion is a very monster. It would take her as did the mother of Achilles, and dip her into the fiery furnace, only to learn how much of her is mortal, and, it may be, celestial. It would compel the Priestess from the God-inspired tripod to hold the hand upon her lips, and thus smother back the divine oracles that she may mate with the satyrs of fashion, or be one with the uncomprehending girl "who does the meanest chores." It would, in its envy and ignorance, love to see the white robes of the vestal smutty with the coals of the kitchen corner. It would pluck down God's masterpiece of beauty, whose nerves are so many golden harp-strings, and that the roughest hand may shatter and jar upon their harmonies.

Women will begin to see, ere long, that they have much to do in *making* public opinion. At present, she who presumes to do so must find herself comparatively isolated; but, all greatness is comparative isolation. The nightingale does not sing in a flock, nor the eagle soar to the sky in crowds.

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I could but contrast Fannie Kemble with Fannie Osgood—the latter an elegant pony—the former a magnificent race-horse. Fannie Kemble was a fine equestrian and rode with great spirit. Sitting on her horse like a queen upon her throne, she often passed my door in her daily ride upon horseback, on her way to Fort Hamilton, her favorite route. On the days the packets sailed for England, (they did not go twice a week, twenty years ago), she would mount her horse and ride rapidly round by the seashore, alone, that she might see the last wave of the beloved flag, and waft a benediction home.

Twenty years ago, a woman, who went out of the conventional sphere of home, became the recipient of a good deal of abuse from the Newspaper Press, and the worst motives were imputed to her. She was supposed always to neglect her children, and ill-treat her husband. Indeed, she was invariably abused in whatever she attempted to do, because she was supposed to be *unhappily married*, otherwise she would not have gone aside from the ordinary track; thus a circumstance that ought to have insured her protection and kindness, was turned into an engine of torment.

I have written and said so much hitherto upon this subject, that I feel assured I have done a great deal to create a better public opinion for my sex, for the Press is far more respectful than formerly to us.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

A WONDERFUL BALLOON EXCURSION.

PREFATORY.

I PASSED the last summer and a part of the present autumn on the continent of Europe. Among the places which I visited was Nantes in France. While I was in that city the following article appeared in the *Journal du Loire*, which is a daily paper published there. I learned from inquiry that Professor de St. Meurice, the author of it, is esteemed as a man of great intellect and erudition. It is held by some, however, that his mind is of too speculative a character to cultivate successfully the fields of

physical science. The titles of the works which he has published, indicate an imaginative and, indeed, a poetical mind. It is my opinion that such a peculiarity appertains to all men of great inventive genius, and seems especially to fit them for scientific research. No matter what may be the merits of M. de St. Meurice, however, I can assure the reader of one fact bearing upon the following narrative, *viz*: Dr. A. F. Mallett, who made the ascent recorded by the French author, was, no longer ago than a week or two, still residing in Wilmington, N. C.; and I doubt not that a letter addressed to him there by any one who may desire further information with regard to the subject of this paper, will receive a prompt and polite answer. Soon after my return to this country, which took place last month, I addressed a letter to that gentleman, accompanied by a copy of the journal containing the account of which a faithful translation is given below. I received a few days since a graceful reply, in which Dr. Mallett assures me that the narrative of M. de St. Meurice is faithful to the statement which he made to the learned Frenchman. The doctor added a few things omitted in the article in the *Journal du Loire*, which I will not interfere with the interest of M. de St. Meurice's narrative by interpolating.

John Weatherby.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 15, 1866.

NARRATIVE.

M. DE ST. MEURICE AND DR. MALLET.

IN December last, a few months after the close of the terrible civil war in America, I visited the United States, a country in the problem of whose destinies I have always felt much interest, for the purpose of learning on the spot the real causes of the war, the opinions of men upon both sides, and the probable future results of the conflict upon the powerful confederation of States, and upon the character of its government. The political material accumulated in my researches will be given and commented upon in a work which I am now preparing for the press.

Among the places which I visited during my tour in the territory which its inhabitants called for a few years "the Confederate States of America," was the town of Wilmington, a seaport near the mouth of the Cape Fear river, in the

State of North Carolina. While in this town I formed the acquaintance of Dr. A. F. Mallett, a distinguished physician, and a gentleman of unusual scientific acquirements. We had many conversations together; in one of these the discourse happening to turn upon the subject of gases, the doctor was gradually led to make reference to a remarkable experience of his. With much difficulty I at length induced him to give me a full relation of it. On my expressing surprise that he had never published an account of his wonderful adventure, his reply made it evident that this omission was due to the excessive modesty which always accompanies true merit, and to a fear that such a publication might give rise to doubts of his veracity. Being convinced, however, that the character of a man so well known for high integrity and perfect purity can not be aspersed by any true information with regard to the actions of his life, and that the mere modesty of a man should not prevent the world from being benefited by his investigations and discoveries, I take upon myself the responsibility of publishing for the benefit of science, the statement made to me by the distinguished physician of the town of Wilmington. In doing this I also make my apology to Dr. Mallett for the liberty which I am assuming.

DR. MALLETT'S THEORY OF AERO-NAVIGATION—PREPARATIONS FOR THE ASCENSION.

On Thursday, the fourth day of May, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and sixty, Dr. A. F. Mallett, of Wilmington, N. C., U. S. A., started upon the most wonderful balloon excursion on record. The point of departure was a beautiful village on the right bank of the Ohio river, between the cities of Cincinnati in the State of Ohio, and Louisville, in the State of Kentucky. I can not give the reader the name of this village; for I find that I have omitted to record it in my notes of the learned doctor's narrative.

For some months past Dr. Mallett had been engaged in reading a course of popular lectures upon several subjects in natural science, in the principal towns

of Ohio and Kentucky; among other subjects he lectured upon the nature of the different gases. While pursuing the investigations necessary to a fuller elimination of the characteristics of hydrogen, an idea occurred to the doctor relative to the improvement of aero-navigation. Wishing to test the correctness of this idea by the application of it to an actual balloon ascension, he engaged the services of Professor Wise, an aeronaut well known in America. The intention was that a balloon should be constructed and charged with gas after the manner prescribed by the doctor's theory. A balloon ascension according to this novel mode should be publicly announced. On this occasion, while the balloon was being charged with gas, the doctor was to deliver a lecture explanatory of his theory to the crowd assembled; after which Professor Wise would mount the car of the balloon and make the ascension in the presence of the multitude.

This programme was not only fulfilled (with one exception), but the consequences showed the power of Doctor Mallett's new idea to be immensely greater than he had even dreamed that it would be.

It is known that hydrogen gas is the lightest discovered substance in nature, being but one-fourteenth and four-tenths the weight of common air. As no other substance, then, can be mingled with it without increasing its weight, it follows that the freer it is from foreign admixture, the lighter it is. The best means as yet discovered for obtaining this gas in its greatest purity is through the agency of the voltaic current. When the wires connecting the poles of a voltaic battery are caused to terminate in water, decomposition is occasioned, hydrogen being evolved at the negative pole, and oxygen at the positive. By placing one end of a tube over the negative pole and the other end into the opening at the bottom of a balloon, the balloon will after a while be filled with hydrogen; the gas, on account of its greater lightness, rising through the air which has previously filled the balloon and gradually displacing the latter, which, sinking on account of its superior gravity through the gas,

makes its escape through the opening below.

Although this process of eliminating hydrogen from water is slow and expensive, Dr. Mallett determined to resort to it, being resolved that his air-ship should be buoyed by the most elastic substance to be obtained, that his experiment might have every chance of being successful.

The merest tyro in natural science is aware that the higher we ascend from the earth, the more attenuated becomes the atmosphere. The consequence of this fact is that, however light the gas with which a balloon is inflated may be, that balloon must at length reach a point above the earth where the air is of the same gravity as the gas by which it has been lifted, and beyond which point, therefore, it can not be elevated. At the same time, however, that the air becomes thinner and, therefore, lighter, its pressure upon the sides of the balloon is diminished in the same exact proportion. Taking advantage of this fact, the ingenious and energetic Dr. Mallett determined that his balloon should be manufactured of light material so elastic that the gas within it might be allowed to expand and thus to increase its power of ascension in the ratio of the diminution of the atmospheric pressure upon it. Could such material be obtained, the result appeared to be certain; for, as the hydrogen while entering the balloon has the power of displacing air of more than fourteen times its own weight, it would still—by parity of reasoning—possess the same relative power, however attenuated the air might become, if the material of its covering were sufficiently elastic to allow it to exert the full influence of its superior lightness and strength.

After giving some study to this subject, he concluded to have a very thin cloth manufactured of silk of the finest and strongest filaments contracted upon and interwoven with very delicate threads of India rubber. A balloon made of this cloth would, he thought, after being expanded piecemeal over every part of its body, and carefully and minutely covered with the very finest varnish used by artists, possess an unusual degree of

gas-tightness (if I may use the term) as well as of expansibility. The net-work covering the balloon was to be made of the same material, and so nicely adjusted with regard to its form and the size of its meshes and the thickness of its cords that, neither could the expanding of the balloon draw up the car inconveniently nor the shrinking of the former lower the latter too much. The cords securing the car to the net-work would, of course, not be elastic.

It was nearly a month before Dr. Mallett succeeded in having such a balloon manufactured. He minutely attended to the whole process while it was being made. When finished, it promised to be all that could be hoped for.

I dwell thus upon the preparations of the ingenious doctor for the experiment which he contemplated, in order to account, to some extent, for the marvelous results which followed.

The small village before mentioned was selected by Dr. Mallett for the occasion, since, if it occurred at or near a large city, a number of scientific gentlemen might be attracted, and he feared the terrible chagrin with which he would be overwhelmed, should a failure ensue in their presence.

THE ASCENSION OF DR. MALLET.

On Thursday, the fourth of May, 1860, the sun rose in unclouded splendor. Not a breath of air disturbed the leaves, or ruffled the waters of the river. The earth was newly dressed in her spring garments of verdure and bloom; and the face of nature looked bright and beautiful in the gorgeous sunshine.

As the hour fixed for the ascension was twelve o'clock, M., Dr. Mallett, assisted by Professor Wise, began his preparations very early in the morning. A large number of voltaic batteries were arranged, and set in operation; and the balloon, sustained by a lofty frame-work, soon began to be filled. This balloon measured one hundred feet in its vertical, and sixty feet in its horizontal diameter, with a capability of being expanded to more than six times that bulk.

Ten o'clock, A. M., was the time fixed

for the admission of the public; and at that hour the gate of the inclosure—which was situated on the bank of the river just outside of the village—was thrown open. In less than fifteen minutes the large space, inclosed by high palings, was filled to its utmost capacity, with a crowd of from four to five thousand people. A still larger number thronged the grounds outside of the inclosure. It seemed that nearly all the inhabitants of the village, and of the country for many miles around, had assembled to witness the novel sight.

Every thing proceeded satisfactorily; but it was two o'clock in the afternoon before the doctor was convinced that the balloon had received a sufficient quantity of gas. Long before that hour, however, the frame-work which had sustained the balloon had been removed; and the multitude of cords which connected the airy fabric with the earth, were strained to a hard tension.

A few minutes before two o'clock—shortly after which hour every thing about the balloon was ready for the ascension—the distinguished aeronaut, Professor Wise, was seized with a sudden sickness. Finding that his indisposition rather increased than diminished, Dr. Mallett, determined that neither the crowd assembled nor himself should be disappointed, resolved to make the ascension himself. Although he had never before been in a balloon, and, of course, understood but theoretically the mode of managing such a vehicle, he was not sorry to test for himself the correctness of his idea. It was about half-past two when he ascended to the car. This was a light frame-work of iron wire, and was stored with ballast, food, drink, blankets, furs, and all that is usually considered necessary for such a voyage. There was also an apparatus—of which more hereafter—which is not usually taken with them by aeronauts.

During the morning the weather had continued calm and clear; but soon after noon-day, a wind had arisen from the south-west. At half-past two o'clock a strong wind was blowing, and heavy masses of cloud had gathered overhead.

As soon as the daring experimentalist had taken his place in the car, the fastenings were cut, and the balloon arose at once with astonishing rapidity. So swiftly did it ascend, that the airy vehicle seemed to yield but little to the influence of the wind. In an instant, as it were, Dr. Mallett found himself above the region of winds and clouds. Below him spread afar the fields of vapor, gorgeous with all the hues of the undimmed sunlight. There were rivers and lakes of silver, fields of gold, rose-colored mountains, and forests of purple. No language can describe the beautiful and dazzling mist of light through which he was being lifted with such amazing velocity.

THE BALLOON PENETRATES THE GRAND SPACE—APPEARANCE OF THE EARTH AND OF OTHER HEAVENLY BODIES.

As the balloon arose, its silken wings gradually expanded, and it continued to ascend with undiminished speed. As the air became more and more attenuated as he ascended, Dr. Mallett became suddenly aware that the warm atmosphere of a beautiful spring day, which he had left upon earth, had been changed to one which grew rapidly colder and colder; it had, indeed, become almost freezing. His lungs began to experience a rapidly increasing difficulty in breathing. He hastily enveloped himself in the blankets and furs which he had provided, and also made use of the apparatus before referred to as not being generally taken with them by aeronauts. This consisted of a couple of air-tight silken bags, the one containing oxygen and the other nitrogen gas. These two bags were united at their necks by a mouth-piece for breathing, so arranged that it allowed the gases to escape together in the proportion by measure of 20.90 parts of oxygen to 79.10 parts of nitrogen. As this mixture composes, in fact, atmospheric air in its purity, the doctor found his lungs much relieved by an occasional application of the mouth-piece to his lips. Knowing, however, that his supply of these gases was limited, and not knowing how great his need of them yet might be, he was as

economical as possible in the use of his novel apparatus. Gradually—and without surprise to him—his desire for using this artificial atmosphere, decreased, until, at length, it entirely left him.

A soft and pleasant sense of dreamy languor stole over him. He lay upon the floor of the car enveloped in his blankets, with no desire to exert himself. From above him—the end within his reach—hung the cord controlling the valves of the balloon. He knew that, in order to return toward the earth, it was necessary that he should pull this cord. Yet he had neither the energy nor even the desire to do so. The fingers of his right hand lay accidentally over his left wrist; the last motion which he made—prompted by a slight desire—was to feel for an artery. There seemed to be no pulsation there; at the same time he became aware that he was no longer inhaling external air. Yet he, by degrees, became conscious that his heart continued to pulsate with a regular and, as it were, tacit motion, and that there was within his lungs the action of an interior breathing. Directly before him hung his thermometer; the mercury was below zero, but it was evidently gradually rising. On attaining to sixty degrees, Fahrenheit, it remained stationary. At the same time the doctor became aware that an agreeable glow was gradually diffusing itself through his frame; when this agreeable glow gained the pleasantest state of being, neither too warm nor too cold, there was no further change, and his condition continued so. A feeling of ineffable delight had taken possession of his body; and he lay in still and perfectly motionless enjoyment. Above him hung—apparently completely still—the body of the balloon, now expanded to an enormous bulk; its huge and perfectly black umbra, shaped like an acute and prostrate pyramid, extended horizontally far out into space.

Subsequent events proved that the balloon had now left the atmosphere of the earth and had entered the realms of boundless space. From the position occupied by Dr. Mallett he could obtain,

through the interstices of the wire framework of the car, a view of the now distant and fast-receding planet which he had just left. At the moment when he first caught a sight of it, after leaving its atmosphere, it presented the appearance of a very large globe, generally so dark as to be almost black; yet along what may be called its upper side was an illuminated crescent, rather slender, but so extended in length as to measure fully twenty degrees upon the grand circumference of the unlimited space around.

Low upon the upper edge of the car, and on the side of it directly opposite to the dense umbra of the balloon, was seen the sun. Its disc appeared of about the same size as when seen from the earth—perhaps slightly smaller—and burning with a white light inexpressibly dazzling. There was nothing of that appearance of rays around it to which we are accustomed; but the circle of its circumference was clearly defined. This remark applies also to the appearance presented by the stars. The fixed stars, or suns of other systems, however, were clearly distinguishable from the planets of our solar system; the former shining with a brilliant luster, while the latter shone with a luster soft and subdued. Two of the planets—doubtless Mercury and Venus, these being nearer to the sun than the earth's orbit—were, like the earth, generally dark but clearly defined, presenting a crescent of light along what may be relatively called the upper part of their circumferences. This difference of appearance between the fixed stars and the planets is doubtlessly due to the difference between direct and reflected light. All the stars seemed to be of about the same size as when seen from the earth; some were, perhaps, a little larger, and others a little smaller.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF SPACE—REMARKS UPON AER, ETHER AND AURA—DEVELOPMENTS FROM DR. MALLET'S EXPERIENCE.

The experience of Dr. Mallett palpably contradicts the idea that in the realms of space, outside of the atmospheres of the planets, all is blackness; the heavenly bodies only appearing like luminous

flat surfaces. I never for my part entertained a particle of faith in such a notion. There can possibly be but two theories concerning light; the one called the "corpuscular" and the other the "undulatory" theory. The former supposes light to be matter emitted from the sun; the latter, that it is an effect produced by undulations, caused by the influence of the sun, in an atmosphere called "ether" and which pervades all space. I myself entertain not the slightest doubt that the latter is the true theory. But, whichever is true, it is evident that the supposition that outside the atmospheres of the planets all is blackness is clearly incorrect. For, if light be matter ejected from the sun, it must pass through space to meet us; and, if light be caused by undulations imparted to ether by the sun—by means of its revolution upon its axis, or otherwise—those undulations must traverse space to become sensible to us. There is a fact, moreover, which settles the question positively. All astronomers are satisfied, from a multitude of experiments, that the moon has no atmosphere; yet the light from the sun impinges upon her surface, as is proved to us by its being reflected thence to our vision.

While upon this subject the reader will allow me to make some remarks with regard to what is called the atmosphere. It is not only in accordance with "the fitness of things" that it should be true, but many experiments have proved it to be true, that the atmosphere is threefold. The profoundest thinkers have in their published writings assumed this opinion to be undoubtedly correct. The three atmospheres composing the one in which we live and move, are an outer, an inner and an innermost. Their particles fit within each other, as if the spaces within a pile of cannon-balls were occupied by rifle-bullets, and the spaces still left were filled with small shot. The writers above referred to have denominated the outer of these atmospheres *aer*, the inner *ether*, and the innermost *aura*. By undulations in *aer* (air) sound is produced; by undulations in *ether* light is caused; and by undu-

lations in *aura* heat is generated. No sound comes to us from the heavenly bodies, because *aer*, the continent of sound, is confined to our earthly abode; but heat and light reach us from them, because *aura* and *ether*, the continents of heat and light, exist throughout space. It is evident, then, that to a traveler through space the light, coming through its own natural medium unaffected by an external atmosphere, should appear of its own native color, pure white, and of exceeding brightness; and the experience of the distinguished American physician has absolutely proved that this theory is in all respects perfectly true—a theory which, I take pride in saying, I had already adopted in my "Mental Cosmos," and also had continued to sustain in the two other works whose titles are appended to my name at the head of this article.*

The marvelous adventure of this eminent gentleman, Dr. Mallett, has also informed the scientific world of two things heretofore perfectly unknown to it. The one of these things is that hydrogen gas, when allowed to expand itself in a manner approaching freedom, is capable of diminishing its density to a gravity at the most not exceeding that of ether, at least when the latter also is in its free and natural state; the action of the thermometer, as described above, indicating a degree of warmth very nearly if not quite equal to that felt by Dr. Mallett, shows, however, that in space, *ether*, being the outer atmosphere, is denser than when enveloped by *aer*—as, in the illustration before given, the cannon-balls being removed, the bullets and small-shot would come more closely together. The other thing, imparted by the experience of the adventurous American to the scientific world, and of which that world was before ignorant, is, that the human body still retains its

* The learned Frenchman continues to dilate upon this subject, making the digression an almost complete treatise upon the nature and properties of light and heat. As I intend to make this translation—as nearly as possible—an article merely for popular reading, I give only so much of his remarks as is necessary to explain, upon scientific principles, the experience of Dr. Mallett.—Note by the Translator.

vitality, although, probably, in a state inactive and quiescent, in an atmosphere composed only of aura and ether. Experiments with the air-pump can prove nothing in this respect; for, in the proportion in which it removes the common air from an isolated space, it also removes ether and aura.*

In this soft, silvery light and delicious atmosphere, Dr. Mallett lay at perfect rest. He does not know whether he was totally unable to move, or was merely unwilling to do so. He remembers only that he had not the least desire to make the slightest action. His sensations were so delightful as to cause him to wish for no change. He reclined at absolute ease in a state neither comatose nor cataleptic, for he seemed to possess all his mental and physical faculties, but to have no desire to use the latter. His eyes were open, and he saw all that came, without making a movement of any part of the body, within the line of their vision. He remembers that he seemed also for the while to understand all the grand theory of the material universe. He could see—with the eyes of the mind, as it were—all the spheres, not only of our solar system, but of all space, moving by eternal laws in their proper orbits.†

Meanwhile the balloon appeared to be perfectly still. No motion did the doctor discover, either in the silken covering which contained the gas, or in the car, in which he was suspended, or in any of the cords. He lay upon the floor of the car; but it seemed to him that, if he had been uplifted by any power to any height above that floor, he would have continued to remain in the

position to which he was thus removed. He staid where he was, merely because he happened to be there. There seemed to be no attraction of gravitation, no power to create motion, whose influence reached the balloon, or the car suspended to it, or the contents of either. The only observable indication of movement was a change of the relative positions, and of the apparent sizes of the stars.

Thus the time passed on; ever the same feeling of delight, ever the same stillness. There was never any night, nor even partial darkness; but all the time the same full day, the same soft, silvery light. What time thus passed he knows not; it must have been, however, as the doctor's subsequent experience will show, some three or four weeks.

WHO WAS HE?

CHAPTER XI.

A WOMAN'S CUNNING.

THE evening after the departure of the steamer which bore away the Arnolds, David Duncan was lying on the little hard hair-sofa in his landlady's "parlor." The hour was late, and he supposed the inmates of the house were all in bed, he having gained admittance with a night-key; but too restless to like the thought of his close room, he had come in here, turned up the light, and was trying to read a newspaper. Its contents, however, would make no impression on his mind, it being too full of other matter; only the passenger-list of the Havre steamer, to read which he had obtained the paper, continually stared at him.

"So Randolph is on board the same ship," he mused. "It is not by accident. I know the fellow too well. Strange, that he has slipped through my fingers in this style! I thought myself a match for him. I wish, now, that I had brought matters to a crisis here; or had sailed with them.

"A few days will not suffice him, and I must be after them by the next steamer. He will gain nothing by his adventure. He has probably nothing in view but to try his luck again with Miss

* The author here makes another long episode on the subject of pneumatology. I have given, I think, all that is necessary for, or would be agreeable to, the general reader.—*Translator.*

† M. de St. Maurice here introduces an eloquent rhapsody upon the grandeur of the universe, the beauty and harmony of the individual and combined movements of the spheres, and the sublimity of the thoughts which a subject so comprehensive and so magnificent suggests. So truthful and interesting is this episode of the learned Frenchman, and so elegant and graceful is the language in which it is expressed, that it is with reluctance that I omit it: its extreme length, however, and the impossibility of making an abstract which would do it any thing like justice, oblige me to do so.—*Translator.*

Arnold; he thinks that in a foreign land, with no competitors, he may have better success. What a thorough rascal he is, any how!"

Here the door from the hall softly swung open and he was startled from his meditations by an unexpected visitor. Antoinette Sevigne came in, and, as he arose from his lazy attitude, approached smilingly, seating herself on the same sofa, and beginning with some embarrassment:

"Is it late, Mr. Duncan? I suppose it must be, but I was sitting up, sewing, when I heard you come in from outdoors, and as I did not hear you to come up ze stairs, I knew you was in ze salon. I had something so much on my mind—you will pardonnez me, that I came down so late?" and she gave him a half-shy, beseeching glance which would have made some men forgive her any thing.

"What is on your mind, Miss Sevigne? Our good landlady will prove an excellent counselor, if you are in trouble, I have no doubt. Not that I am not willing to serve you, but I suppose women are the best advisers for their own sex."

"I think not so," said the French girl, with a shrug of disdain. "Women, zey *hate* each other. I like not a woman confidante. But, Meester Duncan, 'tis not myself I come to you about. No, no. If I have trouble, I put it up with; I have great courage. Since my father died I have grown quite accustomed to be alone—alone!" with a piteous little sigh.

"You are too tender and guileless to live alone, Miss Sevigne; you ought to marry," was the response.

Again she gave him one of those sharp glances, but he was looking down on his paper, and she could not tell how much or how little he meant.

"Ah, Meester Duncan, do not jest with Antoinette," she whispered; then, after a pause, "but you ask me not what I have come here about."

"I am waiting for you to tell me. A woman can not keep a secret long."

"If you have no curiosity to hear, I will not tell," she pouted.

At first, David had felt no desire to listen to the communication prepared for him. He read the girl as plainly as he did his paper; he knew that she was, or imagined herself, desperately in love with himself, and he had no intention of encouraging her further than was necessary to complete the links in the chain of evidence he had of her playing a bad part in a certain history. It was this purpose to obtain, unawares, her testimony, which had led him to fall so graciously into good Mrs. Farwell's plans in his behalf, and to encourage her in getting Antoinette as a boarder under her roof.

But, though not intending to persuade her into any deeper passion for himself, he did not think it prudent to chill her into anger or reserve; so he now laid aside his paper and bent toward her with an air of interest.

"What is it, Antoinette?"

"Can you not guess?"

"If it does not concern yourself, whom does it concern?"

"Who should it concern but *you*, David? You remember our conversation, a few evenings ago, about your resemblance to the young man who committed suicide?"

"Very well—every word of it."

She gazed straight into his eyes a moment or two, trying to read his nature by the light of her own. It was a daring proposition which she was about to make; if it should be rejected, she would have taken a false step not easily gone back upon.

"What have you on your mind, Antoinette?"

Her little dark hand fell lightly over his.

"You are ambitious, Meester Duncan; you are educated more than most men in your rank of life. Why will you stay a poor mechanic, when you might be rich and honorable—when you might have every thing?"

"How can I have it? Dear me, Miss Sevigne, if you have any royal road to fortune, pray point it out to me. I have answered a good many advertisements proposing to teach the secret,

'How to get rich,' but the recipes were all unsatisfactory."

"I do not think this would be unsatisfactory. But you would have to act with courage. All that will be necessary is the boldness to grasp and hold—do not you understand? do you not see?"

"I am still in the dark. You must speak plainly to me. You know I am terribly rough in my dealings—I have none of your French finesse."

"That is why I admire you so much," she said, softly. "But I did hope you might help me to say it—for it is a daring thing. You say, all your acquaintances say you so much resemble ze late Mr. Tunnecliffe—why not assert yourself to *be* him? Why not take his place, he quit so suddenly?"

There was a silence, and then the cabinet-maker asked,

"How could I do it?—such a thing would not be so easy—and what would I gain by it? Surely, Antoinette, *you* do not wish me to marry Miss Arnold, under such a deception, and get rich in that way?"

"No, no, no! I never thought of zat! You would not do zat?" she exclaimed, with a sudden fright in her voice. "Miss Arnold has gone to France—she sailed to-day; and I do not believe she will ever come back; her health is poor, they say," and her voice grew more assured as she recalled these facts. "What I meant, was this: Mr. Tunnecliffe left some property to his sister, which has since become valuable. You might claim it. If you could get it, you would be a rich man. Of course, you will have to prepare your evidence, and study your lesson well. It will not do to come forward as the dead man, until you make ready much proof. You must get his handwriting and learn to imitate it; you must be familiar with his family history—I know all zat."

She spoke rapidly, leaning toward him with a persuasive earnestness.

"Of course the ground would have to be carefully laid out," he said, after some deliberation; he had no idea of betraying to her that this plan was not new

to him—that he had already advanced far on the way to its completion—above all things, that his first revelation had been made to her rival, Miss Arnold. "One would have to be cautious—and wise. You must have thought this thing over in all its aspects, Antoinette?"

"I have thought it well over. I am convinced it can be done."

"What share in the benefits do you propose to yourself, child? Surely, your interest is not purely selfish?"

She blushed, and lowered her eyes.

"It would be quite enough for me to see you successful."

"Then you do not demand a share in the profits, though you originate the enterprise?"

"Oh, Meester Duncan!"

"Well, well, little one, we'll not talk about that to-night. I should not be so ungrateful as to forget my best friend. Do you propose to help me in this difficult undertaking; and if so, how?"

"I saw *this* in one of the morning papers, and it helped me to a plan," she said, giving him a printed slip—an advertisement for a French maid, to which was attached the name and address of Mrs. Bowen, to be answered on Monday, A. M., this being Saturday. "Above all things it will be necessary that you shall become familiar with ze leetle detail, ze small affairs of ze family—things which happened in ze past, most especially, when zis Ward Tunnecliffe was a child—and you must have some of his writing for to copee—don't you see? If you wish, I shall apply for zis situation; when I get it, I shall be so sorree—so sympathetic—wiz de lady for her loss of such fine brother. I shall make her talk much, I shall find out all, and I shall tell you all, so fast as I learn it. I will make her talk of old times—ze little boy's childhood, when she was baby. I shall look about very quietly, and get some old letters, and ozer things. I will work very quick and very silent. Shall I?"

There was a flush on Duncan's dark face; he shut his teeth together hard to keep back what he was near saying.

"What a little she-Lucifer it is! And she purs as soft as the prettiest puss! Little wretch!" was what was on his tongue; but he repressed it, and instead, said thoughtfully,

"You might serve me very much indeed, in that manner. It is the most plausible method by far. Indeed, without it, I should find it hard to play the part of an impostor. And to you belongs all the credit!"

There was admiration in his tone, and she looked up with a smile. She hoped that he would say more, that he would declare that if they succeeded she would share, as his wife, in all the benefits; that he would show his appreciation of her devotion by a pressure of the hand and a kiss—any thing to betray that she was gaining over him the power she coveted.

But the grave young cabinet-maker, to whom she had succumbed more because he was indifferent to her pretty ways than from any other reason, did nothing of the kind. He arose and walked up and down the room a few moments, thinking over what had been said; then he paused before her, held out his hand and drew her up from the sofa.

"It is midnight, and we ought not to be here, Antoinette. I think favorably of your suggestion; there will be another evening between this and Monday. To-morrow, then, I will meet you here again. It will be Sunday, and we shall be alone in the evening, probably. We can then finish what we have to say."

He led her to the hall, and she ran up stairs, satisfied, yet dissatisfied. He followed slowly after, returning to his own room.

"I've heard about such women as that," he muttered, "but I never had the pleasure of an acquaintance with one before. Her art beats the deuce! Now, if I had need of her assistance, nothing could be more admirable than the step she proposes, but I have another way of managing the business. I have gone straight to Miss Arnold, instead of attempting the Bovens. Still, she may help me. I

shall thus be able to keep her where I can find her at a moment's notice. And when the time comes to punish her for her tricks with that Randolph, I shall be able to make the punishment all the more complete. Yes, I think I shall allow the little minx to act out the part she proposes."

The result of his night's deliberations was that Antoinette Sevigne, when they again met on the Sabbath evening, for further consultation, was encouraged in all her propositions. She was to be early in her application at Mrs. Bowen's, the following morning, for the situation of lady's maid, and she had little doubt of her success; if she obtained the situation, she was to acquire, with as little delay as possible, all the requisite knowledge of the antecedents of the Tunnecliffes by means of which David Duncan would be enabled to personate the young gentleman. It would be easy for her to communicate with Duncan once or twice a week, as he would always be at Mrs. Farwell's, on her evenings out, and they would be allowed any amount of private conversation in the little parlor, Mrs. Farwell being rejoicingly confident that an engagement existed between the young couple.

"Are you competent to play the part of lady's maid? I should think it would require a different class of accomplishment from yours," and the cabinet-maker smiled as he regarded the girl by his side.

"Ah, I will make very good maid. Madam Bowen will never have a better!" she answered with a laugh. "My embroideree looks like painting, Meester Duncan, I assure you. I am very skillful with ze needle, and as to ze hair—look at mine! Is it not well done?"

Antoinette had beautiful black, glistening hair, and she was always very careful in its arrangement; he appreciated the coquetry of this appeal.

"Your hair, Miss Sevigne, is so fine, it could not look otherwise than charming. Perhaps this Mrs. Bowen has not such beautiful locks for you to display your taste upon."

"I have seen her, Meester Duncan. She is very pretty, her hair is like floss-silk, of a gold color; she is a blonde, very handsome, so men say, but she has no depth—no expression; she is too fair!"

"I don't fancy blonde beauties, myself," said the cabinet-maker, with a smile. "I like some spirit, some daring in a woman; I like black hair and bright eyes. So you think you will make a satisfactory maid, do you, little one?"

"Oh, I shall be very humble and patient. I shall put up wiz all ze humors of madam; I shall adore her leetle boy, so like his poor, dead uncle. I shall do much nice work, and be very much liked. Never you fear! But I do not say, Meester Duncan, zat all this will be pleasant. I shall have to associate wiz servants, and I must give up all my music-class, a serious loss. But I do it all most willingly, for your sake. When you get to be ze great Meester Tunnecliffe, whom all ze young ladies were so fond of, you'll not forget poor Antoinette?"

"Never! I shall never forget Antoinette. She shall have her reward. If our plans are consummated, she shall set her own price. What she demands, that she shall have."

"Your gratitude, zat will be all she will demand," was the low answer.

The girl's cheeks were flushed, and her voice trembled. David did not doubt the nature of her feelings for him, nor that they were sincere of their kind. How passionate, how engrossing they were, he did not, indeed, divine. He thought a creature of her artfulness, and who had lived a life of coquetry since she was old enough to run alone, would easily recover from any fancy she now cherished for him, when his union with another would put an end to her hopes. He had not much respect for her attachment, or perhaps, despite the part he was playing, he would not have allowed her to go on serving him. But the French girl's nature was one of those which, though untrue and bad, has a boundless capacity for devotion when it does form a true attachment.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO LETTERS.

MRS. BOWEN was delighted with her new French maid. A creature of such taste, intelligence and industry was rarer than diamonds. She might buy jewels, whenever her purse was full, but this kind of a jewel was notoriously rare. She was so glad that she had secured her services in season for her round of watering place visits. The pride of her life, her matchless golden hair, never before had been dressed to such advantage. She knew that she had exquisite taste in judging of what became her Undine-like style, yet this quick-fingered maid would make suggestions which certainly were improvements. Then her French was that of an educated person; she quite corrected her own, under its influence, and the girl, although she must know she was a treasure, never presumed. She was patient and willing—fond of children, too. She would wile little Ward from the arms of his nurse, and praise him to his mother, until smiling Mrs. Bowen would repeat how much he was like her dear lost brother, after whom he was named. When her tears came, Nettie's were always ready to follow, until the sister took solid comfort in grief which was so sympathetically encouraged. She found herself talking hour after hour, when the girl was sewing in her room, or brushing out her bright hair, about that darling brother. Until, unconsciously to herself almost, she had lived over their happy childhood and brilliant youth, in all its trifling incidents. Nettie certainly was a good listener, who never yawned nor diverted the subject, but who led her on with delicate questioning, to speak all that was in her heart.

Mr. Bowen, too, was led to take much notice of the pretty French girl; first, because of his wife's constant reference to her perfections, and secondly, because Nettie herself willed it. She wanted him to be pleased with her, and did not fail to make him so. She always had a pleasant or sparkling reply, when he chanced to address her, which made him think how pretty and how smart she

was. At the same time she had plenty of dignity, the real article, and very becoming to her piquant features when they were forced into an appealing gravity by any attempt of his at too rough a jest. She expected, some day, to be this gentleman's sister-in-law, and she held in memory what would be becoming to such a change in their relations.

Mr. Bowen was not a person of oversensitive perceptions. He could laugh with a pretty servant and bandy a joke with her without any sense of personal degradation—as he could cheat a man on Wall street, and feel never the worse for it, provided it were done in the regular way. He never did that which was openly bad, and would have been indignant at the assumption that he was capable of any thing not becoming in a stock-broker and church-member; but he had a patent conscience of the vulcanized rubber kind, smooth and shining in its finish, and warranted to stretch without injury.

In these days of his renewed prosperity there was a radiance of success which emanated from him like an aureole. He was in high physical health, while his mind had just active employment enough, and of a kind which best suited it, in conceiving and executing schemes for his aggrandizement. Good dinners, sat at long, with congenial friends to help him with the wine, and a lovely wife to grace the head of his table, were beginning to have their legitimate effect, in a broader contour of the smooth face, and a slight fullness of person, not unbecoming.

His former failure, and the sad catastrophe of his partner's suicide, were fading into the dim background of the past. He seldom started, nowadays, with the feeling of the frozen hand clutching at his heart. If Susie had not sometimes disturbed him, by talking or crying about dear Ward, he would have ignored the past successfully. It annoyed him to have her "go on" about her brother, though he had the good taste not to betray it. It certainly was a fortunate thing for Susie that Ward had left that stock in the Petroleum Company

to grow into the vast proportions which it had assumed since his death. The income from her interest in that company was quite equal to all that he made on Wall street, though his operations had been gratifyingly successful. He would not like to be deprived of so handsome a thing as that; and if Ward had lived—why—of course—he and Susie would have had no share in this good luck. That serious-faced Miss Arnold would have been Mrs. Tunnecliffe, spending all the money which his Susie now spent so delightfully. Providence had not been so harsh in its dealings, after all.

Why, then, should a shadow fall, in the midst of this noonday brightness? One pleasant day, late in April, he came in from lunching on oysters at Downing's, and settled himself, with a satisfied sigh, in his office-chair. He had done a good thing, that morning, with Eries, and was comparatively indifferent to the rest of the day. The sun shone through the plate-glass of his window, on the green velvet of his table and the swept nicety of his fresh carpet.

"Here's a note was left while you was out, sir," said his office-boy.

He opened it immediately, scarcely pausing to observe that it was not in the usual business-envelope and masculine writing of his correspondents.

If there had been any eye upon him while he read it twice over, it would have perceived a slight pallor subduing his high color—a perplexed, mystified expression stealing over his smooth sharpness; but the boy was whistling on the door-step, and the office, at that moment chanced to be empty of visitors.

"What the old Harry can that mean?"—and he read the note the third time, now beginning to scrutinize the handwriting which he could not decide upon as being that of a woman, though it did not look like that of a man. It was as follows:

"MR. BOWEN:

"Dear Sir: We are in possession of information which renders it highly probable that your brother-in-law, Ward Tunnecliffe, who was supposed to have committed suicide by jumping from the ferry-boat *Colden*, the

winter before last, is alive, and will shortly return to his friends. Not doubting but you will be glad to receive this information, we have taken the trouble to transmit it to you. If your brother does not appear, within a month, in his own person, to confirm our suspicions, we will then give you our grounds for believing as we do.

"New York, April 29th, 18—."

No name was signed to this communication.

Mr. Bowen was naturally startled by this unexpected revelation; surprise was his first and strongest emotion; the next—shall we admit it? was not joy; it was more like vexation. His thoughts were something in this wise:

"When a person is once dead and buried, why don't he stay so? I call it confoundedly impertinent to make people all this trouble for nothing. The disgrace and annoyance of a suicide ought to be sufficient, without making a nine-days' wonder by coming back to life when they're not expected. There's poor Susie's never got over it! If he should happen to really go off the handle, before her, she will have it all to go through with again! That's what I call a deuced selfish proceeding—getting one's friends in mourning twice. It won't be agreeable to give up the house and furniture, and the Pennsylvania income, even for the sake of having Ward back. A good fellow—but squeamish. Shouldn't care to go into partnership with him again. Sticks about trifles. But, pshaw! I don't believe a word of this impudent note. Why don't 'we' sign our name? Somebody who has heard of Miss Arnold's freak of fancy, is trying to get up a sensation. It *can't* be true! It's simply absurd." He drowned himself before plenty of witnesses, I'm sure. I wouldn't say a word about it to Susie, for the world. Her mind is none too strong, and it might affect her as it has poor Miss Arnold.

"Well, if it *is* true, I hope it will not be announced to Susie too suddenly—he ought to have the sense to come to me first. It will be a great shock to her."

Mr. Bowen was restless the remainder of the afternoon. He could not help

looking at every one who passed the window, or entered the door, with a nervous glance, as if he expected to be confronted by Ward, or his ghost. This uneasy sensation did not leave him during the evening, nor the following day, nor for many successive days. He kept looking behind him in the streets, and starting in hall and corridor, as if ghost-haunted. This uneasy state of mind fretted his temper; he was less bland than usual, and Antoinette, who had sent him the note, as an initiatory step, and who secretly watched him, was alone aware of the cause. He said nothing to his wife of the mysterious communication which he had received; and he was almost as startled as when he first read that, when, one night, she turned in the bed, stole her hand into his, and breathed in an awe-struck whisper:

"John, what if Ward should not be dead, after all? Do you know, I often feel as if he were not?—as if he were coming back to us."

"I suppose all who lose dearly-loved friends feel that way, Susie; especially, when the death has been sudden, and the body not recovered," he answered, after a moment's silence. "It is natural. But I pray you not to cherish such morbid fancies. Take warning by Maud Arnold."

She said no more. She could not account to herself for her present frame of mind, for she did not recognize the influence which had produced it. The writer of the note was also the author of this presentiment. Within the last week or two, she had once or twice, when Mrs. Bowen had been talking over her brother's death, insinuated a doubt.

"But why is madam so certain that her brother is dead? There may have been a mistake—it might have been another."

"No, Nettie, don't say that. If it was not my brother, pray what became of him? What object would he have in staying away from us? breaking my heart?"

Then Nettie shook her head, as if the matter was too deep for her. In this

way, unconsciously to Mrs. Bowen, who scarcely noted from whence the suggestion first came, she gradually produced a state of mind favorable to the *dénouement* which she meant to hasten.

With all this uneasiness which she had provoked in others, Antoinette was herself uneasy, and growing more so every day. For the first fortnight, every thing had progressed to her liking; but then, to her great disappointment, on one of her visits to Mrs. Farwell's, Duncan had informed her that pressing business must take him out of the city for at least a month.

"It is business which can not be put off," he said, "and, in fact, I should have gone a week sooner. I lose much by the delay. I would not attempt it, at this time, but that it is important to the very matter we have in hand. It will not give you any too much time, Antoinette. We must not move too quickly in this game, lest we lose it by rashness. When I return, every thing will be in train, and the end not far off."

So he had gone away, and she had felt desolate and jealous. The strongest passion of the poor French girl's nature was jealousy. Why could Duncan not have told her the precise nature of his business, and to what place he was going? She had confided all to him, risked much for him—why had he not placed equal confidence in her? If she had not known, positively, that Miss Arnold was in Paris, she would at once have suspected the truth—that Duncan was following her up with the intention of working upon her diseased fancy, and securing the heiress, before attempting to deceive the Bowens. But that he had actually sailed for France never came into her mind. She thought that game too bold a one, from the first; and she believed that Duncan felt a tender interest in herself. No, Miss Arnold was safely out of the way, but where was David Duncan, and what was he doing? Why did he not write to her? She called often at Mrs. Farwell's, always hoping that there would be a letter for her under cover to that good lady, but

never asking for it, for fear of betraying her disappointment, and knowing that it would be delivered, if there. She received no message whatever; instead, she was obliged to parry Mrs. Farwell's questions about David—where he was—when he was coming back—was the wedding to be this summer, and would they board with her?

Antoinette always said that he was well, and was coming back soon, as if she heard frequently from him; laughing in answer to the marriage question, without making any direct reply. For one thing, the girl was devoutly thankful to her good genius—that was, that Mr. Randolph had betaken himself to a foreign land. When she read his name on the list of passengers who sailed with the Arnolds, though surprised at his abrupt departure, which she was aware must have been suddenly resolved upon, she was immensely relieved. Nothing could have given her more satisfaction. Now that she was in love with Duncan, and meant to marry him, she wished to disentangle herself from the relations which bound her to the Southerner. Randolph was not a lover of hers—at least, not now—though she had aided him in some of his bad practices. She knew that he had sworn to marry Miss Arnold, in spite of her scorn and coldness, that he had never entirely abandoned the project, and that it could only have been her influence which carried him to Paris. That he should succeed in marrying her, was the second dearest wish of Antoinette's heart. If he had remained in the city she would constantly have dreaded that some knowledge might come to Duncan which would ruin her hopes of winning his love. His love and respect seemed to her the things in the world most worth gaining. At the same time she had a keen appreciation of the temporal advantages waiting upon the position of his wife, should he be successful in his attempted imposture. As she looked around upon the luxurious home of her mistress, as she folded her silken robes and fingered her flashing jewels, she said constantly to herself,

"Soon all these will be mine!"

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Success was not yet so assured but that she had many forebodings of failure. Nothing was neglected, on her part, which promised aid in this dangerous undertaking; sly and subtle as the air, she pervaded every thing with an unseen influence. While she acknowledged to herself the boldness of the scheme, and expected success, she was prepared for the worst. If Duncan should be discovered an impostor, he could leave the country. She, who knew all things, knew that he had quite a sum of money saved from his earnings; and since he was so familiar with Paris, and liked it so much, they could return to her own country, where he could find plenty of employment in the rare branch of his trade which he practiced. In dear Paris they could live and love, and be happy in their own way.

With such thoughts she kept herself sufficiently busy, while the month of David's prescribed absence rolled away. It was now well into May; Mrs. Bowen was full of plans for the summer; so many light dresses and shawls to be selected, so much business with the dress-maker, such important consultations with her French maid! Really, it would seem that the getting up of a summer wardrobe was a serious labor, taxing the physical and intellectual powers of a pretty woman in the severest manner. This labor quite agreed with Nettie's instincts, also; and the two got along together without a ripple of disagreement. Nettie took all the deeper interest in her mistress's preparations, that she hoped soon to be making similar preparations on her own account; she took lessons for future use. That all should be consummated this very season was her hope; she wanted Duncan back before the Bowen establishment should be closed for the summer, that the birds might be caught before they took wing.

The four weeks of his expected absence passed without bringing his return. That vague uneasiness grew upon her; she was jealous of—she knew not who nor what. In the light of her growing despondent mood, the folly of their contemplated crime became more apparent.

If Duncan would only come back, she would ask him to abandon the project she had originated; he would marry her; she would give up these visionary splendors which she had coveted. Thus her mood vacillated, as the moods of a guilty mind generally do.

In the latter part of May she chanced to be looking over the Saturday's paper when she saw a letter advertised for Antoinette Sevigne. She at once asked permission to go for it; her heart throbbed with impatience until the letter was in her hand. Then a dull weight of disappointment settled down upon it. It was not from Duncan, after all. It was a foreign letter, postmarked Paris. The writing was Mr. Randolph's; she recognized it, before breaking the seal. Her curiosity to learn what he might have to say to her was not equal to her regret at not receiving tidings of Duncan.

"He wishes to inform me that he is about to be married, or is married, to the heiress, at last; and to inclose a final check which shall pay me off for the iniquity I have practiced for his benefit, and close our acquaintance. I despise him—and, doubtless, he despises me. But he was the meaner—he was a man! I hope he is married. I never wish to hear from him again." She muttered these things to herself, in rapid French, with quivering lips, as she made her way out of the crowd at the post-office, and entered an omnibus which should take her back up-town.

She felt no inclination to read the letter, which she thrust into her pocket, while she sat gloomily wondering where Duncan was, and when he would return. It was not until she was in the little chamber at Mrs. Bowen's, with her hat off, and the door locked, that she cared to find out what Randolph had thought of sufficient importance to warrant writing from Paris. It possessed more interest for her than she had imagined:

"Paris, April 30th.

"MY CHARMING LITTLE ANTOINETTE:—You will be delighted to hear that I am in a fair way to another disappointment. If I do not look sharp, I shall be outwitted by a greater rogue than I am! '*C'est impossible!*'

—not at all, my dear. There be many rogues in this wide world, as you and I ought to know. But I owe you an explanation for leaving New York so suddenly, without asking you if you had any messages to send back to your many friends in this witching metropolis. Of course I but followed my beacon star. I learned that Miss Arnold, as you assured me that evening in the park, was destined for this country, and I resolved to follow. I told her that my uncle, on my reformation (!) had consented to give me an interest in a business here, and I thought it an excellent time to be taking the benefit of his goodness. I am going into the manufacture of artificial flowers, as something eminently fitted to my abilities. I have dealt in things pretty and artificial so long, that this just suits me. If I can I intend to persuade Miss Arnold that Paris agrees better with her than New York, and that her father can return whenever he finds it necessary, leaving her to the care of a devoted husband. I am not at all sure of success in this. After two years of 'toil and trouble,' which you alone can fully appreciate, I do not seem to be any nearer the prize than at first. I don't know, really, why I did not abandon the track long ago. I might have had any one of a dozen others, for the asking. But this 'fairest, coldest wonder' just suits my fastidious taste. I shall prize her all the more, for the difficulty I have had in persuading her.

"But, to the point. I suppose you have missed your interesting cabinet-maker, who has, if I guess right, quite run away with little Antoinette's heart. You told me of his remarkable resemblance to young Tunnecliffe. I remembered the fellow very well. As I told you, I once bought a dressing-case of his manufacture, and saw him in the shop, where I went to take a look at the article. A sharp, shrewd, intelligent fellow. He snapped me up, once or twice, on that occasion, which made me take more notice of him. When you told me about his looking so much like Tunnecliffe, I contrived to get a glimpse of him, a few times, when he was coming from his work. What do you suppose was my astonishment to see this very person come out of the Arnolds' house the evening before they sailed? I knew the old folks were not at home, for I had been lingering about the premises, as I have a habit of doing, and saw them going off in their carriage. This person went in, staid an hour by my watch, and came out. I saw him dis-

tinctly; you know there is a lamp opposite the house. I followed him back to his lodgings, which were at the address you gave me. I was thoroughly puzzled, until, by hard thinking, a little light dawned on the affair. He is making capital of his likeness to her dead lover, to win upon the young lady's feelings, and induce her to a marriage—probably a runaway affair. Such were my suspicions, and acting upon them, I resolved to follow the pair, and interrupt the business; for I expected nothing but that he would be on the same vessel. I had no time to see you. I had difficulty in obtaining passage at so late an hour, but a merchant who, from illness in his family, desired to delay his trip, sold me his ticket, and I got on, at the eleventh hour.

"The cabinet-maker was not on board. But I did not regret my undertaking, as I succeeded in getting back into the good graces of the old money-prince, and had opportunities of renewing my friendship with his family. I kept a good look-out, after our arrival, and was not at all surprised to see, yesterday, the name of David Duncan, as just arrived from your city. Have you missed him? I've got him under my eye, and intend to keep him there. He is playing a deep game. Miss Arnold is completely duped by him. I don't doubt that she will marry him, the first hour she can escape from her parents. I am bound to give them warning. In their gratitude, perhaps they will insist upon her marrying me. So I hope. I have sent you, by express, a box of our choicest manufactures. Money is rather scarce with me at present, as I have, as yet, drawn nothing from the firm. I don't know, however, that I am indebted to you. I paid you, I believe, for the service rendered.

"Thinking you might desire to know my prospects, and where your cabinet-maker had gone to, I have written this. Be a good girl, and I will send your Duncan back to you in a very short time.

"As ever, dear coz, R. R."

As she read this, the girl's face grew furious. When she had finished, she threw it on the floor and stamped on it, while the dark red rose of her cheek grew yellow and pale.

"Fool, fool that I was!" she exclaimed, in her own language. "That I did not see it, that I did not suspect it! Ha! he has abandoned me for that young lady! I am not to his taste! the base

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mechanic! the low fellow! He saw the chance to marry that proud creature, and he has fled away from me, secretly—he has left me to the ruin of my hopes, and gone to her! Why did I not see it sooner, and set the officers of the law after him? Ha! I hope Randolph will be too quick for him. Ha, ha! he will not get her, after all his trouble! Randolph will see to that!"

Of all suffering, keenest and most pitiable is that caused by jealousy. There is nothing to mitigate the pain. One may find comfort even in sorrow for lost love, but in jealousy there is no consoling balm. This girl, who had once made another suffer, now shrank from the sharpness of the serpent's tooth. Once, she had gone to that good and beautiful Miss Arnold with a story which she knew would poison the springs of her life. By some curious fatality this same woman now caused her to writhe under similar torture. She had robbed her of her faith in the man to whom she was betrothed; now, the man whom Antoinette had chosen as the object of her passionate devotion despised her, and was making himself dear to Miss Arnold. She scarcely thought of the retribution, or its justice. She lay crushed beneath the ruin of the fairy structure she had built. Alone, deserted, in a false position, with Duncan at the feet of Miss Arnold! She was afraid he might succeed. To her bitterness was added the fear that herself had placed the temptation before him. She had urged him to a crime, and he, once started on this new road, did not intend to hold back at the spot she pointed out. He had broken from her, and gone on, with the mighty will of a strong man.

Yes, there is one mitigation to the pangs of jealousy; a mitigation possible only to the bad; but poor Antoinette was bad—she was cursed with an impulsive nature which had never had the benefit of right training—and she gave way to bad impulses quite as easily as to good. There was revenge! Such revenge as was possible to her, she would have. But how to effect any thing in

time, was the question. It was clearly impossible that she could reach Paris before matters had righted themselves there. Either Randolph would have exposed the imposture, or Duncan would have succeeded in obtaining Miss Arnold's hand in the false character which he had assumed. She could do nothing to prevent that, and, as she realized this she stamped again in impotent rage.

But she would do all the injury which yet lay in her power. If Duncan expected to come back, and impose on these Bowens, attain their property and live at his ease as Ward Tunnecliffe, he should be disappointed in that. Although the confession of the plot existing between them would be to her own detriment, it should at once be exposed; these people should be placed on their guard. And she would some time have the satisfaction of facing Duncan's wife, and showing her how she had been fooled.

She heard the door-bell ring and the servant admit the master of the house. It must be near the dinner-hour. Mrs. Bowen was out, and might not return until late, as she was going to dine with some friends, and with them, visit the opera. Her husband had declined the invitation, as he had some business in his library, at home, that evening.

Antoinette smoothed her hair and changed her dress; then waited, about as patiently as a caged panther, roaming back and forth across her little room, until assured, by certain sounds, that dinner was over, and Mr. Bowen gone to his library. She was not at all hungry, and she wished to gain his ear before he became absorbed in other affairs; so she picked up the trampled letter, descended, and rapped at the library door.

The man of business was surprised when his wife's maid came in, with excited face, and a letter in her hand. He supposed it some of her private matters about which she wished to ask advice, and, though busy, was disposed to make himself amiable, and meet her requirements. He was seldom cross to a pretty woman, and he now laid aside a bundle

of documents, and looked at her pleasantly.

"What is it, Nettie? A letter from home? No bad news, I hope?"

"It concerns you as much as me, Meester Bowen, so I will be obleege to trouble you to read it."

She reached him the letter, and he read it through with one or two exclamations of surprise. When he had finished, he laid it down before him with an annoyed air.

"It seems there is never to be an end of this business. Poor Ward can not be allowed to sleep quietly in his watery grave. Somebody is forever seeing his ghost poking about somewhere. What with Maud Arnold's mad fancy, and this man's impudence, we are likely to have a mess of it. I suppose it is this fellow, then, whom poor Maud has seen from the beginning, and mistaken for Ward. Of course, if she had been in possession of her right senses, she could never have made such a mistake. I think her brain has been affected, since that first attack of fever;" then, after a pause, with a suspicious look at his visitor, who stood before his table quite self-possessed, because so thoroughly aroused, he asked,

"Who is this R. R.?"

"Mr. Reginald Randolph. You know ze *gentleman*. You are aware zat he was a suitor for Miss Arnold's hand—and fortune?"

"Yes, yes. I've heard Mrs. Bowen say a good deal about it. I knew he was rather fast, but I didn't think him so unprincipled. Why, he belongs to the real F. F. V.'s. I thought him a gentleman."

"Quite as much so as ze most. He ought not to be severe upon this Duncan, for he passed himself off upon you rich people as his wealthy cousin instead of his bankrupt self."

"How came *you* to know so much of him?" with another suspicious glance.

"Oh, I am his fourtieth cousin, Meester Bowen. He has French blood in him, you know. Our families were related. But mine had ze misfortune to grow poor," with a shrug. "But

when he came to Paris, we chanced to meet. I was a leetle girl then. When my father died, I made my way to Baltimore, but my relatives were not pleased wiz zeir poor cousang. They got me situation in New York, as music-teacher. When Reginald came to this city, he found me out, and we were very good friends."

"Indeed?" Mr. Bowen had scarcely heard the explanation; he was thinking of the letter which *he* had received three weeks before; he spoke his thought aloud, unconsciously:

"Perhaps, after all, Ward is really alive. Either that, or else it is all one piece of plotting. I got a note a short time ago, warning me that my brother would soon reappear."

"I know it, Mr. Bowen. I can tell you just what was in that note, for I wrote it myself."

"You?"

"I wrote it," she repeated, defiantly, "and I am going to tell you just how bad I have been. You see, in that letter, Randolph accuses me of being in love with this Duncan. I *was* in love with him. He had great power over me, and when he proposed to me to come to this house to find out all I could about the true Tunnecliffe, zat he might imitate him, you call it, I did consent to come for zis sole purpose. He know zat Mrs. Bowen had much propertie zat was her brother's, and he wanted *zat*, you see! We should be rich, great people. I was persuaded when I knew it was all wrong. But I did not think he would serve me so, else I would see him dead first,"—her black eyes blazed, so as almost to scorch Mr. Bowen.

"It was very wrong of you," he said, gravely.

"Oh, I know zat. We are all poor sinners, Mr. Bowen. You was not verree particular when you made your grand failure, and poor Antoinette, she thought it would be fine to be great lady. Besides, I loved zat big rascal—but I *hate* him now!"

The sleek stock-broker, albeit nettled at her impertinent reference to *his*

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peccadilloes, could not but laugh as the angry girl brought her foot down with a stamp, like a passionate child, to emphasize her assertion.

"So you wrote to me, to pave the way for further deception?" he remarked.

"Yes; we had our plans well laid. I think we should have succeeded. But he has gone over to Miss Arnold, and I care not."

He referred again to the letter, reading it through less hastily than at first. When he came to a certain paragraph, wherein Randolph referred to the dressing-case, a peculiar expression came over his face, which Antoinette could not interpret. It was as if a sudden light had broken upon him, revealing something unpleasant. He flung himself in his cushioned chair, and stared at the wall. He was interrupted in his reflections by his visitor:

"I will bid you good-night, Meester Bowen. I will go, directly, and pack my leetle trunk. I will leave here this evening. I care not to meet madam again. She is a good leetle lady, and I regret my duplicitie wiz her."

"Where will you go, Nettie?"

"To my old boarding-place, for the present. I will get back my pupils and teach music again. I am well-punished for making a lady's-maid of myself, and telling so much falsehood. I could kill him, if I had him here, ze villain."

"Not so bad as that, Nettie. Perhaps, if he don't get Miss Arnold, he'll come back to you yet."

"I will not have ze traitor."

"But what I was going to say is this. Do not leave here to-night; and do not say any thing about this matter to Mrs. Bowen. You can give her warning and leave in the regular way. I do not wish her to be frightened or shocked; she is too delicate to bear such excitement. I will write to the Arnolds by the next mail, to keep me posted, and use my judgment about how much or how little I make known to Mrs. Bowen.

It is the least you can do to repair the injury you have intended, to remain a few days longer at my request."

"Perhaps you mean to have me arrested," suggested the suspicious girl.

"And if I did, I could arrest you at your boarding-place as easily as here. No, Nettie, I will deal more honestly by you, than you have done by us. I have no object in making this request, except to save Mrs. Bowen from excitement and distress. Since your attempted fraud has failed, I shall not seek to punish you for it. Will you remain?"

"Willingly, if it will save madam any trouble. She is like a child, so simple and so pretty. I like her much; but zat Duncan?"

"There, there! Go to your room, Nettie, and compose yourself. There's no great harm done thus far. I have work to do this evening and must set about it."

He waved his hand with his usual graceful suavity, and she retired from the room. But when she had disappeared, something very like a frown gathered on his brow, which grew blacker the longer he reflected. There was something which gave him more uneasiness than he confessed.

"I ought to start for Paris by the next ship. Yet, if I should be mistaken, I would have my trip for nothing, and it is inconvenient for me to leave my business, with no partner to take my place. Mrs. Bowen would insist upon accompanying me, too; she has hinted at Paris several times of late. The better way will be to write. It will keep me longer in suspense, but a letter must answer."

He at once drew writing materials towards him, and, with some care, composed the epistle and sealed it ready for the mail. When Mrs. Bowen came in from the opera, celestial in blue and white, with water-lilies in her shining hair, her husband met her with a compliment; he had cleared his brow, and "Richard was himself again."

A SOLDIER'S RETROSPECT.

FOUR years of one's life, during youth or early manhood, devoted to a particular calling, however monotonous, can not fail to leave their trace upon the character.

The sailor, returning from a whaling voyage, has acquired in addition to his bronzed face, calloused hands, and scanty pay, enlarged ideas of geography and human nature. The college curriculum, with its many facilities for intellectual culture, effects, perhaps, the most complete transformation in the youthful competitor for honors. Let us now consider some of the features of army life, during a corresponding period, viz: the late war—premising that all other avocations are tame and uneventful, in comparison with life in the field.

We affirm in the outset, that no pecuniary inducement—in short, nothing but a stern sense of duty, and motives of the purest patriotism, are adequate to sustain a person in the discharge of duties incident to a soldier's life, during a crisis similar to the one through which we have just passed. Superiority in numbers alone, does not, necessarily, argue success; hence the policy of swelling an army by the offer of large bounties is questionable, especially in view of the acknowledged fact that troops obtained by conscription, fight better than mercenaries. Observation strengthens one in the belief, that, on the part of the rank and file, in addition to discipline, there must be an intelligent understanding of the issues, and a firm and conscientious belief in the justness of the cause for which the soldier is contending, to make success possible.

The first question which engrosses the thoughts of one just entering upon a military career, and which can not be determined beforehand, is, in reference to his behavior under fire. Will his courage hold out when subjected to the ordeal of battle? Will he stand fast and acquit himself manfully, or will his legs bear him ignominiously from the field? Over such questions the soldier ponders

and speculates much, until, eventually, his preconceived notions are overthrown or corrected amid the smoke of battle. The effect of a real or false alarm upon raw troops is ludicrous in the extreme. I remember well the uproar created in the camp of my own regiment, the first time the "long roll" was sounded at dead of night. Ah, there *was* "hurry-ing to and fro"—officers haranguing the soldiers and inciting them to deeds of valor—men hastily loading their pieces in expectation of the immediate appearance of the enemy, while a half a dozen or more fled incontinently from the imaginary foe, and took refuge in the woods. With length of service the tendency to create false alarms, or to be excited by them, diminishes. When the soldier is first put on outpost duty, at night, his fertile imagination converts a stump or harmless quadruped, into an armed foe. I have in mind one, in particular, whom the safety of his comrades did not admit of his being put on the outpost, since he could form so little idea from what quarter the enemy might be expected, that, without waiting to challenge he would fire on the "relief."

After a time the soldier finds that he has too much to do with the real, to allow himself to be exercised about the imaginary—that investigation must precede action, with reference to any phenomenon not readily understood. In illustration, let me relate an amusing incident from the experience of a cavalry officer:

On the eve of the battle of Five Forks he had been directed to establish the necessary picket line in front of his brigade, with instructions to locate it as close to the enemy as possible. After leading his detachment a couple of miles through a narrow road in a dense forest, he halted the column, and taking a corporal and three men he advanced cautiously until he could hear the enemy's pickets conversing with each other, and was thus furnished with a necessary clue to the location of his own line. While groping about in the midnight darkness, his quick ear detected some one moving in front of him and he quickly called

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out "Halt!" but the perverse foe paid no attention to the summons. A second time he ordered the unseen to halt, with a similar result. The third time, he shouted in staccato tones, "Who are you? Halt! or I fire on you." A closer examination revealed a broken-down horse, hobbling about, and cropping off the nether branches of the trees.

As respects the quality of courage, men are variously constituted. With some, the element of fear seems to be wanting, for they rush into battle, at all times, with an utter disregard of personal peril, as though possessed of a charmed life.

With others, the exhibition of courageous qualities possesses a periodical or intermittent character; men of this stamp are in the habit of winning laurels one day, by feats of valor, only to tarnish them on another by corresponding feats of cowardice. We may add, bodily health must be taken into account in judging of a soldier's behavior on a particular occasion. Pride also enters as an important element into the calculation.

A third class are constitutionally timid. Length of service, instead of improving, only adds to their morbid nervousness. An army surgeon belonging in this class was proverbial in his regiment for *bashfulness* in time of battle. At length he determined to retire from the service, and accordingly sent in his resignation. His papers were forwarded from regimental head-quarters with the following indorsement:

"It is believed by the officers of the regiment, and also by myself, that the playful country of peace, and the quiet pursuits of a rural practitioner, are more congenial to the tastes of this officer, than are the shock and turmoil of battle, and the stirring events of the 'tented field.'

"—, Col. Commanding."

It is needless to add that the resignation referred to was promptly accepted at corps head-quarters.

In the army, as elsewhere, habits are acquired which are not readily shaken off, and lessons learned never afterward to be forgotten. Temporary deprivation

of any blessing heightens subsequent enjoyment of the same. The returned soldier has learned to accept with grateful feelings the gifts of Providence which hitherto he had appropriated to himself without thought of the Giver. A mattress becomes a luxurious couch to one who has been compelled, for a time, to lie down at night between a couple of rails, with a stone or cartridge-box for a pillow. As respects food, few are aware how little, both in kind and quantity, is required to satisfy the demands of nature. Few realize that the majority of articles which constitute our daily repast are of the nature of luxuries. No civilian ever can have such an exquisite appreciation of, and keen relish for, the luxuries of the table, as the soldier. Ask the latter and he will tell you that food never tasted so sweetly, before he campaigned in the South. And oh, the gracious water! How often, as he quaffs the delicious beverage at his northern home, do his thoughts revert to the muddy streams and stagnant pools of Virginia! With an anecdote or two we leave this subject. Shortly after reaching the field, a couple of men were detailed from my company to act in the capacity of cooks. On a certain day the bill of fare consisted of bean soup. Unfortunately, it turned out that each cook, without the knowledge of the other, had treated the savory compound freely with salt, so that, doubly seasoned to the taste, it resembled the briny ocean, thus verifying the truth of the old adage, "Too many cooks spoil the broth." In the spring of '65, while Sheridan's troopers were traversing the country to the west of Richmond, the command passed in dangerous proximity to a Confederate drug store. Flour and corn-meal could be readily obtained at the time, but soda and saleratus were a great *desideratum*. While observing the men preparing their breakfast on the following morning, judge of my surprise to find several of them, in blissful ignorance of their cathartic properties, using Seidlitz powders freely in lieu of yeast!

As far as intellectual culture is concerned, army life holds out but little

inducement. Nevertheless, whatever talent or skill a man brought with him was turned to account. Thus, the book-keeper became the company clerk; the druggist's clerk the hospital steward; the restaurateur the company cook; while the blacksmith, tailor, and barber each could ply his customary vocation. Notwithstanding a large amount of leisure fell to the lot of the soldier in winter time, he was not stimulated to intellectual effort. True, some of the soldiers banded themselves together in literary clubs, with circulating newspapers; but, this was only an outgrowth of old habits. The periodicals most popular in the army were those whose perusal was only a pastime, there being an indisposition on the part of the troops to digest more solid mental pabulum.

Cleanliness of person, arms and accouterments, courtesy toward superiors, and implicit obedience of orders, constituted the requirements of the enlisted man. The general tendency of army discipline is to stifle all inquiry among the rank and file, and to reduce the soldier to the condition of a machine. This is unavoidably so, for, to reveal the plans of the superior to the subordinate, must, in a majority of cases, result in disaster. The men are even relieved from all anxiety with respect to food and raiment; the commissary and quartermaster standing, in this respect, *in loco parentis*. What a fearful responsibility, then, devolves on those intrusted with command! The conduct of the captain of a vessel wrecked at sea, forgetful of self, and coolly giving his orders for the preservation of the passengers, himself the last to leave the ship, or going down with her, if need be, is praiseworthy: the behavior of that woman is to be commended who, in the presence of prospective death, calmly accepts the situation, embarrassing the efforts of others to avert the disaster by not even an outcry. Happy is he, likewise, whether intrusted with the command of a company or a corps, who can command his faculties in a great and terrible emergency—can retain sufficient presence of mind to think and act, when upon

thought and action ultimate salvation depends.

Let me here record an incident related to me by a lieutenant, as transpiring in Loudon Valley, at the time a division of cavalry, sent out by Sheridan, were destroying the forage in the country, and otherwise crippling the operations of Mosby's command. "My squadron," said he, "had been detailed, for the day to act as a destroying party, and had become separated from the rest of the command. The captain in charge had drawn up the squadron in line of battle, and, posting a vidette upon the top of each of the neighboring hills, had gone in quest of further orders, leaving myself in command. Scarcely had he disappeared from sight, when a dozen guerrillas dashed out of the woods on fleetest horses, and made directly for the sentinel furthest from the reserve. When I saw that he did not retire, I knew that his fate was sealed, and that no aid from me could reach him in time. Nevertheless, I shouted to the men to go to his rescue. In the twinkling of an eye we were off—every one of us urging his horse to his utmost speed with voice and spur. The intervening fences afforded no obstacle, while the fire flew from underneath the horses' hoofs at every bound. Yet, before we could reach the gallant trooper, with every barrel of his revolver emptied of its contents, he had fallen from his horse, with a bullet lodged in his breast. With a parting volley at the now rapidly-disappearing foe, we turned sadly away."

The practice of warfare is not calculated to foster the Christian graces. Fortunate is the disbanded volunteer, if, in this respect, he has suffered no declension; if to bodily scars there are no moral cicatrices superadded. *Satiety* expresses the soldier's condition, with respect to all forms of excitement. If, in the terrible ordeal through which the man has passed, his moral sensibilities have become blunted, this must be reckoned as an important item in the cost of war.

This picture of army life would be incomplete without some allusion to the

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march. All protracted marches, though differing in detail, have a common characteristic, viz., physical exhaustion. From the many, we select one as a representative of its class. Though unknown to fame, it will be remembered by the thousands who participated in it, as the "Windsor March." In the winter of '62 and '63, a force numbering ten thousand in all, was sent out from Suffolk with a view to bringing on an engagement with the rebel troops in the vicinity of the Blackwater, under command of Roger A. Pryor. After a march of thirty miles on the day in question, without encountering the enemy, the Union troops were ordered into camp at Windsor, a station on the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad. The men had pitched their shelter tents and were regaling themselves with broiled fowl and Carolina potatoes, or resting their weary limbs before comfortable camp-fires, when suddenly the order came to resume the march and return to Suffolk. To accomplish a distance of twelve miles in the midnight darkness, with the rain falling in torrents, seemed sufficiently arduous; nevertheless, the column soon was in motion, and stretching away with a slow but resolute pace toward its destination.

The distinguishing trait of the American soldier is his patient and heroic endurance of physical suffering. Straggling was held in so great disrepute that in summer time I have seen more than one fall dead from the ranks before ever a confession escaped his lips of inability to proceed. Fortunately for us at the time the temperature of the southern climate was reduced by the lateness of the season, and the rain, though it covered the road with mud to the depth of six inches, acted as a lubricator to our stiffened joints. At the outset, some of the "strikers" and sable attendants, strangely miscalculating their power of endurance, had added to their *impedimenta*, a captured rooster, or confiscated gobbler; but, after an hour or more of travel, the feathered biped had to be abandoned, while overcoat and blanket becoming more and more saturated with rain, seemed

destined, ere long, to share the same fate. For a time the company organizations were carefully preserved, the men marching in column of fours, but, in the darkness one would lose his file leader, or, with the slightest jostle, find himself precipitated headlong into a ditch, from which reascending, he could not accelerate his pace sufficiently to regain his place in the column. The men sunk so deeply in the yielding soil at every step, that the skirts of their overcoats trailed in the mud, and being trod upon by the man in rear, the possessor was in this manner often "brought to grief."

Scarcely half the distance had been accomplished, when the men began to show signs of excessive weariness. Conversation had been abandoned, for every one realized that he must husband his failing strength. Every step taken was associated with more or less of pain, amounting, in some cases, almost to agony, and yet to "fall out," would only subject one to the alternative of death at the hands of guerrillas. Each one was peering anxiously through the darkness to catch a glimpse of the friendly picket-fires, which, having once been beheld, even then the distance to them seems interminable.

At last, the outpost is reached. To the question proposed for the thousandth time: "How far is it into camp?" the picket replies, "Four miles." Scores of the soldiers fall out at the "reserve," while the remainder plod on and enter town singly or in pairs. A ditch by the side of the camp of my own regiment could only be passed by falling in on one side and crawling out on the other. Each soldier as he staggered into his log hut said mentally, if not audibly, "Thank God we are home once more."

We come now to consider another feature of army life, not pleasant to contemplate. We allude to it only sorrowfully in passing, with no disposition to arraign public sentiment, now that the war has happily terminated. Aside from the hardships of the field, the soldier often was placed in a position where

he could not avoid instituting an unfavorable comparison between his own lot and that of the non-combatant. In traveling, to be a soldier was to be confined to the poorest coaches on the train, and, in many other ways, with his liberties curtailed, he was made bitterly to feel, that he was of *less consideration than the civilian*, and to wonder if, after all, to defend one's country is the noblest duty in which one can engage. In the summer of '63, after a year's absence from civilization, it was the fortune of my regiment, on a Sabbath day, to pass through the Federal capital, *en route* for Gettysburg. A drenching shower of rain had covered the streets with mud, through which we passed, with scarcely a recognition from the inhabitants, long since familiar with the tramp of armies. From balconies and windows were to be seen beautiful ladies, richly dressed, while, on the corners of the streets, pale-faced clerks, in elaborate attire, stood and gazed on the passing column with listless curiosity. Scarcely a waving handkerchief, or a "God bless you," encouraged the mud-stained veterans in service on their toilsome journey, and yet, it would not be regarded an unusual affair in any country that troops should be lustily cheered when marching to the defense of a beleaguered town.

Though the drum-beat and bugle-call are heard no longer, the chequered events in the soldier's experience will not be forgotten. As there were days of sorrow, so likewise there were days of rejoicing, when the successful charge was made and victory won, and, chief of all, to the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, that glad day when the army of Northern Virginia succumbed, at last, to the invincible prowess of its ancient adversary.

And I doubt not, that, as from Northern church and chancel, there ascended grateful *Te Deums* to Heaven for the victory vouchsafed, so likewise the heart of every soldier overflowed with gratitude to Almighty God for a life marvelously spared, during four years of terrible war.

J. N. Flint.

MOVEMENT IN PLANTS.

THE ACTIONS OF VEGETABLE AND MICROSCOPIC VEGETO-ANIMAL ORGANISMS.

THERE are a class of plants familiar to naturalists, which, too limp to maintain themselves in an upright position, tend to twine round the nearest objects. This they *generally* do from right to left—that is, inversely to the motion of the sun; but some species turn in the opposite direction, and it is impossible to make either the one or the other change its direction.

Gay, Vonmühl, Dutrochet, and, latest, Darwin, have successively expressed the opinion that *light* was the cause of this tendency; but demonstration was wanting.

Dutrochet, who discovered that the Chinese Yam could live a long while in the *dark*, tested the effect of the absence of light upon it. He placed one in a pot, and as soon as it showed its stem above ground, he took it down to a dark cellar, where it remained several weeks in complete darkness. It there grew slowly. It looked withered and whitish, but upon the whole was strong, and even stiff and perfectly straight, having no tendency to twine itself around the stick which had been placed there for support.

Another yam was planted a month later, and left exposed to daylight, until it twined itself twice about the stick. It was then taken and placed in the cellar, where its stem, still obeying its natural tendency, went round once more, but in a more vertical direction than before; after which it grew straight up along its pole, to which it was fastened as it grew.

It was now again taken up into the garden, where it immediately began to turn round again, making five close turns, and when it was once more taken down into the cellar, it returned again to its growth in a straight line; and so on, accordingly as it was alternately placed in the light or in the shade.

By recent long-continued researches, Darwin shows first that climbing plants may be divided into four classes, viz.: 1. Spirally turning plants; 2d. Those

which as foot stalks, climber, true tendrils, those and rootlets.

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which ascend by the movement of the foot stalk or tips of their leaves, (leaf climbers); 3d. Those which ascend by true tendrils, (tendrill bearers); and, lastly, those which are furnished with hooks and rootlets, (hook and root climbers).

All these possess the power of moving, not only in one direction, upward or forward, but in a direction sometimes exactly the reverse of any previous movement, and some of them, while they revolve upon their own axis, (upon themselves) in one direction, will twine in another. The motion of the sensitive plant is invariable under the inducing circumstances; but, in these cases, the motion varies, being now in one and then in another direction.

This is strikingly illustrated in certain species of *Brynomia*. The tendrill consists of five branches, apparently representing two pairs of leaflets, and a terminal one. Each branch is bifid or trifid, the points being blunt but hooked. The tendrils revolve in an apparently capricious manner, sometimes not at all or very slightly; but, at other times, they describe large regular ellipses. A remarkable fact about them is, that, although they bend round sticks, the tendrils again loosen themselves, sometimes repeating the operation three or four times, retreating "in disgust," and straightening themselves. The tendrils moreover avoid the light; and when a rough post, with crevices, is given to them, the *claws* of the tendrill crawl into them. Here we have the positive evidence of selection. When the shoot of a hop (*humulus lupulus*) rises from the ground, the two or three first formed internodes are straight and stationary; but the next formed, while very young, may be seen to bend to one side, and to travel slowly round toward all the points of the compass, moving like the hands of a watch, with the sun. The average rate of their movement was 2h. 8m. for each revolution. Each separate internode, as it grows old, ceases to revolve, becoming upright and rigid.

Generally, three internodes revolve simultaneously; with all the plants ob-

served, if in full health, two revolved, so that by the time one had ceased, that above it was in full action, with a terminal internode first commencing to revolve.

The internode will give no less than thirty-seven revolutions before becoming rigid. Of thirty plants observed, twenty revolved in a course opposed to, and twelve with the sun; two revolved both with and against the sun. The average rate at which the first circle of revolution is described, is about 6h. 10m., but light has a remarkable power in hastening the revolution. Heat likewise affects the rapidity of revolution.

In one plant there is a peculiar instance of a natural reversal of movement. This plant would make a whole, or a half, or a quarter circle, in one direction, and then turn in an opposite one. The reason of this was not discovered until the plant was surrounded with several upright, thin sticks; and then it twined up the parallel sticks, sometimes about one and sometimes about the other, and not unfrequently around several at once; but, though the revolving movement was at times in one direction and then in another, the twining was invariably from left to right.

In one plant, the *tameis Elephantipes*, the main stem does not twine, but only the branches.

But, a still more remarkable instance, in a South African plant, the *Ipomoea argyroides*, which, in Africa, always grows erect and compact, from twelve to eighteen inches; whereas, seeds raised at Dublin twined up sticks eight feet high.

These plants had, therefore, propagated themselves for thousands of years in an erect condition; and yet during the whole of this period they had retained the innate power of spontaneously revolving and turning whenever their shoots elongated under proper conditions.

Of the leaf-climbers, the *Solanum jasmenoides* is the most remarkable. When a petiole has clasped a support, in three or four days it undergoes a complete change, even in its structure; it increases in thickness, and after several weeks becomes hard and rigid. On comparing

a thin transverse slice of this petiole with one from an older leaf beneath, which had not clasped any thing, its diameter was found to be doubled, and its structure greatly changed.

In that of the structure of the petiole in its ordinary or uncurled state, there is a half-moon-shaped band of cellular tissue. In the curled state, after the petiole had, during several weeks, clasped a support, this half-moon band was changed into a complete broad ring of hard, white, woolly tissue; the clasped petiole had become greatly thicker than the stem close beneath—chiefly due to the much-increased thickness of the wood.

One of the most remarkable of the hook-climbers is the *Maregravia umbellata*, which, in the forests of South America, grows in a very curious flattened manner, against the trunks of trees, here and there putting forth claspers (roots), which adhere to the trunk, and if it be slender, they completely embrace it.

When this plant has climbed to the light, it sends out free and rounded branches, clad with sharp-pointed leaves, wonderfully different in appearance from those borne by the stem as long as it is adherent.

From this example we see how high in the scale of organization a plant may rise. Looking at one of the most perfect tendrils, we see that it first places its tendrils ready for action, as a polypus places its tentacles. If the tendril be displaced, it is acted on by the force of gravity, and rights itself. It is acted on by the light, and then bends toward or from it, or even disregards it, whichever be most advantageous. During several days, the tendrils, or *internodes*, or both, spontaneously revolve with a steady motion. The tendril strikes some object, and quickly curls around and firmly grasps it. In the course of some hours it contracts as in a spire, dragging the stem upward and forming an excellent spring. All movements now cease. By growth the tissue soon becomes wonderfully tough and durable. The tendril has done its work, and done it in an admirable manner. In fig. 1 we have



an example of the first class, representing two young leaves of the *Clematis glandulosa* clasping a twig, the clasping portion thickened and strengthened as if to make its hold permanent, and seeming to show, in its "selection," a sagacity quite consistent with purpose or intent. It is but a few years since the power of movement was thought to be confined to, and characteristic of, animals alone. But, this quality is now known to be universally present among the cryptogamic plants; and the researches of Sorby have even shown that in minute cavities in crystalline rocks, rapid oscillations are continually going on. Still, the character of the movements of these three classes of created things differ. The movement of the mineral is dependent on some physical influence, directly from *without*. The movement of the plant is either continuous or recurrent, while in the lower orders of animal forms, as the rhizopod or gregarinæ, the movements are diverse and variant.

The movements of animals of the simplest possible kind—a movement of decided self-propulsion, and therefore a physiological one—has not, until very recently, been explained. It is that of the diatomacea, a simple uni-cellular organism.

The diatomacea are very minute organisms, consisting of symmetrical silicious shells of various shapes, inclosing organic matter. The shell, or "frustule," is elongated, boat-shaped, square or circular, and is composed, like the oyster, of two equal and symmetrical halves, or valves, joined longitudinally in most

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species. The line of junction on either side is called the raphe or "suture," and it is along this line that the diatoms frequently divide, producing new individuals.

Disposed along the "raphe" in many species, in long ones, more especially near the ends of the frustule, are numerous minute holes in the siliceous sheaths, called "puncta," or "foramina."

The diatoms may be roughly divided into three groups, viz., those which live free and apart from each other, those which live in chains or stalked groups, and those which live incased together in one envelop. It is only in the first and second that movements have been observed. The movement of the diatom is of the most peculiar kind. It is a slow, regular advance in a straight line; and a return upon nearly the same path, by a similar slow, recurrent, rectilinear movement.

The rate of this movement is very slow when contrasted with the rapid oscillations of infusoria; but is very rapid as compared with the rate of crawling movements in animals. A diatom of about $\frac{1}{400}$ of an inch in length will move

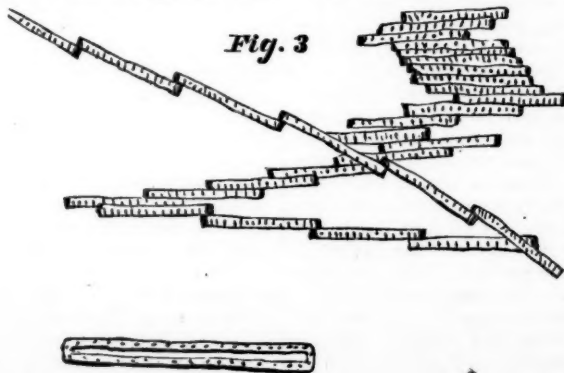
about the $\frac{1}{400}$ of an inch in a second; so that a snail moving at the same rate would accomplish the distance of a mile in two hours. No organs capable of producing these movements had ever been observed, though many hypotheses have been made to account for them. Ehrenberg supposed that a snail-like foot was protruded. Foeke believed in the existence of many such feet.

When you have a specimen of one of these under the microscope, if crawling it always has its broad side turned to view, with one long curved "raphe" uppermost, and the other in contact with the glass on which it is placed. Within the frustule is the yellow coloring matter or "Endochrome," which fills the cavity more or less completely, and is arranged to the right and left of the "raphe." (See fig. 2, *Pleurosigma Angulatum*.)

The significant fact is, that to crawl along, the diatom must have a fixed support. Free swimming movements have never been observed among them.

Professor Schultze of Bonn first observed a rapid molecular movement in the protoplasm along the line of the "raphe." Having then determined with powerful objectives that a moving protoplasmic mass was intimately connected with the "raphe," he tried to find whether any of the protoplasm flowed externally; and thus he finally discovered the means of movement of the *diatomacea*.

He eventually found that the clear



hyaline white-of-egg-like matter of the protoplasm flowed slowly through and over the exterior of the "raphe;" and hence the band or membrane has the exact physiological import of a foot, on which the diatom creeps, just as if it were solid and capable of undulating and contracting. It is, in short, the exact analogue of a muscle. This discovery explains the movement of every class of diatoms. The movements of *bacillaria paradoxa* (see fig. 3) and *bacillaria cursoria*, totally inexplicable hitherto, are now explainable.

The bacillaria are elongated diatoms attached to one another by their broad sides. They exhibit the most strange and inexplicable movements. One frustule slides or pushes along its neighbor until it is only attached to it by its end; the next one above performs the same movement, and then the whole colony follows the example, so that they become spread out like a flight of steps; and after a short pause the movement is reversed. This curious phenomenon is easily explained by the gliding movement of the protoplasm of one frustule, upon that of its neighbor.

Rufus King Browne.

'LONG SHORE.

I HAVE chosen a strange place and strange people as the subject of this sketch. Strange, at least, to those whose lives in cities are confined to their several places of business and to the streets which lie between them and their homes; who know that, outside of the circle of their business, other men live and move and have a being, not because they have seen them, but because they have heard or read that such is the case. There are thousands upon thousands in the great cities who know as little and care less for the weary work which other thousands do, than the people of Kamtschatka. My story is of the poor and lowly, whose little sphere of action, narrow as it is, will bring them into the light of God sooner than the works of those who see only dollars and cents, and care for no better sight.

Down on the Jersey shore, a shore upon which the broken ribs of many a gallant ship lie scattered, live a class of men known as wreckers. Novelists have given to these men a character which, though in some rare cases the true one, is in the main unjust. These wreckers strive day after day, to wrest from the jaws of the ravenous sea a livelihood for their wives and little ones. They are rough men, with hands calloused by the use of the oar and handspike. These are the men, who, when a ship drives on the perilous sands which line the treacherous coast, push out their lifeboats and rescue the drowning crew, risking their lives, and often losing them too, in the service. What if they are actuated by the hope of gain? It is their calling in life—their way of putting bread in their children's mouths.

All down that dreadful stretch of shore, at Squam Beach and Barnegat, these men have boats hauled up on the sand, and when they hear the signal gun or see its flash far out upon the water, they thrust them out, and do their duty as only brave men can, nobly and well.

The afternoon had been sultry, and the clouds, rising on the far-off horizon, made crafty old wreckers shake their heads as if that sky were a book which they could read. They knew what it meant, that fleecy canopy rising and falling like a curtain, as if shaken by spirit hands. The sea-gulls flew screaming overhead in a sort of frantic state, as if they too knew what was coming. The sea, rolling up its surges to the shore, seemed to rise higher at every swell. Many fishermen, warned by the sky, were coming in from the fishing-ground.

At a spot not many miles from Barnegat Light, a little cluster of houses had been built for the families of the wreckers. As a matter of course, among the buildings was a tavern, which the men frequented of a night. It was a crazy old structure, kept by a wrecker too old for his sea vocation. He stood behind his little bar dealing out potations of whisky, colored according to taste and dignified by any name the landlord chose to call it—gin, whisky,

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rum or brandy. On the evening under notice, many of the villagers were assembled in the bar-room, to talk over the look of the sky and the chances of their having work to do before morning.

"You'll see," said the landlord. "We are going to have a right strong nor-easter before morning, and you may as well get ready your boats. It's desprit uncertain weather, I allow, and a big fleet was expected to pass soon. We ain't seen many boats by for two days. How is that whisky, Bill Decker?"

"That's good whisky," replied the person addressed, a tall fellow in a bearskin overcoat and sou'-wester. "That's right good whisky."

"I thought you'd say so. Who is this chap that's loafing round here so long? What does he want? He may be a good sort of man; mayhap better than I am, but he don't show his colors—a piratical way I don't like."

"You oughtn't complain," said Bill Decker, holding up his glass to the light. "He's a good customer, and you see the color of his money often enough at this bar. He's a gentleman from York, I reckon, and has come down here to get a breath of the fresh sea-breeze. I hear tell how the city bugs come down to Cape May and Atlantic City every summer, just to get the same. It makes me think better of them, poor, weak, sickly creatures, that they know where to go. I don't know how they kin live a week as they do. Think of it, boys; hemmed in on two sides by walls higher than trees, so that the air don't get half a chance, and when it *does* blow it only raises a sickly dust, such as you can't breathe. It ain't the place for me, boys. I went to York once in a coaster, and went up in the city to see how it looked; but Lord! to see the dust and the omnibuses, and the horses and little cars they dragged about in the streets! I didn't go *far*, but put back to the boat and wouldn't go off again until we went home; I was right glad of it, too."

"If all the gentlefolks go to Cape May and to Atlantic, why don't this stuck-up fellow go too? There's nothin' here of *his* kind. He never did any

work, you can see that by his hands. Them stuns he wears are real dimuns and worth oceans of money. He *is* a good customer, but, good as he is, I'd like to see him far enough away from this place."

"He takes to our life mighty handy," said Bill Decker. "I had him out in my boat many a day and he do take to blue-fishing wonderful. He used to have a lot of truck with flies and sich, for fishing. But, he gave *that* up and come into our ways, and now he takes as many fish as the best of us, most days. He's a tonguy chap, too, and is a master hand to tell stories. He's full of them. All about the sea and sailors and things they've done, time and again. I like to sit by and hear him, that I do."

"Yes, he have tongue enough, if that's all," said the landlord. "There's no end to the tales he has to tell, nights when we are in the sitting-room, the old woman and Em'ly and I. They do take to him wonderful, do the *women*. Dashed if I knows why. I can't see what you or they make out of him. Now, captain, what will *you* take?"

"I'm for brandy. What do you say, boys? Come up and take summat. 'Twon't hurt, if only to keep the wind off a man's stomach."

The landlord set out the bottles and tumblers and they drank, without comments.

"What do you say to *that*, Bill Decker?" said the landlord, after a pause. "You *praised* the whisky."

"Yes, I did," replied Bill. "I *did* praise it, and it *needed* it. This brandy is good enough to speak for itself."

"So 'tis, so 'tis," said the landlord. "You said the right thing of it. Ah, who is that?"

"It's this Fletcher we've been talking of," said Bill Decker. "He is always on hand when there looks to be trouble brewing in the sky. He loves a storm, I do think. Here he be."

The door opened to admit the newcomer. A slight man, with a clear-cut, pale face, a finely shaped head, covered by curling black hair, and the indescribable air which marks a person of birth

and breeding. His dress was evidently chosen for a sojourn here, and was coarse and strong, and little better than the dress of the fishermen, though better cut and made. He had a small fowling-piece upon his shoulder, which he set carefully behind the door, throwing down a bunch of quails upon the little counter.

"Just give those to your wife, Mr. Fithian, if you will be so kind, and have her dress some of them for breakfast. They are very fine. I flushed a lot of them in a cornfield down by the river. My dog puts them up finely. Good-evening, Mr. Decker. I call you to witness that I caught the largest rock-fish the other day. Mr. Fithian don't more than half believe me. We shall have to take him out with us some day and show him how it is done."

"We will that," replied Bill Decker, laughing. "Old man Fithian has some old-fashioned notions about knowing how to take out blue-fish. We would soon show him."

The landlord made no reply, but took up the quails and disappeared with them through a door behind the bar.

"You'll find a *snack* waiting for you in the eating-room," he said, coming back. "I think you'd do as well to go in now, or your coffee will be cold."

"Thanks," replied Fletcher, "I'll take a wash. Handling powder and dirty shot all day, I have made a mess of it."

"You'll find the basin behind the door, Mr. Fletcher. I told wife to cook the quails. She knows how to do it."

"What are the chances of a storm to-night, Mr. Decker?" asked the young man, as he dried his hands upon the towel. "If the worst comes, I ask as a favor that you will give me a place in your boat."

"I don't think it will be right."

"Have you got any one who can beat me at the oar?"

"No, I don't think we have. I can't think where a gentleman like you picked it up. But what I was a thinking of was the *danger*."

"Danger; to whom?"

"To yourself."

"I didn't think of it. Don't let that

trouble you. You might think of it for yourself, for you have a family to care for, while I—I have not a near relative upon the face of the earth. What if I lost my life? I do not know that any one living would shed a single tear. Why should I not go out with you? I want your promise. Will you give it?"

"If you are bound to go, why then I promise. It wasn't on my account I spoke at all. You asked if we were like to have a storm. I think we are. There be signs which a sailor knows too well, and they go to show that we are safe for trouble. You be ready if we rise, and when I pass by on my way to the boat I'll call you."

"Thanks, Decker. I think I'll go in now and see to this *snack* Fithian talks about. I am sharp set and can enjoy myself over a meal."

He passed behind the bar and through the door, with a nod of friendly farewell to the men in the room. His frank, cheerful way seemed to have a charm about it, for every one spoke in high terms of him, his boldness at sea, the skill with which he managed a boat, his rowing, his shooting, in all of which he excelled. Only the landlord remained silent, leaning moodily against the bar-fixtures and paying little heed to the encomiums heaped upon Fletcher. The subject of this praise had gone to what the landlord called a *snack*, consisting of the better portion of a broiled blue-fish, weighing about three pounds, pancakes and butter, smoking "pone" bread and good hot coffee. A girl sat at a window sewing. A beautiful girl, and Jersey is famous for such. There are those living who will take long odds that New Jersey, in the matter of pretty girls, sweet potatoes and watermelons, holds the *belt*.

The girl at the window was beautiful, I say. She was small, as small as was compatible with beauty, had rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, white teeth, and all the things necessary to make her bewitching. The face had another beauty; it was good and pure. She was a flower, set down in a strange spot, for she was

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the daughter of Robert Fithian, the landlord.

Her father loved her with that species of idolatry which parents sometimes bestow upon an only child. He had, in his devotion to her, hesitated a long time before he sent her to that school in Bridgeton, the "City" of southwestern Jersey, where she obtained her education; for Emily had an education, a strange thing to the daughters of most of the people along the coast. Poor people look upon educated people there with a sort of wonder, mixed with awe, thinking that they tempt Providence in daring to know so much. But, with Emily Fithian it was different. Every one knew her, every one loved her. The children on the beach stopped playing and ran to greet her, when she walked in the glory of the summer sunshine down the long stretch of beach below the tavern.

She had finished her course of studies at the school, and came back to them a great deal more polished, a little more quiet, but in other things the same darling girl who went away from home three years before, during which she only came home once a year. Robert Fithian saw with a jealous pang that his daughter was growing up into a woman. "Some one will be for wanting her; some one else will love my little Emily," was his thought, night and day. What if she should love some one who would take her away—take the very life out of his heart, as it seemed to him? "No little Emily to meet me when I come home, and reach up to me for a kiss. No little girl to sit by my side when the lamps are lighted and the fire burns up in the fire-place." The man studied all the time how he could keep her, how he should drive away any one who dared to look upon her with a lover's eye. And when Fletcher came down from the city, his jealous eye saw in him only a man who had come to steal away his child. He had more reason to fear than even he thought, for Emily, and none other, had brought Garrett Fletcher into Jersey. Garry, they called him in the city. He was a

reporter for the press, as well as a writer of some merit, a "card" of a well-known publishing-house in New York. Business took him to Philadelphia, and a friend took him to Bridgeton. There he saw Emily. There is a walk in Bridgeton which is much frequented, and they used to follow its windings together, very often. You go in at two great gates which lead you past a great nail factory and rolling-mill and skirt the side of a high bluff, upon the top of which stand two or three very neat residences. Passing over a rustic bridge, you come suddenly upon a miniature lake, lying

"Cuplike within a hollow of the down," and stretching away before the eye, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length. The walk leads you along the bank to the "Race," and then for a mile you walk under low, second-growth trees, past thickets laden with the breath of white magnolia blossoms and fragrant laurels, until you come to the pond formed by a dam in Cohansey Creek. Crossing the dam upon its parapet, you continue the walk down the other side of the stream, drink from a famous spring, and home again. "Swinging round this circle," Garry Fletcher drank in deep draughts of happiness in the knowledge he gained of the fact that Emily loved him. They spent a happy four months; then her term ended, and she left Bridgeton to return no more. He wandered aimlessly back to New York, worked hard, and tried to keep her out of his mind. But, her innocent ways had placed her so firmly in his heart, that he could not cloud her image. Often, poring over his books, or revising his pages of mysterious phonographic writing, he looked up suddenly, expecting to see her standing by his side, so vividly did her image rise before him. He could not give her up, and when he could get a vacation, he took himself and his traps down to the Jersey beach.

He had one failing, secrecy; and he had been with the wreckers but a day when he won from Emily a promise that she would not mention the fact that he came as her lover. So he came and

went, as a tourist and lover of nature, taking his vacation away from the din and bustle of a gay watering-place. He *was* enjoying himself hugely here, and his whole physical system was in better training than it ever had been.

He crossed over to Emily after closing the door, passed his arm about her, and imprinted a kiss upon her ruddy lips. "My darling!" It was all he said, but his looks spoke more plainly than words. A quick flush rose into her pretty cheek, and she allowed him to hold her hand; and dropping on one knee by her side, he looked up into her face, while she looked down on him with an expression which a lover could not mistake. She did not regret her choice, for she knew that she had more influence upon him for good, than any other creature.

"What were you saying just now about going out in Decker's boat, Garry?" she said.

"Decker's boat?" he said, evasively. "Oh, I go out with him a great deal."

"Were you not talking about it to-night?"

He was silent, for he would not deceive her.

"You must not go out. I know more of the sea than you do. It is frightful in its rage. When the weather is pleasant, it is *grand*; but, when a storm is on it, oh, it is terrible—terrible! Garry, I saw a shipwreck once, and I pray God I may never look upon such a sight again. The sea was white with foam; the fires upon the beach only flashed out a little way into the leaden gloom. And when the ship struck, it was on the inner ledge, and we could see! Then she was doomed. The masts swayed, bent and broke like reeds! You must *not* trust yourself to the dangers of the coast surf."

"I do not know that we are going out. I only said to Bill Decker that, if the storm came and they went out, I was to make one of the party. That is all."

"But you shall not go. Bill Decker, and such men as he, have lived here all their lives, and they know what to do. But you are a stranger to the tricks of

the treacherous sea. What if you should lose your life? Did I not hear you say to Decker that if you lost it, you did not know that any one on earth would weep for you? Was that just to me, Garry?"

"It was not. I made a mental reservation in your favor. Well, we shall see. If the storm does come, I must go out, for I am pledged to it, and I shall do my duty like a man. I have been more of a man, and led more of a *man's* life since I came here, than for years before. You do not know the temptations which surround a gay young man in a great city. You do not know that many thousands live amid vices which contaminate by their very touch. We must come in contact with them, more or less, and we get tainted so imperceptibly that we are lost men ere we suspect. You will have to take me in hand, Emily, and keep me here, and make the old sea wash me of the city's corruptions."

"In the mean time, you are forgetting your supper. Come, get up, sir, and drink your coffee before it freezes over. I made it myself, and I want you to say it is good."

"I'll pledge my honor it is nectar!"

"Your word will do," she said, placing a chair for him at the table, and pouring out his coffee. "Keep your hands to yourself, sir. Father will be coming in, and seeing your arm around me, *might* be cause for a 'scene.'"

Garry made a hearty meal, talking with her at intervals, and thinking of the good time coming, when he should have a fireside of his own, with her dear face beside it. When he had finished, she cleared the table, and sat down to her work, while he, on the other side of the table, read the "Idyls of the King" aloud, making comments and answering her questions, for she was learned in love matters, whether in reference to Arthur, Geraint, the faithless Queen, Enid or Lancelot of the Lake. She sympathized with this Arthur, and wondered at the endurance of his love of Guinevere, and how she could refrain from loving him. The close of that grand address to her, when he bade her

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"Not Lancelot's, nor another's,"

found Emily in tears. Fletcher closed the book and looked at her, bending so closely over her work to hide her tears.

"Where is your mother?" he said.

"She is in the kitchen," replied Emily. "I must go to her. I think she wants me."

He retired to his own room and sat down at the window without a lamp. The wind was rising and moaning about the old building with weird, unearthly sounds, like wandering ghosts. A strange, uneasy sensation crept over the gay young man—a sensation partly of fear, but more of suspense—a dread of what *might* come of that dark, wild night. He heard the footsteps of the men in the bar-room as they departed to their homes, until, finally, no one but himself was awake in the old house. Still he sat there, looking mournfully out upon the uneasy sea in such a thoughtful, solemn mood as that good man and true poet, George Arnold, might have enjoyed, when he, too, lived on the Jersey shore. But, he has gone, leaving a broken lyre and a few chords of strange music, such as only the poet born could write. Fletcher retired at length, but slept only in broken slumbers, starting up as each fresh gust of wind shook the rafters. In the dead hour about midnight, he heard, booming out upon the wind, the sound of the signal gun. It awoke him instantly. Springing from his bed, with the sounds of many voices in his ears, he reached the shore with the rest.

"Where is she?" he asked of Bill Decker, peering out into the gloom.

"Over yonder," replied the wrecker, tugging at the chain of his boat as he spoke. "She's on the Frying Pan, God help her, and the poor souls in her, for I does be thinking she nor they will never live out this night.

"They're lightin' fires, and when that's done you kin see her. Bear a hand here with this lock; it's rusty with the spray."

"Are you going out?" demanded Fletcher.

"We're a-goin' to *try*," replied Bill. "It ain't that I think we kin do it. There's an awful surf upon the beach and the boat can't live. Ah, ha! There goes the fires."

Half a dozen jets of flame sprung up along the stretch of sand, and increasing in volume, threw a lurid glare over the scene. As the circle of light grew broader, the young man saw the ship; and such a sight! She had been driven high upon the reef and was breaking up very fast, being only a small coasting schooner. Half a dozen drenched men were clinging to the masts, turning pitiful glances toward the shore, and now and then stretching out a hand for aid. The great waves leaped up toward them, smote them with mighty force and then receded, leaving only five men upon the spar.

"Out with the boat!" was the cry. Many hands were ready, and Bill Decker's boat was dragged out upon the sand. The crew took their places, Garry Fletcher among the rest. Ten men laid their brown hands upon the gunwale, five upon each side, and ran with her out into the surf as the last wave receded. Three times, bruised and drenched, they were hurled back upon the shore. Three times with unwavering courage, they dragged her out again. The fourth time, the oars seemed to grip the water with redoubled force, and—hurrah! she glided out of the white surf-line and turned her prow toward the wrecked ship!

Through all this Garry Fletcher worked like a hero, looking at their coxswain, little Willie Glenn, a youngster who had run wild so long upon the shore that he was amphibious. He had thrown a tarpaulin over his face so that nothing was visible but his eyes, which burned with intense luster. He seemed to enter into the terrific danger with wonderful zeal. The boat was steered gloriously. The boy sat there, with his head nearly on a level with his knees, feeling the tiller ropes with a careful hand, and not throwing away an inch. "Well steered, Willie," was the prevailing cry. The boy had not spoken, and when appealed to had only answered by a nod,

or shake of the head. They were nearing the schooner and the men on board could make themselves heard.

"She is breaking up," shouted one. "Hurry boys—hurry!"

The boat hung where she was awhile, the men pulling just enough to keep her steady. One of the men must take out a rope. It would not do to come too near, and break in pieces against the schooner's side. The choice fell on Fletcher, and he rose and took a rope in his hands. Bill Decker fastened it about his waist, and he plunged into the sea.

"Keep her steady, boys," cried Decker. "Look out, Willie. You are letting her drift broadside to the sea; if you do that we are gone."

Recalled to his duty, the boy pulled his left hand rope hard and kept her head to the sea, while the men, looking over their shoulders, kept up a constant slack upon the rope. Fletcher swam resolutely toward the schooner, now rising upon the top of a mighty wave, again sinking to an immeasurable depth as it seemed, and then springing into view upon the top of the next billow. A hundred feet is a short distance on the water; but it is a fearful distance to swim against a tempest surf. Fletcher was a powerful swimmer, his boyhood days having been spent by the blue water of Ontario. The men on shore cheered lustily, as the strong swimmer pressed on over the heaving waves. Another stroke and his hand was laid upon the side of the ship, and he climbed to the deck by means of the trailing ropes. The poor shipwrecked men greeted him with a hoarse cry of welcome. He did not lose a moment, but tied the rope he had brought to the broken foremast, which yet stood firm, and the boat was fast. No need to row longer; the surf boat settled back to the length of the rope, drawing it taut.

"Who goes first?" demanded Fletcher. "There is no time to waste. One at a time."

The men were seamen, and to go down the hawser hand over hand was the work of a few moments. One by one they were hauled into the boat,

dropping down out of the way of the rowers. Garry came last, and again took his place at the oar. Ever since the boat had been made fast, the young coxswain had not taken his eyes from the daring man who was risking his life for others, and when he was taken into the boat safe, the lad fell to sobbing.

"Cast off that rope!" cried Decker. "Look alive there, Willie! Back water, two and four! Pull her round! What are you sniveling for, you young monkey? Eyes in the boat, every man. Pull, all together! Ah, there she goes!"

As the boat glided on through the breakers, the faces of the men turned toward the wrecked schooner. She was trembling in all her parts, as if she felt the coming doom. Then, all at once, she seemed to crumble into pieces and was gone! On the place where she had lain, a few pieces of broken wood, a floating hatch, a splinter of a topmast, were all that remained to show where the schooner had gone down. The saved men looked at Fletcher in silent gratitude, but dared not move to thank him. Through the foaming surf-line, high up on the beach went the life-boat, and all its occupants were thrown out upon the sand. Many strong hands were ready, and they were seized and carried out of the reach of the next wave, which would have washed them out to sea. Then the survivors of the wreck cast themselves at the knees of Garrett Fletcher, and clung to him, thanking him for the life preserved. He put them off as well as he could, and sent them to the tavern to have something warm at his expense, as he chose to stay and see what came ashore. Whatever it was, it was eagerly seized and carried to a place of safety. The cargo was cotton and molasses, and casks and bales dotted the waves in every direction. While they were eagerly at work, Fletcher was astonished to see Willie, the little coxswain, come running down to the beach, bareheaded, and panting for breath. When they first reached the shore, he had disappeared. When he came near, they saw

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that he had nothing on but a ragged pair of trowsers and an old shirt.

"What's the matter, Will?" asked Fletcher, who knew the boy well, as he had often accompanied him upon his excursions to the woods and the fishing-ground.

"Matther, indade," replied Willie, who could not get the Irish burr from under his tongue. "Phat I wants to know is, phat unaisy baste stole me clothes."

"Your clothes? You had a sou'-wester on when you went out just now. Where is it?"

"The divil a bit do I know! Sure, when the storm cum I was slapeing at the tavern; Miss Emily gev me a bed. I was tired by the same token that I wint out wid ye yisterday and the day before too. When I woke, I heard the men down upon the sand, and I laaped for me clothes, but the divil a wan cud I find. They were gone, ivery wan. Now, then, who have them?"

"Did you not steer the boat just now?" cried Fletcher, seizing the boy by the arm.

"Me! I tould you that me clothes were gone."

"Some one steered us, and whoever it was, he answered to your name. Who could it have been?"

"Oh-h-h!" cried Willie, breaking into a wild Irish howl. "Whil-la-loo! Murther! Sure, 'twas the Banshee! I'm dead; I'm kilt entirely! Ar-oo! ow-oo!"

Fletcher, being puzzled, the howling of the lad annoyed him, and he dealt him a hearty cuff, which sent him rolling in the sand. "Shut up, you young imp," he said. "Who could it have been?"

At this moment Bill Decker came up, rolling a cask of molasses before him, and to him Willie related his grievances. Bill turned his quid in his cheek, and looked as if he was not at all surprised. "I didn't say any thing about it," he said; "but, when we were almost ashore I saw who was steering. 'Twan't any one but our Miss Emily."

"Who?"

"Miss Emily. I seen it was her, and

when the boat struck, I stuck to her, and carried her out of the surf. Just as soon as I set her on her feet she put her for the house. Ther ain't another sich gal, I'm bound to say it, all down the Jersey shore. Look at her larnin; and if that ain't enough, look at her face; and if that don't finish you, remember that she steered a boat through a ragin' surf to save five drowning men, poor men, too. Let any man wrong our Miss Emily, and if he hides himself at the other end of the earth, I'll hunt him down and kill him."

Fletcher struck his slender hand into that of the honest sailor, with an emphasis which astonished him. "Well said, Bill Decker; so would I," was all he had to say, and then he left the beach and went up to the tavern to find her. She was not in the sitting-room; so he went up to the little parlor. The door was open, and he heard her voice. She was praying, and he heard her speak of him, thanking God that his life had been saved for other work, and that she had been near him, and shared his triumph, though unknown. Before she had finished, he had knelt beside her, saying, "And join me in this prayer, my darling, that I may be worthy of the treasure of your dear love, my heroine, my own!"

No more secrecy after that. He spoke to Robert Fithian next day, and told him why he had come down to the Jersey shore. And the old man gave his blessing on their love, and when spring came they were married.

Garry Fletcher is ready to swear that he has the best and bravest wife in America.

C. Dunning Clark.

ART IN ROME.

ACCORDING to the strict meaning of the word, Rome is entitled to be called one of the largest manufacturing towns in Europe, for if by "manufacture" is understood articles made by hand, then the vast number and variety of art objects annually produced in Rome entitle that city to preëminence as a manufacturing town.

The studios of Rome are one of its chief attractions; and many visitors who profess utter indifference respecting antiquities, spend half their time in artists' studios and shops devoted to the sale of artistic objects. The number and value of these produced annually in Rome, specifying the number sold to visitors, would be a curious and interesting statistical return. "How many copies do you suppose," I asked one of the best-known copyists of the old masters, "have you made of Guido's Beatrice Cenci?" "Upwards of five hundred," he replied. Now, as the studio of this copyist contains copies of all the celebrated pictures in Rome, and of many in Naples, Bologna, Florence, and Venice, most of which he and his assistants* have produced over and over again, some idea may be formed of the manufacturing process going on in this specialty. Then, again, look at the manufacture of spurious "ancient pictures," which is carried on in Rome to an immense extent. A veritable "manufacture" this, for the picture passes through many operations and processes before it is submitted to the hoped-for dupe. And "we Americans" are the chief purchasers of these copies. Thousands of them have found their way to our shores to be vend- ed as *originals*. We know of one fine house literally crowded with these copies, in magnificent frames, and the worthy people who occupy that house really believe and aver that the art-treasures therein are of almost fabulous value, when the fact is they are not worth the room which they occupy on the walls.

The effrontery of some of the Roman dealers in ancient pictures is amazing. One, imagining probably that I was a rich and gullible "foreigner," was at great pains to impress upon me that he had acquired the real original

* I add, assistants, because, as the reader must see, it would be manifestly impossible for any one hand to reproduce all the copies attributed to eminent Roman copyists. The diluting process of copying copies is, indeed, so well known to the proprietors of the great masterpieces in Rome, that some affix notices in their picture-galleries to the effect that no copy can be considered genuine that has not the seal of the proprietor of the original attached to it.

Transfiguration of Raphael. Curious to see to what lengths he would go, I was reticent respecting the state of my finances, and accordingly he proceeded to relate a long story of how he had lent money to a nobleman on the security of this picture, which had always been in the nobleman's family; that, in consequence of the nobleman's inability to repay the loan, the picture had come into his possession, with documents showing on the most incontestable evidence that the work had been executed by Raphael in a year agreeing with the date (in shining gold) on the picture, and that it was, moreover, the original design of the famous painting in the Vatican, and indeed superior to it in all respects. "And pray," said I, when he had come to the end of his story, "what is the price of the picture?" "Five thousand pounds; I will not take a paul less." I should have been sorry to have offered him fifty dollars!

Then, again, with respect to bronzes; how many copies of the Temples of Tivoli and Vesta, the Pantheon, etc., are made, of all sizes, annually? How many in marble of Scipio's famous Tomb; of the Columns in the Forum, etc.? Many hundreds, for no visitor leaves Rome without purchasing one or more art-souvenirs of that city. Look, too, at the trade in mosaics and cameos. Few visitors are probably aware of the great number of artists following these elegant arts, who are toiling all day long, and often far into the night, in garret-like rooms, wearing out their eyes.*

Then, if we turn to jewelry, who visits Rome without buying a specimen of the elegant and unique Roman gold-work? Castellani's studio—for it seems degradation to call their place of business a shop—will alone yield many hours' instructive study and pleasure, for here high art is allied to exquisite workmanship. In the hands of the Castellani, for there are two brothers, Roman

* I visited several of these artists, and was greatly astonished by the difference in price between mosaics and cameos purchased from them, and the same objects retailed by the shopkeepers in the Piazza di Spagna and elsewhere. Those who visit Rome should bear this in mind.

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jewelry has acquired a world-wide reputation. Augusto Castellani has indeed published a very interesting work on the subject, entitled "Dell' Oreficeria Antica;" and how well this firm imitate the exquisite Etruscan jewelry is well known to all who are at all familiar with art works. I made the acquaintance of the brother who resides in Rome, and heard from him that the artisans engaged on the finest gold-work earn as much as £6 (\$30) a week—a rate of wages that goes far to explain the price of jewelry at this eminent establishment. They alone, of all the Roman tradesmen, have a fixed price for their goods. Other tradesmen, with scarcely an exception, demand much more than they will eventually take, and are always prepared to be beaten down. Indeed, the prices generally asked by Roman tradesmen were so exorbitant that I rarely entered their shops.

Over all artists in Rome must be placed the veteran Englishman Gibson, whose studio is a charming place of resort. You will generally find it full on wet days, when the studios are sure to be besieged by swarms of visitors. I was provided with a note of introduction to the great sculptor. With his usual courtesy he received me kindly, and invited me to visit him in his work-rooms whenever I felt inclined. I had the less compunction in availing myself of his kind permission because my presence never seemed to interfere with his work. I always found him seated on low steps by the side of his new conception, at which he had been working for many months. This was a full length statue of Psyche, representing her on her way to the infernal regions, just at the moment that she is supposed to see Cerberus. She held in her left hand Pandora's box and half-moon cakes, and was in the act of casting one of the cakes to the dog with her right hand. "The action," said Gibson, "is my rendering of the expression 'throwing a sop to Cerberus;'" and a very masterly and lovely rendering it was. For, while on the one hand Psyche evidently is afraid of Cerberus, on the other she is determined to advance. The figure was draped from

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the waist. "You will color the statue, I presume?" I ventured to say, on the occasion of my first visit. "Indeed I will," was the reply; and so the talk fell upon coloring statues, the famous sculptor every now and then giving a touch to the beautiful clay figure before him. "I had long conceived the idea," he added, "of coloring my statues, but wanted courage to take the step. Now, however, I am quite convinced that color is *essential*; the Greeks colored their statues; some of the finest statues in the Vatican, including the new Augustus, bear traces of color; and where will you find higher authority? By coloring I do not mean giving statues of women pink cheeks, but imparting a soft rosy hue to the flesh, such as I have given to my Venus, exhibited in London at the Exhibition of 1862. When there on that occasion, men standing very high as artists and art critics urged me not to use color on my statues; but, all they advanced in the form of arguments has entirely failed to convince me that I am wrong and they right; and it is my intention to continue using color, probably even to a greater extent than I have hitherto used it."

"Will the color be permanent?" I inquired. "Well, as to that," he replied, "I believe it will; at all events water has no effect upon it. For, during the Exhibition, observing that my Venus was in a very dirty state, I expressed a desire to wash her, and permission having been given, I went to the Exhibition one morning early, provided with sponges, and having been furnished with water, to the great astonishment of numerous policemen I thoroughly washed my statue, or, rather, that of Mrs. Preston, for to her does that Venus belong, and it looked all the better for the operation. Why do you find," he continued, "people looking more at pictures than at statues? Simply because the former are colored and the latter are not." "Then, you think," I rejoined, "if that admirable collection of casts of celebrated statues exhibited in the Crystal Palace were colored, the people who now pass them, by unheeded, would linger to look and

first of merits, when you are in New York. To know London, or Paris, is all very well when you are in London or Paris, but that knowledge will not serve you in looking up the lions of Gotham. Every toad is proud of his own puddle—or if he isn't, he's no true patriot—and if you are in his puddle, and don't know it as well as he does, you sink in his esteem, however well you may know your own puddle. A Bostonian is great in Boston; a New Yorker is great in New York; but in Chicago, neither of them is the equal of the Chicagoan, who will show you his dizzy grain-elevators and his huge packing-houses with a proud and conscious superiority that is only equaled by your own pride, or vanity, when you get the Chicagoan to Boston and show him your state-house, or to New York and show him your Broadway that he can't cross. This sort of thing is at the bottom of all local pride, I suppose—this feeling of superior knowledge of your surroundings; and certainly there is no better way to air your knowledge, than in telling strangers where to go, or how to go.

Profiting by his lesson, therefore, Greenblow was enabled to carry out his immediate enterprise to a successful issue—that is to say, he took a stage down Broadway, and got out at the bank. Entering, he produced his check. To his great surprise, the cashier declined to pay him the money.

"You will have to be identified, sir," said he.

Greenblow was at first disposed to be cross about it, but finally succeeded in comprehending the necessities of the case. But where should he find any body to identify him?

"I don't know nobody in this town," said he, despondingly.

"You know Mr. Littletop, don't you?"

Mr. Littletop was the man who had bought Greenblow's farm, and of course it was his name which was signed to the check.

"Why, yes, I know *him*, but he ain't here, is he? I don't know where to find him."

"You'll find him at his place of business, no doubt."

"Where's that?"

"No. —, Beaver street."

So off Darius posted to Beaver street, which he finally succeeded in reaching in safety, and as luck would have it Mr. Littletop was there, having come in from the country on the previous day. He had business himself at the bank that day, and took Greenblow's arm and walked up, when the cashing of the check was speedily effected.

"What's your idea, Greenblow," asked Littletop, "in carrying about with you so much money? Are you going to invest it somewhere?"

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"Oh, pooh!—don't do that. Deposit it here, and draw it out as you want to use it."

Being instructed in the mysteries of the use of a check-book, Darius was profoundly impressed with the excellence of this novel idea, and adopted it at once. He persisted, however, in retaining five hundred dollars about him.

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"I don't know any thing about New York society, Greenblow," said Littletop; "I don't bother with it. No time. If I knew any one, I'd do it for you in a minute. Stop, though! There's Jaune—the very thing. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a letter to Jaune. Know Jaune? No, of course not. Well, Jaune is a great fellow in society, they say. I don't know much about it, but I've heard he had a great deal of influence in Fifthavenoodledom. Now, Jaune is under obligations to me. I got him out of a bad scrape once, in a matter of—. But never mind that. He wouldn't like it to be talked about,

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Mr. Littletop was a type of man we all know—a pleasant fellow to chat with, but with a single idea, that of money-getting and money-keeping. He would oblige a friend or an acquaintance with much alacrity when it cost him nothing to do so, but at the same time would not hesitate to take (what *I* should call) the meanest kind of an advantage of that same friend, in a business way. One of those men who positively can see no sort of evil in overreaching their fellows—nay, who plume themselves on their skill in so doing, and have a sort of good-natured contempt for men who don't practice such arts—thinking they are not "smart" enough. It never seems to occur to men like Littletop, that some men may have conscientious scruples about taking what does not belong to them—even in the ways that are recognized as "legal" in the walks of speculation and commerce. In giving Greenblow half-price for his farm at Butterfield's Corners, Littletop saw nothing wrong; far from it; he told his wife of it, with a congratulatory chuckle, and made that stroke of business shrewdness serve as a new feather in his cap. How he had "served" Jaune, I do not precisely know; but certainly not in any way at his own expense. Whatever the transaction was, he had some influence over Jaune which the latter felt—and he would not have been pleased to have the story aired,—not that there was any thing positively disreputable in it, perhaps, viewed from the Littletop standpoint, but men in Jaune's position are forced to be so particular about trifles.

And who was Jaune?

Is it possible you do not know the great Jaune—sexton of Saint Stingo's church, and autocrat of the party-giving world? It must be you have heard of the great snob monarch. It must be

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Littletop really knew very little about Jaune's affairs. He only knew that he had the *open sesame* to fashionable society, and could introduce Greenblow if he would. The merchant did not know, or stop to think—so ignorant was he himself of fashionable life, so regardless of externals in men—that a youth of Greenblow's personal appearance would excite Jaune's profound contempt, and that the introduction of such a looking lout at a fashionable party would be a moral impossibility. He gave Darius the letter of introduction, and went his way.

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Greenblow opened the envelop, which

was unsealed, extracted the note and read as follows:

"D'R JAUNE—The bearer, Mr. D. Greenblow, is a wealthy young friend of mine, lately come to town, who wants to get into fashionable society. Introduce him, and oblige Yr's, &c., J. D. LITTLETON."

Jaune's address was on the envelop, and Greenblow put it in his pocket, next to his precious check-book, resolving to deliver it without delay.

In pursuance now of the important resolution he had taken, whereby to "git in" with St. Gorge Bleake, Greenblow sallied forth into Broadway. His determination was nothing less than this: to effect a complete metamorphosis in his personal appearance, and obliterate, if possible, every trace of the raw-looking country youth who had excited such contempt in the Bleake bosom. To this end, he was resolved to sink every consideration of expense. If it took every cent of the money in his pocket, nevertheless it should be done.

Getting into a stage, he rode up to the store of Messrs. Snippet & Cobbidge, and inquired for his new suit of clothes.

"You're a little ahead of time, Mr. Greenblossom—" began Mr. Snippet.

"Greenblow," interjected Darius, indignantly.

"Oh! beg pardon—yes; a little ahead of time; but, luckily, your suit is ready. Brought in not ten minutes ago. Cobbidge! Bring Mr. Greenblow's suit, will you?"

Darius was in ecstasies over his new suit. The blue broadcloth was so glossy—the velvet vest was so soft—the yellow trowsers so tasteful!

"C'n I try 'em on?"

"Certainly. Cobbidge! Show Mr. Greenblow into the dressing-room."

From this coy reticacy Greenblow presently emerged, arrayed in all his new-bought glory. Such a splendid fit!

"Better wrap up these old duds for me, I guess," said Darius, just a little ashamed of the rusty black heap they made on the floor; "and I'll take 'em along."

"Oh! Deliver them for you, sir—great pleasure," said Mr. Snippet, pro-

ducing a lead-pencil. "What's the address?"

"I'm stoppin' at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"Yes, sir. Cobbidge! Attend to this at once, will you?" and he turned over the address to that much-enduring partner.

After another admiring glance in the glass, Darius turned to go, but was confronted by Mr. Snippet with a bit of paper in his hand.

"What's this?" said Darius, taking it in his fingers.

"The bill, sir."

"The bill! Didn't I pay you yist'-d'y?"

And as he spoke, he read:

MR. GREENBLOW

Bought of Snippet & Cobbidge,

Merchant tailors, No. —, Broadway, New York.

Coat—blue broadcloth, velvet collar, - \$43 00

Vest—silk velvet, - - - - - 19 00

Pants—English cassimere, - - - - - 31 00

Total, - - - - - \$93 00

Cr. by deposit - - - - - 50 00

Bal. due, - - - - - \$43 00

In vain Darius protested that he supposed the fifty dollars was payment in full.

"Big pay, too," he added, pugnaciously.

He was forced at last to disburse forty-three dollars more before he was allowed to go on his way.

He now proceeded to a fashionable hair-dressing establishment (vulgate, barber-shop) in the vicinity, and boldly informed the barber that he wanted his hair dyed and curled. An hour's labor on the part of the knight of the lather-brush converted those towy locks into a head of hair of a preternaturally blue-black hue, and curling irons succeeded in producing a wavy luxuriance of aspect that tickled Greenblow immensely when he surveyed himself in the glass. One more visit—this time to a fashionable boot-maker, of whom he purchased a gorgeous pair of patent-leather boots, leaving his old shoes behind him—and then Darius returned to his hotel, and to his room. Here, for the best part of the day, he busied himself over his toilet—brushing and rebrushing his raven locks,

and grimacing before the glass, adjusting his paper collar and his brilliant new cravat, and polishing first his boots and then his hat and then his boots again, with his red silk pocket-handkerchief.

At last he descended the stairs and sought the parlor where he had first made his *début*, and where he now perked before a tall pier-glass for ten minutes; after which he went below, and tried each of the mirrors about the public rooms of the hotel, one after the other, till he grew hungry.

Mr. Gorge St. Gorge Bleake raised his head as Darius took his seat at the supper-table, and deigned to survey the new-comer with a respectful attention that at once showed Greenblow that his *coup de théâtre* was destined to prove a grand success. Bleake had not the remotest suspicion that he had seen this individual before. He recognized nothing of the frowzy-looking youth of the previous night.

As Greenblow stood picking his teeth in the hall, after supper, he presented the appearance of a fair specimen of the fashionable youth, and it is as well that we should here give a picture of him, that the reader may no longer suppose him to wear the aspect of the low sphere from which he has now so happily emerged.

Behold, then, a tall, slim young man, with a black, wavy head of hair, upon which was perched a high and shining silk hat; neck encircled by a paper collar, as stiff as a board, and a gorgeous cravat, blue, red and gold in stripes, and adorned with a sham cluster pin that glittered bravely in the gaslight; the blue broadcloth coat, the dark purple velvet vest overhung with a glittering chain, the ghastly yellow trowsers, and the patent-leather boots whose gloss rivaled the luster of the hat. The gentleman's hands were very red and very large, it is true; but there are specks on the sun, and the most stunning *ensemble* must be somewhere faulty. A seal-ring on the little finger, with a "stone" as large as a quarter dollar, and redder than the hands by several shades, served to alleviate the effect of those extremities somewhat.

It is not perhaps to be wondered at that the attention of the languid St. Gorge was arrested by the appearance of our metamorphosed acquaintance. That he seemed to gaze upon Darius with a peculiar interest, is certain; and Darius noticed the fact with a glow of satisfaction. His scheme was working to a charm.

Did you ever observe that curious phenomenon which is presented by the coquettish diplomacy of a beautiful woman when she wishes to bring you to her feet?—the extreme suavity with which she will greet you on every possible occasion; the meaning glances she will bestow on you across the room, dropping her gaze with charmingly-assumed modesty when you return her glance, and pretending to have been detected unawares in looking at you; the thousand and one arts, in short, with which she will court you, until at last you are caught in her silken net, and instead of being the sought become in your turn the seeker. Then how completely the tables are turned! She regards you no more with those thrilling glances; she manifests no more that charming solicitude to please, to enchant you; on the contrary she gives you little slips—dances with the man you most dislike—affects to have forgotten her prior engagement with you—in a word, has you in tow and keeps you there. So long as you will chase her she runs before you, so to speak, as if you were a breeze blowing in her wake; but abandon the chase, and she veers about again, and—if she is not tired of you—resumes her first tactics.

In a certain way—with a difference, of course—this sort of thing began to show itself in the case of Greenblow versus Bleake. Darius saw Bleake regard him with interested eyes; he perceived, or thought he perceived, an inclination to acquaintanceship, and so he began to coquet with St. Gorge.

He walked into the reading-room, and began to look over the files of Southern papers. Bleake sauntered in and stood picking his teeth near by.

Darius moved over into the bar-room, where he nibbled a bit of cheese till

Bleake entered; then he turned to the bar and asked for a cigar, at the moment that Bleake asked for a glass of some sort of liquor. In paying for his cigar, Darius took from his pocket, with a great affectation of carelessness, a large roll of bills, one of which he tossed upon the counter; and it is certain that Bleake's eyes glistened at sight of the money. What! he, a patrician youth, son of a wealthy Fifth Avenue nob, impressed by the sight of a roll of bank-bills! Ah, this is a queer world, my reader, and you have yet to learn some of St. Gorge Bleake's little peculiarities.

Back into the reading room went Darius, and sat down to smoke—and wait for Bleake. Somehow he knew he would come; and he was not mistaken. St. Gorge presently seated himself at the opposite side of the table from Greenblow, and, drawing a cigar from an elegant pocket-case, said,

"Will you oblige me with a light, sir?"

Without any answer, and with every outward appearance of indifference, though his heart was now beating fast, Darius handed his cigar to Bleake, who lit his own, and in returning Greenblow's managed to drop it on the floor.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said Bleake, stretching out his hand as Darius would have picked up the cigar; "allow me!"

And he offered Darius his well-filled cigar-case.

"You'll find that a rather superior cigar," said he, as Darius took one from the case; "they are some that I got from a friend who brought them from Havana in his trunk. You Southerners know how to appreciate a good cigar," and he smiled winningly.

"I ain't a Southerner," said Darius; "I'm a Northerner."

"Oh, excuse me! You have the appearance of a Southerner; and I saw you looking over the New Orleans papers a few minutes ago; a very natural mistake, you see. I hope you'll excuse it."

Darius was perfectly willing to excuse

it. In fact, he felt no little flattered by the supposition. A Southerner! Why, that was almost or quite as good as being taken for a foreigner. New Orleans was a long way off. It was very clear, then, he thought, that all traces of his rural air were obliterated.

A boy came in, and handed each of the young men a play-bill of one of the theaters. Bleake at once made the bill a theme of conversation. There was a spectacle running at the theater in question—Niblo's—at that time, which was creating some talk, and Bleake inquired if Darius had seen it.

"No," was the reply, "I hain't be'n in the city long, and I haint be'n to any theaters yit."

"You ought to see that," said Bleake. "It's a great thing, and all the rage just now. The town is divided between that and Ecervelée, the great actress. Have you seen her?"

Darius shook his head.

"No? Well, you will shortly, of course. I'm going down to Niblo's myself to-night. It must be nearly time," and he looked at his watch. "Yes," rising, "I must be going. I hope I'll see you again, sir," and he started to go, but turned on his heel as if a sudden thought struck him: "By-the-way, won't you go along? that is—if you—"

"Waäl, I don't know," coquetted Darius.

"Perhaps you've some other engagement," suggested Bleake.

"Waäl, I was a-goin' to a party to-night,"—oh, wicked Darius, we blush for you—"but I don't know as I care much about it."

"A party?"

"Um," assented Darius, "a friend of mine in Madison avenue—Mrs. Finefeathers—know her?"

"Finefeathers," mused Bleake; "seems to me I have heard the name, but I can not say that I know the lady. I ought to, though, for I know pretty much every body in society."

Thought Darius, "That's the checker, then—I'll stick to you." Then he said aloud, "On the whole, I guess I will go

to th' theayter with you. I'd like to see that spectacle."

Accordingly, the pair got into a stage, and rode down Broadway.

CHAPTER VI.

GREENBLOW MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH NEW SPHERES OF EXISTENCE.

BLAKE speedily discovered, what he had already suspected, that his new acquaintance was very green indeed. Despite Greenblow's confidence in his disguise, it was impossible that a fellow of Blake's experience in city life could be deceived in a matter so simple. Darius was all agape over the performance in the theater. He had never imagined, in his wildest moments, any thing so gorgeous as this; and it was but natural that he should express his gratification to his companion in occasional exclamations of wonder and delight. His eyes roamed over the brilliant scene, until his senses were intoxicated by the glare, the glitter, the music, and the wonders of the stage.

St. Gorge yawned over a good part of the performance, and between each of the acts made a pilgrimage to some adjoining refreshment-room, to solace his inner man with the eatables and drinkables which alone made life worth living.

When the performance was over, Darius walked like one in a dream. His head was completely turned, for the hour, by the strange and impressive sights and sounds that had surrounded him. He seemed to have been translated into a new sphere of existence; and he took St. Gorge's arm as they emerged into the street, with a sort of hysterical hilarity in his manner that contrasted very strongly with the forced dignity he had assumed early in the evening.

"Now," said St. Gorge, "do you want to go back to the house, and go to bed, or shall we see a little life first?"

"Oh, darn the house!" uttered Darius, all enthusiasm; "let's see life."

"Where shall we go?" asked Blake, —not that he expected any answer from his companion, but he wished thus to have his superior knowledge of city life bidden for.

"Wherever *you* like," responded Darius. "I'm a stranger, you know, and I want you to show me around."

"Very well, then. First, we'll go and have some roast oysters, and then I'll take you to see some of my friends."

As the pair sat at a table in the restaurant they had entered, Darius began to run his mind's eye back over the events of the day, and he could not refrain from a little chuckle as he thought how successful all had been, and that here before him sat that very individual who had, the night before, rebuffed him so contemptuously. Thus far he had succeeded beyond his highest anticipations, for he had not expected to be on such familiar terms with St. Gorge on the very first evening of their acquaintance; and, for the rest, he was determined to make good use of his conquest.

"He's got to git me into the first circles," he muttered to himself.

"What will you drink?" asked Blake, interrupting his train of thought. "Whatever you do," said Darius.

Blake thereupon ordered two tumblers of milk punch, a beverage that was wholly new to Greenblow, and which muddled his brain with marvelous quickness. The immediate effect was to loosen his tongue, so that his thoughts at once found utterance in words:

"Tell you what, Blake," said he, thickly, "you've got to git me int' s'ciety. We're goin' to be great friends, ye know, and I— Didn't know I was rich, did ye? Well, I be. Got thousand's dol'rs in Broa'way Bank. Check-book!" and he pulled it from his pocket, and tapped it with his finger. "I'm dum rich. I'll pay f'r every thin'. You go 'head; I'll pay."

Here he pulled out his roll of bills, and threw down two tens upon the table.

"Oh, no!" protested Blake, pushing the money back to him.

"Go 'head!" cried Darius again, banging his hand down upon the table; "I'll pay," and he fingered at the roll of bills in his vest-pocket.

But Bleake laid his hand on his companion's arm.

"Let your money alone, old boy," said he; "come on."

A few minutes later, the pair were seated in a gaudy parlor, with a bottle of champagne before them, and a couple of what Bleake called his "lady friends" by their sides. St. Gorge, it may as well be understood here, had not the remotest intention of introducing this ill-bred booby into fashionable society, for he had no desire to get himself laughed at, and as for Greenblow's boasted wealth, he had no credulity on that subject. "The fellow may have a thousand or two to spend," he thought, "and I'll help him spend it; when it's gone, I'll shake him off. Society, indeed! No, no! Not quite that."

Greenblow, however, believed himself in society already. The lady with whom he was conversing had been introduced to him as "Miss Delorme."

"You've got an all-fired handsome name," said he; "Delorme is. What's yer first name?"

"Imogene," returned the beauty.

"Emma Jane! Why, that's my girl—that's—"

Greenblow paused, and looked into his wine-glass solemnly. Poor Emma Jane! Perfidious Darius!

The champagne speedily completed Greenblow's intoxication, and it was with a staggering gait that he emerged from the house with St. Gorge, and bent his steps toward Broadway.

"Well, shall we go home now?" said his tempter, "or—"

"No!" shouted Darius. "Wha's use—hic—goin' home? Go int' more society. Them's beautiful gals. I'll marry 'em. First circles, eh? Rich! Go 'head!"

"It's getting too late for calls," said Bleake; "but I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll show you something that will delight you. Do you ever play cards?"

"Beat any body'n cards," declared Darius. "High, low, Jack—hic!"

Many a quiet game had Darius indeed enjoyed in the rear of Brown & White's, by the roaring wood-fire, after the closing of the store at night.

"Well, I'll show you a nice, quiet place, where gentlemen go for a game or two of an evening. It's very select, old boy, and I wouldn't take every body there, you understand."

"You're good fel,'" responded Darius. "Go 'head!"

They got into a stage and rode up-town, and getting out, walked a short distance, pausing before a house which showed no light in any of its windows.

"All gone to bed," said Darius, as Bleake led him up the steps.

"Not a bit of it," said the other, ringing the bell. The ring was followed up by a low and peculiar rap on the door, whereupon it was cautiously opened. There were a few whispered words, and then the pair were admitted into a dimly-lighted hall, by a negro servant who scrutinized Greenblow carefully.

Leaving their hats upon the rack in the hall, Bleake led Greenblow into a parlor, such as you might find in any private dwelling of the better class, where the gas was turned down low, the windows heavily curtained and shuttered, a few books lying upon a marble-topped table, and every thing in decent order.

Passing out of this parlor, and closing the door behind them, the two stood in a larger apartment, brilliantly lighted, and containing four tables, at three of which were seated groups of gamblers, with wines and liquors before them. Some were smoking, and the room was fragrant with the odors of their choice cigars.

Bleake nodded to one or two of the players, and, after a little, he and Greenblow became seated at the unoccupied table, with cigars in their mouths, cards in their hands, and gleaming glasses before them.

The reader now perceives what it was in Greenblow that had aroused the

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interest of this promising scion of New York aristocracy; but it must not be at once taken for granted that Bleake was a professional gambler, living by the practice of the arts of stool-pigeonry. This was his first adventure of the kind.

St. Gorge's passion for gambling was that of the dupe, not the decoy. He had lost many a dollar at these tables, and, in fact, he usually lost when he played; but the fascination was an irresistible one to him, so that, after each defeat, with his repentant resolutions to play no more, he only returned again and again to the seductive spot. It was after a most unsuccessful bout with a skillful antagonist, that Bleake had returned to his hotel to supper on the previous night, stripped of his last dollar, and he was in a most disagreeable frame of mind at the time that Greenblow had made those unsuccessful advances toward acquaintanceship. The next morning St. Gorge made a trip down-town to try and "make a raise out of the governor;" but Bleake, senior, was in no liberal mood that day, and Bleake, junior, had returned to his hotel discomfited. An appeal to his mother in the afternoon had resulted in nothing more extensive than a ten-dollar bill and a promise, so that St. Gorge spent the remainder of the day in prowling about his hotel in very low spirits. In this state of affairs came the fiend to tempt him with thoughts of the possibility of finding a "pigeon," and plucking it after the manner of the professional gambler. Then Greenblow fell in his way, and—in short, here they now sat, and the game commenced.

It was no difficult matter to strip Greenblow of what money he had. The poor fool, finding free liquor about him, made free use of it, and the result was that about two o'clock he had to be carried out and put into a hack, for he was dead drunk, and as helpless as a mummy. He was thus conveyed to the Fifth Avenue and put to bed.

And oh! how sick he was, the next day! It was in vain he essayed to get up, about noon: the room swam about him, and he plunged back upon his

pillow, groaning heavily, and holding his miserable head between his great red hands.

Toward the middle of the afternoon there came a rap upon his door.

"Come in," said Darius, feebly.

St. Gorge Bleake entered.

"What—sick?" said Bleake, with feigned commiseration. "Ah, you spread it too hard last night, Greenblow."

A groan was the only answer.

"Come—get up! There's no use in your lying here, old man," said Bleake.

"Git up! *You* say git up! I can't git up. I tried it."

"Try again. Poh! it's nothing. I'll set you to rights in a twinkling. Come now; there! That's it. Now then—easy!"

Bleake led the miserable man to the wash-bowl and proceeded to give his head a thorough soaking. Darius was much relieved by it.

"Now, dress yourself, while I go and get you something to take."

Darius obeyed, and by the time he had got his clothes on, Bleake had returned with a glass of some potent mixture, which he bade the invalid drink.

The effect was almost immediate; and not long after Darius was seated at the dinner-table, eating his breakfast, though with but a faint appetite.

As the two subsequently sat in the smoking-room over their cigars, Bleake said,

"Well! and how did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"Oh, big!" said Darius. "Great times. But I can't remember much about the latter end on't, somehow. There was the theayter—that I remember—and then the ladies, and then that house where we played cards, and—"

Here he felt in his vest-pocket for his roll of bills, and found it gone. He stared at Bleake with a face of blank consternation.

"Where's my money?"

"What money do you mean?" returned Bleake, looking a little uneasy.

"Why, I had nigh five hundred dollars in my pocket last night. I've b'en robbed!"

"I guess not," said Bleake, smilingly. "Don't you remember? I won it of you last night?"

"You won it of me?" gasped Darius, staring hard at him.

"Certainly. Don't you remember? You played a splendid game, and came near whipping me; but finally I recovered myself, and got the better of you. It was all a fair thing—nothing could be fairer—of course. Why, you dared me to play, Greenblow!"

"Gosh all—" Darius was nearly choked with contending emotions.

"Come out doors," said Bleake, nervously, anticipating an explosion that it would not be pleasant to have overheard.

They walked over into the park opposite.

"Come now, Bleake," said the victim, pleadingly, "you don't mean t' say 't you won five hundred dollars o' me las' night playin' cards?"

"Between four and five hundred," said Bleake, trying to appear cool; "that was about the sum."

"Why, you gosh darned swindler!" roared Darius, half in tears; "you're a gambler! I'll have you took up for it! It's jest robbin'!"

Bleake's eyes flashed with an ugly light.

"Who are you talking to?" said he. "Do you know who I am? You have me arrested! Who are you? Who knows you? Do you know I belong to one of the first families of this city? You try it!"

Darius stood staring, choking, nearly wild. He knew not what to do. His great hands opened and shut convulsively.

"You're joking, Greenblow," said Bleake, forcing a sickly smile. "Come! Don't carry it too far! What's five hundred dollars? A bagatelle! A man of wealth don't make a fuss over five hundred dollars. I have lost five thousand dollars in a single night, to a friend of mine, and thought nothing of it. It can't be possible you're in earnest about such a trifle. I supposed you were a man of wealth, or I wouldn't have sat down with you."

Bleake could not have thought of a more potent thing to say, at that precise juncture. It was, indeed, sadly out of character in a man of wealth to make such a commotion over a sum no larger than this. The words fell with telling effect.

"You are not used to this sort of thing," Bleake continued. "But you can never move in good society in this city without doing as the rest of us do. It will be your turn to win, another time. It's nothing for a gentleman to lose a few hundreds over the cards of an evening. If you hadn't dared me to play, I shouldn't have thought of it. Now, see here: I've promised to introduce you in society, and I'll do it if you're going to be a man; but if you're going to kick up a fuss over a trifle, why, good-by to you. That isn't the style among gentlemen, I can tell you."

"Oh, 'shaw, I don't want to make no fuss," said Darius, sheepishly. "You know I ain't well to-day, Bleake; an' when a man's sick, he—"

"There! say no more about it!" was the cordial response. "Here's my hand. I knew you didn't mean it."

Greenblow shook the proffered hand solemnly.

"I'll have to leave you now," said Bleake; "but I'll see you again this evening. You'll be at the house, of course. All right."

And Darius walked back to the hotel.

"Confound the fool!" muttered Bleake to himself, as he walked up Fifth avenue; "he came near getting me into a nice pickle. Great Jove! if he had carried out that threat! If this should get to the governor's ears, I'm floored. The old gentleman would set me adrift in just no time."

He stopped at the door of an elegant residence, and rung the bell. A moment later, and he entered the room where his mother and sister were seated.

"Oh, St. George," cried the mother, offering him her hand to shake, "is it you? Where have you been? I expected you this morning."

"How d'e do, Frozie," said the young man, addressing his sister, who sat

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reclined in a luxurious arm-chair, reading an English novel.

"Oh, I'm well enough, St. George," said the lady; "do leave me alone when I'm reading."

"Sweet-tempered creature!" said Bleake, throwing himself at full length upon a lounge.

William Wirt Sikes.

"VENISON."

THE great plentifulness of deer meat—usually very *dear* meat—in our markets naturally suggests the woods and deer hunting. We have never known the game more plentiful. Both the Virginia or American fallow deer, (*Cervus Virginianus*) and the wapiti (*Cervus Major*) seem to fill all the forest's wilds from whence dogs and men have not long since driven them. In northern New York the number already taken exceeds that of any season for twenty years—indeed so many never before were killed in the same length of time as during the past two months. The wapiti having more northerly haunts, is not so common in the markets as the fallow deer, but it is, nevertheless, *the* deer to hunt. Holding a place midway between the Labrador caribou and the Virginia deer, it now has a vastly wider geographical distribution than either. It roams over the wide prairies of the Saskatchewan, up to the fifty-seventh parallel of N. latitude; it climbs the craggy slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and, during the summer, browses amidst the snow-capped peaks and dripping glaciers on the very summit. Follow its migration down the western slope, and again it will be discovered seeking the shadows and silence of the endless pine forests of British Columbia, extending its range northward as far as to Fort Simpson, near the frontier of Russian America, and even further north than that, according to Indian tradition. By some means or the other it has crossed the Gulf of Georgia, and is not unfrequently killed on the lower end of Vancouver Island. Trace its southward course, and we find the wapiti, under the name of the Oregon elk, attaining a

gigantic size on the fertile lands and rich pastures of Oregon and California. On the banks of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, and far away in the wilds of Nebraska and Texas, there, too, the hunter meets this handsome deer.*

So very great a difference exists between the Oregon wapiti and the one found in Canada that many naturalists contend that they are a distinct species; but this I do not think proven, because I know from experience that a genial climate and luxurious living work wonders in entirely changing the coat and appearance of this deer. Take a full-grown buck from the warm grassy valleys where the red-pine grows, any where along the sea-coast of Oregon, and place it by the side of one brought from the arid slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and I have no hesitation in saying that nine naturalists out of ten would at once say the two animals were specifically distinct; but, fill up the chain link by link, and then it will be seen that, as the warmer and richer valleys of the lower levels are left behind, and in their places the animal has to seek its living by grubbing industriously amongst the scant, innutritious herbage of the bleak, cold hill-side, it not only dwindles away in size, but the hair gets thicker and tends to become white or light gray, instead of maintaining its rich, natural brown: and the antlers on a buck of the same age, would not weigh nearly as heavy, or be any thing like as well developed. There can be no question whatever that the valley wapiti and the mountain wapiti are one and the same

* The "wapiti," Canadian stag, (*Cervus Canadensis*), or Oregon elk, attains a far greater size than any other species of North American deer, not even excepting the ponderous moose. I append the measurement of two which fell to my rifle, No. 1 on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, No. 2 west.

No. 1, MALE.		Inches.
Height at the shoulder	-	64
Length from the nose to occiput	-	34
Ditto from nose to tail	-	98
Girth of neck from the shoulder	-	50
No. 2, MALE.		
Length from nose to tail	-	96
Height at the shoulder	-	64
Girth behind shoulder	-	30
Height of antlers	-	44

species, altered solely by climatic agencies.

There are few prettier sights to a naturalist than to watch a herd of wapiti, five or six in number, (they seldom assemble in larger bands), browsing in some quiet gorge. The king of the herd, ever on the watch for the slightest sign indicating the approach of danger, twists about his long ears to catch the faintest sound, and, anon elevating his dewy nose, sniffs the breeze to discover if it bears along with it the scent of a lurking foe. Round him some of the does are lying down beneath the shadow of the trees, half hidden by the grass and wild flowers, while others are lazily cropping the succulent plants, or in dreamy enjoyment chewing the cud. Let a stick crack sharply beneath your foot, or a gust of wind blow from the hunter toward the herd, or a displaced stone go rolling down the hill-side, then quick as thought, the antlered monarch sounds the shrill note of alarm, and leading off at a jog-trot, is at once followed by his wives and subjects.

A stag wapiti is quite as big and tall as a good-sized horse, and carries two enormous antlers. I have seen a pair that weighed nearly fifty pounds, and that, stood upon their tips, allowed a man of ordinary stature to walk easily beneath their natural arch, without bending or knocking his head. Contemplating a stag so armed as it stands on the skirts of a dense forest, any one would at once think it an utter impossibility for an animal with such cumbrous weapons to make any way through the jungle of trees and underbrush; but just send a rifle-ball whistling past its ears, and before the smoke has cleared away, or the report died off in the echoing hills, you will see the head of the deer raised, its nose tilted upwards, the antlers fitted, as it were, to each of its sides like armor plating, and then, with a rush that splits the bushes apart like a monster wedge, and sends branches living and dead splintered right and left, the frightened beast makes its way through the forest with as much ease as a hare or a rabbit, the antlers being a means of protecting

the ribs rather than obstructive appendages. The males only are provided with antlers, which they shed every year, and up to mature age they increase in size every time they are renewed, and get additional branches. I have measured antlers twelve inches in circumference above the burr: nine points may be considered an unusually large number.

In the wapiti all the snags spring from the anterior face of the horn; the two longest starting from the very base of the horn are called the "brow snags." The form of the horns, too, varies very considerably, as I have previously stated; sometimes the horns are nearly cylindrical throughout, at others the ends are flattened or palmated. I have seen some wapiti antlers from the Missouri and Yellowstone nearly as flat as the horns of a moose deer.

It may be interesting to describe how this enormous mass of bony material is annually shed and replaced. When the time draws near for the antlers to be cast or shed, as the usual term is, generally in February and March, absorption begins to take place beneath the bony ring attaching the horn to the skull, particle by particle the absorbent vessels carry away the material now of no use, until a blow against a branch, or their own weight, crimps the weakened foundation, then off they fall, and are left for nature to reappropriate and convert into some other form of life. A spurious kind of skin speedily covers up the part whereon they stood, and remains until the new growth commences.

When the period arrives for the horns to be reproduced, a large supply of blood is directed towards each of these pads of skin, which swell up and acquire a shiny velvet look, bony matter begins to be deposited, and, as the newly-formed horn increases in length, the skin covering it grows in the same ratio, and keeps it covered. If you look at an old antler, you will see that its surface is cut into countless furrows; these were traversed by the arteries, whilst they were employed in building it up. This state of antler is aptly called "in the velvet." When the work is completed, and the

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size of antler attained in accordance with the age and condition of the deer, the supplies must be cut off, and the builders either removed or destroyed; and, as it is one of the undeviating laws of life to throw off every thing which is useless and no longer a part of itself, so the rule in this case is literally obeyed. Instead of increasing the length and size of the horn, the arteries near the skull commence to throw out a ring of bone; you will see it at the base of any antler, a projection often turned to a practical account in making handles for carving-knives out of buck-horn, called the "burr." This ring very soon stops any blood from passing through the vessels, just as a miller might drop his hatch and shut the stream off that turned the mill-wheel; and, as the wheel ceases its work, deprived of the power that kept it going, so the "velvet," sapped of its natural nourishment, shrivels up, dries, peels off, and leaves the brown, bony weapons ready for the double purpose of defense and attack." We need not comment upon this marvelous proof of wisdom and design, as it has again and again been elaborately dealt with in books on physiology.

When the stags are in the pride of their antlered strength, fights, bloody and furious, are frequent. The clashing of the horns, the tramping, snorting, and heavy breathing of two bucks engaged in deadly conflict make a frightful din and disturbance in the quiet forest or on the open prairie. Sometimes the antlers become inextricably locked together, and head to head the combatants die. I have several times, in my wanderings, seen the two skeletons and heads, with their antlers locked, lying on the prairies. Getting into such a "fix" is not peculiarly a gift of the wapiti, but moose heads (the true elk—*alce*—by the way) and the heads of Virginian deer have been likewise found similarly locked together. A buck, when beaten out of the herd, shuns his companions, and by himself sulks and broods over his fallen fortunes; woe betide man or beast that unheedingly passes near to his lair. He appears to

be actuated by one, and only one feeling—to wreak a terrible vengeance on any and every thing chance throws in his way. By-and-by, as he forgets, or at any rate lives down his previous defeat, he becomes less morose and more friendly with his companions, browses with them, and does the best he can to vanquish in his turn some buck more favored by fortune than himself. It is during the antlered time that bucks are the fattest and best for food; and hunting wapiti is not a pastime one can indulge in without incurring some personal risk. I will briefly relate two adventures that happened within my own experience.

I was hunting, late in the year, east of the Rocky Mountains; my companions were three in number, one a Red River half-breed, the other two pure-blooded Crees. The weather was charming: the blue haze of the Indian summer so filled the air and subdued the sunbeams that the trees and shrubs, rocks and water, seemed bathed alike in a perpetual twilight; autumnal browns, yellows, purples, and shades of all sorts, compounded of them, had taken the place of the green livery nature mostly wears in summer time. A few flowers lingered on, but the voices of the woods and plains were hushed in a great measure, for the birds had taken their departure for more genial climates, wherein to pass the winter, and the animals, with a few exceptions, had retired to sleep away the dreary days of snow and frost. We, too, were anxious to procure a stock of meat whereof we could make pemmican, for hunting in winter is at best but cold and precarious work. One of the Indians spied a small herd of wapiti browsing upon a little grassy plateau some distance up the hill-side; a narrow kind of glen led down the ledge on which the animals were, to join a large grassy opening in the forest from which we had descried the deer. A council of war was at once held, and, as the wind was blowing from the deer toward us, it was determined that the two Indians should make a detour and come out above the game, in order to drive them down the

glen where the half-breed and myself were to await their arrival.

You, who have not tried it, can form but a very inadequate idea of the peculiar feeling that creeps over one, when in ambush awaiting the appearance of a powerful wild animal. The few forest sounds there were seemed on this occasion to be suddenly ended, and the minutes, as one by one they passed away, appeared to be lengthened into hours; the thump, thump of my heart beating in measured rhythm, the stifled sigh that arose from suppressing the breath, and the tinkling music of the rivulet trickling through the glen, were all the sounds I heard. Growing weary, and somewhat fidgety that the deer were not coming at all, I was about stealing out to have a peep, when a noise as if an avalanche of stones were thundering down the mountain-side soon altered my intention. No stillness now; the crashing branches, the displaced rocks, bounding from the craggy ledges down over which the wapiti were coming like a whirlwind, made my heart fairly leap into my throat. Nearer and nearer they approached toward me; I could hear their heavy breathing as they came like cavalry thundering down toward the place I was crouched in.

I had ugly misgivings that the whole lot might probably go over me, when all the life would be trodden out of my body. I had barely time to indulge in this agreeable reflection before the band dashed past me at the top of their speed. I selected the leading buck, held my breath, steadied my rifle on the rock, and pulled the trigger. Before the report and recoil told me the bullet had left the barrel, I saw the animal I had fired at leap high, and fall head foremost upon the grass just where the glen joined the wider grassy opening. I did not hear my companion's rifle, neither did I think of him at all, but rushed helter-skelter, knife in hand, toward the prostrate buck. I reached him, placed my hand upon his huge antler, and then, ere I could help or save myself, the wounded beast staggered upon his legs, caught the prongs of his antlers in my leather

hunting-dress, and sent me high in air.

I hardly knew where I was or what had happened when I slowly recovered my senses, which the fall had knocked completely out of me, but the half-breed told me that he saw the stag toss me, and that the beast would have been upon me again when I came to the ground, but fortunately for me, he had no chance of firing at the herd, so he easily finished the stag that would unquestionably have finished me but for this providential interposition. I broke no bones, but the concussion of falling from such a height, added to the strain my whole frame had undergone from being so suddenly hoisted, made me a cripple for many months.

The second adventure only indirectly concerned me. In an uncivilized country, companions are few, and friends fewer, and persons utterly dissimilar in every attribute, with no one feeling in common save the love of hunting and adventure, are necessarily thrown together; nevertheless it often happens an attachment springs up betwixt such opposites, and they become almost fraternal, so to speak, in the furtherance of their cherished pursuits. Such a friendship as this had grown and strengthened between a half-breed and myself. His mother was one of a tribe, the Iroquois Indians, now all but, if not quite extinct; a tribe always celebrated amongst the red-men as being brave, and faithful to keep their promises; his father was an Orkney man, who had served in the Hudson's Bay Company. Louis was the very ideal of a hunter, brave as a lion, strong as Hercules, active and lissom as a prong-buck, and gentle as a woman to all whom he loved or respected. For many years we had been companion trappers, bearing the bad fortune and sharing the good which befell us from day to day as we followed our solitary and perilous calling.

We had taken up our quarters near a camp of friendly Indians, and made our lodge as comfortable and air-tight as we could, for the winters were long and bitterly cold. So few events occurred as the weeks passed by to break the wearying

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sameness of our lives, that even a visit from Indians was a relief gladly welcomed. We were at all times on the look-out, and watched a small party of red-men coming toward our lodge about the middle of winter with no small pleasure. They were on snow-shoes, and had two sleighs drawn by dogs; they did not belong to the lodges near us, and what their business was neither of us could surmise. On their arrival we learned they were the bearers of dispatches for the Hudson's Bay Company, bound to the Red River settlement. Amongst other things they told us they had seen wapiti tracks leading into the bush about five miles from our lodge. Meat was getting scarce, so Louis determined on trying to strike the deer-tracks, and kill one of them if possible. The direction the herd—three in number; so said our informants—had taken, led toward a deep sheltered gorge in the mountains wherein the snow never lay to any great depth.

Louis, on the morning following the arrival of the traveling-party, strapped on his snow-shoes, and, with his rifle and a day's rations, started at sun-up, in order to get advantage of the "crust," (I may explain that the surface of the snow often thaws during the day, and freezes again at night; it is this hard covering which causes the crust), that he might make the easier progress.

As the day wore on, I looked out again and again over the endless plain of dazzling white, but no sign of Louis was visible. Twilight came, then night, and by the silvery light of myriads of twinkling stars, and the changing colors of the aurora borealis, I still kept watch. He did not come. How dismal it seemed waiting, waiting throughout the night. Morning dawned, but no appearance of the hunter. In summer there would have been no cause for anxiety if a companion had remained away for a fortnight, but with a thermometer below zero, and Louis having only a day's provisions, this lengthened absence boded no good. By the offer of a goodly reward I induced two of the Indians living near us to accompany me in search of

the missing man. No time was to be lost, for the weather gave signs of a speedy change, and if snow should fall and destroy the tracks of the snow-shoes, we should never find him. We had no difficulty in following his trail, for the marks of the shoes were as distinctly visible upon the snow as the impress of a seal is upon wax. His route lay straight for the bush, into which he had turned, and then made directly towards the gorge, on reaching which he had taken a zigzag course, in order to cross the tracks of the wapiti. We saw where success had rewarded his search, and that he had followed on upon the track of (judging from the foot-prints) a large buck. We traced him for some distance along the open ground, then up amongst rocks, to a clump of pine-trees, where, beneath their branches, lay poor Louis and an immense stag wapiti side by side.

The remembrance of that sad sight will never leave me; but it would be of no interest to the reader to give a harrowing description of all I felt and did. It will suffice to say that we had imagined Louis had wounded the buck, much as I had done, as stated in the previous adventure, but unluckily the wapiti got him down, and then, kneeling on his body, crushed his life out. The avenger, too weak from loss of blood to get away, had rolled over and died by the side of the hunter. Wolves had already discovered the dead stag, but feared to approach the body of the man. These two adventures will serve to prove that wapiti hunting is by no means child's play.

The wapiti has other enemies than man; the quadruped and insect world both own subjects that are its implacable foes. Wolves represent the four-footed foes, and gad and breeze flies its winged ones. Gad-flies, belonging to the family *astrida*, are terribly dreaded by the wapiti; if they hear the sound of its "clarion shrill," off the whole herd scamper, and make their way to the nearest water, into which they plunge up to their very necks, their instincts teaching them what to dread. The gad-fly's aim is to

deposit its larva in the back of the deer by puncturing the skin, and leaving an egg in the hole; this egg soon hatches and the larva feeds and fattens in a kind of abscess it produces underneath the skin. A small hole is always left for the purpose of admitting air for the worm to breathe, and as a means of escape when about to assume the pupa condition; when this time comes, it forces its way out, drops out upon the ground, burys itself, and by-and-by reappears as a gad-fly. I have sometimes killed wapiti with their backs covered all over with "worbles," as hunters call them, the wormlike or larvæ knobs of these flies. Of course a skin is utterly valueless when full of these holes. These pests of the forest are even worse than the egg-laying fly, for they are literally every where, always hungry, and never satiated; they drive the deer before them as a shepherd's dog would sheep, until the frantic beasts avoid them by getting under water or into the tangled brushwood. These winged pests are enemies that do their work in the sunshine; when the summer departs, they also go with it. But, having gotten rid of one set of enemies, the wapiti has to look out for others still more to be feared.

Wolves, during the long nipping winters, get but a scant supply of food, and, when driven by extreme hunger, hunt in packs. Naturally they are arrant cowards, but, driven by hunger, they will not stop at any thing. Men even fall victims to their ravenous appetites. I have often seen a herd of wolves sitting round on their haunches watching us eagerly as we flayed a deer or a buffalo, well knowing they would get their share on our departure. I have known them also to surround a "moose park," and for weeks await a chance of getting at the moose, which they dare not attempt as long as he keeps in his citadel.

I have seen wolves drag down a deer upon the snow, and literally tear it to pieces. When the "crust" is weak it will bear up the wolves, whilst the heavier weight and sharp hoofs of the deer break through. The edges of the frozen snow cut its legs like so many lancets,

and thus prevent it from making rapid or even further progress. Finding an animal in this plight, the savage wolves know their chance is a good one, and never fail to make the most of it. Whilst I was in British Columbia, the red wolves killed several half-grown steers at Fort Langley; and, when journeying through Southern Oregon, I saw two mules which the wolves had killed by first fixing on the back and haunches, and then, by the combined strength of numbers dragging them to the ground. We read in "Franklin's Narrative" that when the wolves have hemmed in a herd of reindeer near to the cliffs, they rush in upon them, and generally succeed in driving the terrified animals over.

J. K. Lord.

MUGGINS, ARTIST—HIS DIARY.

PROLOGUE.

PERMIT me to introduce myself: Israel Muggins, Esq., artist. A very euphonious name, isn't it? Delicious harmony of sweet sounds!

I am confident that my sponsors in baptism, if I had any, committed an unpardonable sin in bestowing upon an innocent and helpless infant such a cognomen; if they are punished according to their deeds done in the body, heaven help their souls!

I am now an inhabitant of a pleasant island in the Mexican Gulf; a healthy, airy location, where we have plenty of sea-breeze and sun and music; the music is produced by a fife and drum, and the island is mentioned in my passage certificate as the "Dry Tortugas." I had a free transportation hither—the Secretary of War signing the order with his own hand. How came I here? Laudable curiosity! It shall be gratified. There are two reasons; the primary one is—my name. MUGGINS! That name will be the death of me.

In early life I developed an artistic talent. Sketching landscapes on the hall door, and rendering portraits in charcoal on the neighbors' white fences was my passion. As the dawn grew upon my chin I took lessons of Bell, the

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village portrait-painter, whom I soon rivaled, and then surpassed. Bell was a genius, and like all geniuses he was remarkably sensitive to ridicule and criticism. He would sooner have the cholera than be laughed at. He died at last, of oversensitiveness. It happened in this way. The Baptist brethren in the village had erected a magnificent church, and they determined to have the walls frescoed. Bell was a Baptist with a shell on as hard as a turtle's, and of course the job was given to him. After much disputation among themselves it was decided to have an angel with spread wings painted over the pulpit. Every thing went swimmingly until Bell came to the angel part; here he blundered.

Bell occasionally took a nip at the brandy-bottle, and when he sat down to paint the angel, he took several nips to strengthen and steady his nerves. The consequence was lamentably apparent, when the next day, the trustees came with Bell, sober, to view the angel.

It was a cross between a young imp of darkness and a screech-owl! Bell's nips had made him drunk as a loon. The story got wind, and the artist became the laughing-stock of the town. In forty-eight days, Bell died of a broken heart, and the church was never frescoed.

A year after this, I left the paternal roof-tree in intellectual New England, and sought my fortune in the great material West. For the remainder of my eventful narrative, vide the extracts from my diary.

DIARY OF ISRAEL MUGGINS.

"Monday, June 1, 1861. Three months since I left Slabtown. Dear me, how the time drags. St. Louis is a dreadful dull city for an artist. The people care more for dollars and cents, for pork and hominy, for cotton and tobacco, than for the fine arts.

"It is sixty days this blessed morning since I opened my studio, and began to advertise in the daily *Democrat*. And what is the result? Strapped! Worse even than that. Owe my washerwoman two dollars and twenty cents; the barber ninety cents; boarding-house keeper for

three weeks' board; tailor seven dollars, and best suit getting seedy at that. Prospects are getting dubious. Fortune don't visit me, and, as for fame—my name frightens the fickle jade away. The sign-board, beautiful, exquisite piece of workmanship, done in my best style, with many a flourish, is a useless article: "ISRAEL MUGGINS, ARTIST. UP STAIRS."

"That alone ought to prove to the unappreciative public, that a genius resides on the second floor; but it don't.

"June 2. Have had such an adventure! My heart is all in a flurry. Compose yourselves, oh, nerves, till I make an entry in my journal. This morning I started down Fourth street for a walk, with a heavy heart, and no doubt with a despondent look. When in front of the 'Planter's House,' my ears were saluted with a gush of melody, rich, clear and harmonious, that caused me to look upward. It proceeded from the throat of a little canary sitting in a pretty cage, suspended from an upper window. How the little fellow hopped about and enjoyed the pure air and the warm sunlight!

"But what attracted my attention was a hand feeding the bird—a delicate hand, an exquisitely formed hand. The owner of the hand I could not yet see. A moment later, and she appears. Oh, my heart! Spirit of Venus! Lovely, charming being! Enchanting smile, pearly teeth, cherry lips, carnation cheeks, glossy black tresses!

"Being an artist, I am strangely susceptible to beauty, and I gazed enraptured, bewildered. Artists, too, are impressible, invariably so. Bell was, Porter and Crawford also; and they are good artists. Artists have no money, nor greenbacks, nor much county scrip; but we have a theory. It is this: Beauty always bewitches an artist. We love beauty; we worship it; we adore it; we will die for it. Porter says it's true in the abstract; Bell said it was so in the concrete. I say they are both correct.

"Who could this lovely, angelic creature be? I would ascertain. A porter belonging to the hotel was crossing the street; of him I inquired, and he answered,

"It is Miss Lillian Lafevre. She is the only daughter of Colonel Lafevre. They are from Louisiana."

"She disappeared from the window; but my feelings were revolutionized. I continued my walk. How bright a change has come over the 'spirit of my dream!' Oh! 'the winter of my discontent is made glorious summer' by this bud of beauty. St. Louis is an altered city; the gloomy buildings wear no more a somber aspect; even the rattling of the drays along the streets is music to my ears. How pleasant every body looks; and to every one I meet I bow and smile. Shook hands a moment ago with my colored washerwoman, and paused to kiss a baby in the street. I have cleaned my brushes, and set aside my pallet. No more work this day for me. I passed the hotel ten times to-night. There is a light in her room, but the shutters are partially closed. Oh! magical bewitchery of pure love—an artist's first love. I shall dream of angels to-night."

"June 3. Awoke early this morning, having slept badly. Angels didn't trouble me in my dreams—mosquitoes did; big, lusty fellows, with empty baskets and sharp teeth. Toward morning there came an evanescent flash of pleasure, for I thought I saw Lillian smiling upon me, and for a second I was supremely happy."

"But the scene changed; the lovely face scowled terribly; an enraged husband claimed my Lillian as his better-half; in his hand he wielded a red-hot pitchfork, and he was chasing an artist with a brush in his grasp; the artist was myself. Thought it was a bad fix to be in, and awoke in a cold perspiration, with a cloud of voracious insects at work upon my proboscis. Am thankful that it was only a dream."

"Ten o'clock. Have passed the 'Planter's' five times this morning. Got a glimpse of the fair creature; am dead in love. How shall I approach her? How bridge over the deep gulf that separates our social positions? Israel Muggins, the artist; Lillian Lafevre, the heiress! Genuine love can not hesitate; it sur-

mounts all obstacles; it rides down opposition; it screws up one's courage. I will see her; I will address her, I will fall at her feet, and will there pour out my ardent, raging protestations of undying love. Ah! happy thought. Why not write her a note? Brilliant idea! Creation of a master mind! I seize my pen and write:

"RESPECTED MISS: By a most propitious accident I have beheld you. Your lovely face, exquisite in repose or in motion, has inspired me with the most devoted regard. Jupiter's love for Juno, the queenly, was as vanity compared to mine for you. (Jupiter, *alias* Jove, was a heathen god, and Juno was his wife.) Such a noble face must be the index of a noble soul. I would give worlds for your acquaintance. Enchantress! Witch! Hebe! Venus! My love already consumes me. Will you grant me a single interview? Upon your answer hangs the life of yours till death, ISRAEL MUGGINS, Artist."

"P. S. Address me through the Post Office."

"This triumph of composition I sealed up in a scented envelop—scented with musk—musk is always genteel! Instead of the regular two-penny government stamp, I placed on the corner a motto, bearing these words in a circle of Cupids and flowers: 'Ever true.' Should I drop it in the post-office? No; she might not get it for several days. Days? Hours were too long!

"I gave my hat and coat an extra brush, bestowed an additional twist upon my mustache, and with an air of importance, and a courageous mein that sadly belied my soul, I inquired of the gentlemanly clerk at the Planter's if Miss Lillian Lafevre was sojourning there. Clerk looked at me—looked at the note, read the motto upon the corner, then smiled and replied,

"Yes; there's a girl by that name in the house, I believe, sir. Sister of yours, eh?"

A happy idea struck me.

"Not a sister, sir; only my cousin."

Gentlemanly clerk snickered in his sleeve, as I said,

"You will deliver the note, sir?"

"Oh! certainly."

"I left the hotel bursting with indignation. The impudent clerk! to laugh in

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a gentleman's face. Never mind! when I have the felicity of registering my name on your book as proprietor of Col. Lafevre's sugar plantation you'll walk the plank, sir. Preposterous impudence!

"June 4. A dreadful long day. Twenty times have I visited the post-office, but the same answer, 'Nothing, sir.' Walked by the 'Planter's' a dozen times. Blinds closed. What can it mean? Left the city? The suspense is torturing.

"June 5. A note at last. Happy man! I gaze at the address. The writing is not a lady's. I tear it open. Can it be her father's? I tremble to read it, for Southern planters are hot-tempered fellows, and they have a penchant for pistols and coffee. I never did. The note was as follows:

"MISTER MUGINS: If you don't pay me fur them thair close by next week, I'll give you pertickler physick. If you kant earn nuthin by dawbing on kanvas, I'd advise you ter go ter sawin wood, an pay your onest detts. I seed you last nite a loafin about the Planters house, when onest men were to bed. If you dont pay next week, I'll hawl the cote an pants off yer. An what I sey, I allus duz. Your cheated taylor.

JOSEPH STICHER.

"The impudent tailor, greasy mechanic, boastful dunner! Wants pay for his coat, eh? What a disappointment! When I marry Miss Lillian, I'll go to another tailor. I'll make him repent of insulting a poor but honest individual.

"June 6. Hope deferred had nigh made me sick. The landlord called this morning, and wanted his pay for my rooms. Owe him ten dollars. A mean sneak, or he wouldn't harass an artist. Why didn't he let me paint his portrait? Said I couldn't do a decent job! The insulting rascal; nothing but my small size prevented me from thrashing him on the spot.

"Three o'clock. The long expected has come. Joy, joy! No mistake now. I devour it as a starved beggar would eat a hot roll:

"MY DEAR ISRAEL: Your kind note is received; its contents surprised and gratified me. Though a stranger, no artist of your

reputation could be other than a gentleman. The clerk informs me that your standing and reputation are unquestionable. I trust to the honor and integrity of your intentions. That no time may be lost, I make a suggestion. I will leave the ladies' entrance of the hotel alone this evening at eight o'clock and make a circuit of the square inclosing the court house. I will wear a dark cloak, a dark bonnet and a veil, and will throw about my shoulders a narrow white scarf. You can not mistake this dress. If you desire to meet me I shall be delighted to have an interview. Truly yours, LILLIAN L.

"Oh, happy hour! Oh, blessed moment. Oh, rapturous second! My heart beats tumultuously, and my head swims with excitement. Even the clerk spoke a word in my favor! He was a gentleman after all. And this night I shall see Lillian. Fly on, ye hours!

"Ten o'clock, P. M. I am alone in my studio. My hand trembles so that I can scarcely trace these lines. I am the happiest of mortals; the brightest day of my existence has just closed; I am all radiant with hope.

"At seven I was at the hotel, and counted the minutes on the dial of my watch. How slow moved the hands. The clock struck eight! My eyes have been on the ladies' entrance for ten minutes; but no one appears. I grow anxious and nervous and impatient. Could any thing have happened to prevent our meeting? Had the haughty colonel made any unpleasant discoveries?

"Ah! the door opens. A lady descends the steps. Joy! she is dressed in black, and, yes, there is a white scarf about her neck. My hopes rise; the lady walks slowly up the street, and I follow. At the corner she pauses, and looks around. She is looking for me. I step up and offer my arm, so as not to attract attention.

"'Lillian.'

"'Israel.'

"Oh! the music of her voice. It was like the carol of birds. We chatted, we walked, we—well, we squeezed hands.

"The plans are all laid. She has never loved before, and she yields so gracefully. She knows the colonel would object; but once married he would

forget and forgive. There is a priest, an acquaintance of hers, who resides within a square. To-morrow night at nine o'clock we are to repair to his dwelling, and be united in the holy bands of wedlock. Then we will return to the hotel, and brave the frowns of the indignant father. The arrangements are perfect. Lillian will wear a white dress to-morrow night, and a blue veil. Confound the veil! To-night the dear girl would not remove it for a second, so fearful was she of being discovered. I shall dream of blue veils and white dresses to-night.

"Sunday, 7. It is now eleven o'clock at night. I am again in my studio. Oh! how my brain swells to bursting. How my temples throb! Forty thousand imps are playing a tattoo on my skull. I shall be a maniac by daybreak. Oh! such an enormity as has been perpetrated upon me this blessed night! Can I calmly write it down? I will try, though the task kill me.

"I met Lillian as appointed. We reached the rectory in safety. When we entered the parlor, the rector in his robe was there. He requested the lady to lay aside her veil; but she declined. She could not overcome her dread of discovery. She would wait until we were man and wife. Such was her devotion to me.

"The service proceeded and ended. We were pronounced man and wife. My cup of joy ran over.

"Mrs. Lillian Muggins,' said the clergyman, 'will remove her veil and receive the first salutation of her husband.' Lillian drew aside the blue veil, and I stooped to kiss the lips of my cherished bride.

"Heavens! what a shock. Oh, my nerves! And then that hideous burst of mocking laughter! The charming Lillian, the sweet enchanter of my soul was not there; but in her place stood—my pen almost refuses to write it—a tawny-skinned mulatto girl! with yellow teeth, and oh, such kinky hair!

"What I had supposed to be a wall of the room, proved to be only a green baize screen, and this now was hastily drawn aside, exposing a dozen ladies and

gentlemen, all of whom screamed with laughter over my humiliating situation.

"Who are you? I cried to the negro wench at my side.

"Lillian Lafevre,' snickered the girl.

"It's a base lie! I shouted hoarsely.

"Then I turned upon the clergyman and fiercely demanded of him the meaning of this affair. He threw off his sacerdotal robe and pulled off his venerable gray hair and whiskers, and laughed as loud as any.

"It was the clerk of the 'Planter's.'

"It's a foul conspiracy! I yelled, and seizing my hat I was diving for the door.

"Good-by, Mr. Muggins,' said a voice at my right. One glance set me wild. The speaker, her face all radiant with sportive smiles, was the genuine Lillian Lafevre herself!

"There, I've written out the history of my own disgrace. Reader, what more can you ask? You shall hear no more to-night. I'm frantic, crazy, delirious."

EPILOGUE.

Five years is a long time; yet that period has elapsed since I wrote the above in my diary. I am considerably cooled off now, and can finish my narrative impassionately. I do not sit in my studio in St. Louis to-night; but I am luxuriating in government quarters, at the Dry Tortugas. Rations here are good. Plenty to eat, to drink and to wear. No board bills, no rent bills, no washer bills, no tailor bills, to harass the life out of one. Thanks to Ed. Stanton for that.

The clerk and Lillian Lafevre were already engaged to each other when I opened up my skirmish in that direction, and being fond of sport they thought they scented a rare opportunity, and so opened their masked battery upon me. A colored servant-girl served their purpose, and your humble servant Israel Muggins, artist, was "laid out." But that's nothing to be ashamed of, at all events, for during the war, a great many heavy generals were brought to grief by those satanic inventions—masked batteries.

The rebellion made me a prisoner of war here; and it also made the genuine Lillian Lafevre a widow, for the clerk, her husband, was slaughtered by a masked battery in Price's Missouri campaign.

Of course when war broke out I became a rebel. My abominable name was cause enough for that, and when the unchivalric Grant captured a legion of us at Donelson, it was just my luck to be there. Afterward I was exchanged, and caught a half-dozen times, until at last my evil spirit induced me to commit a crime that sent me to this airy and healthy location. And now, gentle reader, my tale is done. If the generosity of the publishers shall so compensate my literary efforts as to keep me in tobacco—I am an inveterate smoker; all military men are; Grant smoked a cigar until he smoked us out of Vicksburg—then I shall be content. Do not hesitate to call me a "vile rebel" if you wish to. Call me rebel, secesh, traitor, rascal, villain—any thing, in short, except—Muggins.

I am happy here, except once a day. The sergeant calls the roll every morning after breakfast, and he always pronounces my name in a wonderfully clear, impressive tone—viz: "I-s-r-a-e-l M-u-g-g-i-n-s." I have to answer, or be castigated. I say "Here," faintly, and wish I were a sand-fly to burrow on the beach. Oh! Muggins, Muggins! You'll be the death of me.

T. J. McLain, Jr.

THE FACTS OF POE'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

[THE following communication from a gentleman fully cognizant of what he writes, we give, not only because of its intrinsic though most painful interest, but for the further reason that it seems to us necessary in order for ever to settle the controversy in regard to the manner of the poet's death, and the circumstances attending his burial. The article in our magazine, to which it refers, was from the pen of Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, whose memories of Poe were those of a friend, and who wrote of him as one

who revered his genius; yet we are sure, knowing her desire to be correct in statements of fact, the lady wrote what were not only her own impressions regarding his death, but also expressed the impressions and feelings of many friends of Poe, who question the truth of Dr. Griswold's "Memoir," in many of its essential features.]

IN BEADLE'S MONTHLY, for February, I find some statements respecting the cause and manner of the death of Edgar Allan Poe, and, as a possessor of the facts of the case, I feel it to be due to the truth of history that I should narrate them.

The first statement to which I refer is in these words:

"It is asserted in the *American Cyclopaedia* that Edgar Poe died in consequence of a drunken debauch. This is not true."

I regret to say, with due respect to the author of this assertion, and at the same time to the memory of one who was my personal friend, that it is, alas! too true. The facts of the case are simply these: On Tuesday, November 1, 1849, a wet and chilly day, I received a note bearing a signature which I recognized as that of a printer, named Walker, who had set type for the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor* while I was editing it, and thus became aware of my deep interest in Mr. Poe. It stated that a man claiming Poe's name, and to be acquainted with me, was at Cooth & Sergeant's tavern in Lombard street, near High street, (Baltimore), in a state of beastly intoxication and evident destitution, and that he had been heard to utter my name as that of an acquaintance.

I immediately repaired to the drinking-saloon—for such it was, although dignified by the designation of tavern—and, sure enough, there was Edgar Allan Poe, in a condition which had been but too faithfully described by Mr. Walker. He was in the bar-room, sitting in an arm-chair, with his head dropped forward, so stupefied by liquor and so altered from the neatly-dressed and vivacious gentleman which he was when I last had the pleasure of a call from him, that, unaided, I should not have distinguished him from the crowd of less-intoxicated men, whom the occasion of an election had called together at the tavern, as the voting-place of the ward in which it was located.

Knowing from observation on a former occasion, when he presented himself at my editorial rooms while intoxicated, that the

strain of his conversation would be neither agreeable to me nor creditable to my unfortunate friend, if able to converse at all, and considering the company of unsympathetic tipplers who stared at me as I entered their Bacchanalian haunt, I thought it best not to attempt to arouse him from his stupidity. Instead of so doing, I at once ordered a room for him. I had already accompanied a waiter up-stairs, with a view to selecting a sufficiently retired apartment, and had done so, and was returning to the bar-room for the purpose of having the evidently undesired guest conveyed to his allotted chamber, when I was met, at the head of the stairway, by Mr. H—, a relative of Mr. Poe's by marriage. He suggested a hospital as a better place for him than the tavern.

I admitted the correctness of this suggestion. But, some remark of mine having caused his relative to explain why he had not suggested a still better place—his own dwelling—he stated the reason to be, that Mr. Poe had "so frequently abused his hospitality by the rudeness as well as vulgarity of his bearing while drunk, toward the ladies of his household," that he "couldn't think, for a moment, of taking him to his house in his present besotted condition."

For a moment, I confess, I felt resentful toward his friend; but I subsequently became satisfied that he was justified in the course he pursued. The Washington College Hospital having been fixed upon, a messenger was dispatched to procure a carriage. While awaiting its arrival, I had an opportunity to observe, more closely than I had taken time to do previously, the condition and apparel of the strangely metamorphosed being in the bar-room, who wore a name which was a synonym for genius—the first glance at whose *tout ensemble* was well calculated to recall Poe's own so-frequently hinted doctrine of the *metempsychosis*. His face was haggard, not to say bloated, and unwashed, his hair unkempt, and his whole physique repulsive. His expansive forehead, with its wonderful breadth between the points where the phrenologists locate the organ of Ideality—the widest I ever measured—and that full-orbed and mellow, yet soulful eye, for which he was so noticeable when himself, now lusterless and vacant, as shortly I could see, were shaded from view by a rusty, almost brimless, tattered and ribbonless palm-leaf hat. His clothing consisted of a sack-coat of thin and sleazy black alpaca, ripped more or less at several of its seams,

and faded and soiled, and pants of a steel-mixed pattern of cassinette, half-worn and badly-fitting, if they could be said to fit at all. He wore neither vest nor neck-cloth, while the bosom of his shirt was both crumpled and badly soiled. On his feet were boots of coarse material, and giving no sign of having been blacked for a long time, if at all.

The carriage having arrived, we tried to get the object of our care upon his feet, so that he might the more easily be taken to it. But he was past locomotion. We therefore carried him to the coach as if he were a corpse, and lifted him into it in the same manner. While we were doing this, what was left of one of the most remarkable embodiments of genius the world has produced in all the centuries of its history—the author of a single poem, which alone has been adjudged by more than one critic as entitling its producer to a lasting and enviable fame—was so utterly voiceless as to be capable of only muttering some scarcely-intelligible oaths, and other forms of imprecation, upon those who were trying to rescue him from destitution and disgrace.

The carriage was driven directly to the hospital, where its unconscious occupant was assigned to the care of its intelligent and kindly resident physician. Of the numerous and strangely contradictory memoirs of Mr. Poe that I have preserved, there lies one before me, which states that "insanity ensued, and that *next morning* he died, a miserable, raving maniac." As to time, this is not true. He lived nearly a week, instead of dying "next day" as one account has it, or "in a few hours" as another records it, dying on the 7th of the same month—Monday. Besides it might convey the idea that he had no lucid moments. But he had, and in one of these an incident transpired which, while its mention may serve to extend the already long as well as interesting record of the last words of noted men, it will be recognized as any thing but characteristic of Mr. Poe, who was always haunted by a terrible though vague apprehension of death and the grave. When the hospital physician became satisfied that the author of "William Wilson"—a favorite tale of Mr. Poe—and of "The Raven" had written his last story and his last poem, he addressed him, concernedly and kindly, saying:

"Mr. Poe, it is my painful duty to inform you that you have, in my judgment, only a very short time to live. If you have any friends whom you would like to see, name

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them, and your wish shall be gratified; I will summon them."

"Friends!" exclaimed the dying son of genius—"Friends!"—repeating the word for a moment, as if it had no longer a definite meaning; "*my* best friend would be he who would take a pistol and blow out these d—d wretched brains!" pressing his hand to his forehead as he uttered the awful imprecation.

During the six days of Mr. Poe's survival after he was placed in the hospital, he had only a few intervals of rationality, one of which was availed of as just described. That his disease was *mania a potu*, I have never for a moment doubted. Being this, and following as it so soon did upon his "drunken debauch," it struck me with amazement, when I came to the above-quoted statement in the usually reliable BEADLE'S MAGAZINE, to observe that it was put forth so unqualifiedly and so flatly in contradiction of a work so justly accepted as final authority as the *New American Cyclopaedia*.

Glad should I be, as a sincere friend as well as an enthusiastic admirer of the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, could the assignment of such an agency as the actual cause of his death be made with truthfulness. Unreliable as I had personal reason to know Rufus W. Griswold to be where there was half as much temptation as arose from his well-known jealousy of Poe, to tell a lie instead of the truth, I am bound to say that he failed to exaggerate, in his biography of him, as to this point. Nor can I see what is to be gained by these frequent attempts to gloss over the facts of biographical history, while I can see very clearly where a great deal is to be lost. May I not go further, and say that, not only is there the negative result of a loss, but a positive damage to the cause of truth and social progress? The most enthusiastic of all the admirers and defenders of Mr. Poe, who knew him more intimately than the writer whose doubtless unintentional misstatement it is the purpose of this article to correct, herself saw that her eloquent plea might be considered to have made the path he trod less abhorrent to others. Hence the words of assurance, in her "Edgar Poe and his Critics," that, had she believed it would certainly have this effect, she "never would have proffered" that plea at all.

I can understand, and to some extent appreciate, the force of the Pagan maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*." But, when Christians follow its inculcations, I do not expect

them to go *beyond* them, and not only omit to say any thing evil of the dead, but to make truth-straining attempts to say good things of them, to the misleading the public mind and doing positive injury to the cause of good morals.

I come, now, directly to the inference drawn by the writer already referred to, that Poe's death was caused by "brain fever," as the result of a "beating." I am positive that there was no evidence whatever of any such violence having been used upon his person, when I went to his rescue at the tavern. Nor was there any given at the hospital, where its detection would have been certain, if external violence had really been the cause of his insanity, for there would have been some physical traces of it on the patient's person.

In this view of the question, I respectfully submit that it is high time that the hypothesis of a beating were dropped. As an isolated fact, the probabilities do not sustain it, to say nothing of its alleged fatal results.

I now proceed to give the true version of the place and manner of Mr. Poe's burial. Among the false statements I have met with was one to the effect that he had been "buried in the Potter's Field of his native city." As one of only three, or perhaps four, persons—not counting the undertaker and the drivers of the hearse and a single carriage, which made up the entire funeral train of the author of "The Raven"—who followed the body to the grave, I am happy to be able to testify that the truth, bad enough as it is, does not sustain this story. The burying-place of Poe was an old one belonging to the "Westminster Presbyterian Church," which had ceased to be used much, in 1849, because of its location in a populous portion of Baltimore—in Green street. There were many old vaults in it; and, when our little cortege reached it, I naturally consoled myself with the thought that his relatives—two of whom were present, and one of these the officiating clergyman—had secured him at least a temporary resting-place in one of those family tombs. But it proved to be otherwise. A grave had been dug among the crumbling mementos of mortality. Into this the plainly-coffined body was speedily lowered, and then the earth was shoveled directly upon the coffin-lid. This was so unusual even in the burials of the poor, that I could not help noticing the absence of not only the customary box, as an inclosure for the coffin itself, but of even the commonest boards to

prevent the direct contact of the decomposing wet earth with it. I shall never forget the emotion of disappointment, mingled with disgust and something akin to resentment, that thrilled through my whole being as I heard the clods and stones resound from the coffin-lid and break the more than ordinarily solemn stillness of the scene, as it impressed me. It seemed as if Heartlessness, too often found directing the funeral rites of the poor and forsaken ones of earth, had suddenly become personified into a malign goddess, and that she had ordered those awfully discordant sounds as best befitting her own unearthly mood.

At the head and foot of the grave a piece of common undressed pine board, as unlettered as unsuited, was placed—

"Only this and nothing more!"

Nor has any more befitting head or foot-piece ever been substituted for the ones I have described, although there has been much talk about "rescuing the remains of the author of 'The Raven' from their obscurity, and building a monument worthy of his genius," etc. Recently a "Poe Monument Association" has been started in Baltimore, and some well-intended but rather spasmodic efforts have been made, through lectures or concerts, to raise the funds necessary to build the proposed memento, but I believe with very inconsiderable results. But it is hoped that BEADLE'S MONTHLY will prove to have furnished a channel of influence upon the public mind, not only in the most concerned city of Baltimore—the birth-place as well as the death and burial-place of Poe—through which a fresh stimulus shall be applied more widely and successfully than heretofore, resulting in the erection of the proposed monument at no very distant day.

This is the second time, since the death of Poe, that the writer of this has called attention to the condition of his remains, in the hope of doing something toward the "consummation so devoutly to be wished." And I beg leave to remind such as may be inclined to assist in such an undertaking that the necessary ground was long since proffered by the "Baltimore Cemetery," on the condition that a creditable monument were erected over the grave. This was, then, a new cemetery, and it could afford to be generous. I doubt not its directors would be found ready to fulfill their promise, even at this late day. With the improvements

made in this city of the dead since then, and in consideration of its accessibility as well as its attractiveness, it strikes me that no more appropriate place of final repose could be selected. The fact of its bearing the name of the city itself, where was born the deceased son of genius, whose memory its earlier directors stood ready to honor—and, may I not say, to be honored at the same time?—would seem to add to rather than detract from its appropriateness for the purpose in view.

In saying this, I do not wish to be understood as doubting the judgment or taste of those of my former fellow-citizens who are so creditably exerting themselves to secure the desired removal and more creditable disposition of Poe's remains. My only motive is a desire to forward their well-conceived and no doubt faithfully prosecuted enterprise, by arousing a renewed interest in it—for I feel, with them, that it is a melancholy shame that the bones of such a transcendently gifted writer as Edgar Allan Poe should have so long been permitted to molder in an unmarked grave in an abandoned graveyard, and that in the city of his birth and of the earliest triumphs of his matchless pen!

It was not my purpose, in this paper, to write a word about the living career of my deceased friend, beyond what has necessarily been already said in connection with its lamentably unfortunate close. But the mention of the earlier triumphs of his pen in his native city, just made, has reminded me of an incident which has been overlooked, seemingly, by most of his biographers, and yet one peculiarly illustrative of not only the fact that he was gifted, by nature, with rare capacity as a writer in the field of the ideal, but—what is nearly as equally important, in most cases, to early success—he was *conscious* of this himself; and hence dared to do what few youthful aspirants would have dreamed of accomplishing. The fact to which I here refer, I will now give as a conclusion to this article.

The *Baltimore Visitor* had offered money-prizes for a first and a second best tale. At that early day, especially in provincial places, such as Baltimore was then, fiction-writers seldom ventured to publish their articles over their real names. Young Poe had not dared to depart from the prevailing custom. Hence he was known, in a literary capacity, only to a small circle of friends. Imagine the surprise, then, with which the reading public was startled, when the prizes aforesaid were awarded, by the announcement that a

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single pen had won them both, and that it had been wielded by a mere youth, named Poe!

One of these prize-winning tales was "The Gold Bug." The title of the other I do not now recall. Although always regarded and referred to with evident satisfaction by himself, "The Gold Bug" was not its author's favorite in after life, but "William Wilson," as he gave others of his friends besides myself to understand—the reason being that the latter was what the former was not, viz., a reflex of his so greatly altered selfship, considered in relation to his intellectual and physical state at the time it was penned. For, whatever may have been the original tendency of Edgar Allan Poe's mind, no one who ever had opportunities to receive light

from himself on the subject, could doubt that his views of man, in his relations to the universe, had undergone a great change after the commencement of his literary career, so that readers who might look for his later weird and unearthly creations in "The Gold Bug," or others of his earlier productions, would seek them there in vain. He himself was so fully conscious of this change in the tone as well as the philosophy of his productions, that, in collecting his volume, entitled "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," he left out more than one story which had proved most effectual in the line of the descriptive and the sensational, because of its lacking the peculiar characteristics of the latter-day creations of his singularly enchanting pen.

J. E. Snodgrass, M. D.

NOTES, NOTICES AND GOSSIP.

OWING to pressure of matter, Miss Prescott's "From Post to Pillar" is not commenced in this issue. Its first chapters will be given in the April number.

In the April issue Mrs. Oakes Smith discusses of several interesting topics—one of which, on the U. S. brig *Somers* tragedy, will excite remark.

A feature of the April number will be a second humorous poem by the author of the "Stilts of Gold," in which both author and artist give some most charming pictures of society in "high life."

The second of the elaborately illustrated papers on Washington City will be given in the April issue. The Capitol and its contents never were more perfectly placed before the eye.

The paper, "A Wonderful Balloon Excursion," the first half of which is contained in the present number, is, in many respects, a remarkable piece of fancy run wild. To many it will savor of Locke and Poe's celebrated "Moon Hoax;" but, its apparent consistency, and circumstantial relation of incidents, will render it a most readable and much talked-about paper.

A very fine exposition of the recent developments of science regarding the laws and results of Natural Forces, will be published in the April issue. It is one of those papers which the people ought to read for the importance of its summary of information.

Without striving to emulate any publication now before the people, we feel that no periodical comprises more elements of inter-

est, usefulness and originality than distinguish this monthly. Its reception by readers, and by the press, is an assurance that we are not laboring without a generous recognition.

MRS. OAKES SMITH's paper on Edgar A. Poe, in the February issue, has elicited response and remark in various ways. One communication we give elsewhere. Another, which touches upon an incidental point, is as follows:

MR. EDITOR: In the interesting sketch of Edgar A. Poe, contributed to the February number of BEADLE'S MONTHLY by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, is an inaccuracy which is strange, considering the general familiarity of the authoress with her subject which the article evinces. In speaking of the composition of "The Raven," Mrs. Smith says:

"The Raven" of Mr. Poe evidently was written in one of those weird states of mind which were normal to him. I do not believe he had any fixed plan of construction."

The fact is, "The Raven" is not a sudden flight of fancy, written on the spur of the moment. On the contrary, it is one of the most carefully-composed poems ever given to the public. It was written only after the most mature deliberation. Its length was one of the first things decided upon. The emotion to be appealed to, the best manner of making such appeal, the iterated refrain, "nevermore," (which suggested itself to the author as the saddest word in the English language), the nature of the climax, the time to arrive at it, the leading on of the reader's mind to it, and many other points, were made subjects of careful study before a line of the poem was written. The most highly wrought up verses were written first, and the preceding ones afterward. Throughout

the poem. Mr. Poe carefully considered every effect he wished to produce, and studied the best manner of appealing to the minds of his readers.

The above is, in substance, what he states in a long letter, which may be found in any complete edition of his works.

Felix.

In reference to the point here made, we believe both Mrs. Smith and "Felix" are in error regarding the poem. It was, we believe, finally perfected, as Poe himself stated, by the slow process of elaboration and art-study; it shows that in its every word used; but, as it now stands, it is not the *original*. "The Raven" grew out of an earlier poem, possessed of something of its present features, and fully embodying the conception which gives it its symbolical significance. It was that conception which he "worked up," by the most deliberate processes of composition; and whatever the merits of the production, its first and more *inspired* form—if Poe may be said to have had any "inspiration" at any time—is to be found in the first composition.

NOTWITHSTANDING the publisher of Miss Augusta J. Evans' *St. Elmo* accuses the critics of "throwing mud," and assumes that Miss E. "can not be expected to furnish her half-idiotic readers with brains to comprehend her," we are constrained to give the volume a moment's attention. But first let us protest against the statement that Miss Evans' "being a bright and shining star in the South," is the cause of the ill reception of the work, in some quarters. We have read many notices of the novel, and not one, we are sure, was written from any other motive than to give actual impressions made by the book; and it is not to the author's advantage for her publisher to talk so flippantly of both critics and readers. It is apt to produce the belief that it is she and her champion who are throwing the mud. We know that Miss E. is a most estimable, sensitive and conscientious woman; that is enough to exonerate her from whatever censure may be due for the bad taste and rather gross aspersions chargeable to the advertisements of her work.

St. Elmo belongs to the class of novels which are written with "a purpose;" indeed, this seems to have two purposes, besides the legitimate one of pleasing by the conduct of the narrative—first, to instruct, by ennobling duty to a rank above even love; second, to astonish, by displaying the author's erudition. In the first purpose she succeeds tolerably well; one can but admire her earnestness, and respect her conscientiousness,

though, in her heroine, she falls far short of typifying the highest spiritual grace. Edna is good and gifted, and zealous to do right when to do so runs counter to her happiness; but Miss Evans rewards her for this with every possible temporal blessing, making her whole life like the progress of a triumphal car, rolling over the flowers scattered by an admiring world, and disappearing from the end of the novel under a gorgeous arch of bridal blossoms and evergreens, into the realms of matrimonial felicity. This is agreeable to our feelings, but it is not that martyrdom of a saint pictured in that far more noble and natural book, "Herman, or Young Knighthood," written by another American lady.

In her second purpose she is yet more successful; and this we say, not in ridicule, nor with a desire to be captious, but because we can not otherwise translate the meaning of the long conversations and remote allusions with which the story is over-freighted, which have no importance in the narrative, serving only as vehicles to convey her knowledge and her opinions upon almost every subject under the sun.

In this novel, as in her "Beulah," Miss Evans betrays excessive egotism—by which we mean not vanity, but an intense self-consciousness, which she infuses into her heroine. She has made up her mind upon all questions; and if you differ from her you must go down. Men, women and children, clergymen, mothers, editors and English noblemen—are instructed, convicted and convinced by the modest Edna, who delivers a long lecture, at the ripe age of eighteen, at a fashionable dinner-table, giving it as her dictation that disgrace, danger and death await the day when women shall "speak in public on the stage, vote, or study medicine."

These little failings would not be absurd, were they not accompanied by the often-repeated declaration of the *high office* of fiction, the great enthusiasm of the author, her evident belief in the remarkable splendor of her mission, coupled with a faith in her work, which makes all criticism seem to her prompted by envy or malice.

In an artistic sense, *St. Elmo* is a failure. It has the faults which might be expected in a first work by a young writer, but which Miss Evans should, by this time, have outgrown. She has not the wealth of a Dickens in invention, for her characters are identical with those of her previous works; she seems incapable of getting beyond the middle-aged

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infidel hero, who is to be converted, and the scholarly young lady, governess, authoress, of humble origin, who is to convert him. However much she might wish to exalt the powers of her last heroine, we should have thought Miss Evans might have got along without compelling every unmarried man in her book to propose marriage to her!

There are fine descriptive passages in the book—little poems in expression and sentiment—with much else that is interesting and beautiful; but if it fails to effect a revolution in society, no one will think of the failure except as the author suggests it, by seeming to expect the contrary.

DR. JOHNSON held the man a public benefactor who gave the world a good book. What would the old oracle have said of the publishers who are giving us the "Diamond Dickens"—a marvel of compactness, elegance and cheapness? Encouraged, doubtless, by the success of their "Diamond Tennyson," Ticknor & Fields now propose the issue of the great English novelist's works, in the same style and at a similar price—one dollar and twenty-five cents per volume—each volume to contain an *entire* work. The enterprise is destined to a great success, for few readers now need deny themselves the privilege of *owning* a copy of any or all of Dickens' works. Let other publishers profit by the idea; let us have a "Diamond Irving," a "Diamond Prescott," a "Diamond Motley." Immense sales would certainly follow, and what an infinite benefit the publishers would confer! Now, Motley and Prescott are denied—absolutely denied—a popular circulation, because of the unpopular price of their volumes. Bring their works within reach of "the million," in the portable yet permanent shape of the "Diamond" volumes, and we hazard little in saying that the authors would be read by hundreds where now they are read by tens.

MRS. OAKES SMITH's "Notes" for this month possess a melancholy interest. Mr. Willis, of whom she writes so pleasantly, is no longer numbered among living American authors—having died at "Idlewild" on the evening of January 30th.

The race of writers among whom he acted a prominent part is fast passing away. Their achievements are characterized less by brilliancy than by superiority of excellence, which authors of to-day are not transcending

in their performances. Indeed, the men and women of most repute now as poets, essayists, novelists and historians are of the generation before us—the companions of our mothers and fathers. Out of the multitude of those coming forward to take their places how few—very few, give promise of exalted success!

The list of those who graced *Graham's Magazine*, from 1839 to 1844, is indeed redolent of pleasant memories. Poe, Hoffman, Fitz-Green Halleck, Park Benjamin, Cooper, Richard H. Dana, Richard Adams Locke, George P. Morris, Willis, Fanny Osgood, Mrs. Embury, Anna C. Lynch, Edith May, H. W. Herbert, John C. Neal, wrote what American literature must acknowledge with pride. Longfellow, Whipple, Emerson, Gilmore Simms, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, John Neal, Tuckerman, Henry C. Cary, Alfred B. Street, Epes Sargent, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Bryant, are yet left to us; but most of them being well on the down-hill, we can not expect them to remain many years more. Who shall take their places?

It is a singular fact that *Graham* recognized and brought forward many of those of this generation whose names are now household words: James Bayard Taylor, Richard H. Stoddard, George H. Boker, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Grace Greenwood, Lowell, etc., etc. The service which that magazine performed to our young literature indeed was a noble one, and the generous-hearted publisher's name should ever be treasured with a grateful memory.

We have been offered many *good* stories and papers of general interest which we are obliged to reject, simply because they are of too great length for one number and will not answer to break into two issues. Let authors bear in mind that six thousand words make about eight pages of our magazine, and govern themselves accordingly. The briefer the story the better its chances for use—general excellence, of course, being considered.

Or the poems which have drifted into our box of "Pleasant Mention," we may extract the following, which might have been more rhythmically perfect, but which is, nevertheless, very finely thoughted:

TRANSFORMATION.

Love took possession of my throbbing heart
And there set up his throne;
All baser passions took their stand apart,
Love reigned supreme, alone.

His tributaries came, a holy crowd!
And bowed before his throne;
With strange emotion throbbed my heart aloud:
Pleasures before unknown!

And white-winged Peace, Contentment holy,
Seized on my fainting soul;
Maddened Despair and morbid Melancholy
No longer held control.

A gold-cloud curtained all my inner life,
Dismal and dark before!
Restless longings, passion's burning strife
Trouble me now no more.

The air is full of music; and the earth
And worlds that roll above
Seem lovelier since my soul's new birth—
Since I have learned to love. *Henry Austin.*

THE list of recent deaths embraces the name of Alexander Smith, the poet, whose "Life Drama" created quite a sensation in the world of letters, a dozen years ago. This work had a sudden and ephemeral fame, and the poet's succeeding performances failed to sustain his first-won reputation. Not that he was destitute of merit, for the poem referred to gave evidence of true poetic qualities; his misfortune lay in a false estimate both of the objects and the proper expression of poetry. His sympathies were just, but, by misinterpreting the present order of things, he was led into anathemas, protests, assumptions, which could not and did not stand the test of common sense. By his lowly calling—that of a pattern-maker—he was shut out from cultivated society; and, developed in such uncongenial circumstances, it is not strange that, like Gerald Massey, he ran into the excesses of the "spasmodic" school. The success of Bailey's "Festus" has lured many a promising poet to destruction, creating a school whose "fine frenzy" scorns the bonds of sense and reason alike—in that respect making Byron a very tame member of the fraternity. Let all writers beware of "spasms" of any kind, but particularly of the spasm *poetica*; nor let any one be deceived by supposing sounding phrases to constitute poetry. Poetry implies, in its very essence, what is exalted above, or more subtle than, the thoughts or conceptions whose proper language is prose; but it is governed by the laws of sense and proportion to an extraordinary degree, demanding, therefore, the exercise of thoughtfulness, originality, and art beyond any standard which prose can possibly impose.

Of Mr. Smith the *Athenæum* says: "He had to begin his literary life again; but, being

a man of some natural gifts, he was gradually making his way to a really independent style. His late works show a great improvement, both in thought and manner, though he had not left behind him every trace of the Spasmodic school."

THAT "we Americans" are not guilty of all the wrongs committed under the absence of an international copyright law becomes apparent from occasional confessions from the other side of the sea. A late correspondent of the *Athenæum* tells this story—*apropos* to our complaint in that journal, of the "appropriation," by Cassell, of London, of our *Dead Letter* romance:

"Messrs. Beadle & Co. do not seem to be aware that the appropriation and mutilation of American stories, of which they justly complain, is systematically pursued by the compilers of the lower class of cheap periodicals. Three out of four of the so-called 'original' tales in the penny journals, are reprints of American novels, slightly, and in some cases very inefficiently, altered. An amusing instance of carelessness on the part of the nominal 'author' of one of these stories recently came under my notice. 'Hastings' had been duly substituted for 'Saratoga,' the 'Thames' for the 'Hudson,' 'pence' for 'cents,' and so on; but the heroine was represented sitting at her window watching the sunset behind the 'Surrey hills' (originally the Catskills), and listening to the hum of the *musquitos* and *cicadas*, which it was suggested ought, in consistency, to become cockchafers and 'daddy-longlegs.' The journal in which this occurred has a circulation of sixty thousand, and its caliber may be fairly estimated from this specimen of editorial supervision.

"The injustice of this contemptible pilfering is double-edged, and felt at home as well as abroad, since, besides injuring the American author, whose works are garbled and disguised, it prevents writers of original fiction from obtaining a fair price for their productions, as it is so very much cheaper to steal—

Convey, the wise it call—
old stories than to purchase new ones.

All of which is decidedly instructive—to Mr. Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade and other English writers, who would have the world believe that American publishers live by stealing the products of English pens.

Ay, give us an international copyright, which shall secure to authors, in both countries, the legitimate fruits of their labors!

A BOSTON journal publishes a story by one "George Edwin Jepson," which said "Jepson" copied from the *Cosmopolitan Art Journal*, December, 1858. This was a shabby

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proceeding on "Jepson's" part, particularly as he pocketed liberal proceeds:—that was where the laugh came in. Let the Bostonians, and indeed all other publishers of "light literature," keep a sharp eye on "Jepson."

It would appear as if every body and his children were going to Europe this season—if the money-market don't "break." The Paris Exposition is enough, in itself, to compel the attention of every curiosity-seeker who can afford to be rammed, jammed and boxed in a crowd of five hundred thousand people (more or less), and pay for his pleasure in Napoleons (\$3.84) at thirty-three per cent. premium. But there are others who are not going to be exposed at the Exposition to the terrors of a crowd—who are going to Europe to enjoy themselves in a rational way by sight-seeing, from Moscow to Cork, and to "get their money's worth" in pleasure, comfort and instruction. We witnessed a hegira, last spring and summer, of people going over the sea, which called forth expressions of surprise. Every decent steamer which left our shores (and about five per week was their number) from March 15th to September, was not only crowded, but passages were engaged, in order to secure berths, many weeks in advance of sailing-day—so great was the rush. What will it be this season, with one hundred per cent. more passages to be provided for and no more steamers to do the work? Those interested ought to be curious enough to inquire.

We hear of an expedition which is novel enough to be a success. As announced, it is this: A first-class steamer is to be secured, to be under command of Capt. Duncan; she is to take only three-fourths of the numbers she is capable of accommodating; and will be provided with every necessary comfort, including a library and musical instruments. A physician will not be forgotten.

Leaving New York about June 1, a middle passage across the Atlantic will be taken, and passing through the Azores, St. Michael will be reached in about ten days. Remaining a day or two, the vessel will go thence to Gibraltar, along the coast of Spain and France to Marseilles; to Genoa, etc., and all the principal points of historical interest near the Mediterranean will be visited. By way of Greece, Constantinople, Sebastopol, etc., the party will go to the Holy Land, and afterward to Alexandria. The proposition is to return to New York in October.

The price of passage is fixed at twelve hundred and fifty dollars in currency for each adult. Applications, it is said, already have come from Europe to join the excursion there. Five dollars a day, in gold, the originators of this plan believe, will pay all expenses on land.

If we were "up" for a season's fun, and had the *requisites*, we certainly should go out under Captain Duncan's flag, for it is impossible that such a company as will be gathered on his craft can be otherwise than of the order of good fellows. If any of our correspondents want to go, and happen to want a "traveling companion," whose expenses are to be the consideration of any small services rendered on the way, they may apply at this office!

A LADY correspondent who evidently does not admire the modern style of "full dress," says, among other things:

"Let the cream of 'upper crust'

With trailing satin sweep the dust,

Or, decked with lace, or misty gauze

Challenge silly man's applause.

"But, why should honest, worthy Kate

Attempt to ape Eugenie's state?

And drag her gingham in the dirt,

Like a hen whose wing is hurt?"

More forcible than elegant in expression. But what will the writer say when informed that the style for street-wear is to be slender hoops and trailing skirts? "Tilt-ups" and—and—well, no matter what, which have had a long run along with "pork pies" and "chicken fixings," are to be banished whence they came—to the *demi-monde* circles; and, hereafter nobody will so heartily laugh over their absurdity, or blush over their immodesty, as the pretty girls who have sported the fashionable trappings. But what are we to have instead? Compressed hoops and trails, because, you see, it's very improper, in "good circles," for a lady to show what kind of hose she wears. *Ahem!* for "good circles."

THE origin of fevers is still a mooted question among the doctors, but one in which every person has an interest. A foreign medical journal (published in Brussels) in a late issue contains a letter from Dr. Hannon, Professor of Botany, in the University of Brussels, confirming the views recently promulgated by Dr. Salisbury on the cryptogamic origin of marsh or intermittent fevers, but stating that the facts mentioned by the

distinguished English physician had long been recognized in Belgium. "In 1843," says Dr. Hannon, "I studied at the University of Liege. Prof. Charles Morsen had created in me such an enthusiasm in the study of the physiology of the fresh-water algae, that the windows and mantlepiece of my chamber were incumbered with plates filled with *Vaucheria Ascellatoria* and *conservæ*. My preceptor said to me: 'Take care at the period of their fructification, for the spores of the algae give intermittent fever. I have had it every time I have studied them too closely.' As I cultivated my algae in pure water, and not in the water of the marsh where I had gathered them, I did not attach any importance to this remark. I suffered for my carelessness a month later, at the period of their fructification. I was taken with shivering; I had the fever, which lasted six weeks."

THE preservation of fruit and vegetables, now so large a feature in the economy of every well-ordered home, gives promise of assuming *wholesale* proportions. A commission appointed by the French Government to test the apparatus of Dr. Louvel, of Paris, has been agreeably surprised by the results obtained. The doctor's apparatus consists of a large sheet-iron cylinder, fitted with a man-hole at the top, a hopper below, and an instrument to measure the amount of vacuum which is produced in the usual way by a forcing-pump. Three such cylinders were set up at Vincennes, two being in the open air; and in July, 1864, in the presence of the Commission, fifty hectolitres of wheat and twenty litres of lively weevils were poured into one of the cylinders, which was then closed, and the air exhausted by eight men pumping for forty minutes. A ton of half-eaten biscuit, swarming with worms and weevils, was put into another cylinder; a ton of best flour into a third; and both were treated in the same way as the first. In Jan-

uary, 1865, the cylinders were opened; the wheat in the first was in excellent preservation, not a grain was eaten, and of the weevils, nothing remained but dry, empty skins. They had been laid in layers all through the wheat, but it was nowhere injured, and it was afterward sold at the full market price. The half-eaten biscuits were in the same condition as when put into the cylinder, but the worms and weevils were all dead, and completely dried up. The flour was unaltered; bread made from it was pronounced to be of the first quality.

No more need, therefore, on shipboard, of eating rancid butter, wormy bread, diseased meat or tainted stores. Apply the principle to home practice, and every imaginable article of food can be preserved in its first purity for any length of time. It is a great and a beneficent discovery.

A FRENCH geologist (M. Daubree) has made a series of systematic experiments, recently, relative to meteorites, with a view to extend the knowledge of those strange bodies which we have derived from analysis; an important subject, for it may lead to a widening of our geological horizon, as well as to astronomical results. He shows that in no single instance has a meteorite been found containing granite or gneiss, nor any of the rocks therewith associated in our own globe. But the substance known as peridot is found in meteorites; and this same substance is at times thrown out from great depths in the earth by the eruptions of volcanoes; from which Mr. Daubree concludes that the planetary bodies (or whatever may be the source of the meteorites) are in a less advanced stage of evolution than our own globe; and he attributes our superiority to the ocean, to the co-operation of which we owe the origin of granitic and of the stratified rock; and he thinks that the ubiquity of peridot is explained by its being, in some sort, a "universal scoria."



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